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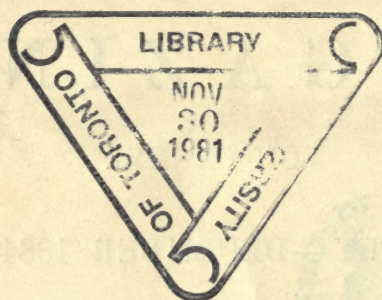
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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VOL. CXXXVI.

BERLIN IN 1884.—PART I.

It has frequently been a matter of astonishment to me that intelligent and even well-educated men should form strong opinions of a country and its people whose acquaintance they have made during a short visit,—should summon the necessary courage to put them all down on paper, as if they were something valuable, and then find, not only publishers to print those personal and superficial impressions, but also clever and even learned readers who, without further discussion or doubt, accept as positive truth what is thus placed before them.

Any one who has a taste and a certain gift for observing his fellow-creatures, and who is conscientious enough to examine and revise his observations, understands how difficult it is to know thoroughly one single, simple human being—man, woman, or even child. He will generally feel inclined to make reservations when called upon to give his opinion on the character of anybody, even if he has had frequent opportunities of observing

that person closely for a long number of years. It would take a big book to write down all he knows, or thinks he knows, about this single being; and yet, if he were told that he had been mistaken, and that his judgment had proved erroneous, he would scarcely feel greatly surprised, and would console himself by thinking that error is inherent to human nature, and that every day brings new lessons even to the wisest and most experienced of us.

The difficulty of characterising truthfully and well a single family, though all its members may bear a strong family likeness to each other, will be found still greater, nay, almost unsurmountable, by a conscientious man. The more he thinks about it, the more he finds it impossible for him to tell the whole truth. He will have to rest satisfied if he succeeds in giving a fair idea of the most marked characteristics of such a family. A good and felicitous definition from this point of view is that of the Roman family of whom it was

said, if one could believe that it ever had been said, or that, if it was said, the saying was deserved, that all its men were brave and all its women chaste. But if he had to speak of the population of a large city or a great country, no sensible man would venture to pronounce a *general* judgment. To say, Dutchmen are slow, Frenchmen witty, Englishmen practical, Germans imaginative, Spaniards rash and hot-blooded—is just as true as the reverse would be: for there are thousands of choleric Dutchmen; slow, stupid Frenchmen; Englishmen who have no more idea of business than a child has; Germans as matter-of-fact and gifted with as much sound common-sense as may be found in any part of the world; and Spaniards as slow, cool, and collected as the most phlegmatic of Dutch peasants.

If any one feels inclined, or is called upon to give his opinion on

a town or on a country and its inhabitants, because he has seen a good deal of them, and has formed his judgment from what he has observed, he should give as a title to his essay the unpretending German word *Beitrag*,—that is to say, a fragment, a “contribution,”—which may, to a certain degree, serve to make a town, a country, or a people a little known to those who know nothing about them, or somewhat better known to those who have already acquired some knowledge of the subject.

Such a “contribution” to a description of Berlin and its society in 1884 it is my wish to furnish in the following fragmentary sketch. I do not pretend to give anything like a complete description of that town and its inhabitants. I cannot tell the whole truth, for I do not claim to know it; but, as a careful witness and a close observer, I promise to tell nothing but what I believe to be the truth.

I.

The first thing which strikes an Englishman on his arrival at Berlin is the quiet of its streets. In the commercial part of this large town, with its 25,000 houses and more than a million inhabitants, he may observe a quick and lively current of business life,—fast-driven cabs, taking men with careworn countenances to the Exchange or similar places; heavily laden vans; omnibuses crammed with passengers; policemen keeping careful watch; postmen rushing about with letters and telegrams; other pedestrians, whose particular business no one could divine, but who are evidently in that peculiar state of excitement and hurry caused by the fever of money-making; and lastly, shops

with articles for sale of every imaginable description and quality. But all this will not strike the foreign visitor as extraordinary when compared with the bewildering noise and activity which may be daily observed in London in the crowded streets of the city, or with the constantly changing spectacle offered to the tourist by the Parisian Boulevards. What will seem strange to him is that the quiet place in which he finds himself after having crossed King's Bridge, and left the eastern, commercial part of Berlin behind him, should be the very centre of the social, political, military, and scientific life of the metropolis of the powerful German Empire. He may still pass through several

streets—such as “Unter den Linden,” “Friedrichstrasse,” “Leipziger Strasse”—where there is no lack of noise and movement; but the general character of the town he will find decidedly quiet. Pedestrians and carriages can easily get along without being impeded by the crowd; and in certain large streets, such as “Wilhelmstrasse,” where the palaces of Prince Bismarck, Prince George, Prince Frederic-Charles and Prince Albrecht of Prussia, of the Ministers of the Royal House, of Justice, of the Interior, of Foreign Affairs, of War and of Finance, and also some of the best public hotels of Berlin are situated, there reigns, even in the middle of the day, an almost solemn silence. After seven or eight o'clock in the evening the street becomes almost deserted. Proceeding more westward still, past the “Brandenburger Thor”—Brandenburg Gate—one reaches the most pleasant part of Berlin, which takes its name from a large, beautiful old park, called the “Thiergarten,” where quiet peaceful walks through the woods, or clean well-kept roads may be enjoyed, as in some rural place, miles away from the din and turmoil of a large city. Fine old trees are to be seen on every side; numerous villas stand in the midst of beautiful gardens; shops have almost entirely disappeared; and most of the people one meets seem to be quite at leisure. On a Sunday, when the weather is fine, thousands of men of business and artisans may be found in the Thiergarten and the adjacent streets, seeking relaxation, or perhaps merely in quest of fresh air; but during the remainder of the week that fashionable quarter, with the exception of some streets, where the local traffic goes on, will always be very quiet; and late in

the evening one may walk through long streets in profound silence, without meeting any one, except, perhaps, a watchman, or a cabman driving his vehicle home. The fact that most of the foreign visitors to Berlin are lodged in the western part of the town, and seldom have occasion to go eastward of King's Bridge to the really commercial districts, is the reason why, on returning to London or Paris, they generally carry away the impression that Berlin, the capital of the most powerful empire of the Continent, is, if measured by the same standard as the capitals of England and France, a very quiet, rather dull place, with nothing like the excitement of London, or the gaieties of Parisian street life. “Where are your million of inhabitants?” they frequently ask. “Your streets are empty. Where do your people hide away?”

There is no doubt that Germans stay a great deal more inside their houses than either French or English people. There are few idlers, few sight-seeing provincials, few foreign visitors in Berlin. Berlin is on the road to nowhere except to Russia, where few people go for their pleasure. Strangers arriving in Berlin generally have some special purpose or business, and get into the way of living as the people of the place do. Nearly everybody in Berlin has some business which, during the day, keeps him at his office or in his house, and which, moreover, tires him a good deal; so that, when evening comes, he enjoys quiet rest in his own or in a friend's family, or maybe in a club or public-house, more than the varied pleasures which he would have to seek out of doors. Berlin was formerly poor, and the great wealth which is now agglomer-

ated in the capital of Germany, is divided among few. The native of Berlin is from necessity a hard-working man. He enjoys his recreation thoroughly, but his hours of leisure are few and far between. "Berlin has starved itself into greatness," was the expression of a Prussian prince. Take a scholar, an artist, an official, or a merchant of Berlin, and question him about his habits of life, and in most cases you will be surprised to learn how little exercise he takes. The poor hard-worked man tells you—"I find no time for a quiet stroll;" he who is well off, complains of having become too idle to walk much. "I was not accustomed to it when I was young," he will say, "and I have grown too old to take to it now. I do my walking in summer at Carlsbad or Marienbad." To all this must be added that the climate of Berlin is not particularly agreeable. The winter is often very cold, and the summer very hot. There is no lack of snow, dust, and rain in turn. There are undoubtedly fine bright days in summer, and even in winter, not to speak of spring and autumn, when the Thiergarten is really beautiful; but the people of Berlin—I speak chiefly of the upper classes dwelling in the same quarters of the town as those which foreign visitors mostly frequent—do not seem to care for exercise, and have sedentary habits from which they do not willingly depart, even when the weather would appear most tempting.

The general aspect of Berlin—to speak now of its buildings—is that of quite a modern city, though its origin dates as far back as the middle of the thirteenth century. But very little—one may say almost nothing—remains of those long past times, when poverty, war, and

pestilence prevented the city from establishing itself firmly. Even what is now called "Old Berlin" is scarcely more than a couple of centuries old. In 1640 Berlin had only 6000 inhabitants, living in some 800 miserable houses, most of which had but one storey and a thatched roof. From that date the city grew rapidly and steadily. But even two centuries and a half cannot be considered a great age for a large town; and with the exception of the old "Royal" now "Imperial Castle," the Schloss, there is scarcely any building to be found in Berlin to which the epithet of "venerable" can be applied. The fine new streets which run west and north-west of the Brandenburger Thor, and nearly all that quarter of the town of which the Thiergarten is the centre, and which is by far the richest and most pleasant part of Berlin, have risen into existence during the last twenty, and even principally during the last ten, years. The buildings there do not in any way resemble those in the new Parisian streets. They display a great variety of styles, with a decided tendency towards the picturesque. Straight direct lines, monotonous solid rows of houses, like most of the modern Parisian avenues and boulevards, are not to be seen in Berlin. Almost every house has a certain individuality of its own which distinguishes it from its neighbours.

The internal arrangements of most of these houses are very convenient, though almost every apartment contains at least one badly lighted large room, called "Berliner Zimmer." Neither in London nor in Paris, however, not to speak of Vienna, Rome, or St Petersburg, can well-to-do people, for a relatively small rent, command apartments as good as in the new

parts of Berlin. The rooms are large—at least twelve and generally fifteen feet high, sometimes loftier still—and have a certain “grand air” about them which in Paris, for instance, is only to be found in old aristocratic mansions, or if met with in modern houses, only in those which have been built and occupied by very rich people. If the upper classes in Berlin like to stay at home, they have good reasons for it, for in most cases “home” is a very comfortable place.

I have said before that street-life in Berlin lacks animation. I may add that what one sees in the streets is not very interesting. The shops, as a rule, are not so elegant as in Paris, nor so rich as in London; the men who go by at the quick pace of people engrossed in some serious business, have nothing in their quiet thoughtful faces to attract particular attention after one has looked at half-a-dozen of them; elegantly dressed ladies are seldom to be seen on foot in the streets; and lastly, a picturesque, so-called “national costume” is no more to be found in Berlin than in London. People in Germany dress very much as in England, neither better nor worse. They have less pretension to elegance than Parisians; but that does not detract from their appearance—in my eyes at least. There are very few handsome private carriages with fine horses in Berlin—not as many, one would say, in the whole town as may be seen in half an hour while walking, at the proper time, down Piccadilly to Hyde Park, or up the Champs Elysées to the Bois de Boulogne.

Certain correspondents of Parisian papers who, after having spent a day or two in Berlin, have felt themselves competent to tell their

countrymen what Berlin really is like, have repeatedly written that, at first sight, Berlin appears a military city; that everywhere the eye meets soldiers—soldiers, and scarcely anything but soldiers. This is about as true as what these same correspondents say on most other points about Germany in general, and Berlin in particular, to their ignorant readers. One certainly sees more soldiers in the streets of Berlin than in those of London and Paris; but one does not see many of them; and they form altogether but a small minority of the people one meets when walking about Berlin. And that is easy to explain: soldiers do not play at soldiering here as French school-boys have done latterly. Fighting is considered by the Germans a business, or a trade, or an art—as you may like to call it—which is to be learnt very seriously, and which keeps the young men, who are *volens volens* devoted to it, during almost the whole day in their quarters or on the parade-ground. As to the officers, they are nearly as much taken up by their work as the most hard-working official, mercantile clerk, or artisan. The lieutenant of the Guards, who has nothing to do but to show his fine uniform in the streets, exists only in the imagination of people who have never seen him. That aristocratic young gentleman generally begins his work at six o'clock in the morning in summer, at eight in the winter, and is tired out, when at five or six o'clock in the evening he has at last got through it. It is not he, certainly, who crowds the streets of Berlin. He has other things to do than to walk about even when he happens to be on leave.

There is, however, something *military* to be seen in the streets of Berlin at nearly every hour of

the day, which may have struck the Parisian newspaper writer, though it does not belong exclusively to Berlin, but to all the larger German towns where soldiers are garrisoned. Every now and then, especially about noon, you will meet small detachments of soldiers — four, six, perhaps ten or twenty men — marching from the guard-house to relieve the sentries on duty at the palaces of members of the Imperial family, the residences of commanding officers, and certain public buildings, such as the Ministry of War, the Staff Office, the Arsenal, &c. These soldiers, preceded by a sergeant, walk in the middle of the street with long, regular, quiet steps, almost leisurely. Suddenly a sharp word of command is heard. An officer or an Imperial carriage is in sight. The men all at once seem to have been struck by a galvanic battery, and from that instant to move under some strange and irresistible influence. With a kind of spasmodic jerk they straighten themselves up to their full height, their heads and shoulders are thrown back, their eyes are fixed on one and the same point—the passing officer; the rifle is held in a firm grasp by the powerful hand, and the feet, violently thrown forward as by machinery, produce, as they tread the hard pavement at short regular intervals, a loud and yet muffled sound, familiar to the native of Berlin, and which causes him to look round towards those from whom it proceeds. On nearly every face you will then notice a smile of mingled kindness, pride, and satisfaction—"Our soldiers!" that is to say, "Our best flesh and blood, the bulwark of our future security and prosperity, our children or brothers, what we have been or will be one day,—young fellows, rich or poor, high or low-

bred, handsome or ugly, intelligent or stupid, but all proud of being German soldiers, and ready to prove at any moment that they are worthy of being the pride of Germany."

A few seconds later, the officer having saluted the marching men in an earnest considerate fashion, and having passed out of sight, another word of command is given, and instantly the attitude of the soldiers changes back again to what it was before, and quietly, exchanging now and then a few whispered words, they go on their way in the middle of the street.

There is another sight to be seen many times in each day in the streets of Berlin, which may strike the foreign visitor as appertaining to the military state of Prussia. A carriage with a pair of fine dark horses, driven at a quick pace, is seen approaching. The coachman and the footman, in some cases a chasseur, wear the Imperial livery. The equipage belongs to a member of the Imperial family, and the true "Berliner" knows, as soon as he sees it, if it is the carriage of the Emperor or the Empress, of the Crown Prince or Princess, or of any other of the Hohenzollern Princes. As it goes by, those who are in the street stand still on the edge of the pavement, the men having generally taken off their hats, and most of the women dropping low courtesies; while he or she to whom this spontaneous tribute of general and personal deference is offered, leaning slightly forward, returns with a peculiar, serious, royal grace, the greeting of the "good people" of Berlin. And it is a remarkably "good people" as regards its feeling for the Hohenzollern, and first and foremost for the beloved old Emperor himself. As a rule, the "bump of veneration" is not

considerably developed in Berlin heads. The inhabitants have the well-earned reputation of being sarcastic, witty, caustic, &c., and not at all sentimental. But their loyalty is touching, and in their love for their old Emperor there mingles a respectful familiarity which reminds one that the Kings of Prussia pride themselves on the title of "Fathers of the Fatherland."

The Imperial carriage passes on the Pariser Platz leaving to its right the French, to its left the Austrian Embassy. At the same moment the sentry before the guard-house of the Brandenburger Thor calls out with all his might, "*Heraus!*" The soldiers on

duty then rush forward, spring to their rifles, present arms, and stand stock-still, like so many bronze figures, while the Prince passes. Having saluted slowly and deliberately—it is a peculiar kind of salute, having nothing of indifference or haste about it—he disappears under the middle gate of the Brandenburger Thor—the others only being used by private carriages—and is driven to the Thiergarten. The soldiers return to the guard-room, leaving the sentry once more to look out carefully for a new occasion to disturb his comrades by a fresh call of "*Heraus!*"—and the quiet tide of Berlin street-life flows on.

II.

A visitor to Berlin will find little difficulty in getting an insight into Berlin life. It is, as I have already said, a life of hard work and of indoor pleasures and recreation. As for the hard work, there are many facts which speak favourably of its results. I will not dwell here on purely manual labour. That would lead me over a field, to examine and to judge which would require special technical knowledge that I do not possess. Besides, the numberless International Exhibitions, of which many of our readers must have visited at least one, have taught on this subject more than could be shown in this sketch, and have proved that the Berlin workman lacks neither sound knowledge of his trade, nor skill, nor even taste. If he has still the reputation of being unable to rival the best French and English workmen, the chief reason for it is undoubtedly that for centuries past, and up to a quite recent period, Germany has been too poor to pay for first-rate

work; and that the chief thing required until very lately from German manufacturers, tradesmen, or workmen, has been to produce the cheap article. Since 1866, a year which marks a new era not only in the political but also in the economical life of the German nation, German industry has made immense progress, so that its power of competition has to be taken into serious account by the whole world, and has become of late an object of alarm for France, where, in former times, it was considered almost ridiculous to say that the skill and taste of the *ouvrier* of Paris had anything to fear from the rough workmanship of his neighbour beyond the Rhine. In many places German industry has of late beaten French work out of the field, and nowhere more than in Paris itself, where, as Parisian newspapers complain, German articles are sold very often under French marks, and the German workman takes the bread out of the mouth of his French rival.

The German *Arbeiter* is, as a rule, more hard-working and less pretentious than the French *ouvrier*; and the Berlin workman, it must here be said, is held to be skilful and intelligent above all his German brethren. The places where he dwells and toils are but seldom visited by foreigners; and though the interest they offer is certainly great, it is not of a kind to find place within the narrow limits of this sketch of Berlin.

The merchants, scholars, artists, officials, and soldiers of Berlin are, as a rule, hard at work early and late, and produce an enormous amount of work, a great deal of which is very good work. The pictures of Menzel, Knaus, Gussow, Richter and Werner; the statues and monuments of Begas and Schaper; the musical compositions and plays of Taubert and Joachim; and the works of many others, whose names I must omit, not to weary the reader by a long list,—are well known over the whole world. These men are really first-rate painters, sculptors, and musicians. Nowhere are finer works of art produced in the present day than at Berlin; and the men who produce them are—almost without exception—men of surprising simplicity and modesty. Two of them seem to me peculiarly interesting: Menzel and Reinhold Begas. The pictures of Menzel have been seen at many exhibitions, where they have been admired by all fine-art critics, though they have not won the great popularity of Knaus's pictures and Richter's portraits; but Reinhold Begas can only be judged in Germany, and more especially in Berlin. The power and originality of his work, and also its graceful beauty—when Begas chooses to be graceful—are scarcely equalled, certainly not sur-

passed, in the productions of any other living artist. But Reinhold Begas does not seem to know this. He never speaks of his work unless there be some special reason for it; and you might meet him for years at his club without his betraying by a word or a look that he had any other interest in life than cards, chess, and billiards.

The list of Berlin scholars is almost endless; but we may mention at the head of that glorious intellectual army, Ranke, who, at eighty-nine, has just finished a new volume of his 'General History,' and is continuing with the vigour of his best years that monument of historical erudition and wisdom; and, with him, Helmholtz, Lepsius, Curtius, Mommsen, Sybel, Frerichs, Langenbeck, Du Bois Raymond, and Gneist.

The day of great poets and writers is past for Germany; her classical period is closed. Among her living writers there is not one who would not appear small if compared to giants such as Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, or even, to speak of a later period, to Uhland, Rückert, Heine, Chamisso, Schlegel, Tieck, and E. T. A. Hoffmann. Neither can contemporary German philosophy boast of names to equal those of Kant, Fichte, and Schopenhauer. Still, even in these respects, it may be said that Berlin is, without doubt, the leading city of Germany as regards the present literary movement. It may be admitted that this movement shows neither great power nor great elevation; still there are now living many good, honest, clever, and popular writers in Berlin: and for the honour of that city, it is enough to say that scarcely any better are in the present day to be found in all Germany.

While on the subject of literature and of writers, it may

be pertinent to say here a few words about Berlin newspapers and other periodicals. Their number is legion. The greatest German newspaper, however, is not published in Berlin, though the 'Kölnische Zeitung' has a complete office in Berlin, composed of a director and a numerous staff of regular contributors and reporters. It has, moreover, at its disposal a special telegraphic wire from Berlin to Cologne, so that all the political news originating in the capital appears as quickly in the 'Kölnische Zeitung' as in the best-informed Berlin papers. The principal of these are the 'Vossische Zeitung,' 'National Zeitung,' 'Berliner Tageblatt,' 'Post,' 'Kreuz Zeitung,' 'Deutsche Tageblatt,' 'Berliner Zeitung,' 'Berliner Börsen Courier,' 'Tageliche Rundschau,' 'Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung,' and the two monthly reviews, 'Rundschau' and 'Nord und Sud.' The 'Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung' occupies an exceptional position. Entirely devoted to the policy of the great Chancellor, it is from time to time used as a vehicle for making known to the world Prince Bismarck's views on certain questions. Every statesman and politician is obliged in the present day to take into account the power of the press, and to make use of it on certain occasions. There are subjects which can only be started or discussed by means of the press, and some most important political indications which can only be given under cover of a newspaper article. It is supposed, though it will probably never be possible to prove, that Prince Bismarck uses the 'North German Gazette' when he wishes to speak with the voice of the press to the listening world. This is the reason why certain leading articles of that

paper—though it has no wide circulation, and does but little to captivate public attention—are more widely and carefully read and discussed by the whole world than the cleverest and best-written articles of any other journal. Not only in Berlin, but also in the other capitals of Europe, there exists at the present moment a firm belief that the power to break or to preserve the peace of the world rests chiefly, if not entirely, with Prince Bismarck; and when peaceful words are uttered by the German Chancellor, most people in Europe think that the maintenance of peace may be reckoned on for some time at least. We must except some foolish Frenchmen who never will believe him, though they would be very much puzzled to quote a single instance in which he has not told them the truth, sometimes very roughly.

The name of Bismarck will recur frequently in these pages. I will endeavour—though I am very doubtful with what result—to trace something more than the mere well-known outlines of this most extraordinary character; but that must be later on, when we have disposed of what I may be allowed to call "generalities."

In connection with the literature and art of Berlin, a few words may be added here about theatres and public concerts. The latter are excellent and very numerous. In Berlin music is more or less cultivated in every family whose members lay claim to being well-educated people. Young ladies and gentlemen who play or sing very nicely are to be found in every class of society. Nevertheless it must be said that they are not a nuisance. Professional artists sing and play always so much better than even the most skilful amateurs—the ear of the Berliner

is so delicate—he has, if he likes music, so many opportunities of gratifying his taste,—that he gives but little encouragement to tender parents who want to display their children's musical talents before him. It has thus become the fashion—and one may well be thankful for it—not to allow children or grown-up “amateurs” to disturb the harmony of social gatherings by vocal or instrumental performances. If at an evening party there is music, that part of the entertainment is generally intrusted to professional artists; and the music one has to listen to is then nearly always of the very best. Amateurs in Berlin do not, as a rule, inflict torments on unoffending strangers, but are content to please their near relatives and most intimate friends, who, by long habit, have got used to their performances, and can witness them without acute suffering.

Berlin acting is by no means very good, though of late a great effort has been made to improve it—namely, by the establishment of the new “German Theatre” (*Deutsche Theater*). As a rule, the German as compared with the French actor is a second-rate artist. He is usually heavy, seldom free from affectation, and is often wanting in refinement and good taste. Some really good actors are to be found in Berlin: Niemann the singer, Haase, Barnay, Friedmann, Mrs Niemann-Rabe, the cleverest of them all—to my taste at least—the two comic actors Engels and Blenke, &c.; but these few stand pretty nearly alone, and a perfect theatrical performance, such as one may witness every evening in Paris, has perhaps never been seen in Berlin, and can certainly not be seen there at present. An exception could have been made,

some years ago, in favour of a second-rate theatre called “Wallner's,” where the plays of D. Kalisch, a most witty and humorous writer, were acted by Helmerding and others. But Kalisch died years ago, Helmerding has retired from the stage, and neither of them has been replaced. Besides, “Wallner's” was, even in its best days, looked down upon as quite a second or third rate concern by the proud “Schauspielhaus,” the Royal Theatre, administered by a royal “Intendant General,” a high functionary who bears the title of “Excellency” like a Minister of State. The Royal “Schauspielhaus” and the Royal Opera are grand, cold, proper, respectable places, where much money is spent, with good results, on a brilliant *corps de ballet*; and where classical dramas and operas, as well as the most literary modern dramas and the best grand operas, are acted by a company of highly respectable artists, according to long-established, immutable, orthodox rules. At the present time there are but few very first-rate artists belonging either to the “Schauspielhaus” or to the Royal Opera. Niemann, the best “Tannhauser” and “Lohengrin” Germany ever saw, is still a great favourite with the public, and deservedly so on account of his imposing personal appearance and his excellent acting; but he is over fifty, and his singing, though very good sometimes, can scarcely be expected to be what it was twenty years ago. The best acting in Berlin is now to be seen at the German Theatre, where Barnay, Friedmann, Engels, and Mrs Niemann-Rabe are engaged, and which is managed by Adolph l'Arronge, the author of some comedies which enjoy great favour. But the German Theatre has been

in existence only a few months—it was opened in October '83—and no one can say yet whether it will continue to compete successfully with the Royal "Schauspielhaus." The Berliner, who, as I have said, has a very refined taste as regards music, is, on the other hand, little accustomed to good acting; and it is a great treat for him to go with his family to a theatre where, in most cases, to judge by appearances, he and his belongings enjoy themselves most thoroughly.

I have been led to speak about places of recreation without having exhausted what I wished to say about the hard work of Berlin. Something must be added about bankers, merchants, soldiers, and officials.

I suppose the Berlin banker or merchant works and toils neither more nor less than his fellows in all other great mercantile communities. However that may be, there is reason to suppose that he is both clever and active, for to all outward appearance he is very prosperous. Since 1867, many large fortunes—they would be called large even in London and New York, where the standard of wealth is very high—have sprung up in Germany, especially in Berlin. The men who have earned them—those who have inherited their wealth from their forefathers form the exception—live in great style. They dwell in big new houses, magnificently decorated, which are thrown open frequently to numerous guests, with the most profuse and cordial hospitality; their stables are as well kept as can be expected from people whose taste for horses is only of recent date; they give the very best education to their children; and many of them are very charitable.

The State functionary, the *Beamte*, occupies a peculiar and

exceptional position in Berlin society. He is very rarely a wealthy man; he is generally married, and often has a large family, the bringing up of which in a decent way imposes heavy sacrifices. He is sober, industrious, trustworthy, somewhat slow and sad, highly respectable, and very proud of his respectability. He is perhaps a little envious,—at all events, he is not free from bitterness,—when he looks down—for he does look down from a pinnacle on which public opinion, as well as his own estimate of himself, has placed him—on the prosperous money-making and money-spending banker or merchant. He has never any pocket-money to spend; he wants every farthing he earns. The foreign visitor rarely sees him, for he leads a retired life, and, as a rule, frequents a small circle of intimate friends, consisting chiefly of his relations, or of his colleagues and their families. He has the reputation of doing his dry work, for which he gets but scanty pay, in the most conscientious manner and with a true love for it, however humble and tiresome it may be. If in the streets of Berlin you meet a man between thirty and fifty, decently clad, but yet with an appearance of shabby gentility in the shape of his hat and the shine of his well-brushed dark coat—a man with spectacles, whose careworn countenance I would describe as a mixture of shyness and pride—you may be pretty sure that he is some petty official belonging to one of the great ministerial departments. The number of the higher and wealthier functionaries who move in cosmopolitan society is small. They all, however, from the lowest to the highest, do their duty most scrupulously, though not always unostentatiously. To them, at all events, is due the efficient and

irreproachably careful working of all branches of the public service in Berlin, the administrative centre of the kingdom of Prussia, and of the German Empire.

The overpowering weight of Bismarck's genius is the reason why little is known by the public at large of those who, under his direction as President of the Cabinet and Chancellor of the Empire, fill the high and responsible posts of Ministers and Secretaries of State. However, one name must be mentioned here, that of Dr Stephan, the Postmaster-General of Germany, to whose untiring energy is due the great progress which the postal service has made during the last fourteen years. Nowhere in the world is this special branch of the public service better attended to than in Germany; and I may mention, as a characteristic trait, and one especially agreeable to the public, that Dr Stephan has made it a point that all those who are placed under his orders, from the directors down to the letter-carriers, should observe strict and unflinching politeness in their dealings with the public. One is agreeably surprised, when asking for information at a German post or telegraph office, to meet in most cases with some clerk who, though apparently busy and in a great hurry, will nevertheless find time to reply politely and clearly to any question regarding the postal service which may be put to him.

Among the hardest-worked men of Berlin must be reckoned the officers attached to the "Great General Staff," presided over by Field-Marshal Count Moltke, the most extraordinary man of our times after Prince Bismarck. The work which these men, the "Generalstabler," do, has been shown by the way in which the Prussian, and, later on, the German, army

was got ready to march into Bohemia and France; and after that, in the field at Königgrätz, Wörth, Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte, and Sedan, as well as before Strasburg, Metz, and Paris. The officers belonging to the General Staff are a special product of Berlin. They combine the bookworm with the soldier; they get excited over scientific problems, and have shown on frequent occasions imperturbable coolness on the battle-field. They stand very high in public estimation,—know it, and are proud of it. But they try hard to deserve thoroughly their good name; and their great self-reliance rests on solid foundations.

In the eyes of the public, all the qualities and characteristics of these men are united in Count Moltke, about whom I must say here a few words, though no attempt will be made to write anything like a biographical sketch of that extraordinary man.

Moltke the Silent—*der Schweiger*—as he is called, is generally considered the greatest, and is certainly the most successful, of living soldiers. His achievements at Königgrätz, Sedan, and Paris have never been surpassed, and compel the admiration of all competent military critics. Silent, quiet, cold, the very incarnation of concentrated thought, just as you see him walking in the streets or moving in a drawing-room, when everybody stands respectfully aside to let him pass—so he stood on the battle-field, his cold clear eye passing slowly from one point to the other, and his cold clear mind weighing the chances of victory and defeat with the intensity and serenity of a mathematician pondering over the solution of some grave problem. No one, it is said, has ever seen Count Moltke excited, not even at Sedan, where

the greatest victory of modern times decided the fortunes of the two most powerful empires of the Continent. His calmness seems mysterious, almost awful, — and there is something strangely sad about that silent, lonely, old man. His wife died some years ago; he never had a child; his nearest relations, with the exception of a nephew and a niece, seem to be kept at a distance by him. Who are his companions and his friends? To whom does he ever talk in a friendly, familiar way? Nobody has ever been able to tell me, though I have often inquired. An old man of eighty-four, he still appears without fail wherever duty calls him. He is to be seen at almost all the Emperor's receptions, the most striking personage near the throne. But how does the old field-marshal pass his time when free from duty, when tired of work? Nobody pretends to know. Either nobody penetrates into his intimacy, or else those who approach him intimately do not speak about it.

When the weather is fine you may see a very tall thin man, with very light yellowish hair and a sallow, beardless, wrinkled face,

out of which shine a pair of stony grey eyes, wrapped in a long, dark, military coat, a cap on his small head, faultlessly dressed in a general's uniform,—a gentleman born in every inch of his aristocratic slender figure, his body still erect, but his head as in deep thought slightly bent forward,—such a man, I say, you may see coming out of the great red building which stands on the Koenigs-Platz, at the corner of "Moltke" and "Bismarck" Streets, and which bears the name of "General Stab." The solitary old man, unattended by a servant, walks slowly, noiselessly. Every one who meets him looks at him attentively; if the passer-by is a soldier, he stands on one side and salutes. The old general returns the salute slowly and deliberately, but apparently without seeing to whom.

Every time I see him the thought occurs to me that in such guise Dante must have passed through the streets of Florence.

That is General Field-Marshal Count Hellmuth von Moltke, one of the strangest characters the world has ever produced. It is well worth going to Berlin to see that great historical personage.

III.

The society of Berlin is certainly better than the reputation it has acquired of late in Paris, and also to a certain degree in England. I say "England," and not "London," because public opinion in England does not blindly obey the dictates of London in the way that public opinion in France is ruled from Paris. Nevertheless, out of the great number of books and newspaper articles published lately in Paris on Germany, and more especially on Berlin and its society,

some have penetrated into England, where many people may have been more or less influenced by them. But among the thousands of pages which, since the war, have been published in France about Germany, there is not one dictated by a kind or even an impartial spirit, and there are very few which do not betray open hostility. Most of the Frenchmen who have visited Berlin since the German victories over France, seem to have been blind to all that is honourable, good, and

respectable in Germany, and to have seen there only what is ugly, mean, and ridiculous. There is no lack of ugliness, meanness, and absurdity spread over the whole world, and Germany has its due share; but what country claims to be exempt from such blemishes, or can claim even to have a smaller share of them than Germany?

What a sad picture might be drawn of France, for instance, if we were to shut our eyes to all that is good, honest, and respectable there, and were to depict nothing but the meanness, ugliness, and folly to be found in Paris! And in order to publish a violent and abusive pamphlet on French society, one need take but little trouble. By collecting in a volume the opinions of a certain number of well-known and much-admired *French* writers, poets, and politicians, one could produce the most cruel and unjust book that ever was written on France. Neither Victor Tissot, nor Paul Déroulède, nor the anonymous author of the recently published 'Letters on the Society of Berlin,' have shown greater bitterness towards Germany than Victor Hugo, Henri de Rochefort, Paul de Cassagnac, the 'Intransigent,' the 'République Française,' the 'Figaro,' 'Univers,' and a hundred other writers or newspapers have exhibited when speaking of their Imperialist or their Republican compatriots, as the case might be, and according as the one or the other party was composed of political antagonists. Political passion is dominant in France. Frenchmen—as far as one is able to judge by reading French papers, books, pamphlets, or libels—seem to have lost the sense of measure and moderation. Every one attacks his adversary with blind fury, and despises no weapon with which to

wound and slay him. There is no calumny so vile that it has not been uttered somewhere in France with regard to her public men, and found numerous believers. I do not think that, as a rule, Germans are more intensely hated by Frenchmen than good French Republicans are by stanch French Bonapartists or Legitimists, and *vice versa*: but they are more generally hated; they have no partisans of any kind in France. And so it has come to pass that a good deal of vindictive and unjust writing has been published there in respect of Germany, and has filtered through many channels into public opinion without encountering any contradiction. A great many good and respectable Frenchmen, who would feel ashamed of calumniating any one, or giving their tacit consent to calumny, are *bonâ fide* of opinion that the Germans are a nation of robbers and barbarians, merely because they have been told so a hundred times; whereas no one has drawn their attention to the fact that it would be just to apply to the German question that old principle of justice, "*Audiatur et altera pars.*" However, Germans have no reason to complain of being exceptionally badly treated by Frenchmen. The epithets applied to them are, as I have said, also used in France with regard to Frenchmen belonging to an opposite political camp. To be violently abusive and blindly unjust has become a fashion in France. There are probably among Frenchmen hundreds of thousands who have not adopted this fashion, but they do not make themselves heard; whereas the chorus of loud hoarse voices of abuse and calumny becomes daily more deafening and offensive. Calm will be restored one day, though at present that day seems to be far off. Meanwhile I may be excused if, in the

following pages, I dwell more particularly on the pleasant and respectable aspects of Berlin society. All its failings, weaknesses, ridiculousnesses, and shortcomings have been frequently represented in such a glaring light by a certain class of French writers, that scarcely anything new or worth writing remains to be said on that score.

At the head of what is called the society of Berlin naturally stand the Imperial family and the Court. Taking this to be a fact, as it certainly is in the capital of a thoroughly monarchical country, one cannot help wondering that any one undertaking to speak of Berlin society should not have been moved to deference and natural respect by that imposing historical figure called William I. No King of Prussia or Emperor of Germany has done more for the greatness of his people than that hard-working, fearless, conscientious old man, who for twenty-seven years has reigned over Prussia; who has borne since the 18th January 1871 the title of Emperor of Germany, and who at the age of eighty-seven still attends with never-failing earnest diligence to all the stern duties of his high and weighty office. If Emerson had known him when he wrote his book on 'Representative Men,' he would have chosen him as the type of "The Sovereign"; for there is no king or emperor, and perhaps there has never been one, who as thoroughly as William, Emperor of Germany, combines all the qualities which ought to belong to those who are called to govern the destinies of a great country and a powerful nation. He is a king by nature. Strange to say, this fact is understood only by a few, even in Germany.

Certainly no prince can be more venerated and loved by his subjects than the Emperor William by the

Germans; but if he is loved because of his singular greatness as a sovereign, it is, so to speak, unconsciously. The Germans love their old Emperor because he is kind to them, because he is just, because his life is pure, his soul fearless; because he is hard-working, being as scrupulously attentive to the duties of his office as the most laborious of his subjects; because his great age adds to his popularity; and because he appears as the incarnation of the power and greatness of Germany, of which Germans are not the less proud because of the novelty of the thing.

Up to 1871, Germans had not known the elevating pride with which an Englishman says, "I am English," or a Frenchman, "I am French." When Germans came to England or to France, they quickly learned the languages of those countries, adopted the customs of the people with whom they lived, very frequently got naturalised as soon as could be, and appeared satisfied, while in foreign countries, to be taken for natives. When they returned to their own country, they were wont to place themselves on a pinnacle, from which they looked down on the unsophisticated, untravelled Germans, their countrymen, condescending, if they were particularly gracious, to initiate them into the mysteries of French or English life and manners.

All that is changed now. Most Germans in the present day—those at least who belong to the upper classes—have grown proud of being what they are by birth; and to look like an Englishman or a Frenchman has ceased to be the fashion amongst the coxcombs of Berlin. The present generation of Germans is still represented by the men who fought at Gravelotte and Sedan, and belonged to the besieging armies

of Metz, Strasburg, and Paris. And although they feel, as regards the French, a certain sense of superiority, yet their demeanour will not generally be offensive. An Englishman will find among them much genuine admiration for France and the genius and attractiveness of its inhabitants; but if he comes to speak of certain facts connected with what is called Chauvinism, he will detect in the eyes and at the corners of the mouth of his interlocutor a quiet, almost good-natured smile, which, in my opinion, must be more galling to Frenchmen than the most violent French diatribes can be to Germans.

It is not the object of this essay to enter into any details respecting the antagonism which still exists between Germany and France, though peace has been formally proclaimed between the two countries. If I state the fact that, since 1871, French writers have showered a great deal of abuse on Germany, to which, on the whole, Germans have paid but little attention, I do not mean to blame the violence or bad manners of the French, nor to praise the superior patience of the Germans. The latter have come out winners of that great game which was decided on the battle-fields from Saarbrück to Paris. It is easy for them to be satisfied, and natural that they should desire to obtain the adhesion of others to a state of things which raises them above their once more powerful neighbour. On the other hand, it is not to be expected that the French should show themselves *battus et contents*. The French hatred of Germany is quite as natural as the indifference with which the Germans accept the fact of being hated by their neighbours; and without any intention of entering into that question, I have been led to the above considerations merely

to explain one of the reasons, or rather the chief reason, why William I. is the idol of his people. Under his reign Germany has acquired the consciousness of its power and greatness; and for this the gratitude of Germans towards their old Emperor is intense.

But in my opinion, it is not because he is kind, just, popular, and victorious, that the Emperor William is an extraordinary man. There have been many kings and emperors before him who were as kind and just as he,—“the delights of mankind”; and again, others whose successes in war were so overpowering, and who crushed their enemies so completely, that history called them “scourges of God.”

William I. is too august, he preserves too great a distance between his subjects and himself, he cares too earnestly and exclusively for German interest, to be called one of the “delights of mankind.” On the other hand, he is anything but bloodthirsty or cruel. He abhors war; and he only made war when he believed himself by his royal duty bound to do so. He has very little of the conqueror about him; it cannot even be said that it is his ambition to be accounted a great general; he has never tried to take away an atom from the glory of Moltke for the way in which the French war was conducted. The denomination, “scourge of God,” cannot in any way be applied to him.

Is he a man of great genius, of powerful, high conceptions? The question may be debated. But he is something quite peculiar: he is a sovereign pure and simple—a heaven-born sovereign, a perfect sovereign; and that is something so extraordinary, that, on examining him more closely, I can compare him to no other man.

There are people who do not like

music, others who do not care for painting. To them Mozart and Beethoven, Haydn and Bach, Raphael and Rembrandt, Titian and Rubens, will be indifferent, though they were heaven-born artists, perfect artists. I can well understand that a somewhat similar indifference may be felt in respect of the qualities which constitute the "perfect sovereign," the more so, as those characteristic qualities cannot, on the whole, be described as amiable.

Goethe, in his second part of "Faust," says of the Emperor—

" . . . He who would command
Must in commanding find his highest
blessing:

Then let his breast with force of will
expand,

But what he wills, be past another's
guessing!

What to his faithful he hath whispered,
that

Is turned to act, and men amaze thereat:
Thus will he ever be the highest-
placed

And worthiest!—*Enjoyment makes de-
based.*"

Such is William I., the old Emperor of Germany. In commanding he finds his highest blessing. His subjects may seek enjoyment. He, in his august, placid way, will be glad of it; but it is not in his nature to wish to partake of their joys. His whole life is expanded into *acts*. It is contrary to his nature to receive passively deep impressions. This must be taken as the only possible explanation of his glorious reign, of his whole career, of his simple mode of life; and lastly, of his relations to Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke, the two men through whose brains, deeds, and daring, he has achieved all that he has done for Germany.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the slightest feeling of jealousy had ever entered the Emperor's head with regard to his

great Chancellor, even when that statesman's name became the most popular in Germany, and was on every man's lips as that of the hero who had made Germany the powerful empire it is. No one, perhaps, in all Germany was at that time prouder of Prince Bismarck than the Emperor; for to him Bismarck was the instrument of his own will, the faithful executor of his royal commands. He could no more be jealous of him and of his power and popularity than he could be jealous of the popularity of his army, or of the power of that million of bayonets which, by *his* command, marched into France and stood before Metz, Strasburg, and Paris.

It is said that the enemies of the Chancellor have repeatedly tried to excite the Emperor's anger against that man of extraordinary genius and of imperious will. They thought to strike a responsive chord in the Emperor's heart by representing Bismarck as acting with an independence of will offensive to the majesty of the sovereign. But there is no reason to suppose that these insinuations ever found belief or were even understood. The Emperor considers Bismarck as *his* Chancellor, just as he considers his right arm to be *his* right arm. Bismarck has done great things, because by his, the Emperor's will, Bismarck was allowed to have his way. Would he have marched into Bohemia and into France against the king's will?

Those who have attempted to make the Emperor jealous of any of his subjects can have known nothing of the character of that Sovereign, in whose mind the Sovereign (who is himself), and the People—to which belong all other Germans (the Crown Prince and the highest officials and officers as well as the poorest citizen)—are two in-

commensurable unities. Such ideas would make of any ordinary ruler a tyrant, a bad king. But the Emperor of Germany is an extraordinary man, perfect in his way: if it is his "highest blessing" to command, commanding is at the same time his highest, one might say his only duty, to which every other thing is sacrificed without effort. He is an officer equal to his office. He is careful to perform his duties perfectly. His commands are never given negligently, lightly; they are always well pondered and peremptory. It is a fact that when decorating a private soldier with the military medal, a thing which must have occurred thousands of times during his long reign, he does not do it without having paid *due* attention to that particular case. He will likewise pay *due* attention when signing a sentence of death, the duty of all others apparently the most painful to him, as the number of executions has been exceedingly small under his rule; and we may hold for certain that he also paid *due* attention, neither more nor less, when signing a declaration of war.

The Emperor has great confidence in those officials who approach him most closely, and in his Chancellor more than in any other man, because he appreciates his genius and his loyalty. He follows his adviser willingly, never blindly. He will discuss when he has any doubts, and he will never yield unless fully convinced of the wisdom and justice of what is proposed to him. It would be an error to suppose that in the end he has always allowed himself to be persuaded by his advisers. More than once Bismarck, whose profound veneration and love for the old Emperor are singularly touching, has yielded to his sove-

reign, though he may have believed himself in the right.

There are other characteristics of the Emperor to which I wish briefly to allude, because they all contribute more or less to make him a sovereign with extraordinary gifts for governing.

The Emperor's greatest passion is for his army, as the most powerful instrument of his will. After the victorious battle of Gravelotte he was not carried away by the exultation of victory. He wept bitterly over the thousands of brave soldiers slain on that day; but his grief was not, so to speak, of a personal nature. He did not speak of those he had personally known: he mourned over the destruction of a magnificent portion of his army. He is familiar with the minutest details of soldiering, with a keen eye for the qualities and defects of the troops manœuvring before him. His judgments are those of a general of rare experience and discernment, and are taken into serious consideration by his officers, not only because they are the opinions of the sovereign, but also because they are those of an experienced old soldier.

The Emperor has few wants. His habits are very frugal, and he never indulges in any luxury—scarcely in the comfort to which a man of his age would, under all circumstances, be fully entitled. He sleeps on a narrow, hard camp-bed, and dresses in full uniform as soon as he gets up. He has identified himself with Germany, and defends German interests wherever they are implicated. He is perfectly unselfish, and very economical, knowing well the power of money; nevertheless he will display, whenever he thinks it right, a truly royal munificence. There is certainly no stinginess in him. He holds his functionaries and

officers in high esteem, and always treats them with great consideration; but is not at all familiar with them, though he is not haughty. His temper is singularly equable, and he often smiles benignantly; but I do not believe that he ever laughs heartily. On many occasions he has been known to be very sad; but even the death of those nearest and dearest to him cannot keep him from the strict performance of his royal duties. Just as the mourning at Court is regulated by a Court circular, so the Emperor's mourning seems to cease at a given hour. Possessing a marvellous memory for facts as well as for names and faces, he will tell a young officer who gets presented to him, provided he belongs to one of the numerous old noble families of Prussia, the story of his father and his grandfather and their respective wives, and how they looked when he saw them last—whether in 1815 or 1883. He leads a most regular life, eating exactly at the same hours, finding sound sleep as soon as he has retired to rest, and rising early. He scarcely ever appears thoughtful, and never absent in mind, being apparently entirely absorbed by the subject before him, and giving his whole attention to what is said to him. Every kind of disorder offends him. He pays attention to the dress of others, knows every button belonging to a uniform, and notices even very small irregularities in that respect. He is a placid admirer of beauty. He has no curiosity, and dislikes gossip. He has no favourites, though he manifests his preference for certain high personages of his Court to whom he has got accustomed, whose ways please him, and to whose loyalty he trusts implicitly. Still he will not favour them so as to give offence to others

equal or superior to them in rank; nor will he retain them in his personal service if he thinks that it would be for their own or the country's benefit that they should occupy some other post. As may be supposed, he does not readily admit that any one should retire from active service on account of his advanced age. He is not at all suspicious, is unaffectedly courteous to all who approach him, and his manners are most winning, though they do not invite familiarity.

The Emperor looks well on horseback, and is at home in the saddle; but he is not what is called a good rider, and takes no special interest in horses, except as regards military requirements. He rides with loose reins, letting his steed have its own way, and seeming to reckon as confidently on his horse's good service as on those of the other instruments of his will. In former years he has frequently met with accidents in consequence of his careless riding; now his aides-de-camp always keep a sharp look-out before him when he canthers off in his peculiar way, looking in every direction except where a careful rider ought to look—viz., at the road before him. When he goes across country, the officer who trains the horses for the Emperor's special service, and who is an accomplished rider, habitually precedes him by a few hundred yards to see that there is no dangerous ditch or wall ahead; smaller things the Emperor will clear, apparently without noticing them. Extraordinary care is taken with the training of the horses for the Emperor's personal use. They are always safe, powerful, intelligent, good-natured animals, generally half-blood, shying at nothing, and requiring scarcely any attention on the part of their rider. The Emperor has a certain liking for manly field-

sports, and is a good shot, but he is not what is called a sporting man. His favourite flower is that most prosaic, pretty, uninteresting corn-flower, the blue-bottle—without any perfume, but which looks so bright and healthy in a large field of wheat, and so fresh and innocent in the hair of a fair young girl. I am told that the Emperor's grandmother had this same curious taste in respect of flowers.

The Emperor is tall and well built, and when he was young had a fine manly presence. Though he is now very old, he still has a wonderfully dignified attitude; and it is astonishing—as well as fatiguing for those who are with him—to see how long he can stand without getting tired. To converse for two or three hours with different people at his Court, without sitting down for a moment, seems to be no effort to him. His eyesight and his handwriting are still remarkably good. He has that special gift for conversation which belongs to a great many kings and princes, and is also a good public speaker, though no orator. Eloquence implies certain artifices of speech, the use of which would scarcely be compatible with his simple, straightforward character.

The Emperor's personal attachment to those standing in closest relationship to him does not seem to go beyond certain limits, which,

to common mortals, might seem rather narrow. His wife is "Her Majesty the Empress," his children and grandchildren, "Royal Princes and Princesses." He may call them by their names when speaking to them; but no one, unless he were himself of royal blood, would dare to allude to them in his presence without giving them in full the titles which belong to them. He is venerated by his family, and certainly deserves the profound respect with which all approach him; but it would be difficult to say how far he is loved as a parent is generally loved by his children and grandchildren. He has always shown great and even tender care for the welfare of his family; but no weakness has ever been noticeable in his intercourse with his relatives. Sovereigns have immense advantages over the rest of mankind; on the other hand, they seem to be debarred from those joys which spring from the weaker but perhaps the more amiable sides of human nature. A personage who is never approached but with all the marks of the deepest respect, and in most cases of a complete and blind submission, cannot know the sweetness of the fearless love of a child. But then it may be doubted whether William I., the most perfect type of a ruler of men, has ever felt the want of a child's caresses.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.—PART X.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—A CONSULTATION OVER THE COUNTER.

"To do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and shrinking, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can."—SYDNEY SMITH.

It will be remembered that, on arriving in London, after taking farewell of the sorrow-stricken house, where he could no longer stay, and to which he must never return, Challoner received a communication which, under other circumstances, would have concerned him deeply.

It was to the effect that his father, to whom, perhaps, he had never been very warmly attached, but for whom, nevertheless, he entertained a certain amount of filial affection and respect, and with whom certainly he had never had a word of difference in his life, had been seized with paralysis; and although the shock had not been fatal, and a partial rally had been already made, he was enjoined to lose no time in sending on the intelligence to the other members of the family—the brothers and sisters who were scattered somewhere or other up and down England,—and that done, he was to repair to the spot himself as speedily as possible.

The telegram was from Lady Fairleigh, and was sufficient explanation of her non-appearance in London on the morning of that day.

Of that day! Could it really be only that day, that one day which had made so terrible a havoc? Could it only have been a few hours before that he had, fool that he was! exulting in his new reprieve, dashed back from the hotel, caught, as by a miracle, the earlier train, snapped his fingers at consequences, and laughed in his heart at his own weird uncanny success

in everything connected with his dreadful part?

How one and all seemed resolved to play into his hands at every turn! How kindly he was pressed to pursue his own pleasure! How he was humoured, and coaxed, and all made smooth for him to be base! Mary so accommodating, Matilda so bewitching, Overton so blind, the Applebys so innocent; and now even his own sister, the one being on earth whose keen eyes he dreaded, and before whom even his hardy spirit had quailed when obeying her summons—even she had, it appeared, yielded to the prevailing influence.

Fate had decreed that he was not to be disturbed nor interfered with. It was really too kind of fate.

With such grim humour the infatuated man had amused himself as he sped back to Overton Hall, and incredible as it now seemed, it was but a few hours since all had been dispelled, and the dream for ever shattered; he had now to force himself, as best he might, to remember that he had still a stage to act upon, and that, however detestable must in future be the play, and however little was left for him to gain, he must for very shame hold on.

He did not say to himself, he did not know that he felt the sad tidings awaiting him to be an actual relief; he would have started to be told that the intelligence which should have been so gravely urgent was now so little to him that he could scarcely give it sufficient attention to comprehend its contents,

until a second, and even a third, perusal had made them clearer,—but it was so, that even when clear, the first vague feeling of sorrow was mingled with another and less suitable emotion—namely, a hope that the illness and the doubt which hung over its result, might prove so engrossing as to leave no room for inquiries or suspicion on any other subject.

That he would be off for Paris by the night mail was, however, a matter of course.

He was glad to go—glad to be on the move anywhere—almost thankful involuntarily for the good excuse for leaving England, and thus delaying a meeting with his betrothed bride and her family for the moment—and he was now only anxious to start; and oh, that the short journey—far, far too short—could have gone on and on for ever!

Before leaving, however, it was necessary to inform the rest of the family, who were as yet in ignorance; and where to write, or where to send to, was equally a problem. He had not a notion where a brother or a sister was to be found; they had been nothing to him, he had been nothing to them during those past weeks of delirious bliss, or misery, which had filled to the full every thought. All outside Overton Hall on the one hand, or the prison walls of the red brick mansion at Clinkton on the other, had been to him a blank; and as to what Tom, Will, and Emily were doing now, where they had their present places of abode, even whether they were at the moment at home or abroad, he had not even a conjecture to go by.

He had not written to them, and he had not heard from them,—stop, though, he had heard, he supposed; a dim remembrance of forwarded, redirected envelopes, in

familiar handwritings, lying about unopened in his collar-drawer at Overton Hall, rose before his eyes—and no doubt these would come up with his luggage next day, for he had left on foot, desirous of troubling no one, and had brought nothing with him; but next day would be, or might be, too late—he could not wait on the chance. And accordingly, contenting himself with sending to the old family seat a telegram, which was sure to find out some one in the long-run, Challoner lost no time in himself hurrying to his parent's bedside, there to find all pretty much as it had been when Lady Fairleigh first despatched her message.

“Was there ever anything so unfortunate?” bewailed poor Mary Tufnell, who, now that her Christmas festivities were over, and that Clinkton was rather more than ordinarily dull, it being the season of Lent, when it was quite the thing to follow the fashion and have nothing going on, even of the mild order usually indulged in by the good people of the town—now that Emily was having it all her own way, and that Herbert and the cathedral were in the ascendant, began to miss her own swain more than she might otherwise have done, and who was, moreover, willing in her heart to do still more, as we shall presently see,—“Was there ever anything so unfortunate?” bemoaned she, as week after week went by, and still there was nothing new to be said, no change of any kind to be reported. “I am so sorry for poor Jem; it really does seem as if poor Jem were in perpetual ill luck now. Just to think of his being at Overton Hall when that poor Mr Lessingham was killed—and he could only have gone down for a day or two, for the Hales told Bertha that Mr Lessingham particularly mentioned

that he was only to be with them for a day or two—and then to come in for that! The very day after Bertha saw Mr Lessingham too! I don't know why that made it worse, but it did. And the same night to hear about his father! Jem does not mind about things as much as some people, but I never could see there was any harm in his letter, though it was a little *queer*. He did not want to show that he cared, I suppose: of course he did care—everybody cares about their father. And I mean always to stand by Jem; for after all, if I'm content, it's nobody else's business whether he takes things coolly or not. It was like Miss Bertha's impertinence to hint at that yesterday. Coolly? What can the poor man do? He has got to stay where he is, whether or no? Well, now, I do think as poor old Mr Challoner had lived so long, that he might have lived just a little longer——”

——“Or, if he would only die a little quicker, poor old man!” amended her mother, for the last words had been spoken aloud, and Mrs Tufnell had heard them with true sympathy; “there's where it is, Mary. I am sure I, for one, don't see the sense of dying on and on,—and I must say, if it were not Providence, that six weeks is really *overly*. If it had been six days now—your poor grandpapa was six full days dying in his bed,—neither here nor there, as one may say,—no good to any one on this side the grave, and only kept back by the doctors' fussing from a better place.

“Six days we had of it, all of us gathered together, expecting and expecting,—and they were six days such as I hope I may never see again in this world, Mary, I can tell you. Not that we wanted him gone, poor thing; there wasn't

one of us but would have kept him if we could—kept him, that is, to be well and hearty; but that, you know, he never would have been. It was as clear as day that he had got to go, sooner or later, and——well we were just worn out, that was the real truth; what with the Bibles and Prayer-books,—you know I mean no harm, Mary—but your poor grandmamma would have us all sitting up with our Bibles and Prayer-books for six whole days on end—and it was just awful, that's what it was. Your aunt Cecy, she wouldn't stand it. She locked her door and read ‘Punch’; that was what she did. Cecy was a dreadful girl when she was put upon, and none of us dared say a word; and grandmamma does not know to this day what that door was locked for—but the rest of us knew well enough, for Cecy made no bones about it; and I'm sure I for one couldn't blame her, poor dear. Six weeks!” after a pause. “Six weeks to-day; and goodness knows how much longer it may go on! Well, there are troubles and troubles in this world, but I do say six weeks—and no sort of end to it! Don't you fret though, Mary. It will make your bonny man all the happier when the good time comes; and I am sure I don't know how we shall ever make enough of him then for all he has had to put up with beforehand; that's what I think whenever I think of Jem Challoner. Dear heart, I say to myself, what shall we ever do to comfort him?”

“It is hard,” said Mary, thoughtfully. “You see,” she continued, twisting a pencil in her fingers, and scribbling with it on the blank side of a letter near—there usually was a blank side to Jem's letters; write as large as he might, he could never manage to fill more

than half of the third page. "You see," said his betrothed, ruminating, "Easter falls so very early this year."

"Easter!" exclaimed her mother. "What—what in the world have you to do with Easter, my dear? If it had been Emily—but Lent is all in all with Emily now—and sure you need not trouble your head with all those services——."

—— "It is not that," said Mary, laughing; "I don't care about Easter one way or other. But as father said Easter——" she stopped.

"Said what about Easter?"

"That—that we might be married at Easter."

"Oh, now I know what you mean, my girl!" cried her mother joyously. "To be married at Easter! That's it, is it? To be married at Easter! Oh! Now I know where I am! For I declare I could not think for a minute what you were driving at, Mary. Since this unfortunate affair of poor old Mr Challoner, and expecting him to die every day, and he never dying, and now as likely as not to cheat us all—Lor' sakes! what am I saying? But it had put me so about, that I had no thoughts of the marriage coming off yet a bit. However, it's as you and papa settle it, for I'm agreeable to anything. And now I know where I am!" she concluded, nodding her satisfaction.

"Papa said Easter," responded Mary, eagerly. "And I know Emily wants Easter, and Herbert can arrange for Easter. I promised Emily I would speak about it, as she does not like, because of Jem. Of course we all know that Jem would be pleased, as he even wanted Christmas, you remember,—but it is old Mr Challoner;—if old Mr Challoner——"

"Ay, it is old Mr Challoner

who is the spoke in the wheel," said Mrs Tufnell, promptly. "Poor old dear, that I should say so! But really such a time to take—but that's nonsense of me, for of course he didn't pick and choose his own time——"

"Well, but what can we do?" interrupted her practical daughter; "it is of no use lamenting. 'Care killed a cat;' and I'm not going to bother and worry about it; only I do think we might manage *something*. There will be so much to see to once we begin,—but I don't want to begin and then have to stop. Besides, I must have my things *nice*, and Emily says so too; that was one reason why we waited till the spring—that the spring fashions might have come in," and she sighed regretfully.

"Does Jem say anything, any way, my dear?"

"Oh yes; he says that as soon as ever he can be spared—but that's nothing, you know, that tells us nothing, for of course we are not to know how soon he can be spared,—however, he says that—let me see," reading the part aloud, "'as soon as ever I can be spared I shall at once return to England and hold myself in readiness to fulfil our contract.' 'Fulfil our contract,'" said Mary, looking up. "It is an odd way of putting it, isn't it? Who ever heard of an engagement being called a contract?"

"Oh, 'tis only one of his aristocratic phrases, my dear. Jem is chock-full of aristocratic ways and whims, and I tell papa that that is what he likes about Jem. But don't you go and take it up, Mary, for papa would never stand it from you, mind; I know what he thinks. Many and many a time I have heard him say, 'Tis all very well when 'tis bred in the bone,—what's bred in the bone will

come out in the flesh,'—but he can see through any make-believe as well as anybody. There's nothing riles papa more than the airs Willie Dobb gives himself. That poor Willie! He means no harm; and for my part I am very fond of Willie, and he may yaw-haw as much as he likes for me—but papa says it regularly turns his stomach; and you know, Mary, how he would go on if he took up the idea that you were following in Willie Dobb's steps. I would not have papa thinking you were setting up for an aristocrat for the world."

"I am as good any day," retorted Mary, with a toss of her spruce head. "Papa should not have let me marry into the Challoner family if he wished me to go about as their inferior."

"Now, now, now; don't be peppery, Mary. You know I have to be go-between with you and papa sometimes, for you are his own daughter all the world over, and you and he would fly out at each other every other day if I didn't take care. Papa thinks all the more of you for it, that's what he does, honest man; he thinks far too much of you, Mary, and——"

—"Much obliged, I'm sure; I find no fault with that," smiled her daughter, with restored complacency. "And now what am I to say to Jem? Can I say anything about Easter? It is so difficult to know what to say. I can't inquire point-blank if his father will be dead by Easter, and that's what I really want to know, but——"

"But you could just ask him if he had any sort of idea—express it delicately, remember,—anything we could go upon? I'll tell you what, Mary,—suppose I was just to step down and speak to Dr Bell—but Dr Bell is attending Miss Juliet Appleby, and I don't above half

like, and that's the truth; I kind of fancy he is infectious still, though he smells of camphor as strong as my old fur tippet."

"Pooh! I'm not afraid," said Mary, stoutly. "And as for Miss Juliet Appleby, people are seeing her herself now. It is nearly two months since she was taken ill."

"Nay, it can't be that, surely."

"It is indeed. It was on the morning before Christmas Day, the morning of the fancy ball—or rather the night before—for it came out afterwards that she had been ill all the night before,—and that will be two months next Thursday. Why, lots of people at the Prestons yesterday were talking about going to see her; the Prestons themselves offered to drive me out——"

—"Don't you go, Mary; not for the world."

—"I am not going, I don't know Miss Appleby, nor the Windlasses—as papa is so foolish he won't let us call on them, and this would have been such a good opportunity; numbers of people did it,—but I am only telling you to show that you need not be afraid of seeing Dr Bell. I think you might see Dr Bell."

"And ask how long it generally takes?" said Mrs Tufnell, thoughtfully. "Well, I might—though I own I don't half like it. I shall be well camphored if I do go," more briskly; "he shan't have all the camphor upon his side. Or, Mary," with a new idea, "I'll tell you what, Mary, I'll meet him at the chemist's. I know he goes to Scilly, so I can drop in at Scilly's this morning and ask what time he is likely to be there. It is generally of an afternoon I have seen him turn in. Then Scilly will let me sit the wrong side of the counter, and I can have all the bottles and powders between me and the doctor. The

doctor is a sensible man; I can speak to him quite comfortably. He knows the plight we are in, and he will understand, being a family man himself, that one must speak about such things. Of course it would be more decent to wait patiently," half relenting; "but then," picking up again, "young folks can't be expected to wait patiently. And to be sure, there's Emily to be thought of as well. I shall put it upon Emily I do declare. And then if Dr Bell says Easter—why, Easter let it be."

Everything favoured her. The obsequious chemist was only too much flattered by being allowed to induct one of his best customers into his own arm-chair behind the counter; the doctor arrived punctually, and was accommodated on the other side, and old Mr Challoner's expected demise was discussed throughout the length and breadth of every doubt and chance, and why and wherefore.

On the whole, the conclusion arrived at was satisfactory. The old gentleman might die, or he might recover. He would probably do one or other, and that

he should do one or other was all, Mrs Tufnell protested, she desired. What she objected to, as she explained to her companion, was the shilly-shallying that was going on—of course she did not mean to accuse any one in particular; of course he must not think she meant for a moment to reflect on old Mr Challoner, or upon his son—the latter indeed, poor dear, was more to be pitied than any one,—but she was sure Dr Bell must see it was a hard case, and excuse her if she spoke plainly. The truth was, the girls were getting impatient, and Mr Tufnell had said something about Easter; and if Mary could not be married at Easter, Emily's bridal would be but a poor affair, for all along they had set their hearts on having the two in one. And indeed, so urgently was the worthy gentleman made to see that there was nothing for it but that the girls must be gratified, the weddings must come off, old Mr Challoner must, in short, die,—that he was speedily brought to pronounce, with all the authority of his order, that die he would—or recover.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A DOUBTFUL INVITATION.

"So every sweet with sour is tempered still,
That maketh it be coveted the more;
For easy things that may be got at will
Most sorts of men do set but little store."

—SPENSER.

"Well, now, I have got it all for you as pat as you please." Mrs Tufnell entered her own parlour radiant from the interview recorded in the last chapter. "I am right-down glad I went, Mary," she continued, for Mary was there, awaiting in some anxiety what there might be to tell; "it was just the best thought possible, that of seeing Dr Bell. We may begin upon the hemming and stitching as

soon as we like, he says; and, dear me! we have not too much time for all there will be to be done, if we are to be ready by Easter. The great thing is, however, will old Mr Challoner be ready by Easter? Bless me! I didn't mean to say that. Never you heed me, Mary; you know I mean no harm."

"What did Dr Bell say?" demanded Mary, briefly.

"Says we may take his word for

it that the poor old gentleman,—you know he *is* old, Mary, and we must all die some time,—and so Dr Bell says he will either be dead and buried by Easter, or he will be out of all danger for the present. For the present, he says; well, that's all we care about,—ahem,—I mean, all we have to think about. So that's settled, and a great comfort it is to have a man like Dr Bell to go to. So now, Mary, you just write straight away to Paris, and say——”

“What am I to say?” For the speaker paused.

“Oh, you must put it into your own words, my dear; but 'twill be easy to show that you are thinking about Easter. You might perhaps mention that Emily was thinking about Easter. No? Would that not do? Could you put it on papa? But papa might find out, and it would put him in such a temper. And really so fine an old gentleman as old Mr Challoner—I would not for all the world seem to hurry him. But just you get in the word ‘Easter,’ Mary, and see what comes of it.”

Then Mary had something to say on her own account. “Such an odd thing, mamma! what do you think? You know, this morning we were talking about Miss Juliet Appleby, and about my going to see her.”

“Nay, Mary; it was about your *not* going. No going to see Miss Juliet Appleby or Miss Juliet Anybody, who is just out of the small-pox, with *my* consent!” exclaimed Mrs Tufnell, with unwonted decision. “Now, my dear, don't you think of it. For, letting alone the infection, papa would never hear of your making up to the Windlasses, and paying them the compliment of going out to the Court. He declares the Windlasses think themselves too grand for us Clink-

ton folks, and that they must be laughing in their sleeves at all the fuss we make now that they are in trouble. If they do, it is very ungrateful of them, I must say,” said the good woman, with a heightened colour, “and I told papa he ought not to think such ill thoughts of any one; but still, for all that, I must say I would not, unasked, go to the Court.”

“But suppose you were asked?”

“That, I am never likely to be; and sure, even if I were——”

——“But *I* have been,” cried her daughter, triumphantly. “Really and truly I am not joking,—not joking in the least. I have been asked to the Court, not exactly by the Windlasses, but, better still, by this very Miss Juliet Appleby about whom there has been all the stir!”

“Lor!” exclaimed her mother.

“What do you think of that, mamma? Miss Appleby wishes to see me; to make my acquaintance, as she is a very particular friend of Jem's. Very particular friend, she said. She sent me ever so pretty a message; she has seen no one yet; and I am the first person she wishes to see.”

“Lor! Jem is taking you into high society already,” observed Mrs Tufnell, with maternal gratification, and for the moment every other feeling subsided into the background.

“So, then, the Prestons asked me if I could go to-morrow,” proceeded Mary, sensible of the effect produced, “and——”

But this was another thing. “Oh, really, I do not know; I could not say ‘Yes’ to that, Mary, not all at once. We shall have to think it over,” rejoined Mrs Tufnell, untying her bonnet-strings. “Don't hurry me, child, and I'll see what can be done. To be sure, there's Dr Bell—what a comfort

that man is!—and I can say you have been invited to go” (proud to say it); “I can tell him of the message, and he must decide. But don’t you be too hopeful, Mary—not of to-morrow, at all events. It would be a pretty thing if anything were to happen to you next—far worse than old Mr Challoner, poor man.”

“Now don’t you begin with any nonsense, mamma; nothing is going to happen to me,” replied her daughter, gaily. “I can take care of myself. I made no promise to the Prestons.”

“That’s right; never make promises.”

“But if they ask me again, I don’t see why I should not go.” Mrs Tufnell sighed.

“Papa,” she said that evening, “here is our Mary has had a queer kind of an invitation: of course it is meant as a compliment; but all the same, it is a compliment we could do without, like an invitation to a funeral,—Miss Juliet Appleby has sent to ask Mary to go and see her.”

“Sent to Mary!” said he, opening his eyes.

“Ay, indeed; sent to Mary.”

“But what—sent to Mary! What in the world does she know about Mary?”

“Jem’s friend, you know. She is Jem Challoner’s friend. You remember he said so when he was here. When the ball——”

——“Oh, ay! I remember. But I don’t see that being Jem’s friend,—however”—for the thought of Jem was mollifying—“no doubt ’tis meant civilly. The Windlasses are coming round, are they? What is Mary asked to? To dine? Or to stop?”

“Oh, neither, my dear. Just to drive out of an afternoon with the Prestons——”

——“With the Prestons?” His face fell.

“The invitation came through the Prestons,” continued his wife.

“It was no invitation at all, then.”

“Oh, it was well meant, my dear! And the poor girl is not able for writing yet, no doubt. She is only just well enough to——”

——“To give her smallpox to others. The devil she is!”

“Fie, fie, papa! and before the girls too. But in the main I agree with papa, Mary. You know I told you so; and though she is Jem’s friend, she can wait a week or two before she becomes yours.”

“Oh, she can’t do that, not for a moment!” cried Mr Tufnell, sarcastically. “Mary might have been Mary Tufnell long enough before Miss Juliet Appleby, or the Windlasses either, would have troubled their heads about her; but if she is to be Mrs Challoner, even though it is only poor Jem, the youngest of them all, with ne’er a penny—now Mary, my girl, don’t look like that—I like your lad well enough; he has been fair and honest with me, and if he has no money, why, you have enough for both, and so I told him,—but what I mean is, these infernal—hem—aristocrats, they hang on to one another like boys at prisoner’s base. You are worth speaking to now, because you are to marry into a county family; but you might have trudged about the streets of Clinkton all your life, and never had a nod or beck from one of the whole set, if you had taken a plain Clinkton man like your poor old father.”

“I don’t see what that has to do with it,” said Mary. “If Miss Appleby wishes to be friendly——”

——“Oh, be friendly, be friendly if you like——”

——“Why should I hold out against her?”

"No reason at all. None that I can see." Mr Tufnell was still ironical.

"Then, may I go to the Court to-morrow?"

"Ah, but that's another pair of boots. As long as you are under my roof, I am bound to see that you don't bring your necks into danger. When you and Emily have husbands of your own, it will be their business to look after you; and I hope," more good-temperedly, "I hope they will be able to manage it—I never could. You have had it your own way, you girls, with both your mother and me. Well, well, we have rubbed along pretty comfortably on the whole, I must say; and you have not been bad girls as girls go. I suppose you will lord it over your husbands next, eh? Well, well, I shan't interfere; that's their lookout; you will be off my hands by that time: but, hang it all! after bullying your poor old father all his days, don't go and get the small-pox because you can't say 'No' to Miss Juliet Appleby."

Now Mary Tufnell had very special cause for finding this injunction hard to bear.

In stating that Miss Appleby had sent to ask her to Windlass Court, and had given as her reason for doing so that she was desirous of becoming acquainted with the *fiancée* of a friend, Mary had indeed told the truth, but she had not told the whole truth. There had been a secret message accompanying the ostensible one. It was to the effect that the sender had a communication to make, which, she believed, would justify her in asking that no time should be lost, and that Miss Tufnell should repair to the Court without delay. The communication referred to Mr Challoner.

Now the ambassador to whom

this was intrusted was Miss Fanny Preston, the very person to do so important and mysterious an embassy full justice. Miss Preston had been out at the Court several times after Juliet had arrived there, and before she was taken ill; and the two girls had run up an intimacy which had seemed much closer than it actually was when Juliet became for the nonce the heroine of Clinkton. Then Fanny Preston felt sure that she had known her very well indeed; and her many attentions and sympathy were amply rewarded when one day she was begged, through the medium of a disinfected note, to get at Mary Tufnell, and bring her out to the Court, baiting the hook with the suggestive message about Jem Challoner.

It took at once. It was romantic; that answered with Miss Preston. It promised fun; that drew Mary Tufnell.

Both young ladies having thus fully made up their minds to go, "Dear," said Fanny, putting in an appearance the following morning—it was a bright, clear, invigorating February morning—"dear, don't you think that if your parents knew *why*, they would take off their prohibition?"

"Oh, there was no prohibition about it," retorted Mary, briskly. "Papa invariably growls and snaps if anything is proposed out of the common way; but he never means half he says, and no one really minds. We just let him have it out, and then we do as we please. And mamma would be all right if Dr Bell——"

"What! She goes by Dr Bell, does she? Then I'll tell you what, Mary, come along at once to Dr Bell's. We'll soon settle the doctor. He will give us leave, I know; for he has said over and over again that she might see anybody now, and

that there has been no infection this long while past. Miss Appleby herself says that he has given her permission to receive visitors."

"Has he indeed?" said simple Mary.

"So you see it's all right. Come, I have the phaeton here, and I told Juliet I would be out in the morning: I knew you would be more likely to go in the morning; and we will take Dr Bell by the way, and be at the Court before any one knows anything about us," cried the giddy girl heedlessly.

"But the Windlasses?"

"They are not at home. They left home last week. There, that shows you that it is safe enough. They would not have been allowed to go about, if there had been infection to be carried with them."

Very little more persuasion was needed. With a day so fresh and tempting, a phaeton so smart, and a friend so pressing and animated, who could have resisted? Certainly not Mary Tufnell; in a very few minutes she had equipped herself in her prettiest hat and tippet, and with her gloves in her hand to put on as they went—thus saving time, (but why so anxious to save time?)—the two rattled down the street at the brisk little pony's swiftest trot, and they were well away from the town ere either drew a breath, or ceased to look eagerly round every corner.

And then, "I declare I have quite forgotten Dr Bell," cried Fanny, laughing. "Well, never mind. I know for a positive certainty that he has said people may go; and if nobody begins to go, why nobody will follow. Some

one must be the first. We shall be the first, Mary. Neither of us are likely subjects for disease, and I want so much to see how she looks, don't you? I forgot, though, you did not know her before. Well, she has had a bad time of it, poor thing, and one ought to be glad one can do anything——"

——"But I wish we had seen Dr Bell," said Mary.

"Bother Dr Bell! How could I be so stupid! We passed quite close to his house, too; but I was in such a fright lest we should be stopped. Have you been to the Windlasses'?" changing the subject hastily. "'Tis a fine place, but not so fine as the Challoners'. I envy you that, Mary; you will be quite at home there. I wonder," abruptly—"I wonder what it can be Miss Appleby has to say about—him."

So did her companion also wonder, with a *naïve* pleasurable certainty of its being something agreeable to listen to, and charming to repeat. Everything connected with her marrying Jem Challoner had hitherto been charming and agreeable; and as she had neither fears nor doubts about her future happiness—as she was proud of her conquest, and satisfied with all its accompaniments—it was without a ruffle on her brow, or a quickening of her pulse, that she heard the reply given to the young ladies' request for admission—namely, that Miss Appleby would be glad if Miss Tufnell would step up-stairs; but that, as only one visitor could be allowed on this her first day of seeing anybody, perhaps Miss Preston would excuse being asked to wait below.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—MISS JULIET APPLEBY AND HER VISITOR.

"Malice scorn'd, puts out
Itself; but argued, gives a kind of credit
To the accusation."

—MASSINGER.

"So good of you to come. Pray don't look at me. I know I am a fright, whatever they may say."

The invalid sat up upon her cushions in a shaded room—Mrs Windlass's own sitting-room, given up for the occasion—and bent eagerly forward as the door opened. "So good of you. I have wanted so much to see you, Miss Tufnell, but I hardly liked to ask——"

—"Oh dear, I am very glad to come," said Mary. "You can't think how sorry we have all been for you. We have talked of nothing else——"

—"Nothing else than poor me! Why, you cannot mean that. And I that thought myself quite among strangers, so dreadfully forlorn,—I thought nobody cared whether I lived or died," cried Juliet; "and even my own sister never came near me, everybody was so selfish. You cannot think, you cannot imagine, my dear Miss Tufnell, what it has been. I must tell you," with a convalescent's relish for recounting past miseries; "and all through my illness," she continued, when the illness itself had been done ample justice to, "from beginning to end, you haunted me. You know I was taken ill the day of the fancy ball—or rather, I daresay you did not know, for, of course, I was of no consequence——"

—"Indeed you were. Of the very greatest consequence," cried Mary, with the good-nature which accrued to all the family; "everybody said so. Everybody was talking about you at the ball."

"At the ball? Nonsense. You don't say so? Why, how things do fly! for I was only taken ill the morning of the ball. Do tell me about it," her attention diverted for the moment. "Was it a success? Was it much of an affair? What was your dress?"

"I was only a hospital nurse, with a black gown and red cross——"

—"I know. I know the thing; and I daresay you looked lovely. You have quite the figure to carry it off. It is something to be able to wear black, too; and you have so much complexion," with a glance at the cheek, in which the red lay if anything a trifle too lavishly. "Oh, you can go a dowdy, if you like," nodded Miss Appleby, who meant to please; "but——now I, for instance, I should be nowhere if I had not something gay. I must show you mine some day," and she proceeded to describe it at length.

But even fancy-ball dresses could not long seduce the narrator from the real object she had in view; and when the sleeves, and the frills, and the trimmings, and the twistings had all been duly recounted, and had drawn forth the proper amount of admiration and exclamation, Miss Appleby took breath, and the two looked at each other, and knew as by instinct that they were both thinking of Jem Chaloner.

"You must know," suddenly began Juliet, in a new tone, "I must begin by telling you that I had never heard of your engagement to my——my friend, Mr Chaloner,

until I came here. Naturally, I was much interested,—I was indeed, very much interested. To be frank, it took me most completely by surprise."

"Indeed?"

But there was nothing very wonderful in this. Why should Miss Appleby not have been surprised; it was rather jolly to surprise people, and Mary Tufnell's blue-eyed face showed she found it so.

"Indeed?" she said complacently, and her companion saw at once that she had not so far arrested her attention as she had meant to do.

"Mr Challoner is not with you now, is he?" she inquired.

"No; he is in Paris. His father——"

"I know. The poor old gentleman is dying; but as soon as he is gone you expect——that is, is your marriage to take place at once, may I ask? Pray forgive the inquiry from a stranger, but I have a very particular reason for asking," ran on Juliet glibly, for the sight of the smiling, rosy, hearty face of Challoner's unsuspecting bride somehow galled her anew to hate the man; and considering as she did, that Mary Tufnell really was being shamefully ill-used, and would be ready to be up in arms directly she was shown that it was so; and moreover, with the hope that she was at last about to punish the offender by means of a girl who (commonplace-looking, second-rate sort of thing, evidently,) would not scruple to throw him off on the spot,—with all this in view, there was nothing to hinder her cat-like enjoyment of the scene.

"We are to be married at Easter," replied her visitor readily. "I think you are an old friend of Jem's," she added, after a silence

which Juliet ought to have filled, but which she purposely left void. "Miss Preston told me so."

"Not an old friend, oh dear, no; that was Fanny Preston's mistake. I never met Mr Challoner until the other day," responded Miss Appleby. "But," continued the speaker, slowly and pointedly, "since I *have* met him, I have seen him nearly every day. No, don't mistake, my dear Miss Tufnell—I am not the attraction, not at all; but when I saw Mr Challoner, there *was* an attraction, no doubt. Do you follow me? I see you do. He was staying last November at a house where I am very intimate, at a neighbour's in Sussex, at—in short, at Lord Overton's."

"At Lord Overton's?"

"Yes; at Overton Hall. Overton Hall is not above two miles from us: we are their nearest neighbours: we are there constantly. Lady Matilda is my very greatest friend, and Lady Matilda was—Mr Challoner's attraction."

"Oh, is that all?" cried Mary, with a little laugh. "When you said attraction, I supposed you meant a girl—you know what 'attraction' usually stands for? And I could not help being amused even then; because, if you really knew Mr Challoner, he is so—so very unsusceptible; but Lady Matilda—Lady Matilda Wilmot, is she not?—the widow lady who lives with her brother the earl, and has a married daughter who is——"

——"Yes, yes; that is she, no doubt. That is Lady Matilda as she would be described in Burke or Debrett, or by people who had never seen her, never known her;—but my dear," opening her eyes to express significance, "all *that* is nothing; you forget it, you laugh at it, it seems ridiculous and preposterous once you come into con-

tact with Lady Matilda herself. You don't understand me, I see. Well, first, did Mr Challoner ever mention her?"

"Oh dear, yes." (She supposed he had; of course he had; she was sure he had; at any rate it did not signify whether he had or not.) "Oh yes. He came here straight from Overton Hall in December, and he had been there for ever so long."

"He had indeed. Did he tell you how long?"

"Some weeks. A month, I think."

"Right, a month; a whole month. He was there all by himself. They do not have *many* visitors usually at that season, or indeed at any season; but when Mr Challoner was there they had *none*. They liked having him alone. Do you see?"

Yes, Mary saw. She smiled and saw,—was secretly diverted beyond measure at the speaker's eager and ominous significance, it was so ludicrous to see Juliet sitting forward on the very edge of her chair, with uplifted fingers and stammering tongue. She really was too odd, too amusing. Mary almost saw the scene in future travesties, given by herself for the benefit of an enraptured audience.

"Of course you know that nothing but kindness, nothing but duty impels me to—I am afraid you will be—may I go on?" continued Miss Appleby with the same impetuous swiftness. "Do you promise not to be angry, not to think me impertinent? No, I see you will not. You look so kind and gentle—and to be so confiding too"—with a sigh—"how can Mr Challoner——?"

—"You have something to say about Mr Challoner?"

"Yes," said Juliet, with sudden energy—"yes, I have."

"And me?"

"And you, of course; it is you whom he is—— Stop, let me prepare you. First, then, this Lady Matilda is very handsome."

"Is she?"

"And very clever."

"Oh!"

"And she does not disdain—oh, she does not at all disdain to let her bright eyes do a wayside mischief to any one. She is not above that, by any means. She is young too,—marvellously, absurdly young of her age. She does not look much older than you——"

—"Than me! Why, she is a married woman, and——"

—"Unmarried now, remember."

"Well, a widow, which is worse. And she must be thirty-five at least. Her daughter is eighteen, and has a baby; Jem is the baby's godfather——"

—"I know, I know; that baby is the jest of the neighbourhood. No one calls it Lotta's baby; it is always 'Lady Matilda's grandson.' We all think first of Lady Matilda in everything; and though it is her daughter who is my age—we were born in the same month of the same year—yet I do solemnly assure you it is Lotta's mother who in reality is my contemporary and your—rival."

"Good gracious, Miss Appleby!" It flashed through her visitor's mind that she had heard of the reason being at times affected after an illness of the kind Juliet had just gone through; and, far more alarmed by this supposition than affected by the purport of the breathless whisper, she hastily endeavoured to close the subject.

"I am sure I am very glad," she said, nervously. "It is so nice when people are like that. Thank you so much for telling

me. And now I must not tire you," rising from her seat.

"You do not *yet* comprehend," exclaimed Juliet, with a faint impatience. "I thought I had been tolerably plain, but I can make it plainer still if you like."

"Pray, don't. I really——" holding out her hand.

"No, no," cried Miss Appleby, putting it aside—"no; you positively must not go yet." Then, with a new light—"Have I offended you? Have I been too abrupt? Is that it?"

"Oh dear, no. I am not in the least offended. There has been nothing to offend me—nothing at all. But your nurse"—looking round uneasily.

"No fears. I told her to leave us," replied the invalid, mistaking the glance. "If you are afraid of her listening,"—lower—"not that I believe she could hear if she tried,—but, however, sit down here"—clearing away some trifles from a chair beside her—"here,"—patting it authoritatively,—"*here*. Dear Miss Tufnell"—bending towards her—"I have wanted so much to tell you this. I knew all about it. I was there all the time it was going on——"

"It? What?"

"Mr Challoner and Lady Matilda. They behaved exactly as if they were lovers, they did indeed. Every one expected to hear of the engagement daily——"

—"To an old woman with a grown-up daughter!"

—"Each time I went up to the Hall,—and I was up most afternoons, for we are so intimate,—each time I thought I should have the news to tell on my return. It was evident that he worshipped her, and that she—she allowed it. He left everything—shooting, hunting, everything that she did not join in—for

her sake. Wherever she was, there was he. Either they were riding, or walking, or reading poetry in the boudoir, or playing billiards——"

"Billiards? How nice!" Not a word of the above had Mary heard. Not a syllable of the impassioned arraignment had taken hold. "She really is more than odd," Miss Tufnell was considering. "The idea of trying to make mischief between me and Jem! As if anybody could be jealous with poor Jem! And such a person as Lady Matilda Wilmot to set up as the one to be jealous of. Of course he had to be agreeable to a great lady, and this little meddlesome idiot to put her own stupid construction on it!"

She hoped Jem would take her herself to Overton Hall some day. It must be jolly there, as it had been jolly at Lady Fairleigh's, where there had been nothing but picnics and junketing all day and every day, and where Jem had always been seated next her. Jem evidently liked those kind of places better than he did Clinkton; he had, certainly he had been more cheerful in those days than later on; but why should she take umbrage at that? Billiards was the first word in all Miss Appleby's tirade which struck upon her ear as conveying any meaning.

"Jem is a good player, I believe," quoth his bride-elect, pleasantly.

"So good," replied Juliet, "that to see him playing against Lady Matilda—why, I can give her points and beat her; and as for Mr Challoner, it was a perfect farce to see him lying up for her ball to have an easy pocket, or putting it in line for a cannon."

"Very polite of Jem," observed Mary, laughing. "Jem always is polite."

"Then, her music. She does

not play well, not really *well*,—you would never call her anything much of a performer; but he listens as if she were a Handel or a Mozart. He hears it whenever she strikes a note, let him be where he may; as sure as fate, the door opens and in he comes. And then he will hang over the piano,—it matters not who is there, he takes no notice of any one; he seems quite absorbed, half in listening, half in looking——”

“Jem is fond of music.”

“Is Jem fond of long aimless country walks in muddy lanes? Does Jem like high unsheltered downs in driving rain? Will Jem sit for hours in cold caverns by the sea, when the wind is bellowing through them, and the waves are splashing into them, for the pleasure of the thing? It seemed to me that Mr Challoner had changed characters when I saw him here, so meekly dangling in and out of the shops of Clinkton. Yes, I saw him several times. He was rather grave, I thought. Rather grave, and a little, just a very little, depressed. I think he would have spoken even to poor me when he was here,—he would have spoken to any one almost; butter would scarcely have melted in his mouth. Oh, but he was more saucy at Overton Hall, I can tell you. He had his own way there; and there was no good little errand-boy, trotting about with parcels in the streets of Seaburgh; no dire and devout anxiety to make friends with everybody; no hanging head and dejected step——”

“Really, I wonder what all this is about!” cried Mary Tufnell all at once, for there was that in the speaker’s tone which even she could ignore no longer. “Do you mean to blame us for taking Jem shopping? I suppose you think we ought not to have

troubled him; but I assure you, if we had not got him out of doors somehow, he would have sat all day long over the fire——”

——“He never sat over the fire at Overton.”

“We thought the air would do his headaches good——”

——“Oh, he had headaches? He never had headaches at Overton——”

——“Clinkton may not suit him, you know. Mamma said she was sure it did not suit him, for he used to come down to breakfast looking tired out, and he never ate anything——”

——“Yet his appetite was good at Overton.”

——“And so we thought something must be done for him,” continued Mary, resolutely getting out her say, “and fresh air is always thought the best thing.”

“Did you never propose country walks?”

“Oh, I hate country walks.”

“And you don’t ride or drive?”

“I drive sometimes. It is not much fun; and besides, I have always lots of things to do. I like the shops, and the streets, and meeting people, and hearing what is going on.”

“And to this Mr Challoner never objected?”

“Never. He never objected to a thing. He always did whatever I liked, and always inquired what I liked, first of all”——very emphatically.

“And when he was at Overton Hall, I suppose it was considered that he should always do as Lady Matilda Wilmot liked?” inquired Miss Appleby, with suggestive emphasis.

“Certainly. If she has the peculiar tastes you speak of, Jem is perfectly right to conform to them.”

“One of her peculiar tastes is

flirting. Is he right to conform to that also?"

"Oh yes, with a grandmother," said Mary, laughing, ("for," thought she, "who can tell how disagreeable this girl may make herself if she once thinks she has made an impression on me? I will not be angry unless I am obliged. I will turn it off with a jest as long as I possibly can"). "Really, Miss Appleby," the young lady continued, accordingly—"really it is too funny; you can have no idea how funny it is. I beg your pardon, but you have misunderstood so completely, and the idea—when I think of Jem's long face gallivanting—Jem, who can never so much as make a pretty speech——"

—"Ah, can't he though? I have heard him——"

—"Not what I call a pretty speech. I have no doubt he pays a solemn compliment now and again to the beautiful Lady Matilda, but even that I can hardly bring myself to see him attempting. What agonies it must occasion! What an effort it must be! Pray, if I may inquire as much, how does he do it? What does he say? What attitude does the unhappy wight assume? Is he on his knees? Or standing, and bowing with one hand upon his heart, 'Madam, your charms are not faded,'—'Madam, I am your most obedient'—Ha! ha! ha! Well, you might have given him a younger lady at all events, if I am to be so very, very jealous of her," for Juliet had emitted a groan of impatience and despair, hopeless of success with an auditor so rooted in her preconception of the case.

"Oh, if I could but make you see!" she sighed.

"No, pray don't," responded the lively Mary, with fresh mirth; "pray don't, or I should die on

the spot. I am quite willing to take it on credit. The dear old lady——"

"Old lady!" fumed Juliet. "Good gracious! did I not tell you she looks no older than you or I? And she *is* no older—I mean in what she does, and feels, and thinks. She may seem old to you, but she is some years Mr Challoner's junior, at all events,——" Mary laughed no more, this was a sore point,—"and living as she does with her brothers, and being made a pet of by them——oh dear, how poor Teddy did dote on her, and I can hardly yet believe he is gone! He was——was very fond of me, too. I don't know what might have happened if poor Teddy had lived, for I really liked him very much," looking down. "But," continued Miss Appleby, returning pertinaciously to the attack, for having gone so far it was absolutely imperative she should now go further,—"she must prevent Challoner's success in matrimony as well as in love, it being her aim that he should have neither, and his disappearance from Overton had told nothing to any one, since his father's illness had covered it,—"but I must not go off to this. Dear Miss Tufnell, once more, do, I implore you, *do* listen to me. I am to be depended on: I am only telling you what I saw with my own eyes."

"Your eyes must see better another time. When next you meet Mr Challoner, I trust it will be——" she hesitated,—"I trust that you will see him as——"

—"As the happy bridegroom," sneered Miss Appleby.

"That's it. As the happy bridegroom. Poor fellow, he ought to be happy then, for he has had a bad time first, and——and——"

"He is to be fully rewarded for it all by-and-by."

"If I can reward him," said Mary, simply. "I will do my best. He is much too good for me, but at least I know how to—to——"

"To value him? Yes?"

"I *do* know how to value him, Miss Appleby; and I think that at any rate—whatever you may imagine—whatever illusions you may have had—you ought to remember that I am now as good as Jem Challoner's wife, and that I will not listen to——"

——"You are as good as his wife, and you will not listen to one who tells you—and who is ready to swear that every word she says is true—that this man who has deceived you and——"

——"He has *not* deceived me."

——"Who pretends he loves you——"

——"He *does* love me."

"That he is deeply and openly and shamelessly in love with another woman."

But this was too much. The blood rushed to the brow of Challoner's betrothed, and her eyes likewise caught fire, as she sprang to her feet with an exclamation: she could no longer attempt to turn aside the shaft of malice, she must dash it from the striker's hand.

"You want me to believe *that*?" she cried; "you think you may say such things because—because I have tried to be patient, and not to mind all the rest, and because Mr Challoner is not here to defend himself——"

——"Ah, my dear Miss Tufnell, I only wish he were here to defend himself," said Juliet, in her turn gentle as a lamb, now that at

length her companion was fairly roused. "Oh, Mary—let me call you 'Mary,' for I am so sorry for you—I do pity you from my heart," attempting to take a hand, which, however, was not conceded. "I do not wonder that you are angry with me," proceeded Juliet, plaintively; "indeed, as you do not believe I am speaking the truth, the wonder would be if you were not angry; but if I can convince you, if I can prove it——"

"Prove it. But you can't."

"Not yet. But if you will trust me, and do as I tell you, you would soon be able to prove it without my help."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Ask Mr Challoner himself."

"If I wished to insult him, I should ask himself."

"Ask her, then; ask Lady Matilda; write to Lady Matilda——"

——"Write to Lady Matilda! I write to Lady Matilda! Lady Matilda would think me crazy. And how should I do it—I who never wrote to a Lady Anybody in my life? I should not even know the proper address. No, thank you," cried Mary, with great resentment; "if you want to let me in for anything of that kind, you have come to the wrong person. I hope I know better than to make such a fool of myself. And as for Jem, I tell you plainly that I shall never mention the subject to him either; it would be a perfect disgrace to me if I did."

"And you do not believe what I tell you?"

"Not a word."

CHAPTER XL.—CHOOSING THE WORST.

"A soul exasperated in ills, falls out
With everything,—its friends, itself."

—ADDISON.

Like many people who have a taste for making fun of their neighbours, Mary Tufnell had a profound dislike to being made fun of in her turn.

It seemed to her now that even if Juliet Appleby during the past interview had been perfectly serious and sincere, and had not been off her head when laying such a preposterous charge at Jem Challoner's door, other people would find plenty in it to make merry over should it once get abroad.

Boys and girls in their teens are apt to think half-a-dozen years ahead a great age, while a dozen must certainly divest the unwedded he or she of any sort of possibilities or romantic interest; and to this rule the banker's pretty daughter was no exception. She allowed, indeed, that from some occult cause or other, she in her heyday at nineteen had not been proof against Challoner, who, as everybody full well knew, was on the wrong side of nine-and-thirty; but Jem, she said, was not like other people,—somehow you never thought of Jem's being old or young, and—and—she supposed it was all right. She liked Jem, and everybody knew how devoted *he* was to *her*; and her father and mother were pleased, and Herbert Mildmay joked her about turning into a great lady, and the girls of Clinkton hoped she would not be too fine to speak to them when she should take her place among the county families; and altogether poor Mary was well enough pleased with her prospects. But it must be owned that the one thing she disliked having allusion made to

was the disparity of years betwixt the pair; and indeed her interview with Miss Appleby had been principally disagreeable to her from its having turned, so to speak, on this unfortunate theme.

She had felt both herself and her betrothed turned into ridicule.

The supposition that he, grave, reserved, and dignified, as he ever showed himself in her presence and in that of her family, should be secretly and unlawfully indulging in another passion, was to her mind not only wildly improbable, but grossly absurd.

He could not do it if he would—he would not if he could. On both grounds she felt herself more than safe.

It would be nothing short of shameful in her to suspect her acknowledged lover, to whom her troth had been plighted so openly, who had urged his suit so manfully, and who had never caused her a moment's uneasiness by so much as looking at another girl when she was by,—it would be perfectly atrocious in her or in any one of them to spy and pry when they had not only no grounds for supposing anything amiss, but when it was all the other way.

Had he ever shown himself backward? Had he ever slighted her, or neglected her, or given her cause for complaint in any way? Never.

Had he ever, little as he cared for raillery or *badinage*, tried to interfere with her amusing herself, laughing and jesting with the younger men, the Clinkton cousins and friends who were in and out of the banker's house as if it

were their own—it being plainly understood that intercourse and intimacy ended there,—had Jem ever gloomed at any of them on Mary's account, or minded whom she sat next to, or talked to, or made much of? Not once. He had read a book peaceably in the corner, or gone out for a walk when the room was at its fullest and noisiest; but so far from this having been the result of jealousy or ill-humour, she had never heard a word of it afterwards, and he had been as kind as ever in the evening. He had not so much as inquired how long the visitors had stayed.

"I'm really afraid Mary will have it only too much her own way," Mary's delighted mother had observed once on an occasion of the sort. "To my mind, 'tis not the best thing for a girl of Mary's age to be allowed to follow her own whims in everything; but that's how 'twill be with a husband like Jem Challoner. Lor'! she may carry on as she pleases, and never a word, nor so much as a look from him. He makes believe not to see, that's what he does. He'll go and stand by the window, or fix his eyes on the fire or anywhere, not to seem to be a check upon the young people when they're getting too frolicky; and I declare my head's been fit to split sometimes with Mary's laugh—but Jem, he never finds fault with anything."

To have this little viper of a Juliet Appleby, now, making nastily insinuations against Jem himself! To have her setting up to know more about him than Mary, whose own possession he was! And as if to render the whole still more unpalatable, the silly thing had chosen as the object of poor Jem's suppressed ardour an elderly widow lady!

Not even a spinster—not even a miss. But a widow with a grown-up daughter, and that daughter herself a wife and a mother!

("And quite my age, if not more," muttered Miss Tufnell angrily to herself, as she stepped into the pony-carriage, "and there's a baby into the bargain. I do wonder at that girl's cheek. She wanted Jem for herself, I suppose. But to try to make out that he was smitten with a *grandmother*—")

"What do you say, Fanny?"

"I am dying to know what happened, dear!"

"Yes; well, we had a long talk, you know."

"Had you any idea how long? You were nearly an hour up-stairs. I thought you were never coming down again; but I suppose the precious secret was too engrossing. Ahem,—am I not to know anything about it? Just a little, a very little, won't you tell me?"

It was at this moment that Miss Preston's companion formed the resolution for which so many people in after-life had unwittingly cause to bless her.

With the speed of lightning there darted into Mary's mind the swift determination that not one syllable of what had passed in the little upper room at Windlass Court that day should ever transpire to the outer world.

Through her at least nothing should come out; and she shrewdly suspected, from the extreme anxiety shown by Juliet to win her belief and co-operation, that the whole fabrication would fall to the ground should she turn a resolutely cold shoulder upon it.

Fanny Preston accordingly implored in vain. No; Mary had really no report to give, no confidence to retail. Miss Appleby was a disappointing creature, and

she was surprised that anybody should make an ado about her: after bringing them both out that long way and getting them into the scrape they were sure to be in on their arrival home, there had been no reward, nothing to go for. Juliet had maundered on about one thing and another, and when at last the mysterious communication had been got at, it had turned out such a childish piece of nonsense, that Mary vowed she would be ashamed to repeat it; and indeed she had solemnly assured Miss Appleby that it would not be repeated.

"For I'm sure I hope she has had the grace to be ashamed of it herself by this time," concluded the speaker, tucking in the corner of the scarlet carriage-rug as she spoke. "When people have been ill one must be charitable, or else I'm sure I should say all sorts of unmerciful things of Miss Appleby to-day. You had by far the best of it down-stairs by yourself, Fanny. I suppose you found a nice book or something; and what a delightful old library that was!" and she wandered away from Juliet and her secret.

"I shall get it out of her presently, however," concluded Fanny Preston, who was not in the least taken in, but who understood it would be better to say no more at the time.

And now, how shall we say it? Poor Mary Tufnell! Little did her friend think that the "presently" she so lightly promised herself was never to come: little did either of the two imagine that when they parted on the doorstep of Mary's home, parted laughing and nodding, reassuring one another as to the blame which neither greatly feared, promising each other many such another merry meeting,—little did either dream

that their lips and hands had met for the last time.

Fanny looked back for a moment as she drove down the street. The grey figure with its trim fittings was still on the doorstep awaiting admittance; the bright sunshine fell full upon it; there was a gay gesture of farewell, and she had looked for the last time on Mary's face.

She was absent from Clinkton for a few days, and the first thing she heard on her return thither was that Mary Tufnell had taken the smallpox. How, when, and where taken was but too easily conjectured. Juliet Appleby could have put her finger on the moment—almost on the moment—when she gave the dread infection,—breathed it into her, hung it over her.

"I did forget," she sobbed in helpless penitence come too late, "when we grew engrossed with what we were talking about. I lost sight of everything else, and asked her to sit close to me, and took her hand, and—and whispered—oh, I shall never, *never* forgive myself,—never, never. Oh, why did I send for her? Why did she come? I told the Prestons a lie too; I said I was allowed to see people, and Dr Bell had never said so; and when I heard she was there, I had to persuade the nurse to show her up. Now I have killed her!—"

And she had killed her.

It was soon begun, it was soon over. Lamentations and mourning, tears and agonies were of no avail; there was a sickness, a sinking, a frightful fear, an anguish of discovery, a chill of despair, and all was at an end.

She was gone, and had made no sign.

Not a word, no whisper had ever escaped to taint the name of

Challoner, or to show that what had passed on that fatal day at Windlass Court had done aught than glance harmlessly aside; and so penetrated was even the light mind of Juliet Appleby by sorrow and remorse, that never to the latest day of her life did she either allude to the interview. Her lips had been sealed in too awful a manner.

And Challoner, how did he feel? He had thought that nothing could ever cause him grief or happiness more.

Perhaps he was right so far. It was not sorrow, and God forbid it was anything else with which he heard the terrible intelligence. A dumb amazement, an awe-stricken self-reproach overwhelmed him. He almost reeled beneath the shock.

He was free, but free by an intervention not to be thought of without a shudder.

He had not stirred hand or foot to free himself. He had meant, in his own stupid, sad, heart-broken fashion, to do his best by Mary Tufnell, to tear out of his remembrance all that was past, to give to her the future, to—to—and behold! the ravelled skein had been all at once taken out of his hands, and nothing was left him.

All he had now to do was done. He had to enter the darkened house, and walk by the side of the chief mourner, and feel the old man's trembling fingers within his arm, and have his cheek wetted by the mother's tear; and, pale and stern, they thought him crushed beneath his load, and hung about him tenderly, and ministered to him affectionately.

Every touch was a stab, every endearment a torture. He told himself that they, the kind, the good, the true, had got a very traitor in their midst; and for

every pang wherewith they credited Mary's lover, he suffered ten.

He knew not that he could have so suffered again.

"And dear Jem, what a pity that poor papa was never himself—never knew about you, and your sad loss, even at the last!"

These were the first words that greeted Challoner on his return to Paris.

"Poor papa died very quietly the night before last," proceeded the speaker, Lady Fairleigh. "He began to grow worse almost immediately after you had started, and we saw at once how it was going to be. The doctors gave us no hope from the first; but I would not telegraph, as I knew you had enough to think about already, and you had promised to come back to us as soon as you could. He really suffered no pain;" and she gave an account of the last hours.

"But why did you think it a pity he never knew about—about me?" inquired her brother, after he had listened to a second repetition of the above. "I am glad he was spared the knowledge; it could have done no good, and would only have distressed him."

"But it would—at least I am afraid it would—have been the better for you."

"What do you mean?"

"You see, Jem, when poor papa thought you were going to marry an heiress——"

"Oh, he has cut me off with a shilling, has he?"

"Not exactly that; there will be something, there will certainly be *something*, but I fear it will not be very much—not what you would have had if——. You see I happened to be with him not long ago, at about the time your marriage was arranged, and he was very full of it, and of all that it

would do for you. He seemed to think that it would free him—from providing for you as he should otherwise have done, and enable him to help Tom a little more; and you know poor Tom will need help with that large place to keep up, and all those children, and Eliza so expensively dressed,—I'm sure I often wonder how they get on as well as they do. So papa said he meant to get round Mr Tufnell, and tell him plainly that all the money must be on his side—I mean with the exception of the allowance you have now; that is left you, I believe: but, of course, it is small enough; and I am afraid," continued Lady Fairleigh, reluctantly—"I am afraid that papa actually did do as he projected, and altered his will in consequence. He never exactly told me what passed; and indeed I thought it best not to ask, for I own I did not like his doing it,—but I gathered that he was immensely pleased with his interview; he said more than once that 'old Tufnell had behaved like a gentleman,' and I know he went to Turner and Wilson the very next day.

"That was one reason, I must tell you," proceeded the speaker, "why I was so anxious about your marriage coming off without delay. I could not understand why there should be any delay; and knowing that so much depended upon it, and the Tufnells behaving so handsomely—but, however," and she sighed.

"Is that all?" said her brother, as if he had hardly heard a word.

"All! But, my dear Jem, don't you understand, there will really be nothing or next to nothing for you but what you have already? That, as you know very well, is a wretched allowance; but poor papa never could see that a younger son could have anything to spend upon. The only thing I can think of now"—and she hesitated—"is if Tom and Will could be got to join—"

"Nothing of the sort. I wouldn't take it from them."

"Well, perhaps it would be better not, but you will always come to me when you can, and I'm sure if I had anything of my own—oh, dear me, if poor papa could only have lived to know,—it is so very sad, so very unfortunate —"

—"Pooh! it does not signify a brass farthing!" said her brother, turning away with a frown.

Perhaps you will think he had his own resources; you may imagine that he contemplated an attempt at a reconciliation with Lady Matilda Wilmot? He did nothing of the kind. Such an idea never occurred to him. He knew her now, and he began to know himself. He was simply reckless. All that made life dear, and all that made it dread, alike were gone. He was free to fling himself away if he chose.

And he thought he would so choose.

THE INVESTIGATION AND PROSECUTION OF CRIME.

ON several recent occasions much comment has been made regarding some points of English and Irish criminal procedure; and in the case of several of the trials for murder that have occurred in Ireland, some feeling has prevailed on those occasions when a trial had to be repeated, and in some instances repeated more than once. In such repetition there is obviously much that is bad. There is the loss of time, there is the risk of miscarriage, and there is the appearance of oppression. Though a judge be fully occupied, he has yet to find time for this needless extra work. A second, or it may be a third, jury have to give their services. The witnesses have to be kept together, or brought back; and there is the risk that some of them may die, or go abroad, or be tampered with; while it is always possible that persons may be suborned to meet the case on which the prosecution relies, and to shake its credibility on those points where at the previous trial its weakness had been exposed. And it is not to be forgotten that as in general the accused is a poor man, he may be unable to supply the funds requisite to do justice to his defence, and may thus be convicted where the case is critical because of his poverty and not because of his guilt. In this there is real oppression. But there is also the semblance of further hardship: for, though a man's reason may tell him that the repetition of a trial is but justice seeking a definite award, it is difficult for him not to feel that there is something almost of vindictiveness, and certainly of extra punishment, in forcing an

unhappy prisoner again and again to undergo the agonising ordeal of a trial.

It is important, therefore, to consider whether for this evil there is no remedy. Now in Scotland the evil cannot occur; and it may be questioned whether it would not be well to extend to the sister countries the rule of procedure in this matter that prevails in it. It seems undesirable that a prisoner's risk should be different on one side of the Tweed from what it is on the other; and, while assimilation in the less important details of the two systems might be only a piece of Procrustean pedantry, it surely must be conceded that the broad general principles which actuate and regulate their criminal procedure ought to be as impartially alike as can conveniently be attained.

The material points in which the procedure of the two countries differs are three in number. In Scotland no common law, and few important statutory, crimes can be prosecuted, except at the instance or with the sanction of the public prosecutor. In the second place, the examination of the prisoner, and the precognition or preliminary examination of the witnesses, takes place in private and separately. And thirdly, the jury can return their verdict by a majority.

Before offering any observations on these three points, it will probably conduce to the formation of an intelligent opinion in regard to them, if the outline of a Scotch criminal investigation be shortly given.

If the offence for which the prisoner has been arrested be unimportant, it is disposed of as early

as possible by a Sheriff, a Justice of the Peace, or a Burgh Magistrate. But if the "information" (i.e., the written *précis*, furnished by the police, of what such witnesses as are known of by them will say) discloses a case which the Procurator-Fiscal (i.e., the public prosecutor of the county or district) thinks may deserve to be tried by a jury, the following procedure takes place. The Fiscal presents a short petition to the Sheriff narrating the offence with which the prisoner is charged, and asking the Court to grant warrant to have the accused brought before it, and for the subsequent precognition or private examination of the witnesses. The prisoner is then brought before the Sheriff; the petition is read over, and the crime explained to him; he is told that he is entitled, but not bound, to make any statement he chooses, and warned that if he does, it may, and probably will, be used as evidence against him. In most instances a statement is made which is generally more or less false. If the prisoner declines to say anything, no questions are asked. But if he offers a statement, the Sheriff has it taken down, and, glancing over the "information," to see what the witnesses are to say against the prisoner, interrogates him in regard to these matters. The statement made by the prisoner is termed his "declaration," and is frequently a power for good or for evil to him. On the one hand, he may be able to furnish such explanations as will lead to his liberation in a few hours; while on the other, if on being asked where he was at the time when the crime was committed he is unable to say, or makes some allegation which is afterwards at his trial proved to be false, the jury naturally think

there is some significant cause for such silence or falsehood.

At the close of his examination the prisoner is either liberated or remanded for a period not exceeding eight days. There are four instances which in practice are held to justify such a remand. Firstly, if he admits his guilt; secondly, if he declines to say anything, or makes a statement of an obviously suspicious character; thirdly, if the "information" laid before the Sheriff indicates the likelihood of his guilt; and fourthly, if the crime with which he is charged is so heinous that, if liberated, he would probably abscond. During the eight days of the remand, the Procurator-Fiscal and his deputies and assistants precognosce the witnesses separately, one by one. In this precognition are included not only the witnesses for the Crown, but also such witnesses as the prisoner has given the names of when making his declaration; and every allegation he makes is carefully sifted and examined into. If the case is of serious importance or difficulty, the examination can be taken in presence of the Sheriff, but this is rarely necessary. If the witnesses decline to speak out, or are giving apparently untrustworthy statements, the presence of the Sheriff can be invoked; and if he think fit he can put them on oath. If the Fiscal, in the course of the precognition, is satisfied that there is plainly no case against the prisoner, he can set him at liberty. But where his innocence is at all doubtful, the precognitions are laid before the Sheriff, who peruses them, along with the prisoner's declaration, and grants his warrant either for the liberation of the prisoner, or for his committal for trial or till liberated in due course of law. On such committal the accused receives a copy of the charge made against

him, and is entitled to see his friends or his agent, and can apply to be liberated on bail. But till his committal he is allowed to see no one, unless it be on some urgent domestic or business matter, and then only in presence of a criminal officer. Thus it will be noticed that the important point on which, for good or for evil, Scotch procedure differs from English at this stage is, that neither the prisoner nor any of the witnesses knows what any other has said, and each is pinned down to his own version of matters unswayed by what the others may say. The public, of course, are similarly unaware of the statements that have been made; and thus the danger is escaped of public feeling being prejudiced, as it is to be feared it too often is, in England and Ireland, by the public preliminary investigations.

On the committal of the prisoner, the papers in the case are transmitted to Edinburgh for the consideration of Crown Counsel. For the purposes of criminal procedure, Scotland is divided into four districts, termed respectively the Northern, Western, Southern, and Home Circuits, each of which is under the charge of an Advocate-Depute, whom the Lord Advocate appoints to conduct investigations and prosecutions with him, or on his behalf and in his name. The Lord Advocate, the Solicitor-General, the four Advocates-Depute, and an assistant Advocate-Depute are termed Crown Counsel. On considering the precognitions and other papers submitted to them, Crown Counsel prepare an indictment, if they resolve to prosecute, and if it be thought that the crime is so serious as to be fitly tried only by a judge of the Supreme Court in Edinburgh or on Circuit. If, however, it be considered that the case may be suitably dealt with by

a sentence which does not exceed two years' imprisonment, the papers are returned to the Procurator-Fiscal of the county or district in which the crime occurred, and he frames an indictment in his own name against the prisoner, and conducts the prosecution before the Sheriff. The indictment is always printed, and sets forth in syllogistic form the criminality of the offence and the manner in which the accused did certain acts, and thus is guilty of the crime with which he is charged. It concludes with a request for the punishment of the prisoner. Annexed to the indictment is a list of the witnesses for the Crown, and a list of the jurymen who are to be summoned for the trial of the cause. The indictment, with its appended lists, is served on the prisoner fifteen days before the diet of trial; and no witness for the Crown, and no jurymen, can be used except those named in these lists. The names of the prisoner's witnesses, any special defence (*e.g.*, insanity, *alibi*, &c.) that he intends to plead, and the stolen property, coins, weapons, or other productions to be used in the cause on either side, have to be lodged with the Clerk of Court by the day before the trial. In the Sheriff Court a pleading diet is held ten days before the diet fixed for the trial,—which has this good effect, that, if the prisoner, or prisoners, plead guilty, sentence is at once pronounced, and no witnesses or jurymen require to be summoned.

The jury are fifteen in number, of whom one-third are special jurors and the remaining two-thirds common jurors. When the roll from which their names are taken is made up, the names of all the jurymen, special and common, are put on it miscellaneously, without regard to alphabetic or other

order; and when a jury is needed, the Sheriff-Clerk takes the names of the first thirty or fifty (as may be needed) common jurors, and fifteen or twenty-five special jurors in the order in which they happen to be on the roll. From these the jury is balloted for the trial. And at the next jury sittings, the batches of jurors' names next on the roll are similarly taken. When the roll has been gone through, which generally takes some years, a new one is made up. In this way it is quite impossible to have a packed or selected jury. The prosecutor and the accused have each a right to challenge five jurymen—not more than two of whom may be special jurymen—without reason assigned; but either party may challenge any number on cause shown.

The accused is always entitled to the services of a counsel or an agent gratis, if he is poor. There is no opening speech by the prosecutor, or for the prisoner. A copy of the printed indictment is given to each of the jury, and if there is a special defence for the prisoner, it is read to them by the Clerk of Court. Sometimes, if the case is complicated or the indictment very lengthy, the judge explains to the jury in a couple of sentences what the points at issue are. The witnesses take an oath of a very solemn character. Each of them, holding up his right hand on entering the box, repeats after the judge these words: "I swear by Almighty God, and as I shall answer to God at the great day of judgment, that I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Of course if the witness has religious objections to taking an oath, an affirmation can be administered; but this seldom occurs. After the witnesses to the facts have been examined, the prosecutor is allowed

to prove any previous convictions for the like offence that have been obtained against the prisoner. The fairness of this may be questioned. No doubt the jury are told not to let their minds be influenced by the previous convictions; but these can hardly fail to have an effect prejudicial to the prisoner. In England the previous convictions are not proved till the prisoner is found guilty; and, as their only legal bearing is on the amount of the prisoner's sentence, this seems the course that is at once logical and fair. At the close of the evidence on both sides, the prosecutor addresses the jury; and the prisoner's counsel replies. Thus the prisoner has the last word. After the judge's charge the jury return their verdict, which may be either "guilty," "not guilty," or "not proven," and this verdict may be returned unanimously or by any majority.

In the foregoing outline of the procedure that takes place in a Scotch criminal prosecution, it will be noticed that there are a good many points in regard to which a different course is followed in England and in Ireland. But, as already said, there are only three, as it seems to us, of much moment.

The first of these is, that in Scotland from first to last the investigation and the prosecution are conducted and controlled by a public prosecutor. No doubt there are a few statutory offences of a minor character for which a private party or his appointee may prosecute; but in regard to most statutory, and all common law offences, the prosecution can only take place at the instance, or with the concurrence, of the national or local public prosecutor. Such concurrence is frequently given in cases of breach of interdict and several *quasi* criminal matters.

Some of the advantages of this salutary restriction of the right to prosecute may be indicated. It prevents malicious and vindictive prosecutions. It ensures that prosecutions will be conducted with fairness to the accused, and that they will not be hollow—that is, that they will be fairly conducted in the interests of the community. It is obvious that where the prosecutions in a county are carried on by the same permanent staff, they will be conducted with greater economy and uniformity, and can scarcely fail to be better prepared and better managed. And it can hardly be doubted that they are more likely to command the confidence of the community where they are conducted by a neutral public prosecutor than by or for an interested private party. So weighty, indeed, have such considerations appeared, that in 1879 the Legislature sanctioned the appointment of a Director of Public Prosecutions for England. This was a step in the right direction. But does it go far enough? This official only takes up such cases as he chooses; his appointment is not *ad vitam aut culpam*; his only staff seems to be his half-dozen assistants; the right of any private person to institute, undertake, or carry on any criminal proceeding, is expressly saved; and the exercise of his superintendence or adoption of a prosecution seems left too much a matter of taste and too little a matter of duty.

Now in Scotland every county has its Procurator-Fiscal, and some counties have more than one. Thus in Lanarkshire each of the four districts has its Fiscal of the Sheriff Court, and its Fiscal of the Justice of Peace Court; and a good many of the burghs in it have each its own Fiscal. It may be doubted whether this multiplication of

officials, all independent of one another, is altogether wise, and whether it would not be better that they should have a common local head, intermediate between them and the Lord Advocate. But this matter need not be discussed here. The important point is, that every county and every burgh in Scotland—that is to say, every inch of its soil—is subject to the supervision of a prosecutor appointed in the public interest, and subordinate to the chief law officer of the Crown. Nearly all these officials are, however, allowed to carry on business as conveyancers, factors, bankers, solicitors, &c. The propriety of this is doubtful. On the one hand, it is said that by allowing them to carry on private business the Crown is able to obtain the services of men of a position and capacity which it could not command if their only business income was their salary. But this is no answer on principle, and is, we fear, only an instance of the unjust penuriousness with which, as a rule, Scotch officials are remunerated. The serious consideration, on the other side, is that the local prosecutor may have to consider the necessity of prosecuting persons who are his clients. Here, therefore, his public duty and his private interest may clash; and however honest and independent he may be, there is a possibility that he may be unconsciously biassed in the matter. Now it is eminently desirable in the public interest that the prosecutor should not only not be exposed to such risks, but that even room should not be left for the least intelligent class of the community to entertain a distrust, however groundless, of his independence. In restricting, therefore, its Director of Public Prosecutions and his assistants to their

official business, it seems to us that England has acted wisely.

The second material point in which Scotch and English criminal procedure differ is that in Scotland, as has been shown, the investigations preliminary to the public trial are carried on in private. To an innocent man this is an inestimable advantage. Sometimes no one, save the more immediate friends of an accused person who has been liberated on its appearing that the charge made against him is groundless, has any knowledge of his apprehension. Nay, it occasionally happens that where the accused is well known to be a law-abiding person, and the charges made against him are doubted, the investigation takes place without his knowledge; and the matter is sifted and submitted for the opinion of the proper authorities without the public or him having any idea that he has been even an object of suspicion. There is also, as it seems to us, an unfairness to the accused where the public mind is saturated with the evidence against him, and the jury enter the box with a hearsay knowledge of allegations which are not, and it may be cannot be, proved in Court, but which yet unconsciously may influence their minds to a serious extent. And even where the preliminary public investigation has yielded an insufficient case, the unfortunate accused has to bear the pain of being temporarily the object of an odious publicity and permanently the object of suspicion to many in whose minds the *cons* but not the *pros* readily affiliate themselves. There is also the evil to the public morality on those occasions where the nauseous details of an investigation are daily presented in a manner which cannot escape the notice even of the

most innocent-minded. Take as an example of this the Bravo case. On the other hand, where the accused is not the really guilty party, or where no one has been apprehended, the public examination of the witnesses, though it may in some instances lead to the obtaining of further and useful evidence, has probably in general the effect of indicating to the guilty party when to make off, what is his safest course, and what precautions it is advisable for him to take. If the witnesses be examined in private and separately, there is less risk of their statements being influenced by what others may have said, and less risk of persons being suborned to invalidate their testimony. It is better, too, for the witnesses themselves. There is less opportunity of their being tampered with, and there is less chance of their being intimidated or persecuted. It is a cheaper mode where the investigation is conducted in private by an assistant of the public prosecutor than where it takes place in a public court with the staff of officials which such a course entails. It may be said that if the prisoner or his agent were present he might suggest points which would clear up the matter. It is doubtful if such is a frequent experience. The Fiscal or his assistant has the prisoner's declaration before him, and he is accustomed to sift evidence; and in any event it is to be remembered that the test of the prudence of a system is its general and not its occasional results. Nor is it to be forgotten that though as matter of practice the preliminary investigation in Scotland takes place in private, the criminal authorities can easily allow such particulars as they wish to reach the public, through the press, if they hope that there-

by further information may be got.

The third important point on which Scotch and English procedure are not at one is the verdict of the jury. As already said, in Scotland the verdict may be "not proven," and any verdict may in criminal matters be returned by a majority. The jury are fifteen in number, and eight consentient opinions may determine the fate of the prisoner. Whatever that verdict be, the prisoner can never be tried again on the same charge. In civil matters the jury are twelve in number, the English system having been adopted in 1815, when civil trial by jury was introduced into (or, strictly speaking, revived in) Scotland, with an English judge to teach its rules. In the opinion of nearly every Scotch lawyer, civil jury trial has been an almost undeviating failure. There the jury can, during the first three hours, return only a unanimous verdict; but thereafter, or at any time by consent of both parties, the verdict may be by a majority. Now, though the jury in a criminal case generally take a short time to consider what their verdict shall be, it is very rarely that they are absent from Court for an hour. On the one hand, while there is no want of due deliberation, on the other there is no needless waste of time. No doubt the jury of twelve often agree, but it is fair to believe that if the case be so plain that they readily find room for unanimity, a jury of fifteen would do the same; while if the latter disagree, the jury of twelve would be almost as likely to take the same course. But, as matter of fact, is it reasonable *always* to expect that *any* group of twelve men will be both wise and honest? Who acts on such a view in ordinary matters?

Judges are not expected to be unanimous in their opinions; nor legislators; nor public boards. And to say to a prisoner "we shall not punish you till we get twelve men who all think you guilty," is not very much wiser than the system of Compurgators in the middle ages, under which an accused was let go, if he could get a certain number of friends to say they believed he was innocent.

If the dissentient minority can be got to concur by proper means, good and well. But if it be only by physical *duress*, or even by argumentative compulsion, that such a result is obtained, can the verdict be said to express the unanimous opinion of the jury? On the other hand, a single stupid or obstinate or partisan mind may neutralise the intelligent and honest harmony of the remaining eleven jurors. But it may be said this evil is not of very frequent occurrence. Still it does occur painfully often: and the cases in which it does occur are generally just those in which the calamity of having to repeat the trial is the greatest. We do not doubt that the dissentient minority, however small, is sometimes honest enough. Every one knows the story of the jury being dismissed because they could not agree in their verdict, and one of their number being overheard to mutter wrathfully to himself as he left the Court, "Well, all I can say is—eleven more obstinate men I never met." Now what is the result of this? Though eleven of the jury thought the prisoner innocent, he may have to undergo another trial. If they thought him guilty, he either escapes altogether, or, in a second trial, gets another chance of escape. On the first page of this paper some of the evils which must result from re-trials of a

prisoner have been pointed out. Under the Scotch system these cannot occur. So far as our experience goes, the only two possible evils on the other side are—firstly, that the minority of seven may represent the bulk of the intelligence in the jury; and secondly, that a mind of dominating strength may convert a minority of four or five into a majority of eight. The latter evil is, so far as we know, a matter of rare occurrence; and the former evil hardly ever happens, except where the intelligent minority are for a conviction to which the majority will not assent. In these days of intimidation and revenge, a consideration that ought not to be lost sight of is, that where a conviction is obtained by the verdict of the majority of a jury there is a protection analogous to that which the ballot affords in political elections. The prisoner and his friends cannot learn with certainty, and never without the complicity of some jurymen, who the jurors were that composed the majority. And if the jury have any fear of such information being divulged, they have it in their power to conceal their individual opinions from all but their foreman.

It is probable that English jurisprudence would be slow to let the verdict of “not proven” be ingrafted on it, unless it were thought that there was occasionally a logi-

cal good sense and propriety in the repetition of the famous verdict—“We find the prisoner not guilty, but recommend him not to do it again.” A jury do not sit to say what in the abstract is their opinion of the prisoner’s character, but whether the evidence adduced in the cause suffices to prove his guilt. Strictly speaking, “proven” and “not proven” are the only two logical verdicts; but it is pretty well understood that the words “guilty” and “not guilty” are meant as their equivalents. In that view to find room also for a verdict of “not proven” is to say that the jury think the prisoner’s guilt is not proved but that it may be suspected. Now they sit to say whether or not he is proved to be the guilty person, and not to say whether he deserves to be suspected. Sometimes a verdict of “not proven” inflicts a lifelong stigma on a person who, if tried before a judge alone, or even by a jury possessed of more intelligence or less swayed by popular clamour, would have been rightfully found “not guilty.” Such cases doubtless occur. But we apprehend the occasions where a verdict of “not proven” more often causes a miscarriage of justice are those instances where an indulgent jury, or one that is willing to wound but yet afraid to strike, resorts to this verdict as an evasion of responsibility.

MAGDA'S COW.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER VI.—PRINCESS RASCALINSKA.

"Une princesse ! O Dieu ! ma fille, une princesse."

—DELAVIGNE.

THE following Sunday at church brought a surprise to the villagers of Rudniki. This surprise was not in any way connected with the handsome Danelo, though he certainly attracted a considerable portion of attention during the service. Upright as a young fir-tree in his soldier's dress, which he had not yet laid aside, he made a conspicuous figure among the linen shirts and rough sheepskins of the other peasants, and the villagers felt proud of him as one of themselves. Even the more serious members of the community, who were inclined to regard him as a sort of black sheep, pleasant enough but hardly respectable, could not deny that at least he was highly ornamental. Besides, there was always the hope that a man who had travelled so far and seen so much, might have returned with his head somewhat less empty than when he started. During the past week Danelo's stories had been the great point of interest at the village meetings in the tavern. He had even been as far as Lwów (Lemberg), the capital, and had once actually seen an archduke. No wonder that he became an important person all at once.

But the village gossips were about to receive newer and fresher food for conversation.

The Curé had just ended his sermon, which generally formed the conclusion of the service ; but instead of retiring as usual behind the altar-gates, which in Greek, or as they are called here Russian, churches, separate the shepherd from his flock, he remained stand-

ing outside facing his congregation, and opened the green-leather book in which were entered the names of couples about to be married.

Some of the more attentive parishioners looked up surprised at the sight of the volume in question, for there were no marriages at present known to be on the village *tapis*. It was still too early for that, for the harvest had scarcely begun.

However, the Curé cleared his throat twice running, and with unusual pomp and solemnity he read out as follows :—

"The marriage-banns are published between our most gracious lady and mistress the proprietress of Rudniki, Madame Sophie Wolska, relict of the late Stefan Wolski, and his Highness the noble Prince Stanislas Rascalinski. If any one is aware of an existing impediment," &c., &c., &c. A lively buzz of excitement and interest drowned the conclusion of his speech.

A prince ! A real live prince, had he said ? Had they really heard aright ? Madame would be a princess ! The village felt itself raised in its own estimation by this announcement.

But the priest had still something more to say, and when quiet was restored he resumed—

"My brethren, it is further my particularly agreeable task to have to announce to you that, in commemoration of this joyful event, Madame Wolska, the future Princess Rascalinska, has directed"—

here he paused and moistened his lips, as though he were about to swallow some particularly delicious morsel, of which he was anxious to enjoy the full flavour—"has directed that a sum of three hundred florins should be presented to the Church of Radniki, the direction and employment of that money being left to my discretion. After mature consideration and calculation, I have therefore decided to divide this money into two halves,—the one half for relieving the wants of the poor, while the other half will be employed in renewing or replacing some of the church decorations. With a view to this object, I invite the older members of the community to repair to the sacristy after vespers this afternoon, to consult upon the matter."

The meeting was accordingly held that afternoon after vespers, and it proved to be both long and warm. Although all the wisest heads of the place (witness the sacristan, the schoolmaster, the sexton) were engaged in this conclave, yet after more than an hour's talk they could not for the lives of them agree as to how the money was to be spent. It was so difficult to make a choice as to which portion of the church was to be renewed, when everything was in such woful need of renewal. Certainly the carpet before the altar, used on high festivals, was tattered and shabby, and the set of candlesticks incomplete and broken, and would seem to cry out most loudly for substitutes. But then, again, the gates of the chancel would put in their claim, and plaintively recall the days when they used to be golden, and the time when they really could shut and open naturally. The sacristan, wiping his brow at the

mere recollection, assured the company that it was no joke to force the rusty hinges to open on a day like this; but here the priest interrupted him, to suggest that a new carpet was far more urgent:—

"I feel quite ashamed of it each time I kneel before the altar. It cannot be pleasing to God to hear prayer pronounced on such a parcel of rags."

The candlestick advocate now humbly observed that, at the last festival, two of the candle-holders had been broken, and that their parts were now enacted by old beer-bottles.

"But the candlesticks only fell down because the altar was so rickety," said another. "A new altar is what is needed first and foremost."

"And I should have liked a new hell,"¹ put in the old priest, plaintively. "I have noticed that this one no longer produces enough effect among the people. The flames are all falling off in flakes, and the devils have quite lost their expression. The youngest child in the village could hardly be frightened at them now;" and he heaved a deep sigh.

"But a new picture would take at least three months to get ready, whereas a carpet or candlesticks could be got at once," said the sexton, who was of a hot, impetuous nature.

Every one had spoken and given his opinion except Filip, who stood silent, his brow drawn together in deep thought.

"I will tell your Reverence what I advise," he said at last, on being pressed. "It is no use trying to decide here without seeing the things, and having ascertained the

¹ The Greek churches in Poland are usually adorned by large and terrific pictures of the place of eternal punishment.

prices. Next Friday is market day at the town. I have got to take a pig there for sale myself, and if your Reverence will take a place alongside in my cart, we can look over the things and make an estimate."

The priest was old, and not particularly fond of movement, and the prospect of a three hours' drive in a jolting cart, alongside of a squeaking pig, was not particularly tempting; but there seemed no other way out of the difficulty, so with a resigned sigh he agreed to the plan.

But if it was difficult to come to a decision at Rudniki, it seemed still more so when the Curé, accompanied by two or three villagers, found himself transplanted into the comparative bustle of a large county town. The treasures displayed in the windows of the Jewish shops dazzled their simple minds, and suggested possibilities of extravagance hitherto undreamt of. The golden gates and the candlesticks received further rivals in the shape of artificial flowers, china vases, and hanging lamps, and the vacillating old priest was wellnigh driven to distraction by the conflicting claims of different objects.

Filip being gifted with the clearest and most business-like head of the party, succeeded with difficulty in introducing something like order into his ideas, and limiting the choice finally to a new carpet and golden gates.

The party had been conducted to the *atelier* of a carpenter and carver, who had shown them various specimens of his art—crucifixion frames, carved images, and other objects. One set of gates he had as well. And such gates! So rich! so golden! so beautifully carved! and, moreover, in the centre was introduced a bas-relief

representing St Peter holding a gigantic key.

The Curé and his companions stood speechless with admiration before this work of art.

"And how—how much—does it cost?" said the priest at last, timidly.

"A hundred and sixty florins," was the discouraging reply.

The priest sighed, the peasants scratched their heads, and then they all turned and left the workshop, for they felt it would be better to get out of the way of temptation. A hundred and sixty florins were quite out of their reach; a hundred and fifty was what had been fixed upon for both carpet and gates, and it would be extravagance to spend the whole sum on one object only. The church at Rudniki would never have such a sum again to spend, as the good luck of its mistress marrying a prince was not a thing likely to be repeated.

"Will your Reverence now look at the carpets?" said Filip, after a while. They had been silent till then, and were walking in no particular direction, each one busied with his own thoughts. The hundred and sixty florins had still left a depressing influence.

"Yes," said the Curé, with mournful hopefulness; "perhaps carpets will be cheaper than gates. I had no notion that gates cost so much."

"And they should not cost as much either," said Filip; "but these town fellows think that they can ask anything they like, and that no one is clever but themselves. Why, the whole wood cannot cost more than twenty florins, for I felt it, and saw that it was only lime wood, stained to look like oak. And as for the work—why, any carpenter ought to be able to turn it out in a fortnight.

Why, I could do it myself, if I had only time. There is nothing so wonderful about that gate, after all——”

“But St Peter was very neat,” said the priest, again with a sigh of envy; “and that big key in the centre looked remarkably well.”

Filip did not answer; he appeared absorbed in calculation of some sort. They had reached the carpet-shop by this time.

The prospect here was somewhat more hopeful. True, there were carpets costing a hundred and fifty florins and upwards, but there were others for eighty, seventy, and even sixty florins, which presented a very respectable appearance—besides which, the shopman being a Jew, might reasonably be expected to come down in his prices. There was, in fact, an *embarras de richesses*, as there were carpets for every purse, of every size, for every taste. Flowers and fruits, hunting-pieces and landscapes, greyhounds and lambs, Arab horses and turtle-doves—all of these executed in a surprising variety of tints and with perfectly novel effects of light and shade.

“Why not this one, Pan Proboszcz?” said the Hebrew master of the shop insinuatingly, displaying the spirited counterfeit of a battle between Crusaders and Turks, showing in the foreground a noble warrior in lilac armour, mounted on a lemon-coloured charger, who, with his rose-coloured sword, is causing the orange heads of the Turkish infidels to drop all around him like over-ripe plums. “Why not this one? But this is a grand carpet indeed. May my mother be buried in a nameless grave if it is not worth double the price! The Pan Starosto bought one just like it last year, and there are only these two in the whole country.”

The poor Curé was sadly tempted

at the prospect of having a carpet just like the Pan Starosto, and he admired the battle-piece most deeply; but even his simple mind pointed out some objections. “Yes, to be sure, it is very handsome,” he said; “but I fear it would hardly do for the church, would it? You see, it is not very—very religious-looking. I fear we shall have to content ourselves with something quieter in pattern—flowers or fruit, perhaps.”

“Flowers!” The Jew had a perfect garden to recommend; roses and lilies, daisies and tulips, besides many other flowers not to be found in any other garden.

After some debating, a good-sized carpet, with tasteful garlands of roses and lilies, was selected as the most suitable in every way. These particular roses were lilac, and the lilies, contrary to the habits of their species, were alternately blue and scarlet,—but this was of course a great improvement on nature.

The Jew had at last consented to part with this work of art for the sum of eighty florins.

“But I am not sure whether we really want a carpet,” said the priest, beginning to tremble at the notion that the great decision must now soon be made. I have not had enough time to think. Perhaps the gates would be better, after all. Ah, if only we could buy both carpet and gate!” Here he lost himself in a gentle reverie; and Filip stared down at the lilac roses with unseeing eyes, and had twice to be requested by the gabbling Hebrew to remove his muddy boot from off a particularly handsome scarlet lily, before he seemed to wake up with a start.

“Pan Proboszcz,” he said, clearing his throat, “I can tell you how to buy both carpet and gate, if you like.”

"What do you mean?" said the Curé. "The carpet costs eighty florins, and the gate a hundred and sixty,—that makes two hundred and forty; and I cannot spend more than one hundred and fifty. There are so many poor in the parish, and I cannot touch the other half."

"The carpet costs eighty, I know," said Filip; "and I think I could make you a gate as good as that fellow's one for seventy florins, if you are not in a hurry, and can let me do it at leisure."

"You really could, Filip?" said the old man wonderingly,—*"a gate like that one?"*

"A gate like that one," repeated Filip.

"And St Peter?" put in the priest, anxiously. "Do you think you could make a St Peter like that one?"

"I think I could," said Filip.

"And the key?"

Filip expressed his conviction that he could manage to hit off the great apostle, key and all, and everything, for seventy florins. So the matter was satisfactorily arranged. The carpet with the lilac roses and scarlet lilies was carefully packed up and put in the cart, in the place lately occupied by the squeaking pig, which had already passed into other hands, and was preparing to undergo the grand transformation from living flesh to passive hams and sausages.

CHAPTER VII.—THE BLESSING OF THE FRUITS.

"She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won."

—HOOD.

The 15th of August, which is the Feast of the Assumption, is always a great day in Poland, and in the year of which I am writing it was kept with unusual pomp at the village of Rudniki.

Firstly, because ever since that luckless autumn when the place had been ravaged by cholera, the population of Rudniki had been very punctilious about taking their fruits to be blessed before tasting them; and as on this particular Assumption day the weather was spotlessly beautiful, it rendered the fulfilment of this religious duty all the easier.

Secondly, because it had been rumoured far and wide in the neighbourhood that the new carpet which was the gift of the future Princess Rascalinska was then to be displayed for the first time.

A festive stir pervaded the whole country from daybreak; the very flowers seemed anxious to take part in the festivities, for all the buds which had been closed overnight now opened at early dawn. A few coy tardy roses which the zephyr and the sunbeam had as yet wooed unsuccessfully, now unfolded their blushing charms; hundreds of audacious poppies discarded their green sheaths in indecent haste, eager to present their glowing beauties to the sun's warm kisses; only the sluggard daisies, like fine ladies, were still asleep, under their dewdrop coverlets.

From far and wide the peasants flocked together, bearing the fruits of their fields and gardens to church; green-cheeked apples and pears, stony pumpkins and cucumbers, unwholesome and vicious-looking as yet, but which presently,

by virtue of the blessing to be spoken over them, were to be rendered palatable and light of digestion. Sweet-smelling herbs bound together, and destined to be dried and hung up during the winter as a sort of general and vague specific against most human ailments, scented the air; huge sheaves of gaudy flowers, red and yellow and blue, rejoiced the eye and gave colour and harmony to the scene. On they came from all sides and all directions: old withered *babas* (old women), bending under the weight of crude green fruit; small flaxen-haired children, clutching flower-bundles higher than themselves, till they looked like wandering blossoms; pretty girls of all types and complexions, bearing nosegays of all descriptions,—till all this roving vegetation had reached its goal, and had formed itself into one long double-rowed fragrant hedge, which filled the little wooden church, and from thence overflowing, extended beyond into the surrounding churchyard.

Magda, like the other village matrons, had gathered together her bundle of flowers and herbs. She was sorry to have no roses or carnations, to give an air of elegance to her sheaf, and she put on her shabby coral necklace with more than usual dissatisfaction that day. Nevertheless, if any true artist had happened to be spectator of the rustic tableau in the church, he would have singled her out as the study most worthy of attention.

The three years which had passed since Magda's wedding, had made of her a perfectly beautiful woman. Her tall figure had gained fulness and roundness; she had that naturally dignified and graceful carriage sometimes to be found in Polish peasants, but which few empresses are lucky enough to possess; her

eyes had gained a deeper light, her lips had taken a richer curve. And there was this difference between Magda and the many other comely women in the crowd—that while they were adorned and embellished to-day by their floral decorations, in her case it seemed as though she herself, out of her own warm glowing beauty, had imparted some of her charms to the flowers she had chosen. The poppies were only red because her crimson lips had touched them, the rosemary only sweet because she had breathed upon it; the burning sunflower on her breast seemed to have caught its hue from the hidden fire which flashed from her black eye.

No wandering artist had been led to Rudniki that day; but there are art *connoisseurs* in villages as well as in cities, and a beautiful picture will always find an amateur to appreciate it, even if it is marked in no catalogue and hangs in no gallery.

The blue curling clouds of incense which filled the dingy wooden building caused the candles to burn low and dimly, and its perfume mingled with the sweet aromatic scent of the flowers. With a supreme effort the sweating sacristan tore open the obstreperous gate, to give passage to the officiating priest on his way to bless the fruits of the field, and the much-talked-of carpet was at last displayed before the eyes of the expectant crowd.

A long-drawn murmur of admiration went through the ranks, and for a minute every man held his candle crooked and dropped wax unmercifully on his neighbour's coat, and the women unconsciously relaxed their hold on their bundles till the unhallowed apples escaped from their grasp and went bounding away over the church

floor, like godless babes escaping from the baptismal font.

Ah, that was a carpet! And those were flowers indeed! Such fine, well-fed, lilac roses! such brilliant lilies! Each one looked down disparagingly at the common everyday flowers they held in their hands, and more than one thought what a pity it was that their cottage-gardens could not yield such glorious specimens of botany.

The Curé passed down the close-drawn flowery ranks of the kneeling crowd, sprinkling the dew of heaven to the right and to the left of him. Each head was bowed low and reverentially as he passed, and each flower-bearer held her bundle aloft and pressed forward, one against the other, till the little church resembled a waving sea of animated flowers.

Against Magda's bunch of scarlet poppies pressed the fair head of a handsome young soldier, and her black eyes were lowered not so much in prayer as to escape the audacious admiration so clearly to be read in a pair of blue ones. He was so near that she could feel his breath against her cheek, but she could not move away for the density of the pressing crowd. She

could only bend her head lower, and press the glowing sunflower convulsively to her breast, as though to still the tumultuous beatings of her fluttering heart.

And Filip, meanwhile, was also gazing at a picture. He was staring at the rickety and worm-eaten gate of the chancel, and replacing it in imagination by the new one which was to bring him in seventy silver florins; and as he gazed, he wondered to himself whether he would indeed be able to hit off St Peter and his key.

"Did you see it?" said one of the church-goers to Danelo on the homeward way. "How soft, how rich, how brilliant——!"

"How soft, how rich, how brilliant!" echoed Danelo.

"Even the gracious Pani herself cannot have a finer one, though she is going to be a princess. Do you know how much it cost?"

"How much did what cost?" asked Danelo.

"Why, the carpet, of course."

"Oh, are you talking of the carpet?" said the young soldier, with a start.

"Naturally of the carpet; and of what else were you thinking?"

Danelo must have overheard the question, for he gave no answer.

CHAPTER VIII.—THUNDER IN THE AIR.

"In the most uneventful life there is always a Waterloo and a St Helena."—KRASZEWSKI.

Magda was conscious of a strange feeling of oppression all that day: it might only be the effect of the approaching thunderstorm perhaps, for the clouds had gathered together that afternoon, and now hung on the horizon, rolled into heavy threatening masses, ready to burst, as it seemed, at the slightest breath of air. There was no breath of air, however, stirring

as yet; and the poor parched earth still panted and craved for the rain which was so long in coming: the soil was rent everywhere with unseemly cracks and fissures; the flowers drooped languidly on their stalks; the corn-ears already rustled dry as straw to the touch.

Magda had put the pot to boil on the fire without water, and had mixed up the flour and the salt

together by mistake; she wandered about the garden and the little courtyard aimlessly, like a person in a dream, or who has lost her direction; she would even have forgotten to milk the cow, had not that sagacious animal, losing patience at the unwonted delay, at last compelled her services by reiterated and pitiful bellowings.

As it was a feast-day, Filip was not busy in his work-shed. But if his arms were condemned to inactivity, his busy brain refused to rest; and as he sat on the roomy bench in the little garden, he was plunged in a whole scale of calculations and measurements, which he occasionally rapped out with his finger on the seat, or sometimes took note of by cutting notches on a hazel-twigg.

Magda had passed and repassed in front of him several times without his appearing to notice her presence; and only when at last she stood still before him did he look up. He did not notice how her eyes were shining with a strange fire, which an unshed tear tried in vain to quench,—how her cheeks were burning with an unwonted flush,—how her lips were parched as though in fever,—how her bosom rose and fell tumultuously; he saw none of these things, for he only said—

“Well, *zona* (wife), is the supper ready?”

“No, the supper is not ready,” she answered, vaguely—“nothing is ready.”

“Then be quick about it,” he returned, somewhat more sharply. “Do you not know that I must be off early to the town to-morrow? I shall be away all day, as I am coming back on foot.”

“Filip,” she cried, impulsively, sitting down by his side on the bench—“Filip, do not go to the town to-morrow!”

“Not go to the town!” he said, in surprise. “Why, you know that I must go to have another look at those gates, and at that fellow’s St Peter. I find I cannot manage it unless I see it again, and take down the measurements exactly.”

“Never mind St Peter!” she cried again, more excitedly.

“Never mind St Peter! Why, Magda, you must be mad to say so! Why, without St Peter and the key, the gate will only be worth fifty florins; it will make twenty florins’ difference in its value.”

“What are twenty florins?” said Magda, but this time very low, almost below her breath. “There are more precious things than money in the world.”

“And so I must start at five o’clock,” continued Filip, pursuing his train of thought. “Neighbour Pawel has offered to take me in his cart; but I shall have to walk back, as he remains overnight. Why is the supper not ready?”

“Because I am miserable! Because I cannot live without a little love, a little kindness; because you care for nothing but for saving and earning money; because I need the protection of your heart to keep me from seeking warmth elsewhere; because—because——”

Some such words as these, burning, passionate, delirious, were rising to Magda’s lips in answer to Filip’s question about the supper; but another glance at his calm stolid face checked the impetuous torrent, and with a sort of gasp she said—

“Because there are hardly any sticks remaining to light the fire, and it went out twice.”

“Then go to the forest for fire-wood to-morrow—you should not have allowed the stock to run so low; and now is the best time for

collecting it, as long as the dry weather lasts."

"To the forest? I am to go to the forest alone?" she asked, in a sort of fright.

"Yes, to the forest, of course," he said, impatiently. "You are not afraid of wolves in summer, are you? You are to go to the wood to-morrow, and I am going to the town."

That night Magda hardly closed her eyes; her pulses were beating wildly, and her head was throbbing with a dull pain. She still seemed to be breathing in the stifling perfume of the incense and the flowers, and still to feel Danelo's breath upon her cheek.

She rose at last, and went to the door of the cottage. Everything lay still without in the calm repose of a summer's night. There was no moonlight visible, but the stars gave enough shimmer to distinguish the objects around. No sound was heard save the warning note of the quail calling to her brood among the corn-rigs. The whole air was charged with elec-

tricity, and there was no freshness even at this midnight hour. The clouds were exchanging fiery secrets, whispering to each other of the storm that was coming, and every now and then a distant flash of lightning showed part of the landscape in broad relief.

The cottage door had creaked in the opening, and Filip, who on warm nights slept in a sackcloth hammock in the work-shed, called out to ask who was there?

"It is I," said Magda, standing still. "Why are you not asleep, Filip?" she added, timidly.

"I cannot sleep," he answered.

"Neither can I."

"I have been wondering and wondering."

"Wondering about what, Filip?"

"Wondering how I am to manage about that cursed key."

Magda sighed and went back into the hut. She, too, could not sleep; but neither St Peter nor his key had anything to do with her wakefulness.

CHAPTER IX.—STICK-GATHERING.

"Es ruhe mein Lied an dieser Stell
Die doch ein Jeder weiss
Der Markgraf war ein junger Gesell
Der König war ein Greis."

—STRACHWITZ.

It was early in the afternoon when Magda took her way to the forest, accompanied by the little Kuba. Why she had taken the boy with her, contrary to her wont, she could hardly herself have told. The ostensible reason of his being a help in the collecting of firewood was such a very shallow artifice that it could hardly have convinced even herself, for she well knew that once in the forest the boy would probably devote all his energies to the pursuit of some unfor-

tunate bird or squirrel, or the consumption of unripe nuts.

She walked along slowly, her steps lagging more and more as she approached the wood, as though strangely reluctant to enter those shady green arcades, which yet looked so invitingly cool, by contrast with the glaring heat of the field-path she was traversing. The threatened thunderstorm had not yet come to a head, though the thunder still grumbled at intervals, away among the distant hills, like

a person with brooding rage in his heart, but whose courage is yet not equal to a direct attack.

When at last Magda set her foot on the moss-grown path of the forest floor, she stopped and peered out furtively through the branches, scanning the road to the village as though she feared to see some one coming from that direction. But there was nothing to be seen stirring far and wide; everybody was busy in the fields on the other side, and the road lay before her eyes in an unbroken stretch of powdery white dust.

Magda drew a long breath, which might have been a sigh either of relief or of disappointment, or which perhaps was merely the effect of having walked uphill in the sun; then she proceeded on her way deep and deeper into the forest, till she came to the place where she knew she would find sticks to collect.

The forest was all filled with beautiful things, and every separate thing had its own good reason for being beautiful. The oak-trees were beautiful because of their massive heaviness, and the birch-trees were beautiful because of their slender grace; the rocks were beautiful because they loomed so dark and black in the shade, and the stream was equally beautiful because it frothed so silvery white in the sunshine; the beauty of the foxglove was in its glowing deep-purple hue, and the hemlock was beautiful also because of its cold purity. Some plants were beautiful because they grew so straight and strong, and needed no support, and others were beautiful, too, because their exquisite weakness caused them to twine so gracefully; some things were beautiful because of their rich hues, while the beauty of others lay in the very absence of colour.

Each thing was beautiful in its own individual fashion; and had it been otherwise, it would have been less perfect. Each tree and flower, each insect and blade of grass, had had its part assigned to it of being beautiful; every tint and touch had been laid on by a master-hand, to blend together into a picture harmonious in its finished loveliness.

By degrees the magic of the forest seized upon Magda and held her fast, and gradually the throbbing in her pulses and the hot pain in her heart began to subside. She cooled her fevered spirit in the shade of the waving trees, she laved it in the rushing stream, she fanned it in the aromatic breezes.

At last she had reached the inmost forest-sanctuary, where the shade was the deepest, where the feathery fern grew highest, where the ivy twined most luxuriantly, and the wild-thyme shed its most intoxicating perfume.

Mechanically she began collecting sticks; but her bundle grew but slowly, for she worked lazily and dreamily, and Kuba had long since wandered from her side in search of some more congenial pursuit.

She had worked thus for about half an hour, and had collected just fifteen sticks, which promised ill for the suppers to be cooked that week, when of a sudden she stood still like a startled hind, and gazed wildly around her. There was a step approaching—a light, elastic step—and now and then the sharp crackling of a dried twig snapped asunder,—perhaps only some stag on its way to the stream; but now she heard a whistle clear and trilling, but whose note belonged to no bird in the forest.

Magda pressed both her hands against her heart; all her former

fever had returned again with tenfold violence.

Looking out through the leafy screen, she could see Danelo coming along the forest-path, whistling a lively *Krakowiak*, and looking into the bushes on either side with searching gaze, like a school-boy intent on bird-nesting.

She watched him as long as she felt herself safe from his eye, but in a moment longer she would be discovered; then slowly, softly, like a bird hiding at the approach of the hawk, she let herself sink noiselessly among the waving ferns, which rippled and closed over her head in green waves.

Even then she did not feel quite safe, for was not her heart throbbing as loud as thunder? her ears were tingling, and her head was giddy with the sound. Surely it must betray her?

However, Danelo passed by unsuspecting. Only when his whistle had died away in the distance, and she could no longer catch sight of his retreating figure through the trees, did Magda venture to creep out of her hiding-place, stiff and cramped from her cowering attitude. She did not resume her occupation of stick-gathering, but merely leant against the massive stem of the giant beech-tree, gazing fixedly in the direction where Danelo had disappeared. How long she stood thus she never could remember, but the sun must have sunk low on the horizon, for it came slanting in through the trees, bronzing the stems and weaving a golden network on the mossy floor.

She felt quite benumbed, and her back ached with standing thus against the hard shining tree-trunk, but she could not leave it. She remained thus standing as though spellbound to the spot, stupefied and unthinking; and when, after a

long, a very long time, the steps and the whistling came back along the path, she made no attempt to move from her position.

With fixed but inexpressive gaze, she stared at Danelo as he now reappeared in sight. He raised his eyes, and on seeing the beautiful woman leaning against the beech-tree like an ideal Dryad, he uttered a joyful cry, and stood before her in the next moment.

His quick eye swept over the scanty heap of firewood, and the broken ranks in the clump of ferns which told their own tale.

"Magda! what are you doing here? Why do you hide from me?"

"I am gathering firewood," she answered sullenly, and looking at him with defiant eyes. "Leave me alone."

"Leave you alone because you are gathering firewood? Why, no—that is just the reason why I should stay. I want to help you to gather firewood."

"I do not want any help."

"You do not want help? Yes, that is always what the girls in the corn-fields say, and yet they are happy enough when I help to make their stack of grain higher, and give them a chance of wearing the harvest-wreath."

"I am not a girl."

"No, you are a woman—a beautiful woman. But there is no reason why I should not help a beautiful woman to pick up sticks, is there?" and he looked at her with laughter in his blue eyes.

"Danelo, go away!" cried Magda, putting out her hands as if to ward him off, though he had not attempted to come nearer as yet. "Go away—remember that I am Filip's wife!"

"Then why," said Danelo, coming now a step nearer, and taking hold of her outstretched hands in his—"why does not Filip come to

the forest to help his wife to pick up sticks?"

"He never comes with me!" she cried imprudently, out of the irrepressible impulse of her overburdened heart. "He does all his work by himself, and leaves me to do mine by myself as well. I am always alone. He thinks of nothing but of St Peter and his key and the seventy florins, and I—I——" she broke off with a sob.

"You will look for sticks with me; you will not be alone, Magda?"

"Leave me—oh leave me!" she cried again, with a last effort; but his voice was whispering in her ear as Filip's voice had never spoken, and his eyes were gazing at her as Filip's eyes had never looked, and she felt weak and powerless to escape. Perhaps the victory was no longer in her power; for had not her battle been fought and lost the day before? She was hardly aware that his arm had clasped her waist, and that his lips were close to hers; she felt as if the whole forest were spinning around her—every tree seemed to be nodding approval,

and every bird to be warbling dreamy love-ditties. The wood-pigeons were cooing softly and insinuatingly, the lark was singing a triumphant jubilee, and the woodpeckers were tapping applause on the hollow beech-trees.

She had no ears for the other chorus, where the mocking-bird was laughing its harsh, discordant laugh, and the ill-mannered raven croaked "Beware! beware!"

Filip was wending his way back from the town after sunset that day. Leaving the dusty high-road, he struck into a pathway through the forest; this way was shorter, and he wanted to look whether his beehives were safe—whether no marauder had discovered their retreat.

The beehives were safe, as he remarked with satisfaction,—not a hive had been disturbed, not a honeycomb had been tampered with. He observed this, and he observed nothing else; for the waving ferns, which grew so high in the forest glades, gave no clue to the mysteries they concealed.

CHAPTER X.—DROOPING SUNFLOWERS.

"We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move;
The sun flies forward to his brother sun."

—TENNYSON.

Summer was now over, and nature, like a miser regretting his gifts, was taking back, one by one, all the beautiful things she had lent to earth for a while.

The wood grew lighter day by day; and the forest-sanctuaries, robbed of their leafy curtains, were no longer the dangerous alluring places they had been before. When Magda went to the forest to gather firewood, she shuddered and turned away her head whenever she passed by the spot where stood the largest and finest forest-tree. How could

she have ever found beauty in that spot, where now the branches stretched black and uncompromising against the grey sky, sending down their remaining leaves in sharp rustling showers at each breath of air? where the bleached ferns, all their life and juiciness fled from them, lay rotting prostrate against the cold, damp earth?

The cottage gardens, too, had been gradually stripped of their summer ornament. Every rose and lily, every poppy and carnation, had long since passed away.

Only the yellow and orange flowers still lingered—sunflowers, marigolds, and nasturtiums—as though their fiery nature enabled them to resist a little longer the chill dampness that was slowly but surely sapping their life away. Their hour of death was fast approaching; for the proud sunflower, its brown velvet heart developed out of all proportion to its orange petals, was already beginning to lean aslant, every day bringing it a little nearer to its grave.

Yet, while all these beautiful things were passing away, a little weed had taken root, and was slowly developing to life.

Magda herself resembled the dying sunflower at this time; her glowing head was bent in depression, and she had lost her erect and regal carriage,—and sometimes, when she went to the well to draw water, she would put her hand to her side and gasp for breath.

The hope of a child of her own to love, which had been for so long denied her, had come at last; but now it had only come to bring her shame and remorse.

When the neighbours, seeing her toil and pant under the weight of the heavy water-bucket, would say to her, “Magda, why does not your husband draw the water for you? Every goodman should do so for his dame when she is in that way,”—she would only shake her head, and say, “No, no; I can carry it myself. Why should he help me? it is no business of his.”

She had always avoided Danelo since that luckless day in the forest, and he had since then lost all charm and grace in her eyes, as utterly as had the bleached ferns and the naked beech-tree. For him, on the contrary, the attraction had but gained strength; what had been at first but the fancy of

a hot-headed youth, had grown into a man's passion. Though no longer actually resident in the village—for he had been obliged to take service elsewhere—he was often seen at Rudniki. With reckless disregard for her reputation, he followed her about, or lay in wait for her whenever she left the hut. She hardly returned any answer to his eager questions, and changed her direction whenever she saw him coming; but for all that, the link between them was guessed at, and the village gossips began to speak evil things of Magda.

Filip alone suspected nothing; he was utterly absorbed in the working of the church-gates. But a time came at last when his eyes were opened, though the days were now growing short—for it is not necessarily in the long summer days that our vision is always the clearest.

One December evening, as Filip was returning from a neighbouring fair, he drew up his sledge before the door of a roadside *propinacya* (public-house). A motley group of sledges and carts was already gathered in front of this place of refreshment, and sounds of noisy hilarity came from the open door.

Leaving his jaded horses alone—for there was no fear of their running away—he entered the tap-room, where he was greeted by boisterous and half-tipsy expressions of welcome.

“Hollosa, brothers! Here's a wonder! Filip Buska in person coming to drink with us!”

“We must all be on our good behaviour,” said another, “or the *Pan Wojt* will read us a lecture.”

“Sit down, man, and fill your glass like a Christian,” said a third.

“I cannot,” said Filip, decidedly; “I only came in here to ask for a drink for my beasts. I must go home—I have work to do.”

"Work, work, work! That is what you are always saying."

"It might be as well for some of you if you said so too a little oftener."

"There now, brothers! Did I not tell you that he would read us a lecture! And what is your work, neighbour Filip? What can you have to do on a Saturday night?"

"I am working at the chancel-gates, you know. They must be finished by Easter if possible. And it is only now that the wood is dry enough to begin the carving. The centre panel with St Peter and his key will give me no end of trouble."

"St Peter and his key indeed!" laughed the wittiest, who was also the noisiest of the group of drinkers. "So you have turned locksmith, neighbour Filip? But I am thinking you had better have begun by making a lock to your own house-door!—ha! ha!"

"What do you mean?" said Filip.

"What do I mean? Why, that a man with a handsome wife should be careful about his door-fastenings, and not wait until the steed is stolen to shut the stable."

Filip stood rooted to the spot for a full minute, staring at the speaker as if he had not grasped the meaning of his words, and seemingly unaware of the hoarse chorus of laughter with which this speech had been greeted. Then turning suddenly on his heel, he left the room without another word; and oblivious of the refreshment of which his jaded horses stood so much in need, he threw himself on to the sledge, and lashing the unfortunate animals to their utmost speed, he soon disappeared in the driving snowdrift.

By no word or sign did Filip betray to Magda his knowledge of her guilt; he was only a little more silent, a little more gloomy than usual, and he no longer worked at the altar-gates with the same interest as before. Often he would sit staring before him for an hour, his hands sunk idly on his knees—which was not like his usual habits. He hardly ever addressed his wife directly, but he watched her with gloomy frowning brow as she toiled along the road, bearing her burden of wood and water with increased difficulty day by day, but never offering to assist her.

CHAPTER XI.—THE STORK'S NEST.

"*Desdemona*. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?"

—*Othello*.

To both Filip and Magda the winter seemed interminably long and dreary. But the longest and dreariest winter must terminate at last; and though the end of March still found the snow lying in numerous patches in the creeks of the hills and the nooks of the forest, yet their days were counted, and they dwindled by degrees from lengthy winding-sheets to tiny poc-

ket-handkerchiefs, and from pocket-handkerchiefs again to single stars, scarcely larger than the anemones which were already springing up all around them.

"The storks have come!" shouted Kuba one morning watching the large birds of passage as they circled in agitated curves over the houses like bustling travellers at the end of a journey,—the old in-

habitants seeking out their former nests, and passing them in review, to see what repairs would be needed to render their summer lodgings fit for use; young couples, who were now setting up house for the first time, trying to make up their minds where to settle, and weighing the contrasting advantages of thatched roofs *versus* old trees or stone walls.

Kuba and Kasza, their dark curly heads thrown back till their short fat necks ached with the exertion, were following each movement of the storks with gaping admiration and wonder.

"They are going to settle here!" shouted Kuba at last, in a perfect ecstasy of delight, as a pair of the piebald birds, detaching themselves from the crowd, narrowed their circles, and seemed to be taking the roof of Filip's hut into special consideration: a newly mated pair of birds, as was easily to be seen from their slender *élancé* figures, and the somewhat paler hue of their scarlet beaks. They had plighted their faith to each other last month on the burning plains of Egypt, and had now flown hither, across land and sea, on the wings of love, to seek a home in the far North.

"Hush!" said little Kasza, below her breath. "Do not frighten them away."

After a minute or two of apparent indecision, the young stork-wife lowered her flight, and let her scarlet legs gracefully down till they rested on the thatched roof. Her lord and master, not approving, I suppose, of this feminine impetuosity in deciding such a weighty question, affected to have not yet made up his mind, and kept balancing himself in the air by occasional flaps of his strong pinions.

His partner, with feminine lo-

quacity, seemed to be arguing hotly in favour of the spot she had chosen, and to be enumerating its advantages over other lodgings—such as the superior quality of the thatch, the sheltered position of the roof, the near vicinity to the well-stocked frog-market, the moderate rent, and the apparently peaceable character of the landlords. No prowling cats, no furious dogs, to threaten the peace of an infant family!

O foolish stork! deluded bird! not to know that there are worse beasts of prey than cats, other dangers than high winds or storms!

The male stork, after a short appearance of resistance, agreed to his partner's wish, as young husbands will agree to anything before the honeymoon is spent. With consequential alacrity, together they set to work, selecting the finest twigs, the most golden straw, the richest clay, wherewith to construct their dwelling-house, according to the traditional style of architecture *en vogue* among storks.

Then the young matron proceeded to the important business of laying the eggs. One, two, three, four beautiful eggs of a pure ivory-white hue. Husband and wife were never weary of admiring them, and congratulating each other on their joint achievement. Then she took up her position on the nest, and brooded patiently on them day and night, while her enamoured spouse kept watch on one leg beside her.

Kuba had followed all the household arrangements of the stork couple with particular interest. He had even more than once climbed up upon the roof and peeped into their domicile, at moments when husband and wife were both abroad.

One day Magda espied him sitting thus outside on the thatched roof.

"Come down at once, you

naughty boy! you must not take the eggs; that brings bad luck!"

"I am not taking the eggs!" shouted back the urchin.

"Come down at once, or I shall call your father!"

Kuba let himself roll down into the cabbage-beds, and then ran to look for his sister, and whispered something into her ear.

"But, Kuba, do you think the storks will really like it?"

"Of course they will like it, *ti durna* (you stupid)! Don't you see, it is to save them trouble?"

The stork-mother presently hurrying back to her nest, was surprised to find five eggs instead of four. "Surely there were but four yesterday?" she said to herself; but as she did not feel very certain of her arithmetic, she finally took the fifth egg for granted. Perhaps she had counted wrong before, or perhaps she had laid this last egg in her sleep. This egg was not quite so handsome as the others, being somewhat dirty and greenish in hue; but then a night-egg might well be so, or how could she have been expected to match the colour properly in the dark?

So she did not trouble her head further about the origin of that fifth egg, but sat out her thirty days patiently at her post, hardly leaving the nest to snatch a hurried meal occasionally, and denying herself all relaxation or amusement, thinking of nought but the well-doing of her future progeny.

At last one of the ivory-white eggs began to crack and open at one end. With tender skill the young mother widened the crack with her scarlet bill, and assisted the new-born infant to escape from its prison walls. The father, meanwhile, stood by, swelling with legitimate pride.

"It is your very image, my love," said the happy young mother.

"But the bill is like yours, dearest," he replied. "It has just the self-same elegant high-bred cut which conquered my heart the first time I beheld it peeping out from behind the great Pyramid."

Three other infant storks made their appearance in succession; each of them had inherited its father's splendid figure and the elegant bill of the mother. Then, after a pause of two or three days, the dull-green egg likewise cracked and opened, and the fifth stork was born.

This was a very peculiar stork indeed, in whom not even the most infatuated parent could detect the shadow of a family likeness. The mother, who happened to be alone in the nest at the moment of its appearance, stared at it in bewildered consternation. How came she by this thick-set, short-legged, canary-coloured infant?

"That all comes of laying eggs in one's sleep!" she said to herself. "Next year I shall be wiser, and manage better." Then, as a true mother is always doubly tender towards a deformed child, she spread out her wings and gave it the warmest corner in the nest.

Presently the male stork returned, bearing a juicy frog fresh from the market, and deposited it in the open bill of his eldest son, who greedily stretched out his neck for it from under the mother's wing.

"How about that fifth egg, my love?" he tenderly inquired of his spouse. "If it does not open to-day, we must throw it out, for it is probably bad, and you are tiring yourself needlessly by sitting on it; your beak is looking pale already. Does it show no signs of cracking yet?"

"Why, yes," said the wife, in a slightly embarrassed manner. "It is cracked—in fact it is opened al-

ready; but I fear the poor infant is not very healthy. It looks, in fact, rather—rather——”

“Rather what?” asked the husband, in surprise.

“Well, just rather queer, my love,” she answered.

“Let me see it,” said he.

She moved aside timidly, disclosing the canary-coloured addition to the family.

The father-stork gazed on it in silence for a minute, then turned it over scrutinisingly with his bill

“Well, what do you think of it?” asked the mother, anxiously. “It seems very delicate, does it not?”

“What do I think of it? You dare to ask me what I think of it?” he said, suddenly exploding into rage. “What I think is, that you are a faithless bird, and have betrayed me!”

“My love!” gasped the terrified wife, “what can you mean?”

“Look at its bill, madam; have you ever seen a respectable stork with a beak like that? Look at its colour; listen to its wretched squeaking voice”—for the luckless fledgeling, painfully surprised at the rough handling of its supposed father, was by this time piping most piteously.

“But I hatched it as carefully as any of the others,” said the mother, deprecatingly. “Indeed it is not my fault. I suppose it must have been because I laid the egg in the night-time.”

“Night-time indeed!” said the incensed male. “Does an honest bird lay her eggs in the night? Why did you lay it in the night? Only because you did not dare to lay it in the daytime. Will you have the audacity to say that this is a son of mine? It surely more resembles those wretched waddling creatures in the courtyard below.

Just look at its leg; look, I pray you, madam, on this leg, and on that,” he continued, proudly displaying his admirable scarlet limb, straight and shining as a stick of superfine sealing-wax. Of course the bird knew nothing of “Hamlet,” but storks as well as peasants often quote Shakespeare unconsciously. “My family has always been celebrated for the length and beauty of its legs. Why; those are not legs at all,—wretched deformed stumps.”

“Perhaps the legs will grow, my dear,” she said, plaintively.

“I shall not give them much time to grow,” he replied, irately; and with one jerk of his scarlet bill, he had flung the youngest nestling roughly out, and it lay expiring on the dunghill below.

“As for you, madam, I suppose you know what to expect. There is a code of honour among storks; and you do not imagine that I shall suffer myself to be betrayed for a wretched waddling duck.”

He flew off in high dudgeon; and as his mighty wings cleft the air, he kept muttering to himself, after the fashion of storks:—

“Clap, clap; cluck, cluck:
Betrayed for a duck—
Cluck, cluck.”

Presently the air was darkened, as though by a passing thunder-cloud. The hapless wife looked up, and her heart misgave her as she beheld the stern and threatening figures of many storks who in a furious war-dance were circling around her nest.

This was the way they used to assemble before their journeys; but no journey could they be contemplating at present, when the summer had scarcely begun and every nest was full.

Nearer and nearer they came, till she could mark the flash of

anger in every eye, and catch the sound of

“Cluck, cluck :
Betrayed for a duck—
Cluck, cluck,”

from every scarlet bill. And no eye shone so furiously, no cluck sounded so angrily, as her husband's, as he led on the band of avengers.

They closed round her; they pierced her with their pointed beaks; they crushed her down with their cruel claws.

“Pardon!” she cried; but she wasted her breath, for there was no pardon to be looked for from those stern judges.

“It—was—only—a night-egg!” she murmured faintly, and then she closed her eyes and gave up the ghost; while the fifteen other storks, who had dropped their *rôles* of tender husbands and fathers for a time, now flew off, well satisfied with their unerring wisdom, to point the moral of this tragical history to their family circles.¹

CHAPTER XII.—THE LITTLE WEED.

“D'étouffer sa fureur, mon cœur n'est plus le maître
Il s'ouvre, il laisse enfin éclater ses transports
Et leur trop juste excès les répand au dehors.”

—DELAVIGNE.

The bloody drama which was so widely talked of in the stork world had passed unnoticed in the village below, so true it is that we are often ignorant of the life of our next-door neighbours.

It had all happened in the early dawn, just after sunrise, when most people were still asleep. Perhaps, had Kuba been a spectator of the scene, he might have been able to give a satisfactory explanation of the night-egg to the husband who thought himself betrayed. The only person awake within the cottage was Magda, and she was far too much taken up with her own sufferings to have any thought of the storks. She had been lying awake all night; and she knew that her hour of trial was approaching, but she made no sound of complaint. Her only wish was to die, since life could give her nothing but remorse and shame.

Towards morning, however, a louder groan escaped her lips.

Filip opened his eyes, then got up and dressed himself slowly, looking at Magda all the time.

“What is the matter with you?” he said, after he had watched her for some minutes.

“I think I am ill.”

“I shall fetch the *baba*,” he said, leaving the cottage.

The *baba* (*alias* the rustic Polish Mother Gamp) came speedily, for she knew that Filip was well to do; and though he was known to be close-handed, yet, on an occasion like this, she might well hope for something beyond the glass of *wódki* and the piece of fresh butter or basket of eggs with which her services were often requited in poorer households.

It was near mid-day when at last she came out of the cottage to look for Filip. She found him

¹ The incident referred to of a stork killing his partner on suspicion of infidelity, and assisted therein by other storks, is one said to have been frequently observed by naturalists.

sitting in his work-shed, and scowling at the half-finished figure of St Peter.

He looked up as she approached.

"Is she dead?" he asked, in an expressionless manner.

"Dead!" screamed the old woman; "and what for should she be dead? The blessed Virgin and the saints have seen her through her trouble,—not but what she is as strong and handsome a young woman as you may see—and, please God, she will live to give you many other such children."

"She has a child?" he asked, as though he had not anticipated the event.

"As fine a boy as you can wish to see. You may be a proud and a happy man to-day, Filip Buska, and you might well remember the poor old *baba* who has served you so well."

But Filip called out, "Hold your chattering tongue!" so roughly, that she shrank back and said hastily—

"Very well—very well, Filip Buska; I am in no hurry to be paid. When you take your son to church, then I am sure you will not forget the poor old *baba*. But now I must be gone, for I have other sick people to see to. I shall come back to-morrow morning to look after your wife, and you will take care of her to-day. Be kind to her, Filip Buska—be kind to her; for though she is as fine a young woman as ever I saw, yet she has suffered much, and is very weak. A kind word often does more good to women at that time than a whole bundle of blest herbs, may God forgive me for saying so; but it is true. Be kind to her."

"Yes; I shall be kind to her," he muttered, bitterly—"as kind as she deserves."

Filip's idea of kindness, and his opinion of Magda's deserts, may be

gathered from his behaviour on re-entering the cottage.

He went up to the bed where Magda lay as white as the sheet spread over her, her eyes half closed, her dark hair in tumbled masses over the pillow. A small downy head of flaxen hair was nestling against her arm.

Filip gazed at mother and child for some time in silence; at last he said—

"Magda, do you know that I should kill you?"

"Why?" she asked indifferently, raising her heavy eyes towards him. She was not fully conscious as yet—had not recovered her own identity, as it were—but was still hovering on the confines of that unknown country to which her spirit had so nearly taken flight.

"For bringing shame upon yourself and upon me—for bringing this fair-haired brat into my house."

He lifted up the child suddenly as he spoke, and held it against the light. Certainly the tiny morsel of humanity, with its pink crumpled face and golden fluffy head, presented no point of resemblance to the dark, hard-featured man who held it; but then, new-born babies rarely resemble anybody in particular, except in the imagination of doting relatives.

"Give me my child!" cried Magda, sitting up, and now roused to full consciousness. "Kill me if you like—I do not care—but do not touch my child." She spoke almost fiercely, and stretched out her arms with feverish energy. She was no longer pale; her cheeks were burning with a crimson flush, and her dark eyes shining with a delirious fire.

Filip laid down the infant as suddenly as he had taken it up, and scratched his head in deep thought.

"No, I shall not kill her," he said to himself—"that would do no good, and would alter nothing; but—but I shall do something else."

That night the moon shone out brightly over the landscape, turning all things to silver and crystal, and filling the stream and lake with argentine reflections. The blossoms shone white as snow on the fruit-trees, and the moonbeams rested likewise on the stiff white figure of the dead stork upon the roof.

At daybreak, when Filip rose to go to his work, Magda's bed was empty. No trace of her or of the infant was to be seen. Filip stood staring stupidly at the empty bed for full five minutes before he went in search of her. He could not at first collect his thoughts—it seemed to him as if the event of yesterday had been but a nightmare dream. But Magda was nowhere to be found—not in the shed, nor in the courtyard, nor in the garden. Then he gave the alarm to the neighbours, and the village was searched; but she was concealed nowhere, and no one had seen her pass.

The old women said that the devil must have taken her; and some of the men, seeing Filip's face so dark and stern, thought it probable that he had lent the Evil One a helping hand in the matter, and murdered both mother and child, but none dared speak this thought aloud. As for Filip himself, he felt an agonising fear in his heart lest she should have destroyed herself in a fit of terror or despair. This thought it was which made him have the lake and the river searched all round the village; but this, too, had no result beyond disturbing the frogs and making them leap by hundreds into the water, and startling up an occasional wild duck.

The sun was nearly setting when a shepherd lad came running from the forest with pale affrighted face, and as he ran he crossed himself often with the sign of the cross.

"There is a ghost up yonder in the forest," he gasped—"an evil spirit!"

No further information could be got out of him, and both promises and threats had to be put largely into use before he would consent to show them the place.

Accordingly, a reconnoitring party, consisting of Filip Buska, the sacristan, and the old *baba*, set out to the forest accompanied by their trembling guide. The sacristan had provided himself with a gigantic bottle of holy water for exorcising the spectre, but had likewise taken the precaution of carrying a good-sized pickaxe with him, for the contingency of the ghost not proving amenable to purely spiritual weapons.

When they came in sight of the great beech-tree which stood in the depth of the forest, they perceived something white shining through the foliage.

"*Boze moje!* (my God!) there it is again!" exclaimed the terrified cowherd; "all the holy saints preserve us!"

"Come on," said Filip sternly, laying his hand upon him.

"I cannot, Master Filip—I cannot. My legs tremble so, that I cannot move a step;" and with an unexpected movement he wrenched himself free, and the legs which had refused to take him a single step in advance, now displayed remarkable agility in taking him back towards the village.

The sacristan and the old woman looked as if they would fain have copied the cowherd's example; but Filip said "Come on" again so sternly that they durst not disobey,

—so with a sigh of resignation they followed him.

In another minute these three people stood round a fallen tree-trunk, gazing at an apparition which might well have passed for unearthly, seen thus in the moonlight. No pickaxe, no holy water, was needed here, however,—only a poor helpless woman was sitting on the trunk, gazing before her with large eyes dilated by fever.

This was the same spot where once last summer Magda had lingered too long in stick-gathering, and hither she had come again in the instinct of her delirium.

Under the large beech-tree, cushioned on the velvety moss, lay the new-born infant, covered only by a linen rag, profoundly asleep in the moonlight. On the branches overhead hung the swaddling-clothes in which it had been wrapped; and these, too, hung dazzling white as the moonbeams touched them, like a snowy pennon hoisted there to mark the abode of some beautiful sorceress.

Magda stared at them with dark unseeing eyes, making no gesture of surprise or fright; she seemed, in fact, to be unaware of their presence, but went on singing softly to herself:—

“Damp and dreary in the valley
Falls the winter snow;
Moaning loudly in the chimney,
Whirling tempests blow.

Here I sit alone, forsaken,
Watch the curling smoke,
Thinking of the days departed,
Ere my heart it broke.

Ah, my young and joyful summers,
Like the smoke, they're fled;
Would that I were laid to slumber
With the quiet dead!”

“Speak to her, Master Filip!
Why do you not speak to her,”
said the sacristan.

Filip seemed to be struggling

with himself. At last he made an effort, and said, “Magda——”

No answer; she went on singing to herself—

“God of mercy, God of pity,
Let, oh let me die!
Give my useless days to other,
Happier maids than I.”

“Magda!” he said again, and went a step nearer; but she never moved, and continued her melancholy song—

“Oh, my mother you were cruel,
When you gave me life;
Would your milk had been my poison,
And your kiss a knife!”

Had you drowned me when you bathed
me,
That were kindness true—
Had you let me starve of hunger,
Ere I older grew.”

He touched her hand, he tried to lead her away; she let her hand remain passively in his, but she made no effort to rise—she did not seem to feel his touch, or to hear his voice.

“Day by day I sit here lonely
With my aching pain;
Who will ease me of my burden,
Who will cut my chain?”

The three spectators stared at each other discomfited. How were they to induce her to come home? They could not leave her there in the forest in her burning fever. Already the air was getting cold and chill, and the dew beginning to fall.

But woman's wit is sharper than man's on such occasions, and it was the old *baba* who hit the nail on the head.

“I will tell you what to do,” she said; “the child, give it to me,” and she lifted the sleeping infant from the ground.

“Wherefore pine I thus forsaken,
Like a useless weed?
Death, oh come and end my sorrow——”

Magda's song came suddenly to an end. Gazing fixedly at the baby, she slowly rose, and made a step forward like a person in a dream.

The old woman carried the infant in advance, always two or three steps in front of Magda, and Magda followed step by step, always stretching out her hands before her.

In this way they led her home and laid her on her bed. She did not again attempt to leave it, though she tossed restlessly from side to side, and muttered wild things in her delirium.

She called repeatedly on her husband to stay with her, not to leave her alone; then she would cry out against St Peter, who, she said, was pursuing her with his great key.

For many days her life was in danger; but she was young and strong, and the death which she had hoped for, and which Filip told himself would be best for both of them, did not come.

Filip watched Magda unremittingly during those days and nights when her life hung in the balance. He seemed to have forgotten, or to have laid aside, all his anger against her. "I only do it because she is ill, and does not know me," he said to himself sometimes, as though to excuse in his own eyes the weakness which prompted him to bathe her forehead with assiduous care, or put her pillows to rights; and by degrees, as the danger passed and she recovered her consciousness, in the same proportion did his face become stern and his words cold and hard again.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE BLACK COW AND THE OLD WOMAN.

"Virtue returns into vice,
And honour into avarice;
With covetyce is conscience slain—
All earthly joy returns in pain."
—DUNBAR.

At last one morning Filip said to Magda, "Magda, do you think you can get up yet?"

"Yes," she said; "I feel quite strong;" and she made an effort to rise, but her trembling limbs and her ashy face belied her words, and she sank back on her bed.

"No, not to-day," said Filip; "but to-morrow or next day, when you are quite well, I shall take you to your brother's house;" he paused, as though he expected an answer, but none came. "You understand, of course, that after what has happened I cannot keep you and—this—this—child in my house?" he paused again. "You understand me, Magda?"

"I understand."

No more words passed between them on this subject. Perhaps he had expected tears and prayers, and had been prepared to resist all such supplication. If so, he was spared this trial.

Two days later the cart was harnessed with the two meagre *konikis* (peasant horses). Magda, holding her baby, got in. Filip took the reins, and drove them up hill and down dale for many a weary hour.

It was a long and fatiguing drive, and it was passed in silence. Magda leant back apathetically against the straw bundles which formed her seat; the baby slumbered peacefully, only now and then waking up and claiming its

natural nourishment as loudly and imperiously as though all the blood of all the Howards ran in its veins, and there had never been a mistake at all about the colour of its hair.

Late in the afternoon they reached the distant village where Magda's brother dwelt.

He was but moderately pleased to see his sister, for in a poor household an additional mouth to feed is a serious consideration; and having five children of his own already, this newly arrived baby possessed little attraction.

"She can stay here," he said to Filip with a sort of grudging welcome. "Where else should she go, if you will not keep her?"

"But I cannot keep her, you know," said Filip. "How could I keep her after what has passed?"

Filip only stayed to rest his horses, and refusing all invitations to stop the night, he started back for home. As he drove along in the balmy May night, he told himself that he had done a very wise thing in sending away his wife. It was the best and wisest,—in fact, the only thing to be done. He repeated this over and over again, just as if some one had been contradicting him, or as if he had required to convince himself. The sight of Magda and of that child would have been a continual source of irritation to him. Now, at least, he would have nothing to disturb him: he would be able to work in peace at St Peter and the gates, which had been so sadly neglected of late, but which were now approaching completion; and as for the children, why, they were now old enough to take care of themselves—in fact they would be a help rather than a hindrance to him. They were nearly eight years old; Kuba was sensible enough to herd the cow, and

Kasza would soon learn to prepare the food.

"Kuba," he said to his son next day, "you will take the cow out to pasture in the forest, and see that she gets plenty grass to eat."

"Yes, father; I know where is the very best grass."

For a day or two all went well, and Kuba seemed to justify the confidence placed in him. He came back every evening with the cow, who chewed her cud in a remarkably contented manner, as though she had been particularly satisfied with the nourishment she had received. On the third day, however, Kuba came back crying, with an angry peasant beside him. The angry peasant carried a thick stick, which he still shook threateningly over the boy's head.

"He has beaten me," roared Kuba from a distance.

"I have not beaten him half enough," explained the peasant; "the good-for-nothing scamp has been feeding his cow in my corn-field."

"Father told me to give it the best grass," said Kuba, sulkily.

"Then your father will be pleased to pay for it as well. Holloa, neighbour Filip! that will be a little debt for us to settle in the harvest-time. Four *kopys* (a measure) at the very least is the damage done. Come and see for yourself."

Filip went and saw for himself the trampled field and the bitten-off corn-ears, and was obliged to admit grudgingly that certainly there was some damage done; not four *kopys*, of course, as his neighbour declared, but two, or perhaps three. "The child is young," he said in excuse, not caring to mention that he intended to treat the young child to a remarkably severe hiding that evening.

"If he is young, the more reason to look after him. You did an

unwise thing, neighbour, in sending your wife away."

"But I could not have kept her," said Filip.

"Well, well; you know your own business best, I suppose. But keep your cow out of my field in future; that is all I ask."

This was how Kuba fulfilled his duties as a cow-herd; and some days later, Filip was to have a sample of Kasza's qualifications as cook. Before that, however, he was surprised by receiving a visit from his brother-in-law.

"What is the matter?" asked Filip, looking up on seeing Magda's brother appear thus unexpectedly before him. "Why have you come? Has Magda sent you?"

"She has not sent me," answered Karol; "but I have come to fetch her cow."

"Her cow?"

"Yes, her cow; it is hers, you know."

"Well, yes, it is hers certainly," admitted Filip.

"And the cow is here?"

"The cow is here, of course. Where else should it be?"

"But why should it be here?" pursued the brother-in-law. "If you will not keep your wife, why should you keep her cow?"

This was quite a new version of the case to Filip. Of course he could not keep the woman—he had told himself so hundreds of times; but it had never occurred to him that there was any reason for parting with the cow. It had done nothing wrong.

"Look you here, brother Filip; I am a poor man, as you well know, and I have taken in Magda because she is my sister, as how should I let her starve or go begging her bread on the road? But another mouth to feed is a heavy burden, and she is not strong enough to work in the fields yet.

This cow, which belongs to her, will help to cover her board and the child's. You should have brought it at once with her—that would have saved me this journey."

"I did not think of it," said Filip. "But I suppose you can take it," he added, rather ungraciously.

When, an hour or two later, his brother-in-law was starting back homewards with the speckled cow tied behind the cart, Filip asked suddenly—

"Did—did—your sister not say anything? Did she send me no message?"

"None," said Karol, as he drove away.

A few days after this, Filip announced that he had finished the altar-gates; they were done, all but the painting and gilding, and he was going to town next day to fetch the colour for them.

A choice group of village *connoisseurs* had come to inspect this work of art. Most of them rocked their bodies in mute admiration, only one of them was flippant enough to remark—

"But St Peter looks for all the world like the old Jew who sells *wódki* at the turnpike."

Filip frowned, and said that was only because it was not painted yet; the oak-stain which he was going to purchase at the town to-morrow would endow the saint with far more dignity of expression.

When he came back through the forest next evening with the bottles of oak-stain and gold paint in his pockets, it was past sunset, and the moon had already risen. He could not understand why the moonshine seemed so red and bloody to-night, just like the sunset on a frosty winter's day; but as he came nearer he saw that the

red was not of sun or moon, but the reflection of dancing flames.

"Something is burning in the village," he said, and he quickened his pace.

"It is my house that is burning!" he exclaimed a little later, as he came near enough to distinguish details.

Truly indeed his house was burning; the great red flames leaped and gambolled on the roof with a rustling, crackling noise; already half of the thatch was gone, and the fire had caught the empty cow-shed alongside as well, which, being but lightly covered with twigs and dried moss, was rapidly being consumed.

A number of the neighbours had been feebly attempting to extinguish the conflagration; but some of them were timid, and many were indifferent, and none of them knew how to work without a head to direct them. Luckily that head had appeared upon the scene in time, before it was too late to save the rest of the building. Wet sheets and blankets spread over the thatched roof prevented the flames from extending farther; and as the night was calm and still, the fire, thus discouraged, soon died out of itself. It smouldered away by degrees, showing still a red-white glow at places, while the crisp thatch crumbled away in the shape of fiery worms on to the ground below.

"How did it happen?" was Filip's first question when he could draw breath.

"It was the children," said the neighbours.

"No, father, it was the potatoes," said Kuba; and Kasza put in, "We were so hungry, Kuba and I, and there was nobody to give us our supper, and there was no milk, because the cow is gone; so we lighted the fire ourselves,

but it wouldn't burn rightly, so we put in the hay and the straw out of the shed, and then the fire got too big, and all our potatoes were burnt up before we had eaten them;" and at the painful recollection Kasza's mouth began to quiver ominously. "And we are very hungry, Kuba and I; and please, father, will you give us our supper now?"

"I shall give you a beating," said the distracted father with a groan.

Next morning Filip stood looking at his burnt-down cow-shed and his charred roof for a long time, lost in thought, his foot pensively stirring the heap of grey ashes; then he seemed to come to a sudden resolution, for he shouldered his axe abruptly, and went off to the forest to cut new props and beams to replace those that had been destroyed.

In spite of his thrifty nature, he engaged two workmen to help him, and laboured with indefatigable energy at the repairs; and when the roof was finished, he set to building up the shed again.

"What is the good of a cow-shed when you have no cow?" asked one of the neighbours. "You will not be buying another cow this year, I reckon, and what is left is big enough for the horses."

"How do you know that I shall not have a cow to put in it this year?" said Filip.

When all was finished, Filip one morning early harnessed his cart, and told Kuba and Kasza to get in. He was going away for the whole day, he said, and he would not trust them alone again.

He locked the cottage-door, and they drove away.

The villagers who saw them pass in the early dawn commented much on this unexpected move, and many and various were the explanations and conjectures.

"He has gone to buy a cow,—I had it from himself," said one.

"But where can he have gone for a cow?" objected another. "There is no fair this week anywhere in the country."

"And," said a third, "if he has gone to buy a cow, why take the children with him?"

"Perhaps he has gone quite away to settle elsewhere, or take service with some *Panie*."

"But then, why should he have built up the cottage?"

"And the cow-shed?"

"That is for the new cow."

"But he has not gone to buy a cow, I tell you; the children——"

"The children! Now I have it," said an old woman. "He has taken away the children to give them in charge to some relation. When a man has no wife to mind his house, what should he do with two bairns like that? Burning his house down over his head and getting him into fresh trouble every day. So mark my words—he will come back without the children."

"Yes, yes, Mother Halka," repeated a chorus; "you have hit the nail on the head; you are a wise woman. He will come back without the children."

That day and the next the cottage remained locked, but late in the evening of the second day a cart was seen returning from the direction which Filip had taken the day before. It was already wellnigh dark when the vehicle was seen driving into the little courtyard, the gate of which was immediately

shut behind them. Despite the darkness, however, the neighbours had been able to distinguish the outlines of several figures—two larger and two smaller black silhouettes.

"He has brought back the children, after all," said one in surprise.

"And so old Mother Halka was wrong for once."

"A cow, a cow!" announced a lad who had been peeping over the paling. "He has bought a new cow; I saw him lead it into the shed."

"What colour is the cow?" was asked in great excitement.

"I do not know; I think it is black."

"There is a woman in the cart," was the next piece of news.

"A woman!" This was even more surprising intelligence than the cow.

"What sort of woman?"

"I cannot see very well. Now she has gone into the house. I think it is an old woman—perhaps Filip's grandmother; and she is carrying a bundle."

"Shall I go over and look?" asked an enterprising maiden—"just to see what the woman and the cow are like?"

"No, no," decided the other. "It might anger Filip Buska; he likes not to be pried upon. Tomorrow will be time enough to see a black cow and an old woman. Let us go to bed; it is late."

Nevertheless the black cow and the old woman, combined with the fact that Filip had brought back his two children, disturbed many minds that night at Rudniki.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONCLUSION.

"Kein Mensch hat ganz Unrecht, und Keiner ganz Recht."

—JEAN PAUL.

Night is a notorious impostor, who loves to mislead us, and to indulge in bewildering masquerade. Not content with effacing

all colour and gilding, she further delights in confusing outlines and exchanging forms, so that we ask ourselves in vain which is youth and which is age? where is beauty, and where ugliness?

We cannot guess at the answer to those riddles as long as everything is veiled in a uniform black domino. But the counter-enchanted Day is at hand, and with the first wave of his golden wand he dispels all illusion, tears off the black domino, and the masquerade is at an end. Everything resumes its primitive colour and shape; beauty and ugliness, age and youth, are once more as distinct from each other as goat from sheep.

When, therefore, as usual, the sun rose next morning at Rudniki, changing black weird ghosts back into gnarled oak-trees, bands of spectre warriors into peaceful hay-cocks, crouching dragons into rotten tree-stumps, the inhabitants of the village became likewise aware that their eyes had deceived them singularly the night before, in showing them a black cow, and an old woman with a bundle.

The cow was not black—it was speckled; and the woman was not old—she was young and beautiful, and in place of a bundle she carried a baby in her arms. In other words, it was Magda herself who, with her baby and her speckled cow, had returned to her husband's house, henceforward to leave it no more.

The neighbours wondered and stared for a day or two; but wondering and staring are never of long duration, and people soon forget the little episode of Magda's visit to her brother's house and her sensational return.

Most people said that Filip had done a wise thing in taking back his wife, and others added that it would have been wiser yet if he

had never sent her away; he would have spared himself a useless journey and a burnt roof.

What had passed between husband and wife was never exactly known, nor what had been the reason which had determined Filip to take back Magda and agree to forgive and forget the past. Perhaps the burnt roof and Kuba's misdemeanours had something to do with the matter; or perhaps the speckled cow, which had once weighed so heavily in the matrimonial balance, had still further displayed her matchmaking propensities in bringing the couple once more together. Or was it not perhaps a better and nobler motive than all these?—the godlike spirit of charity, which teaches us to forgive the wrongs of others, as we hope ourselves to be forgiven?

Probably the motives were so complex, that not even Filip himself could have analysed them.

Some weeks after Magda's return, she found her husband standing in the shed gazing intently at a small piece of charred wood which he held in his hand. This was all that remained of those luckless gates, which once had been so near completion, but which now would never adorn the village church.

"Seventy florins!" he said, mournfully. "It would have brought me in seventy florins. And now it is too late; I cannot begin again, and the Curé will order the gates elsewhere. I shall never have such a chance again. Seventy florins gone!"

"Let them go!" cried Magda, impetuously; "there are other things, better things, than money. Those gates have led to nothing but misery; let them remain closed for ever!"

Filip gazed intently at his wife; then he extended his hand to her and echoed her words, "Let them

go!" and he stifled the sigh with which he threw away the last remnant of St Peter and his key.

As years passed on, there was peace in the little cottage, and Filip never regretted his generosity towards Magda. Seeing her thus, with the light of happiness in her eye and a smile on her lips, no one would have thought that she had ever been otherwise than a happy and contented wife. Even the little fair-haired baby who had brought such revolution into the household, ceased by degrees to be a source of irritation: time, which harmonises so many things, darkened his hair and browned his face, so that he grew more like the other children, and was less of an eyesore; and it was scarcely felt to be a relief when one summer, when he was about four years old, the spectre cholera, in paying another flying visit to the place, thought fit to pluck this useless little weed.

Magda has now a new string of corals round her neck, and two other children of her own by her side, black-eyed urchins who bid fair to rival their step-brother Kuba in pranks and mischief. Kuba's famous achievement, however, with the duck's egg, they will not be able to imitate, for the storks never built again upon that roof.

Danelo has removed to a distant village, where he has married a wealthy widow some years older than himself. He beats his wife when he comes home drunk on Saturday nights, and at such times she cries, and vows that she is the most miserable woman on earth; but on the whole, they do not get on much worse than their neighbours, and for the sake of his blue eyes and radiant smile she would

doubtless forgive yet greater offences.

Madame Wolska, now Princess Rascalinska, rarely comes to Rudniki. She is usually to be heard of at Paris, or at some of the fashionable watering-places. Some people say that her second marriage has not been more successful than the first, for Prince Rascalinski gambles away a large proportion of her income, and cares far more for the society of notorious actresses than for that of his handsome wife; and such people wonder that Sophie Rascalinska does not seek for a divorce.

Better-informed folk, however, who know more of the world, are probably right in asserting that the penniless and obscure Sophie Bienkowska has been perfectly successful in both her matrimonial ventures. By the first she got wealth; by the second, position. Prince Rascalinski married her for her money, and she took him for his name, which gives her the *entrée* to fastidious aristocratic circles where plain Madame Wolska would not have been received.

Thus it comes about, all over the world, that couples are kept together by some sort of link—but that rarely, very rarely, that link is the golden rivet of pure love.

It is usually gold of another sort, or interest, or only a cow, or still less—a name.

Many people start in life with a stock of high principles, but have to lay them aside as unpractical and expensive luxuries. Poor people cannot afford them, and rich people do not seem able to afford them either.

High principles are therefore only made for storks, who are free to act according to their lights with an undeviating sense of justice.

SCEPTICAL THEORIES.

WE do not pretend that the above title completely covers the ground occupied by Dr Tulloch's recently published volume, named below, to which we propose to call the attention of our readers. The nine essays collected in it, two only of which are new, the rest having already appeared in the periodical literature of the day, are reviews of as many different philosophical utterances of one kind or another, ranging from Dr Tyndall's dithyrambic apotheosis of Matter before the British Association, to the ponderous transcendentalism of Kant, and the deification of abstract humanity by Comte. They deal, accordingly, with many problems of thought which are too abstruse for these lighter pages, and which, if we were to attempt to discuss in a popular manner, we should run the risk of only puzzling our readers, if not ourselves into the bargain. To serious students, indeed, of human thought, who wish to dig down to the foundations on which science and morals have been built up, and to ascertain how far sensation can be the basis of knowledge, and instinct of ethical judgment, the abstruser parts of these essays will furnish valuable hints to guide them in their arduous investigations, warn them off the pitfalls which gape for the unwary, and clear up for them some of the countless perplexities with which the field of metaphysics is thickly strewn. But we confess that we have not

sufficient confidence in the prevalence of an appetite for such strong meat, to embolden us to offer even so much as a scanty meal of it here. Nor shall we do more than make a passing allusion to the lighter and more generally attractive portions of the essays, which are of a biographical character. Those—and we hope they are many—who have made acquaintance with Dr Tulloch's delightful little treatise on Pascal, in the series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers," will not be surprised to find him, in the present volume, sketching with perspicuity and graceful sympathy the story and character of more than one of the well-known writers, whose works come under his hands for judgment. With a few masterly touches he places before us the eccentric apostle of Positivism, and expounds the strange metamorphosis produced in his gospel by his short acquaintance with Madame Clotilde de Vaux, under whose stimulating influence an arid classification of human knowledge budded apace into an enthusiastic religion, with its temples and priesthood, its sacraments and festal commemorations. At the opposite end of the philosophical scale, as well as of the volume, will be found a charming sketch of the oracular critic of reason and conscience, to whom the dreary old town of Königsberg owes its fame—the immortal Kant, who may be said to have divided himself rather unfairly between his so-

Modern Theories in Philosophy and Religion. By John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D., Author of 'Rational Theology and Christian Philosophy in England in the Seventeenth Century,' 'Leaders of the Reformation,' &c. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1884.

cial habits and his published works, bestowing all his simplicity on the one, and all his complexity on the other; and who, if the "sweet girl graduates" will allow us to say it, may, for the sake of his "categorical imperative," be pardoned his ungallant "synthetic judgment," that "a woman whose head is full of Greek, may as well have a beard on her chin." Between these biographical sketches come notices of Ferrier, the subtle and combative metaphysician of St Andrews; of William Smith, the author of 'Thorndale' and 'Gravenhurst,' one of the most frequent contributors to this Magazine a generation ago, and remarkable for the fastidious beauty and delicacy of his thought; and lastly, of the atrabilious triad of Kill-joys, Leopardi, Schopenhauer, and Hartmann, in whose sombre pages the music of the spheres degenerates into a concert of groans, and the universe is depicted as a discord in black.

While, however, we pass lightly over so much that enters into Dr Tulloch's volume, and concentrate our attention on the single topic of "Sceptical Theories," we are by no means so eclectic or arbitrary in our treatment as it might at first appear. His nine essays are all bound together by a common purpose, and proceed upon a common principle. What he aims throughout them all at doing is, by his own confession, to state plainly the points at issue between the old Christian faith and the naturalism which modern scepticism proposes to substitute for it, and to show how defective and unsatisfactory is every basis of life and thought from which the supernatural has been excluded. In fact it is but a single central problem which, in these essays, he is ap-

proaching on different sides, and contemplating under various aspects—a problem in which the essential character and dignity of human nature are involved, and with the solution of which its destinies are bound up. *What is man?* is the grand question, over which he perceives the several hosts of science, philosophy, and religion to be hotly contending; and like a red-cross knight he rushes into the fray, to strike a blow in defence of the anthropology which the Bible has enshrined and the Churches have taught.

Why this conflict should have so many sides and phases will readily appear, if we recollect into how many discordant factions the sceptical army is broken up. "Quot homines, tot sententiæ," is applicable here. The Babel of voices by which answers are given to the question, "What is man?" has its amusing as well as its melancholy side. Man, cries one faction, is a peculiarly lucky member of the great zoological family, who by some happy fate or chance has been pitched up to the top of the animal scale, from whence, in the fleeting day of his pride, he can look down on the poor cousins he has left behind him, whether they grow in the soil, cleave the waters or the air, or roam through the prairie or the forest. Man, cries another faction, is a mere automaton, a flesh-and-bone machine worked by the pull of cosmic forces on the particles of his brain, yet ludicrously imagining all the while that he is regulating his own movements. Man, cries a third faction, is an ephemeral fragment of an eternal abstraction, a perishable atom of an imperishable ideal, a transient member of an immortal organism. Man, cries a fourth faction, is a finely

balanced chemical compound, which effervesces thought, imagination, affection, and emotion, by the action and reaction of its particles, and is destined presently to be resolved into carbonic acid, ammonia, and water. Man, cries a fifth faction, is a blunder, an accident, a morbid offspring of some unaccountable cosmic caprice, who cannot better employ his ill-gotten and disastrous consciousness than in the effort to hurl himself back again as soon as possible into nothingness. Many voices, many theories, indeed; but with all their divergences they agree in this,—that the heaven over our heads is empty; the spiritual world, to which we have fondly believed ourselves akin, but an illusion of fancy; the hope of personal immortality a mere dream; and that we ourselves are nothing but fleeting products of the physical forces of nature, minute fractions of a universe which can be defined in the terms of matter and motion.

It is with these degrading conceptions of human nature, then, that Dr Tulloch, throughout his *Essays*, is, in various ways, joining issue; and his contention, through all its forms, follows two lines. On one hand, he argues that by none of the theories propounded as substitutes for the old faith are the phenomena of human existence adequately explained; on the other, that our search for the divine, as the supreme factor in the universe, if it is to be satisfactorily pursued, must not start from the phenomena of the physical world, nor even from the consciousness of our own intelligence, but from our still higher consciousness of a spiritual element in us, which is the peculiar crown and glory of our

being. Of each of these lines we are able to give an illustration in Dr Tulloch's own words, although his volume does not easily lend itself to quotation. His sense of the failure of the modern sceptical theories, which endeavour to shoulder aside the Christian view of the universe, is expressed in the following passage:—

“We have no doubt whatever that when the Modern spirit has exhausted its searches in all directions, and seen how hollow are the successive theories which it would place in the room of the Divine Idea which has been the strength and consolation of man in all generations, it will return to this belief, not in mere cynicism or ‘apology,’ but as the only true light of the world—the faith which is at once most rational in itself, and which throws the brightest illumination of reason around the mysteries of existence.”—(P. 221.)

The other point of his contention,—the necessity of setting out from a belief in the spiritual element which enters into the constitution of man, if we would reach a belief in an eternal, all-creating Spirit,—is forcibly exhibited in these sentences:—

“If there is no spirit in man, he can never find a Spirit above him. . . . The reality of a spiritual Reason in man, with the fundamental principles which it implies of Cause, Substance, Personality, is the only rational foundation of belief in a supreme spiritual Existence or Divine Being.”—(P. 73.) “Unless we start with the Divine in man, we can never reach it in Nature.”—(P. 120.) “If man is not primarily a conscious Spirit, and thought the peculiar property of this Spirit, there can be no rational vindication to him of an Eternal Spirit or Mind. If he does not himself, in his essence of consciousness, transcend Nature, he can never find anything above Nature, whether Eternal Idea or Supreme In-

telligence. For the dome of Nature, by hypothesis, encloses him, and there is no shaft in it piercing to an upper sky."—(P. 121.)

Having given in these extracts a sample of Dr Tulloch's thought, and of his manner of expressing it, we venture to add some remarks, suggested by his volume, on the chief sceptical theories against which he has laid his lance in rest. We would, first of all, say with all seriousness, that we think old-fashioned believers like ourselves have great reason to be thankful to the modern despisers of Revelation, for the candour which they have shown in telling us plainly what they have to offer in its place. Had they been wise in their generation, they would surely have practised a more prudent reserve, and to all our demands for their explanation of the universe and of man, have simply opposed an obstinate "We don't know." But fortunately for our cause, they have spared us from sighing with Job, "Oh that mine adversary had written a book!" They have written, in an evil hour for their credit, and have thereby delivered themselves into our hands. "Whom the gods mean to destroy, they first drive into folly," said the ancients; and something of the same sort may be said of our modern sceptical theorists. The rational impulse which compels men to ask Whence? and Why? has proved too strong for them; and it is through their yielding to it that the weakness and absurdity of their position have become so strikingly manifest.

To bear out this statement, we may begin by noticing what they have to say about the genesis of the universe. Our venerable theory of an Almighty Will, creating, en-

dowing, evolving, and ordering, so as by gradual processes to produce this magnificent cosmos, with all its superb garniture of grandeur and beauty, is contemptuously rejected by them: they treat it as an old fable, and they will have none of it. The universe, they prefer to say, has grown of itself; it has been evolved by its own inherent forces; it is automatic, self-moving, and self-sustaining. In proof of this, they take us back, step by step, to a primordial cosmic cloud—a formless immense of attenuated vapour, reposing or whirling, no one knows how, in the bosom of boundless space. There, they say with exultation, is the parent of everything; there the germ out of which the All has developed itself—the mighty Egg from which Being was hatched! In that elemental world-mist were held in solution—so these prophets assure us—all the noblest births that have adorned the annals of time; there floated in atomic shoals the triumphs of art, the resolves of heroism, the emotions of saintliness, the genius of a Plato, a Shakespeare, a Newton; there, within that primeval nebulosity, were seething and fermenting, in embryonic promise and potency, the beauty and glory of the countless galaxies which people infinitude. Prodigious! we mutter beneath our breath. But before giving the rein to our admiration, and shouting out, Great is the cosmic cloud of the atheists! we deem it prudent to ask a question or two, just to clear up a little matter which remains unexplained. Whence came this amazingly prolific chaos of ebullient vapour? What started it from its eternal repose into the activity of self-organisation; and how has it been sustained and guided in its passage

from chaotic homogeneity into the multiform complexity of the cosmos? To these simple questions, however, answers are as difficult to be got, as Glendower's spirits were to be evoked by his summons from the vasty deep. Our high-flying cosmic theorists have overlooked the necessity of completing their world-generating machinery by adding to it *an originating and working force*; and before the practical demand of a substitute for the Divine Hand which they have lightly discarded, their magnificent speculation, like the magic vision of Prospero, melts into air, into thin air, and leaves not a rack behind.

Descending now, somewhat dazed, from those cosmic heights to matters that come more nearly home to our bosoms, we invite our sceptical instructors to favour us with their explanation of the complex and richly endowed nature, in which all of us have the interest of proprietorship. As for the human body, with its physical appendencies and animal instincts, we abandon it to their theorising without demur. Whether it was originally formed at a stroke out of inanimate matter, or was gradually fashioned and perfected by passing through lower stages of organisation, does not concern us the least jot or tittle. For our physical origin we had as soon look back to some quadrumanous simian, as to the mere dust which we tread under our feet. It is the higher and more excellent part of our constitution that we want to be explained—the rational, moral, spiritual element, which we feel to be our true self. What this is capable of, and really is, we perceive when we observe it in its noblest developments; its genuine character becomes manifest in the

genius which penetrates and enlightens, in the goodness which triumphs over every debasing seduction, in the saintliness which bows in rapt adoration before the unseen Father of lights. Of this best, this unique element in the nature of man, which alone makes him to be human, we ask our sceptical prophets for their explanation. And with a superior smile they condescendingly assure us, that we have set them no difficult task. You must have noticed, they say, the insect communities, with their aptitudes for social order; the cawing of rooks in council, the sagacity of domesticated pets, the humours and rivalries of many a bird and beast, are doubtless familiar to you; nor can you be ignorant of the instincts by which every tribe of animals produces and rears its young. Well, just advance a little on the same line—throw in a little more of the teaching of experience to perfect the instinct—and you come in sight of what you seek. Full-blown man is but the last grade in the animal scale. Ah! we exclaim—as soon as we recover speech after the shock which the amazing bathos of this explanation has caused us,—you mean surely that even the inferior animals possess in a lower degree that immaterial element, that spiritual faculty, which culminates in the more favoured nature of man. Not for a moment! is the angry retort. Such antiquated notions as spirit and immateriality have no place, they assure us, in their enlightened creed. Matter is everything with them, and everything is matter—instinct, mind, morality, religion, are nothing else than vibrations of the particles of the brain. With a coarse set of vibrations we may get a goose or a

bear; with a more delicate set a dog or an ape; a little more refinement still, and a poet, a philosopher, or a saint may be reached. Like the seasoning in the famous meat-pies, it is the quality of the vibrations that does it. The brain,—they go on to say, with a metaphor which they flatter themselves must carry conviction with it,—the brain secretes thought, as the liver secretes bile. If so, we cannot help thinking, what an opening for the cookery of the future! Everybody is aware that secreting glands create nothing, and that every particle of the substances which issue from them must first have been conveyed into them by the circulating blood. If the brain is to secrete thought, it must first be supplied with the materials, the elementary particles, of thought, by the blood which nourishes it. But all that the blood carries to any organ is derived from the food which is eaten. If then it be true, as the last word of sceptical psychology, that thought is a physical secretion of the brain, eating and thinking, food and ideas, are bound indissolubly together; and it only remains for science to discover how the diet is to be arranged and varied so as to produce any required mental article—whether it be mathematical genius or poetical imagination, maiden modesty, maternal love, or the lofty self-devotion of the hero and the martyr!

But we have more to ask of these expounders of atheistical philosophy. We cannot forget the part which personal religion has played in the story of man's life. Every page of history is stamped with it. In all ages tried and suffering hearts have turned, by an irresistible impulse, to seek consolation and strength from a

Being above them, who, they were persuaded, could feel for their woes, and was worthy of their trust. The old forms of this faith have been exploded by the sceptics, or at least dismissed with contempt from their own minds; and since theories with them are as "plentiful as blackberries," we are curious to learn what they can propound to fill up the aching void in the hearts of the children of sorrow. And they are equal to the occasion. Religion must exist, they admit, and must have an object on which to fasten; for to be religious and to worship is an essential characteristic of human beings. But it soon turns out that they are far from being agreed about the object round which religion is to cling for support. Nor can we wonder at this; for to discover in a universe of unconscious matter anything deserving of worship and trust looks rather like a hopeless enterprise. But, as we have said, they are equal to the occasion, only they answer our inquiry in different ways. Two noisy factions soon make themselves manifest. "Worship the Unknowable!" shout some; "Worship Humanity!" exclaim others with equal vehemence. They are for all the world like Gulliver's Big-endians and Little-endians. The big U is the watchword of one half, the big H of the other. If we listen to the former, our true refuge under the pressure of mortal ills is the great UNKNOWNABLE,—something which is supposed to lie behind everything, more formless even than Milton's "Death,"—

"That shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or
limb,"—

and veiled in impenetrable, everlasting darkness. Before the veil

which curtains this viewless, unimaginable phantom we are to bow down in grim silence, for that we should have anything to say to it is impossible: on this we are to do our best to concentrate our thoughts, when we feel ourselves in need of tender consolation or moral support: to this we are to refer the stricken children of mortality, as they cry out in their anguish day after day,—

“For never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.”

What a blessed thing to be able to go to the bereaved mother beside the empty cradle, or the desolate young widow as she presses her head against the vacant chair, and whisper in soothing tones, “My poor friend, think upon the Unknowable!” If we listen, however, to the rival faction, all this about the big U is nonsense. The sovereign thing, according to these, is the big H. HUMANITY,—“the continuous sum-total of all convergent beings,”—is the genuine deity, and Comte is his prophet. Brothers and sisters, they cry, what matters the little fleeting existence of any of us? We may come, and we may go, but the Race goes on for ever. What nobler future can any one desire, or conceive of, than to live hereafter in the books he has written, the sermons he has preached, the chairs and tables which his hands have fabricated? You may have your individual trials and disappointments, but here is the true balm for sorrow—here is the glory that gilds the doom of inevitable annihilation. In the time of tribulation, and in the hour of death, think upon the ever-evolving Organism of the Race, the concrete Ideal of Humanity, the Sum-Total into which the *élite* of men and beasts is subjectively

sublimed,—think upon this, and depart in peace!

Scarcely have we made our escape from the noisy conflict of these factions, than we are accosted by a grave philosopher, who, looking, like Lord Chancellor Thurlow, wiser than it is possible for any human being to be, recalls us from visionary abstractions to the solid ground of fact, and assures us that the real object of worship and trust is Nature—of course with the big N, in which much of the virtue lies. Cast your net wide, he urges, and take in the entire physical universe. Bring it to the philosophical font, and boldly baptise it with the name before which the world has hitherto worshipped; call it God! Seeing us a little startled at this audacious transfer of the name of the Holiest, he hastens to point out to us its advantages. You obtain, he says, a deity which the senses can perceive and the hands can manipulate. You get a comprehensible theology; for as soon as Nature is called God, all the natural sciences, chemistry, astronomy, geology, and so forth, at once become branches of divinity. Adoration is made easy. You have only to feel admiration of natural beauty, and thereby you become worshippers in the temple of the Highest. And if you want a church, why there are all the scientific societies to choose among: join any one of them, and there you are. If we still hesitate, and hint that a religion, a theology, a church, and a worship from which God has disappeared, is rather like the play of “Hamlet, the Prince of Denmark,” when Hamlet himself has been left out, and that Nature, when enthroned on the altar before which we are to worship, looks too much like a lay-figure, a puppet, and a sham; we are graciously en-

couraged to accept the travesty by the assurance that Nature really dresses up very well in the properties of the discarded theism, and that as soon as we become accustomed to see her in her borrowed robes, we shall find that she looks the part admirably, and gives every satisfaction.

Such are the sceptical theories which are offered to us in place of the old faith and the old religion,—the theories by which the new lights of humanity propose to guide and sweeten our lives, and to cheer and sustain us in death. Dr Tulloch, as it becomes a grave theologian, brings to bear against them his heavy artillery: we, having no dignity to maintain, prefer like skirmishers to hover round their skirts, and discharge against them

the lighter missiles of banter and ridicule. For as we compare them, one after another, with the grand explanation of the mystery of our Being which Revelation has set before us, we cannot help feeling that a shout of laughter is their most appropriate welcome—

“*Risum teneatis, amici?*”

For ourselves, we can honestly avow, that even were there nothing more serious to fear than the risk of being ridiculous, we should take good care to pass them by on the other side. Like the man in the Gospel who, after his experience of old wine, had no taste for the new, we too should turn away from these immature and frothy liquors, saying, “The old is better.”

V E N I C E.

THERE is perhaps no town in the world of which so much has been written and said as Venice. Other cities of the world have inspired the historian and the artist even in their ashes, and possess the un-failing interest and admiration of mankind: and some still sway the minds of men with a curious domination which seems something more than the mere effect of a collection of many minds, and feels like an actual personal influence. Rome and Florence in the one case, London and Paris in the other, are great and living potencies whose power no one can contest. But Venice has something of an additional and almost more subtle charm. Her great historical importance, her power as a school of art, are not less than those of her illustrious rivals in the past; but beyond these there is a personal charm, so to speak—an enchantment which is more individual than either. It is not because she is the city of the Doges, not for the sake of Bellini and Titian, not even for the devotion of that prophet whose name of Ruskin is a household word with every sacristan in the capital of San Marco. Great are these attractions to the reasonable and well-regulated mind, as well as to the cultured and æsthetic traveller. But there is still a class whose enthusiasm is not reasonable, to whom Venice is like a beloved woman, dear not because she is good or great, not because of her pedigree or her qualities, but for herself, which is the most subtle charm of passion. There is something in the gleam of her sea-streets, in the clear whiteness, perfected by tints of roses, in which every palace stands up between

sea and sky, with a quiver of sweet reflection and an intense purity of atmosphere beyond the power of words to express, which charm the very soul of the beholder. Pictures, churches, architecture are but secondary to this charm. The Tintorets, the Titians, the splendid Veroneses may leave the heart of the pilgrim cold; the charm of Giovanni Bellini (a greater wonder) may not move him; he may do little more than gape at the Carpaccios, even though he is assured that they are the best pictures ever painted; and he may find Venetian churches ugly, as many of them are to eyes accustomed to Gothic grace and loveliness;—but yet, if he is like the wedding guest in the “Ancient Mariner,” the man to whom it is appointed, Venice will be to him something that no other place is—a presence, an influence, the most living of abstractions. That gentle old *doyen* of her lovers, the late Rawdon Brown, who came to Venice for two or three days and stayed forty years and more, declared that he never in all that time acquired the calm of custom in respect to the city of his heart. She was always new to him, as if he saw her for the first time. The mingled surprise and rapture, which is the privileged mood of youth, kept this old man always young, and startled him as with a new sensation every time he came suddenly round the corner of his little canal and big faded palace face to face with Venice. “Out of Venice I may be happy; here I am blessed,” says an Italian adorer whose words are more effusive than the Englishman’s. Such a feeling cannot exist without call-

ing forth a great deal of nonsense, for rapture in all languages is apt to sound silly even to those who share it ; but the sentiment is very real, even though its expression may often be foolish.

The Grand Canal flows past the windows ; gondolas, sometimes with unseen loungers under the black *felze*, the dark figures of the rowers relieved against the green water, sometimes uncovered, with open-air groups, and all the pretty colours of spring toilets reflected in the rippled surface—shoot past and disappear. Now and then a clumsier *barca* laden with wood, or a black hull heavy with water, a floating tank, goes slowly by. From time to time comes pulsing along (but neither smoking nor screeching, for the devil is not so black as he is painted) the *vaporetto*, the steam-launch, most terrible of all innovations, which the Venetians love. Each moment another and another shining crest of steel, breasting the water like a swan, glides into the minute space framed by the window. No sound except the soft plash of the oars, the voices at the *traghetto*, softened by the air and sunshine, is in the whole shining world about. Opposite, on the little paved square at the corner of a small canal, there are a stream of passing figures going and coming over the bridges, and under the two trees which unfold their big crumpled leaves, day by day turning from brown to green ; all is sunshine, quiet, tranquil movement—life abundant and bright. The conventional sentiment of sadness with which right-minded persons, who think as they are taught to think, regard Venice, is, of all things in the world, the most alien to the brightness of everything around—the dazzling of the lights upon the water, the endless succession of moving ob-

jects, the sense of enjoyment on all sides. When every ripple is like the facet of a diamond dispensing light, when not a moment passes without some novelty in the stream of passers-by, when the wind blows light yet fresh from the lagoon, and the brilliant sails of the trading boats show like a pageant in the distance, and all the lively, homely craft that ply about the adjoining coast cluster their masts together round the Dogana, between us and San Giorgio blazing red and white in the sun, it would be curious to know wherein the sadness lies. To be sure, it is a pity that half the palaces of the old nobles should be turned into warehouses of antiquities, and that the Loredans and Vendramins should have given place to the Jews. It would be a pleasure to take down the inscriptions of the Venice glass companies and the old furniture shops, and to make a bonfire of the hideous board marked with the more hideous name of GUGGENHEIM. But these are mere details which affect a fastidious temper and eye, but which the healthy spectator dismisses without much difficulty. Perhaps at no period was Venice perfect as the *dilettante* delights to think she may once have been. It may be reasonably doubted whether a universal blaze of fresco would have been more beautiful to look upon than the weather-beaten fronts which afford so many soft tones of colour due to the pencil of time alone ; and whether the stir of new-making, the scaffoldings, and all the attendant evils of works in progress, would have pleased the traveller better than the evils of to-day.

Putting aside, however, all the litanies both of praise and lamentation that have been addressed to Venice, and taking for granted that wonderful combination of nat-

ural beauty, and the noblest effects of art, which have turned so many heads, it is very curious to note the difference between the influence and character of this wonderful city and that of the other great Italian towns which have fulfilled, like her, a great career, and, like her, are still living and potent, though so far removed from the circumstances and conditions of life in which their greatness was acquired; Florence, for instance, which is her fittest parallel, as great in art, and, if not so remarkable in history, at least always an important actor in the affairs of the world until Fate gave her over to Grand Dukes and decay. Rome, the mistress of the world, has many additional qualifications which bear comparison, and none of the other cities of Italy have had the enduring greatness of these two princely communities, which stand foremost in the history of civilisation and the arts. Both Republics, with a show of democracy covering that rule of the strongest which is by some theorists considered the best of all governments, but which is subject, above all others, to perpetual change and catastrophe—both founding their wealth, their power, their magnificence upon the work of their own hands, greedy of wealth and glory, of conquest and acquisition, and little scrupulous how these advantages were attained—both great in natural energy, in the skill which Italian hands first of all modern nations have acquired, and the genius to which every quality is subject, the force of invention, combination, creation out of nothing, which is the highest endowment of man. In all these points, the two great Italian cities are alike; the people are alike also in their intense enthusiasm for their dwelling-place, and their determination to make, each of their

own town, the noblest, greatest, and most beautiful in the world.

These are resemblances so great that it is extremely confusing to the student to discover how great a difference exists in the records and in the character of the two States. In Florence, history is a succession of great biographies. When the traveller, full of memories and associations, enters her venerable streets, they are all already set forth in his imagination with the great images that have made them dear. There passed the dream-life of the '*Vita Nuova*,' a vision, yet real; there Beatrice walked with her companions, and the young Dante stood in rapture to see her pass. There the great Frate swayed the soul of Florence, and made the proud city tremble before his prophetic warnings, till she turned upon him and burned him, as a warning, in her turn, to reformers too zealous and preachers too convincing. There all the homely painters lived and worked—now at a bridge, now at a fair Madonna—with many a cheerful jest and happy thought. There the Greek amateurs feasted and studied, and brought back pagan vice along with the marbles and gems of the Old World. There Michael Angelo stalked about the streets, bidding St George march and St Mark speak, where they stand in their niches, as we see them to-day; and there Macchiavelli pondered, sarcastic, with that smile disdainful, mournful, about his lips, which is called cynical—the smile of that toleration which means despair. We jostle them as we walk about, even with Murray in our hands. If Murray is not at hand, the '*Inferno*,' the '*Vita Nuova*,' Vasari,—a host of chroniclers,—will do better. The place is so populous that we have scarcely room for them in our thoughts.

But in Venice it is not so. Perhaps it is only after the traveller has become accustomed to the city, and has moderated out of the transport of expectation and enthusiasm in which his first experiences have been made, that he begins to be aware how few companions of the spirit go with him along the shining streets. It did not occur to us when we first saw Venice. Venice herself so dazzled our eyes and imagination that nothing more seemed needed—no poet to celebrate her name, nor prophet to leave a memory upon the very stones. By-and-by, however, this fact thrusts itself upon our notice. The city was made what it is by an effort of human strength and intelligence, which one cannot but feel to be far greater than that which in other circumstances directs the half-accidental concourse of primitive habitations which are the nucleus of every town however great. From the moment of its first foundation till now, it has been a marvel, a triumph of patience and thought and skill—a thing almost without parallel among the works of men. So wonderful is it, that every chronicler—and there are hundreds of them—repeats over and over the story of its founding, and attempts to tell how, out of the miserable marshes, pale and lonely, this thing of wonder, this husband and master of the sea, came into being. But the wonder of it and the beauty of it have absorbed every mind, just as in later days the glory of the triumphs and pageants that filled it has pre-occupied every beholder, so that no one has time or thought for the men who did this, and shaped the course of the great story which has given Venice a place in the records of the world. What would not we give for a Venetian Vasari, or for one of the many story-tellers

who have peopled the Florentine streets with images so living and so real? But no such thing is to be found. The vast records of Sanudo exist indeed, like a huge dust-heap of precious material in which patient labour may make out what a succession of keen intellects thought of every minute event in the public history; and many chroniclers have gone over and over the same ground; but everything is Venice there and elsewhere. Never was there such a subordination of the individual to the great local impersonation, for the glory of which they were willing to expend their lives. No Dandolo, no Mocenigo, not even the traitor whose absence from the pictured roll makes him more conspicuous than any there, has left any vivid record of himself which we can detach and identify. They have all diminished themselves that Venice might be great, with a civic virtue and self-abnegation which is unique in history. The great Doges show their greatness by the increase and additional grandeur of Venice. They show to us as a row of great figures impassible as statues, monuments of public service, and no more. Wherever we look, there is a dazzle of pageants in the air, noble processions, wonderful glimmerings of velvet and gold. The ships come in with news of victory, the people stream down to all the marble quays, the great barge of state floats forth glorious. The Doge goes with all his splendour to offer thanks for the new acquisition of territory, the enemies vanquished, the new island won. This is an abstract of Venetian history, except at those moments when, instead of victory, it is news of defeat that the fugitives bring, and the whole population, with a cry of rage and grief,

fling themselves into the galleys, and sweep forth again, not to be beaten a second time. Such records as these are continually repeated. They are the commonplaces which a hundred narrators have put down. But deeper than this, nothing. A rare anecdote here and there may indicate that such and such a man was more great, more magnanimous, more noble than his fellows. But how that greater man lived or thought, or what was the story of his individual development, or how he loved and laboured, and grew into what he was, neither he nor any one else tells us. In short, throughout all the history of this memorable city, all has been Venice. Her sons have effaced themselves with a magnanimity that, had it not been so natural and spontaneous that the cursory observer scarcely remarks it, would be the most amazing thing in the world.

This, which no doubt much increases the power and magnificence of Venice as a distinct and glorious entity, nevertheless subtracts greatly, when we enter into the matter, from the interest of her story. There is no poet in the great beautiful city which, more than any city in the world, is a power in herself. There is no great statesman, no legislator, no man, in short, conspicuous among other men, of whom we can say with that thrill of human fellowship which is higher than the love of beauty—Here he stood who was the pride of the city, a sight for men and angels. Not one! Dim forms appear through the glimmer of bright colours, the dazzling of the water, the pageants and flying banners. Marco Polo coming home, ragged and worn, from his far voyages into the unknown, knocking at his own familiar door, rejected by his kindred as an impostor—

then dazzling their eyes with more congenial splendour, and winning their wonder by his millions rather than by his incredible lute: Petrarch, somewhat prim and learned, a dignified presence, with Laura and all the fond imaginations of his youth left far behind, looking down from the galleries of St Mark's with an appropriate gracefully turned remark in the ears of His Serenity, the Doge, upon the jousts in the piazza below: Falieri, the Doge-traitor, who perhaps, according to modern lights, did not die dramatically at the head of the Giant's Staircase, as we have all believed from our cradles. These are almost the only images that we can identify, and they are not images of the first interest. The spare dark figure of the Servite brother, who, like the rest, more Venetian than Churchman, maintained the supremacy of his Republic in face of the Pope himself, the one ecclesiastic high councillor of Venice, is visible, but no more, being a monk and not altogether a man. How can we account for this curious subordination of the individual to the nation? It is indeed a perfect realisation of the democratic system which, more than any other, neutralises individual character and importance; but it is rare that any system is capable of carrying the day over nature, or forcing a vigorous race into the background with such complete success and power. No one can doubt that the Venetians are a vigorous race. The very existence of their city is a proof of the native force to which obstacles of all kinds have given but additional power. The great red Arsenal, vast and ugly, where Dante saw the boiling of the pitch which made more real the grim images of his 'Inferno,' where the immemorial lion of the Greeks watches still at the doors,

though thousands of grimy workmen manufacture the most modern of all machines of war, the huge ironclads of science within—is not a more living proof of their energy and potency than the endless corridors and chambers of the Archivio,—hundreds of rooms, close packed with documents of statecraft, the laws, the registers, the diplomatic correspondence of centuries past, by which all the machinery of internal government is made clear, and to which all the great nations of Europe have learned to come to seek the aid of those lights which the keenest observers in the world—the ambassadors of the Doges—throw upon the history of the Courts to which they were accredited. All is there in endless vitality and distinctness, not a detail neglected, not a pageant lost. You can identify the first great pillar built up to stand for ages, which holds firm the roof of the sea-workshops out of which the strength of Venice came; and you can trace, if you will, through a hundred volumes, the career of an individual—the course of a family, with all its risings and fallings, its income, its taxpaying power, its use to the State. But while an artist could reconstruct at his pleasure any one of the innumerable pageants which marked every high day for the old Venetians, according to the directions for, and records of, these wonderful exhibitions—the men who directed them, the heroes in whose honour they were held, the heads of the great system of which they were the embellishments, have passed beyond our power. The record of what they did for Venice is clear, succinct, and permanent. But having done their greatest for their city, they sheathe their swords and pass into the background, content to be no more

than a name in the bead-roll, so long as Venice is all in all.

This is something more than patriotism. No greater patriots have existed than those of whom we can boast in England; but it has never been expected of them that they should efface themselves in order to enhance the glory of their country. Nor can it be democracy alone which produces this curious result; for Florence, which swarms with individual character, was as democratic as Venice—if either of them, in the modern sense of the word, could be called democratic at all. The great modern Republic from which we take the chief example of what the system leads to, runs to the very opposite extreme, and bristles with small celebrities instead of effacing great ones. Perhaps the real explanation of a fact so curious is that the Venetians, among their many gifts, have not included the literary faculty. Their despatches and reports of all they saw and heard to the ever-attentive, ever-vigilant State, are the only effort of this kind in which they have attained to any greatness. Their genius has been entirely practical. To build, to conquer, to adorn, to make themselves great, powerful, and wealthy, were the objects of life, realised intensely and pursued with the strain of every faculty; but such a petty instrument as the pen did not, it would seem, count for much in the estimation of the great Republic. It answered to keep books with, to transcribe registers, to report proceedings—but little more. When the greatness of Venice was over, in the late days when there was no longer anything to conquer, nor much to rule, and when the national love of pageantry had sunk into a mere love of pleasure, there arose a little crowd of play-writers, who caught

the manners and follies of the time, with such a superficial moral as might tickle, without offending, the light-hearted public. But of the great men of the city, and of her great fortunes, no worthy chronicle remains. There can be no greater proof of the importance of the literary faculty to a nation. Be a man ever so noble, if there is no one to make his nobleness known, he will be but a shadow to his grandson, but a name to the after-ages. Fortunately the great Venetians left the impress of their strong reality upon the walls they built and the houses they dwelt in; but they do not come to meet us when we make our pilgrimages hither from all the corners of the earth. They are there, yet they are not there. Death has swept them away under his mantle, leaving no familiar face to greet us. No poet sat in the long evenings to watch San Marco grow out of dim stone into the wonder and glory it was in its prime; and though crowds of noble faces, real as the day, look out upon us over their red robes and splendour from so many pictures, there is not, in all Venice, a portrait which is recognised over the world as we recognise the homely features of Savonarola, or even such a sinister image as that of the magnificent Lorenzo of the Medici. Venice is recognisable everywhere; but the Venetians, save for those same red robes, and the name of Titian or Tintoretto behind them, are not recognisable. The most famous Doge, the greatest warrior or statesman among them, is to the stranger, in the midst of their palaces and conquests, only a name.

Nor is the other class, of whose records the city should be full, the painters, to wit, of more account. Gian Bellini, with his sturdy burgher look, the image of a stout-hearted, somewhat defiant citizen,

and the more courtly Titian, and Tintoret, the robust, whose name has a whimsical likeness to his style, and that noblest of decorators, the great Veronese — how unfortunate for them all that Vasari was a Florentine, knowing but little of their life, and perhaps, in his preference for his native city, caring less to attract the interest of the world to a separate and so important school! The same curious peculiarity above noted accompanies us also into the world of art. The pictures, and the places in which they are to be found, are fully noted, the names of the churches which contain them, with every detail of *sestiere* and *parrocchia*, so that no man can fail either by canal or *calle* to find the spot. But of the hand that produced them nothing: the merest formal account of birth and death—a chance receipt laid up in the archives, a stray anecdote, a vague eulogy, but no more. Titian, whose old age fell upon evil times and among associates little creditable, appears by glimpses not nobly amid the feasting and licence of depraved society. But we have no glimpse afforded us into the honest house where Zentil and Zuan, good craftsmen not discovered as yet to be great painters, worked stoutly—one at his Madonnas, the other at those wonderful reproductions of the Venice of his time which are better than history. The pictures remain, full of glorious life and vigour. Nothing more beautiful, and captivating, and sweet than the angel-boys with their little instruments, their eyes full of mingled reverence and audacity, piping high and clear, fingering their little lutes and mandolins, were ever brought out of nothing by wholesome and simple genius. They have nothing to do with the

Cupid heads or meaningless *amoretti* with which even Titian, in the fulness of his power, surrounds the ascending majesty of his Madonna. If they have not in their eyes the sublimity of Raphael, that adoration and awe, which were never set forth more profoundly than in the divine boy of the Foligno picture, and those of the San Sisto, there is yet a tender simplicity and vitality in them which are beyond criticism. They are as *naïve* as the vigorous young Tuscans of Donatello's frieze, and much more divine, elevated by the air of Paradise and softened by that of Venice, the most exquisite mingling of childhood and semi-divinity. But where the painter found them, or whether there was some band of young Venetians at home who put it into his head to introduce these sweet attendants in every picture, and make of them a sort of signature of his method and school, we have no way of knowing. The painters, like the Doges, have left their work behind them, but of themselves nothing. Ridolfi and Lanzi are as bare as a parish record; and here, as in other directions, the individual is nothing—the city, finding with delight a new way of embellishing and making herself glorious, all in all.

This curious peculiarity of Venice deprives her of much of the interest which other Italian cities possess. Her ancient chroniclers and her modern rhapsodists have thought to make up for this by much description of the shows and spectacles which seem to have pleased the people through all their history, and taken the place of records more significant. But the stately progress of the Bucentor, the espousals of the Doge with the Adriatic, and the many other occasions of display which abound in all the records, pall upon us with

much repetition. A procession, after all, is only a procession, even though it be in the Grand Canal or the great Piazza of San Marco. The new life which is beginning to rise in Venice has not been regarded with favour by foreign spectators. Curiously enough, perhaps as a natural revulsion from the conventional rule of beauty under which she has been supposed to live for a century or two, to the exclusion of all more vigorous laws of life, the Italy of the present day is of all nations that which throws herself most eagerly into the latest inventions of civilisation. An amusing sign of this is to be found in the ballet which has lately been going the round of the Italian cities—a quite characteristic and highly Italian performance, in which, by lively pantomime and dumb show, is set forth the confusion of Ignorance and the progress of Science as exemplified by the Alpine tunnels, the Suez Canal, and other great works of the age. Everybody in Italy has gone to see “Excelsior.” There Ignorance, in an idiotic wig and black garb, wrings his hands with dismay on seeing one new triumph after another,—the railway, the telegraph, the great engineering of modern times. There the public beholds with admiration the awful pause and suspense of the workmen on one side of the Mont Cenis or the St Gothard tunnel, waiting for sound and sight of the workmen who have tunnelled through on the other side, until, oh joy! the sound of a pick is heard, the brown paper rocks are rent, and a crowd of ballet-dancers, who naturally have attended the steps of the navvies, burst in and execute a *pas de triomphe*! The Italian spectators not possessing at any time a very lively sense of humour, applaud to

the echo, and Ignorance falls into terrible contortions of dismay.

In this matter-of-fact way is the allegiance of the old empire of the arts transferred to the new reign of mechanics and practical progress. In Milan, Florence; even in little learned Padua, where the mild population can have but little need of such aids to locomotion, the tram is in full operation in the shadow of medieval palaces—curious sign of the old practical spirit which preceded, as it has succeeded, the potency of the arts. The *tramvai*, as they call it, is one of the most conspicuous features of modern Italy. In Venice a *tramvai* is happily impossible, seeing that you cannot walk anywhere for a hundred yards without having to ascend and descend a bridge over some canal which interrupts the level. But instead of the *tramvai* she has the *vaporetti*, which have carried horror and confusion to all the distant worshippers of the city. Let this fine distress accept a little consolation. We, too, were of opinion that a steamboat on the Grand Canal was the last cruelty of fate, and that Venice must henceforward be lost to her adorners. But fortunately it is not so. The steamboats are launches after some French patent which afford the least disturbance possible either to the water or the air. If when they pass they add a little roll to the movement of the gondola, this is only momentary, scarcely disagreeable and not at all dangerous. There is no smoke from their innocent little scarcely visible funnels. The steam-whistle is very rarely used, and the effect is really as little inharmonious as it is possible to be. These expeditious little vessels are always crowded; but it is not with Cook's tourists—

with 'Arry and 'Enrietta: it is the native Venetian who finds it more convenient, more rapid to go about his business in this way. And, when one comes to think of it, it is a little hard that because his city is one of the most beautiful in the world he should be prevented by a set of barbarians from availing himself of modern conveniences. His forefathers, one may be sure—they who made Venice—would not have hesitated for a moment, whatever Mr Ruskin may say. As a matter of fact the Venetian who has anything to do eschews the gondola. He can find his way to his work more quickly by short cuts among the tortuous *calli*, across a hundred little bridges. But if he is no longer young and his legs begin to fail him, the bridges try his strength, and he is but too thankful for the *vaporetto*. The fanatic who would like to keep Venice in picturesque decay for his own pleasure will be sorry to hear that these dreaded steamboats are very little offensive. But such is the case. They do not bellow forth black smoke, nor fill the air with demoniac shrieks. They do not even injure the gondolas, which depend upon the *forestiere*, the foreign visitors, and not upon the native Venetians—save in the case of those private families who keep a gondola, as they would a carriage, of their own.

We take credit to ourselves for having got thus far without more than a passing reference to the gondola, that delight of the romantic voyager. Those who are interested in this most luxurious and poetical of conveyances, will find very much to their taste, in a little book lately published by a young Englishman resident in Venice,¹

¹ Life on the Lagoons. By Horatio F. Brown. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., London.

which, so far as it is not the nonsense commonly written by all young Englishmen on the subject, is entirely occupied by the gondola and its boatmen, the life they lead, and the rules they follow. Whether it is that there is something specially endearing in the Italian of the lower classes, or whether contact with a new kind of affectionately respectful servant, between whom and ourselves the mediums of communication are a little limited, has always the same effect, it is scarcely necessary to inquire. We may believe, however, that there is much in the latter hypothesis, since we have all known cases in which a Highland gillie has attained a similar place in the heart of his Southern master; but at all events the gondolier is the chief instance of a native functionary whom even the most suspicious of Englishmen thinks well of. He becomes the guide, philosopher, and friend of the tourist, who respects his boundless information all the more that much of it is incomprehensible; and from the same cause, his natural good manners, and the ready interest which he shows in everything that concerns his temporary master, takes the appearance of a devotion which touches the heart of the stranger, conscious of having done nothing in particular to call it forth. It is part of the programme of every visitor to leave behind him when he quits Venice a particular Giacomo or Francesco of his own, in whose grateful regard he has the utmost confidence, and with whom he probably maintains friendly relations for years. Especially to the Englishwoman on her way about the world with her little party of sons and daughters is the gondolier dear. He is so careful of the children, so mindful of her particular tastes, so anxious to pre-

serve her from sun and rain, so patient of the Signorino's attempts to row, and the Signorina's long pauses to *pitturare*. Nowhere in the world is there so attractive, so agreeable an attendant. Time may show the existence of flaws in the diamond, but for the few weeks or even months of an ordinary stay in Venice, whatever objections the tourist may find to the other ministrants to his comfort, the gondolier is always an exception. The skill, so easy, yet so perfect, with which he turns his long black bark at his will, clearing incredible corners, avoiding inevitable contact, is not more astonishing to the uninitiated, than the particular devotion which after the service of a day or two seems to bind him to his employer is flattering. Guides everywhere are a favoured class; but there is no guide so easy to pet and swear by as the gondolier.

Mr Brown's little book gives us a great deal of information about this most useful functionary, who belongs to one of the oldest guilds of Venice, and is at his *traghetto* under the sway of laws which are as real as anything in the old Republic, and which have outlived many of more public importance. The *traghetti* are ferries across the Grand Canal, conveniences of the most vital importance as long as there was no bridge but the Rialto, and which are still most necessary and useful, though the hideous iron span of Mr Ruskin's "accursed Englishman" affords a means of communication a little more rapid and cheaper than the ferry-boat; but after all, there are only two iron bridges, one at each extremity of the canal, and the *traghetti* are as numerous as in the days when Venice had nothing but the Rialto. They are institutions established under the most elaborate rule, as everything

was in a State where the science of government was so deeply studied. To the English visitor they have the air of a succession of water cab-stands, where he can find a boat whenever he likes, and where any chance gondolier may ply for hire as pleases him. This, however, is very far from being the case, each *traghetto* being a little corporation, with elected officers and a privileged band, to whom, and to whom only, the right of clustering about its little landing-stage and water-steps belong. These seasoned watermen were in former times required to furnish a contingent to the Republic whenever the public service needed it, as many as ten men being required from the "school" or confraternity of a single ferry. This requirement has, of course, fallen entirely out of use; but the gondoliers are still ruled by officials elected among themselves—a captain and his councillors—and still follow the regulations instituted when Venice was the greatest of maritime powers. They take their turn and share in the good and bad moments of the station to which they belong. Once in six days they are on duty all night, it being the rule that two men should be always ready for the service of the *traghetto* at any hour of the night or day. One of the most characteristic details of Venetian life for those who live near a ferry, is the sudden call of "*Poppe!*" which will break from time to time the midnight stillness, followed by the sound of the rapidly loosened boat, and the tinkle of the oar in the water, as the late passenger is carried across through the darkness and silence—the little light on the prow of the gondola glimmering like a ghostly lantern across the dark canal. This night

duty, which lasts from four o'clock in the previous afternoon till nine in the morning, is the most profitable of all. The hotels are also portioned out to the *traghetti* nearest to them, and so many men remain on duty daily about these much-frequented water-doors to answer to any call, although it is a now frequent occurrence that the hotel possesses gondoliers of its own, smart individuals in costume, who are much more fine but less characteristic than their humbler comrades. The corporation of the *traghetto*, which at its first beginning was established on religious principles, with a special place reserved for it in its parish churches, and an engagement on the part of the brethren not only to live a respectable and orderly life, but to confess twice a-year, and keep up certain weekly masses, is still, if no longer devotional, at least a benevolent society for mutual help and consolation. Thus members who are sick have a daily allowance as long as their illness lasts; and when they die, a deputation from the ferry, headed by the chief officer, conveys them solemnly across the lagoon to San Michele, where all the dead of Venice sleep.

The little encampments of the *traghetti* are very picturesque incidents in the long course of the Grand Canal. Each has a little shrine with a dim picture of the Madonna and a little lamp: a small wooden hut against the wall of the nearest house, in which the boatmen on duty take refuge in rain or cold weather, and where the officers of the company hold their meetings: a bench where a little group of women, wives or neighbours, often sit in the sun, with their ruffled locks, knitting sometimes, chattering always, with their

children tumbling at their feet, and the men standing about waiting for their turn of service. Almost all of those ferries have a small *pergola*, a vine trained over a bit of trellis, under which they can take shelter from the sun; and this touch of green against the background of the shining walls, with the dark vigorous figures underneath, and the line of gondolas ranged at the steps below, is wonderfully effective. In the evening the shadowy boats, each with its little light, the half-seen groups, the glimmer of the tiny lamp before the shrine, is even more picturesque; but Venice has scarcely need of such additions to her endless variety and charm.

The small volume to which we have referred is interesting in the details of real life which it gives, although it must be allowed that this halfpenny-worth of bread is washed down, as in almost all books about Venice, with an intolerable amount of sack, weak, washy, sugary, and spiced to the supposed palate of the tourist, who, after all, is not such a fool as he is supposed to be in this respect, and, so far as we are aware, cares as little for rhapsodies and over-sweet description as the rest of the world, which is why the least scrap of reality is so welcome to him. But so strong is the tendency towards pageant that seems to lurk in the very air of Venice, that few writers have self-denial enough to spare us a description for the hundredth time of the water-processions, the elaborately decorated boats, the coloured lamps, and frippery of a regatta or state promenade. Of these things we have heard too much, and there is very little else to be heard on the subject of

Venice. The recent works of Signor Molmenti,¹ to which the stranger longing for somewhat stronger fare will probably turn with eagerness, are not very much more satisfactory. Perhaps it is because private life in our sense of the word has never existed in Venice. The *Zentil-donne* have always been obstinate home-keepers, appearing in glorious array to grace a pageant of the state now and then, but preserving within doors a half-oriental seclusion, broken only by escapades equally oriental—escapades which belong chiefly to the depraved periods of national history, the ages of decay. In the days when Venice was pure and strong, her ladies made little appearance in the world; and from the same cause which we have already noted, the absence of all personal records, which deprives us of individual acquaintance even with the great figures of history, the women disappear altogether. And curiously enough the same influence seems to prevail still. A crowd throughout Italy is far more exclusively made up of men than in any other country. But in Venice this is doubly the case. The Piazza is black with male figures. Men swarm everywhere, at all hours, in all circumstances; but the feminine portion of the population keeps apart. Women are indeed to be found in the streets, in the Merceria, and about those parts of the town which are least frequented by strangers; but they are chiefly women of small social pretensions. Ladies are conspicuous by their absence. How this should be, in what way it is possible for them to escape from the ordinary necessities of life, or by what process they have arrived at the power of stifling

¹ *La vita privata in Venezia: Vecchie Storie, &c.*

nature, and the desire to see and be seen, it is difficult to guess; and it would require more intimate knowledge than we possess to attempt any explanation. But such is the case, strange as it seems. Even the women of the lower classes do not abound as ours do. In the great ceremonial on St Mark's Day, looking down from an elevated gallery upon a mass of people below, so closely packed that the proverbial possibility of walking on the heads of the crowd seemed no exaggeration, it was astonishing to perceive how entirely the throng was composed of men. Excluding the inevitable tourist-parties, in which ladies are always strong, the women could have been counted individually; but the men stood in one dark mass filling the whole of the nave—old men, young men, curly heads of stalwart gondoliers, older faces, such as might have been painted by Titian, every class and profession. The ceremonies had begun by a gorgeous procession of white-robed priests and prelates, headed by the Patriarch himself in his cloth-of-gold, a sight which would have called forth the female world *en masse* anywhere else. But in San Marco they were not—which gave a most singular, serious, and impressive air to the crowd. One might have supposed it to be one of those popular assemblies of old in which the Doge and the Patriarch propounded a new scheme of conquest to the people, to receive from them the ready shout of assent *Noi vogliamo e approviamo*, by which the flattered populace considered itself to originate the expedition. Is it the tradition of those days which keeps back the feminine sightseer? but this is a question to which it is extremely difficult for a stranger to make any reply.

The poor women, who are the only examples of the sex generally

visible, are on the whole inferior to the men in good looks. For one thing, their dress is the most unbecoming possible. A large shawl, generally woollen, and very often dingy, covers them almost from head to foot, concealing every possible charm of figure under the long shapeless wrap, which is never put on coquettishly, as in France, or drawn over the elbows, but allowed to hang in a straight line, the arms concealed under it—the hands only appearing now and then to huddle it about the neck. The feet are covered with white stockings (almost invariably clean), and shoes without any heels, in which it must be a work of extreme difficulty to shuffle about; and last, and worse of all, there seems to exist a popular prejudice against combing the hair, which is generally abundant, and always uncovered, but which hangs about their brows in elf-locks—a wild exaggeration of the fringe of modern fashion. This is all the greater misfortune that the hair itself is often beautiful, and that its wild condition does great wrong to a pretty little fresh countenance underneath, which does not possess the fine and picturesque outline which half justifies a picturesque disorder, but is of the class which requires and rewards tidiness and care. The occasional vision of a higher beauty here and there, is not much more common in Venice than in other places. In Torcello, in the wild and melancholy desert which was once a lesser Venice, are one or two pale lovely young women of a higher type; and the lace-girls of Burano bending over their endless work, have a considerable amount of beauty among them. But the Venetians are not of a lofty order. They are like “piccole Madonne,” says an admiring countryman, when

their fresh faces appear out of the shawl thrown over their heads; but they scarcely carry out this character to English eyes.

Venetian guide-books, like Venetian rhapsodists, confine themselves very much to the water-ways of the city, and specially to the Grand Canal and the lagoons, the first enchanting *coup d'œil* which seizes upon the imagination as perhaps no other scene in the world has the power of doing. We may pause to inquire, by the way, among the many questions that have been put but never answered as to the amount of Shakespeare's experiences and knowledge, Was he ever in Venice? Could he know by any personal proof what it was to "swim in a gondola"? or was it mere divination such as displayed all secrets to that most abundant and all-embracing genius, which made him hit upon the word of all others which expresses the movement of the Venetian vessel? There is not much "local colour" in the Merchant of Venice. Any other sea-born city where ships come in, and mercantile news is told, would answer as well; but no other words have ever expressed so happily the motion of the swan-ship, the ease and silence, the freshness and coolness, of the voyage. The strangers swim along the Grand Canal, gliding now and then down a narrower passage, but in most cases returning with all haste to the broad sunshiny highway, with its clear green current, and its line of palaces. They carry Baedeker in their hands. (Is the familiar Murray too dear, or too formal, or too big for the limited baggage of the flying *forestiere*?) They turn from side to side as every great old dwelling comes in view. To them it is this brilliant channel of sea-water that is Venice. But when the

traveller has become familiar, his mind changes, and he begins, with the Venetians, to appreciate the endless streets which pierce and wriggle through the town, the tortuous and innumerable lanes, the square, paved *campo*, making an unexpected opening in a hundred corners, which if neither so grand nor so beautiful as the great Canal, is more characteristic, and almost as original. It is only when he begins to take with devotion to this labyrinth, and to find his way through it, that the barbarian may begin to whisper to himself that he knows his Venice. There is not a straight line in all these countless streets. They open up into *campo* after *campo*, with a tall campanile rising in a corner, the red dome of a church, perhaps its appalling stuccoed front, with which a *rococo* age did its best to destroy the monuments committed to its care—a few green trees looking over a garden wall, a palace unknown to Baedeker, glancing with all its noble windows at the discoverer who has found it out.

There is a growing pleasure in such peregrinations. The nearer we get to the Rialto,—which is the centre of the old city in its everyday existence, as San Marco is the centre of its religious and regal life,—the less we see of the *forestieri*, the more we find ourselves surrounded, enveloped, in the abundant life of the overflowing native population. There is no hurry and little noise in streets where no wheeled vehicle of any kind is a possibility; but there is boundless activity, a perpetual coming and going, and at every turn something unlooked for, something new to see. The best guide-book which the visitor can have, if, at least, he possesses a little Italian, is the 'Guida Artistica e Storica,' which leads him

along from corner to corner and from bridge to bridge, indicating the great houses that stand up in proud humility by the side of a narrow canal or narrower *calle*, with names attached to them as great as any of those which flourish along the great High Street of Venetian life—the Canal Grande, with its lines of palaces. Among these streets and lanes the shops that tempt the *forestieri* with meretricious ornaments and mirrors and beads enough to beguile a whole continent of savagedom, disappear, and the simple uses of domestic life come in. On and about the Rialto, everything is cheap and simple. The goldsmiths' shops, which abound, sell not trumpery mosaic, but the solid gold of the peasant ornaments, which have none of the fancy and grace of the corresponding jewellery on the Ponto Vecchio at Florence, but are at least heavy and genuine. At the basketmaker's at the corner, you will get a strong, not ungraceful basket for sixpence, in which you can carry home chickens and vegetables from the market at half the price of the shops with which your servants deal near the Piazza. Up the steep steps of the Rialto itself are homely shops of every kind, not attractive to the stranger as on the Ponto Vecchio, addressing themselves solely to the needs of the people. The little Farmacias about have their shelves still furnished with vases of Savona ware, bearing the names of antiquated drugs—collections worth a little fortune. They are the news-shops, the humble clubs of Italy. Half-a-dozen loungers occupy the bench opposite the counter, talking languidly, eyeing the customers that come and go, exchanging betimes a remark with the master. Close by here is a cook-shop much in favour, where yellow solid *polenta*.

is being prepared on one side, while fish is frying on the other. For twenty centissimi, which is two-pence, the customer gets a thick hot hunk of the golden yellow meal flavoured with cheese, and more solid than bread, upon which a measure of fried fish—little red mullets, small individuals of the herring species, succulent little crabs, fried crisp and consumed entire, their innocent claws and shells offering no obstacle to the healthy eater, is heaped—a most substantial and cheap meal. The men from the vegetable-market, the gondoliers always waiting about the bridge, patronise it largely. The *minestra*, the national soup full of macaroni in some of its forms, which stands to the Italian in place of the *pot au feu* of the French or the broth of the Scotch, is eaten at home with their families in the evening; but here is a capital lunch, substantial and pleasant fare. Innumerable industries cluster about this famous bridge, which, like so many things in Venice, is not beautiful in itself, but in its grouping and accompaniments, and the place it takes in the economy and life of the city of which it is so characteristic a part. Its high ridge rising opaque over the noble space of the solitary arch, bars the great water-way, and divides the lower from the upper part. Almost all that the traveller knows of Venice stops here. The other part of the town, towards *terra firma* and the Brenta-mouth, still contains many notable and most picturesque scenes. But it is far from the Piazza and the centre of the visitor's life, and it requires much leisure and liking to master the intricacies of its streets. The great Canal itself continues, we need not say, till it reaches the vulgarity of the railway station, to be the chief thorough-

fare of the stranger. The railway (be it added) is not vulgar at all to those who are arriving: the first glimpse of Venice from the steps upon which one emerges to all her enchantments, out of the commonplace and ordinary accompaniments of the journey, is as fine as any after-vision, and almost more striking in the suddenness and surprise of the transition. But when we turn our backs upon Venice and come sorrowfully along, leaving every fine association behind us, to see the second iron bridge throwing its dark network across the sky, and the little steamboat rustling up from the basin, and the square front, with its sheds and archways, which could be nothing but a railway station, standing flat and vulgar under the shadow of the great stucco images of the Scalzi—then indeed it becomes apparent that we are going back out of enchantment and delight into the ordinary and dull level of existence—not badly represented by that flat, fat country which lies between Venice and Milan, the dullest level of interminable fields.

Let us not forestall that moment of depression. At the other end of the Grand Canal, those poor people whom Mr Ruskin describes as "the wretched hordes at the *tables d'hôtes*" are reluctantly assembling to dinner at six o'clock, catching a glimpse of the glow of the sunset on San Giorgio, and consoling themselves for the enforced early hour of their repast by the thought of the great delightful open-air withdrawing-room of the Piazza,—that evening resort which makes Venice the most captivating of all cities for the traveller. The "wretched hordes" at the hotel include many individuals who believe devoutly in Ruskin, going so far even as to accept his verdict upon themselves, or at

least upon their neighbours, which is easier. The Piazza, with all its pretty trumpery spread out in the shining shop-windows, and its lamps flaring up to the insulted skies, is a sight which wounds to the core this new antiquarian school. They would prefer that all should be dark and silent under the broad colonnades of the Procuratie,—a glimmer of light here and there from a shrine affording an uncertain guide to the belated passer-by, and the light of the moon upon the *façades* and domes of San Marco affording the only illumination to the picture. If art demands such a sacrifice, however, the practical spirit of the Venetians is very little disposed to grant it. And it is this same Piazza which makes the life of the visitor in Venice so much more cheerful and agreeable than it is in any other place. The drawback generally of foreign travelling is the vacancy of the evenings. In the height of summer, when there is scarcely any night at all, this drawback is much lessened; but the height of summer is enervating and often impossible, and nothing can be conceived less agreeable than the commonplace surrounding of a hotel, the dull private sitting-room, without books or means of occupation, or the public drawing-room, where parties of tourists stare at each other with civil defiance, and the few who have acquaintances talk loud and ostentatiously together, to the suppressed envy and contempt of the others who have none.

From all this the Piazza is the deliverance of the stranger. It has amusement for all. The mosaics in the shops, though they are worthless, are pretty, and make a glitter of light and colour which is thrown upon the broad arches, the marble pavements, the endless

groups that come and go. Out in the central space the air is fresher; the hum of the crowd, the sound of many feet, the constant panorama unrolling before us, is full of amusement and interest. The moon, when there is a moon, shines full upon the campanile, rising straight up out of the ground with a bold and simple grandeur such as is native to Italy,—no step or projection of foundations to lend an appearance of unmeaning support to the self-poised and self-sustained structure—and looks benevolent upon the human throng who take their pleasure in the utmost simplicity with a cup of black coffee, an innocent ice, a mingling of voices from which the sea air, breaking softly round the corner from the broad lagoon, takes away the shrillness and harshness which are the usual drawbacks of Italian voices. In former days, when leisurely patrician tourists making their costly way with difficulty across the Continent, were provided with letters and recommendations everywhere, and had the privilege, such as it was, of some real acquaintance with the inhabitants and society of the countries they visited, the evils of hotel-life were comparatively unknown. But in this age of travel these are great. Few English travellers are able to find means of introduction to Italian domestic life; they are not apt to make friends with the chosen companions of their journey, and indeed, as speed quickens daily, have little opportunity of doing so. In other places they are condemned to the feeble resources of the hotel, and to the early slumber which is the least interesting of all ways of passing the evening. It is a forlorn expedient to go to bed at ten o'clock because one has nothing better to do. But no such way of killing

time is necessary in Venice. The people in the Piazza are all assistants at a great popular reception, where indeed there is no fatigued, conventionally smiling hostess, but where, on the other hand, there is no crush, no flare of unnecessary lights, no heated atmosphere or occasion for responsive civilities. Occasionally very good music, not too loud or long, gives a centre of interest to the scene; or if you tire of that, as barbarians have been known to do, there is the Piazzetta, whither you can stroll in two minutes, where the breezes will blow away the heat and the waltzes, and where the luminous lovely walls of the Ducal Palace, shining in the clear air as with an innate radiance—the dark gliding gondolas, each with its tiny star of light upon the broad water—the slender tower of San Giorgio, dark against the moonlight, standing up out of the glitter of the waves with that proud fine footing which seems to scorn all common laws of security and sure foundation,—will charm you anew with the half revelation, suggestive as a dream, of one of the noblest prospects in the world.

It is thus for its own beauty, for the personal charm in the place, a sort of identity which is—if the words were not somewhat absurd—individual; the kind of charm which makes a person not more excellent, not more lovely than others, infinitely more attractive to us often than his or her superiors both in intellect and goodness,—that Venice has so strong a hold upon the heart. It is not the charm of association. When we take to pieces those vague impressions we have of the historical importance and greatness of the old Queen of the Sea, it is curious to find how little particular they

are, how entirely civic, how completely unconnected with individual images. All the Eastern conquests, the rich island-prizes that fell one by one under the domination of the great Republic, the successful raids of her galleys, the cargoes of rich and beautiful things which, like King Solomon, she brought from afar for the glory of her own dwelling, are, after all, but still life, unfurnished with any human attractions. It is a curious example of the possibility of enacting a great part in the world, and largely influencing its history, without having any intimate history of one's own; and forms a kind of excuse for the dull books which are generally written about statesmen, as well as for the rhapsodies which form, in almost all modern examples, the literature of Venice. Finding nothing else to say on the subject, the hapless author, beguiled by the apparent greatness of the theme into undertaking a task for which there is so very little actual material, falls, in spite of himself, into inflated description, into wild dashing about of the colours which the literature of the day uses so freely. When all is done that can be done with orange and purple and crimson, and every epithet used that the most lavish vocabulary can supply, we are little further on in our knowledge of Venice, which, standing securely up in the self-restraint of nature out of her surrounding sea, has a quiet and repose in her great silent beauty for which the finest palettes cannot supply tints sufficiently delicate, sufficiently transparent. The historians who cluster round her are like workmen labouring clumsily about the feet of a great figure whose mysterious veil only the supreme hand of genius can withdraw. They work at a fold of the cloak, at the clasp of a

sandal. Above the divinity stands veiled, concealing a smile half benignant, mocking their efforts. Some time, perhaps, the Michael Angelo may appear who shall free her out of the half-hewn marble. Some time there may arise a historian at whose touch the documents of the Frari shall leap into life, and the men of Venice stand forth. But as yet no such miracle has been performed.

Venice, however, has little changed in her traditional love for her surrounding waters, and for those spectacles and amusements which are congenial to them. The gondoliers are never more happy than when they can persuade their *padroni* to remain out upon the lagoons half the moonlight night, sweeping softly along with a motion tempered to the soft breathing of the midnight hours. They point to the glow of the sunset sky behind and the full soft blaze of the moon before, and assure the stranger that there is no such *bel divertimento* to be had far or near; while Giacomo bursts forth with a big voice, not always in perfect tune, in one of the brief breaks of song native to Venice; and Domenico behind, after due coaxing and exhortation from his comrade, intones (notwithstanding Lord Byron), a little harshly but with enthusiasm, strophe after strophe of Tasso, set to a chant half Gregorian, half operatic, and pauses to explain between whiles, if the master has perhaps forgotten, the story of Clorinda and her lover. They will row on all night with ceaseless soft progression, the very luxury of movement, for hour after hour, and never own weariness, nor seek refreshment—disappointed if you cut them short, delighted if you consent to swim along upon the long peaceful levels, all silver with the moon, the whole night through.

In one of the most characteristic festivals which still remain to Venice, the *festa* of the Redentore, this is done by the whole city. It is in July, in the bathing season, when there are but few visitors, except those who are native Italians. Then every gondola, *barca*, big hulk that can be rowed and will float, is called into service, and small and great pour forth. It is in celebration of the staying of the great plague in 1576, to commemorate which was built the church of the Redentore on the Giudecca Canal, Palladio's grand dome, which the visitor to Venice will recollect chiefly as affording a shrine to some of Gian Bellini's most lovely Madonnas. The endless stream of boats pour forth with music and all kinds of decorations, green boughs and flowers, each with its joyous company. Their course is to the Lido, the same route which in other days was taken by the Doge on his way to wed the Adriatic. The city is left silent behind, all shining like a

city made of light, in the custody of the old and feeble. Any sudden party of travellers arriving at this moment, might wander through the water-streets without encountering anything but a black barge, moored here and there by the door-posts. Venice is all abroad, feasting, singing, in full enjoyment of the moonlight and intoxication of the night. And there Venice remains, until—*bel divertimento!* loveliest of all sights, the sun rises up over Torcello, glorious like a bridegroom from his chamber, shedding colour and radiance such as no mortal pigments have ever learned to copy, upon the dazzling miles of the sea. Should an old Dandolo or Mocenigo return to the scene of his sovereignty on one of these July nights, it might seem to him, with a little less grandeur, gilding, and magnificence, his own Venice, triumphant as of old, all the more beautiful for a presence which might puzzle the ancient hero, the fair, noble, and beloved figure of a beautiful young queen.

THE LOSS OF "THE ARAB CITY."

ONCE upon a time (and not so very long ago) the inhabitants of Great Angle,—a seaport town in one of those islands in the West where the institutions are different from ours, and where the King of the Red-cotton ribbon holds firm but gentle sway,—the inhabitants, I say, of Great Angle were destined to be the witnesses of a scene to which they never can allude but with glowing cheeks and accents trembling with the emotion which the mere recollection of it arouses in their breasts.

My information is derived from one who was an eyewitness, and who took an active part in that memorable event.

It was late on a cloudy afternoon in the beginning of May 188—. The sun was shining brightly over the busy streets and crowded wharfs of the town; but there were white horses out at sea, and those who were not too busy to notice it, observed that a heavy bank of clouds was coming up from the south. Behind one side of the town was a high range of cliffs, and the promontory on which the older part of it was situated formed a natural breakwater, which, prolonged and strengthened by a magnificent pier, formed one side of the finest harbour along the whole of that coast.

The mouth of it was narrow, however, owing to the cliffs, which, receding for some distance from the sea, and leaving a low strip of land on which the modern town had sprung up, suddenly jutted forth again opposite to Dallying Point, as the promontory was called. The entrance was difficult in consequence; but once within, no better anchorage could be found

for hundreds of miles, and ships of all nations might here be seen lading and unlading their merchandise, steamers bound for every part of the world panting out their volumes of smoke, and smaller craft scudding hither and thither like May-flies over a pond.

But while I am describing the scene the clouds have not been still; they have spread all over the south side of the horizon. A few heavy drops of rain fall slowly and at long intervals; but the storm is still a long way off, and though you can see the lightning, it is only by listening attentively that you can hear the low distant rumble of thunder.

A group of fishermen were standing on one of the quays, lazily watching a ship coaling, and making desultory remarks to each other.

"It will be a dirty night, I'm thinking," said one, looking up at the sky and twisting a straw in his mouth.

"Ay," said another, "we'd best go and see after them boats; come along, lads,"—and he walked off, slowly followed by the others.

They went down a dingy street or two, crossed the promontory, and soon found themselves on the beach at the foot of the cliffs, where the fishing-boats were lying. As they emerged from the shelter of the houses a sudden gust of wind staggered them for a moment, and they hurried their pace, one merely remarking, "I thought as much."

They accomplished their work of drawing the boats up higher, and by the time they had done so, a number of other fishermen had assembled for the same purpose. The wind was rising in short sharp gusts, the sea had an angry restless look, and the clouds were scud-

ding across the sky overhead, while a dark lurid glow spread over the distant horizon.

Up on the cliff the figures of a man and a boy might be seen, the former with glasses in his hand looking out to sea. "Hulloa!" he exclaimed, "there's a ship showing signs of distress; I wonder what's the matter."

"Ask the sailor, father," said the boy—"I see one coming up the steps;" and as he spoke a fisherman's imperturbable countenance came into view as he ascended the steps which led from the beach to the top of the cliff.

"What do you make of that?" said the first speaker, handing the glasses to the sailor. He looked through them attentively, and gave them back. "Well, sir, I can't exactly say; but if she can hold on a bit, she'll be in port soon. She seems very low in the water, though, and must have a heavy cargo."

"I wonder if the lifeboat is all ready, father," said the boy; "I don't think they ought to lose time, for the storm is getting worse."

"The lifeboat is under repair, sir, but it's only a matter of an hour or so, and ought to have been done long ago; but you see it's an expensive job, and them as they take orders from don't like to ask for more money just now."

"Listen, father—didn't you hear a gun?" They listened, and sure enough, in the intervals of the gusts of wind, a minute-gun could be distinctly heard. "Father, do let's go down to the quay and see what they are going to do," said the boy, excitedly.

"Ah, they have signalled from the pier to the station up there," said the sailor. "That's where the Board sits."

"What Board?" asked the boy.

"Why, them as settles all the

business of the port, and when the lifeboat is to go out, and how many men are to go with it. I don't rightly understand all they do, but it's something of that, and the look-out man on the pier has to report to them all he sees, like. The head man at the Board just now is an awful clever chap, I'm told; but he thinks too much about the inside of the port, and not enough of what's outside."

"What's his name?"

"Sagewill is his name; but they sometimes calls him Self-Will. He's got round the people somehow, and can do as he likes with most of them; but I don't know—I don't know," and he shook his head. "Then there's the one below him; he's a civil-spoken gentleman, who does just what Self-Will tells him—only, when he gives a fellow a blow in the face, as he does sometimes (I mean a figurative blow, like), he wraps it up that civil that you almost think he's given you a kiss. Those are the two who have most to do with the shipping, especially the foreign ships. Grantham is the name of the civil-spoken gentleman, but for short, he's mostly called Grandam. If you look, you'll see them answer the signal from the pier."

"What did they signal last?" asked the boy.

"'Ship in distress' they ran up. There now, they have answered from the Cabin; that's how we call the house where the Board sits."

"What did they say?"

"All right."

"All right? Nothing more?"

"No; what should they say?"

They continued to watch the progress of the ship as it got nearer and more visible to the naked eye. "It's a foreigner," said the sailor. "She looks like one of them

Egyptian boats. I reckon it'll be "The Arab City" as was here last summer. They don't seem to have much sense on board, for they are making straight for Hopeless Reef."

"Which is Hopeless Reef?" said the boy.

"See there, where the sea curdles and dashes up—that's Hopeless Reef; and no ship that ever struck on that ever got off. There's a whole row of them rocks, and only fishing-boats can get out at high tide, and them that knows the channel well. Why, she ought to make a long tack, and come round by Dallying Point, if she wants to get safe in. By Jove! she shipped a heavy sea then; but look, they are hoisting the signal again."

Twilight was coming on fast, and objects were becoming less distinct. He steadied himself against the side of a wall, for the wind was rising to a perfect hurricane, and standing still was becoming difficult.

"Want help—shall we order out lifeboat?" A long pause, while scores of eager eyes were fixed on the signal station above the Cabin; for by this time a crowd of fishermen, sailors, coast-guardsmen, women, and children had begun to assemble round the spot where a few minutes before the three were standing alone. At last it ran up. "Keep us informed as to progress," that was all. A murmur of impatience ran through the crowd, who every moment that the apparently doomed ship came nearer, vented their displeasure in no measured terms.

"That cursed Board is no better than a rotten plank."

"Oh, how fearfully she rolls!" cried the boy.

"Why on earth don't they send out the lifeboat?" cried another. "Every soul will be lost if they

don't make haste. Look, the signal again!"

"Shall we send lifeboat? Danger imminent."

Answer, "No—no occasion; trust she will round the Point. Keep us informed."

"That Self-Will and old Grandam between them will wreck that ship, as sure as I'm a living man," muttered a sailor to himself.

"Father, do go and see if you can't tell the Board in the Cabin how great the danger is. They can't know," said the boy.

"Bless you, they know quite well," said an old coast-guardsmen; "but they are so full of that blessed scheme of theirs for dredging the harbour, which nobody wants and nobody cares for, that they won't give a thought to anything outside, though the lives and properties of hundreds may be at stake."

Another signal. They are flashing with lights now, for it is growing dark. This time it comes from the Cabin.

"Signal to ship to keep out to sea; she may injure the pier if she runs foul of it."

Answer back, "Earnest entreaty to send lifeboat, or telegraph for help from nearest port."

"Will give your request our careful consideration," from the Cabin.

During this signalling and counter-signalling the ship came labouring on, ever getting nearer and nearer the Hopeless Reef, now reeling on one side, then plunging head-foremost into the sea, then rising anew, as if to take breath before plunging again. You could fancy you could hear her creaking and groaning, struggling to right herself, then staggering as a heavy sea struck her broadside on. For a moment she would seem to rise, as it were, on the crest of the

wave, and remain for a second ominously motionless, only to dive again more deeply than ever into the surging, roaring waves.

"Can you see any one on board?" roared a sailor to the coast-guardsmen who, under the lee of a house, was trying to look through a glass.

"Yes; a number, I think. Look you through it." He took the glass and raised it to his eyes.

"By Jove! she'll be gone in half an hour at this rate. I say, lads," he shouted, as well as the roaring of the wind would allow him, "let's go down to the beach. She'll be on Hopeless Reef in ten minutes."

"Ay, ay," they answered. "Come lads, down with you;" and now running, now stopping to breathe, and then struggling on, the crowd of men and boys tumbled rather than ran down the steps, on to the beach below. Hardly had they reached it, when a sudden exclamation burst from all the men at once. "She's driving at it like a mad bull," they cried.

"No; she's keeping out."

"My God! it's all up with her,"—and a silence more expressive than words fell on all, as, rushing headlong to destruction, the struggling, straining, maddened ship tore on as if all the furies were driving her. Then, even at the distance from which they stood, a crash as of a house falling fell on their ears, and a scream rose above the shrieking of the wind, as she drove straight on Hopeless Reef with a violence that made her recoil and strike it again with renewed fury."

The excitement of the spectators had risen to fever-pitch, and they had no time to observe that a signal had gone up from the Cabin. It said, "We are sending Bayard with a rope; try rockets."

"Have done so, but they don't understand how to use them."

But at this moment a movement was seen on the outskirts of the crowd; and a slightly built, determined-looking man walked quietly forward and said—

"Tie this rope round me, will you? I am going to swim to the ship if I can. If I can't, it's all up; but I'll try."

A shout of "Bayard! Bayard!" ran from mouth to mouth. "He'll save them if any one can, but it's an awful risk."

"Who is he?" asked the boy.

"He's a right good fellow, and a tip-top swimmer; but he'll need all his swimming to-night," said an old sailor, shaking his head.

"He saved my boy when he was drowning," cried a woman in the crowd; "bless him!"

"Ay, and he brought that old Chinaman ashore when nobody else cared what became of him," cried another.

"He'll never do it," said a third; "he's going to his grave."

Meantime he had come to the edge of the water and was fastening on a life-belt, while several others were surrounding him and bidding him God-speed.

"Here, give me my own belt," he said, as one of them was taking it from him and handing him a larger one. "It has never failed me yet; it's made by Faith, Loyalty, & Co., and I know their work well." He fastened it round him and walked into the water.

"You needn't be afraid for me," he said, turning round. "The Cabin has promised to support me, and I know they will keep their word. I have only to get there, and then all will be right. God bless you, old fellow;" and with a pressure of the hand he was gone.

"Where is he? where is he? I can't see him," cried the women. "When will he start? I can't see anything."

"Lor' bless you!" said a sailor, "did you expect him to jump from a rock with a shout and a hurrah? He's in deep water now. Hush—don't talk."

A breathless silence fell on them all—a silence of words; but the hideous din of the storm waxed ever louder and more loud. The men were letting out the rope fast, and straining their eyes as they watched the small black patch rise and fall with the swell of the waves.

"He'll be through the breakers in another minute. Ah! he's gone. No, there he is again. He swims like a cork. I can't see. Yes, he is getting close to that point of rock. Let go the rope—let go," and it ran out fast. "He's near now; they are putting out ropes for him. Hold on, old fellow!" they shouted as if he could hear them; and now the excitement on the deck of the fast-sinking ship became intense indeed. They rushed to the side, throwing out planks, and ropes, and buoys, and finally on to one of these the gallant swimmer managed to swing himself, and was hauled up by the crew on board.

A deep-drawn breath of "Thank God" might be heard from every man, woman, and child on shore, except those who found it hard to speak at all. They, and in fact the crew of the ship itself, seemed to fancy that all would now be right, and nothing more but the presence of Bayard was needed to ensure their safety; only one or two old sailors shook their heads and said, "She'll not hold together long; whatever they do, they'd best make haste about it."

And now it became apparent that the ship was fast breaking to pieces, and while some tried to lower the boats (a forlorn-hope

indeed), others were climbing into the rigging. Bayard alone could be seen on the forepart of the ship surrounded by a knot of sailors trying to make fast the rope, by which they hoped to get the passengers and crew ashore.

"They'll never do it—they can't get it past the reef. Yes, they're going to try, as I live." A man was seen trying the rope; he was lifted over the side and swung off—one moment he appeared as a speck above the waves, then a wavering, a shake, and he was gone: another, and yet another—but still with the same result.

"Why aren't the rockets sent out again?"

"They are going to fire them now, but orders have been issued not to do so until Bayard asked for them."

The signals again at work. From the pier: "Ship going to pieces; if help not sent at once, all hands will be lost."

Cabin: "Signal to Bayard to stick to the ship as long as possible. Ask what he thinks of situation; keep us well informed."

Pier: "Lifeboat as soon as possible; rockets at once."

Cabin: "Lifeboat impossible. Bayard was instructed to calm and reassure crew; can't do as he wishes. Ask him why he stays on the ship,—what is the best way of rescuing him and the crew, and how the ship should be approached. Shall await answer before taking further steps. Assure him we have full confidence in his judgment, but cannot do as he wishes."

Pier: "Communication no longer possible."

In fact, the night was growing darker and blacker every moment; blinding sheets of rain were driving across the sky; those on the beach could hardly distinguish the outline of the doomed ship. The last they

had seen of Bayard was his figure lit up by a flash of lightning, with a glass in his hand, looking towards the shore.

"That's the last we'll see of him," said a fisherman; and he turned away and brushed his hand across his eyes. "You'd best go home to your beds, you there," he said, turning angrily to the women. "What's the use of your standing shivering and shaking there? Go to the Cabin and shiver and cry there, and see if you can move them hearts of stone." He looked again at the spot where the ship was breaking up and life after life was being swamped in the greedy remorseless waves. He could see nothing; a dense black fog veiled the awful sight from view; only every now and then a shimmer of white showed against the black darkness, as the waves, lashed to fury, leapt hundreds of feet into the air, and fell again into the seething caldron below.

"Let's all go to the Cabin; maybe we could rouse that Board a bit, and bring them to their senses. We can do no good here."

No sooner said than done. The whole crowd of eager watchers rushed as best they could along the shore, and emerged in a tumultuous crowd on to the small open space in front of the Cabin, where the Board had been sitting all night.

They could see the lights burning through the windows, and the anxious faces of a number of men seated round the table. They seemed to be discussing something with great earnestness.

"Shall we break in?" cried the crowd.

"No, no—best not; but we'll hearken if we can hear aught of what they're saying."

One of them approached the

window and listened. The noise outside prevented him from hearing much, but Sagewill was standing up and speaking with great vehemence. His last words were caught by the man outside.

"It must be carried through at all risks. Though it cost our all, we must do it. We can never abandon it now!"

The man repeated the words to the crowd beyond. A cheer rose from them all as one man, and shouts of "A rescue; a rescue! save him—save our Bayard!" were heard above the roar of the storm.

"Stay a moment, let me listen again," said the man at the window; "Grandam is going to speak."

He began in clear distinct tones. "With reference to the scheme of dredging the harbour, which my learned friend has so ably and nobly declared his intention of carrying through, at whatever cost, I——" He got no further, for as the words were repeated by the man to the expectant crowd, a howl of execration arose, which was heard by the members of the Board inside, and they rose to their feet and looked at one another in consternation.

They were all brave men, and there was not one who would flinch from danger, but to say their hearts beat no quicker would be too much to assert. Sagewill knit his brow, pulled himself together, and said: "I will go and speak to the crowd; they know me well, and I will quiet them."

He went to the door, opened it, and stepped out. By this time the crowd had assumed immense proportions, and a mob such as it was, of yelling, howling men, mad at the thought of their hero being deserted, might well have cowed a stronger man; but Sagewill was no coward. He looked to the east, where the first streak of dawn was

becoming visible, then at the mass of angry faces before him, and stepping up on a stone bench which was against the house, he addressed the mob in these words—

"My friends," he said—but a roar of "Bayard! Bayard!" interrupted him. "My friends," he began again, "it will no doubt be a satisfaction to you to know that at this moment your hero is in no immediate danger. I am now awaiting an answer to my last communication with him; and as soon as that comes, you may rely on our exerting our every effort to pursue the right and wisest course. 'The Arab City' is not the only ship in danger; there are several others in a similar situation, and we are considering the best means of relieving them. I must, however, beg you to recollect that these ships do not belong to this port. They are strangers—we have no particular interest in them, and it is a matter for very grave consideration whether we should be acting rightly in risking the lives of our sailors in rescuing them.

"We sent Bayard to 'The Arab City,' trusting that his presence would inspire the crew with confidence; but we never contemplated having to do more than this; and it has, I may say, been a matter of some surprise to us that he should have asked for more assistance, instead of leaving the ship at once when he found them in such a precarious state. It is, I regret to say, impossible as yet to acquaint you with what our intentions are likely to be, but you may rely upon nothing being done in unseemly haste or hurry. We cannot, I think, attempt to rescue one ship without the other; and it is an open question whether, under these circumstances it would not be wiser to await the course of events.

"Darkness still conceals the fate

of 'The Arab City' from our view, and until we have the fullest information and light upon the subject, it would be mere folly to attempt a rescue. We have indeed endeavoured to find several excellent swimmers to try and reopen communications with Bayard; but to our sorrow they have either returned in vain or have been drowned in the attempt.

"But other and yet weightier considerations are causing us the gravest anxiety, so grave indeed, that for the moment, this and our other important scheme for dredging the harbour are likely to dwindle into insignificance beside them.

"I allude to a meeting which is about to take place of representatives from all the great ports, for the purpose of considering the best means of repairing the damage done by the late storms to some of the southern harbours.

"It is of vital importance to us that we should uphold the position we have hitherto held, that this port has a paramount interest in the question. At the same time, it behoves us to recollect that the other representatives are naturally sensitive, and wish to be on an equality with us; nor would it be right to injure their susceptibilities. We shall therefore admit their claim to perfect equality, and as they will doubtless outnumber us by three to one, the inhabitants of this port must not be disappointed or surprised if, on the most important questions, their representatives have to give way. Still we consider that this meeting may be of service in, so to speak, ventilating the subject; and we shall do our best to confine it to the mere question of expense, though how far this may be practicable yet remains to be seen. These and other affairs of urgent nature await me, and I must

ask you to wait patiently with regard to Bayard until morning, when doubtless the storm will have abated."

He finished speaking, turned and entered the house again; and such was the magic influence of the man over the people, that after a few murmurs of discontent they relapsed into sullen silence, and some went back to the beach and some dispersed, while many remained waiting outside.

The night wore away, the day began to break, the storm had considerably abated, and the grey light of the morning made the lights in the Cabin burn dim.

"The storm is over," said Grantham.

"It is," said Sagewill. "Give orders that the lifeboat be got ready at once. Signal without delay. I will go out and tell the crowd who are still waiting—they will be glad to hear the news."

He opened the door for the second time. The crowd had gone. The fresh morning air blew cold against his worn and anxious brow. He looked old and haggard. The storm had passed over, it is true, and the crowd had dispersed somewhat suddenly. No; they were coming round the corner of the house, and he began to address them at once.

"My friends," he cried, "I have to inform you that we have given orders to send out the lifeboat without delay. I believe this will give general satisfaction." He waited for the expected cheer, but it did not come. "There were," he continued, with an anxiety which he could not explain to himself, "three courses open to us with regard to our friend Bayard—either to have sent the lifeboat at once; secondly, to fire rockets when he reached the

ship; or thirdly, to leave—to leave—to——"

He stopped—a dead silence followed his words. The crowd came slowly on; the men were bare-headed. They did not shout or cheer—they walked slowly on; and a measured tramp as of men carrying a weight might be heard following them.

Sagewill bent forward with a new and horrible dread, and Grantham stood beside him. Four men were carrying what looked like a litter between them. On it came, slowly and silently. There was something lying on it—the figure of a man—white and motionless. They bore him on and laid him gently down at the door of the Cabin. They had thrown a sheet over him, but the head and breast were bare. The dead man's face was calm and still; the wet hair had fallen back from the stern yet noble brow; the eyelids were half closed; the keen and steadfast eyes would never more look out for help which did not come. The lips that brought comfort to many were silent for ever, and Bayard lay dead—yes, dead. Deserted, betrayed, forsaken—he lay there, a silent yet eloquent witness—a dead yet undying reproach to those who first sent him, then left him to his fate. Calm and still he lay there at rest, like one "who valued his life at nought, and had only left much weariness for perfect peace."

That was the end of it—no, not quite. His right hand still clasped his life-belt, but the work of Faith, Loyalty, & Co. had broken when he was dashed against Hopeless Reef, and a dark and ugly bruise over the left breast showed where it had wounded his heart in the breaking.

THE FREEBOOTERS OF AMERICAN FINANCE.

NEITHER Dr Talmage nor Mr Henry Ward Beecher has yet succeeded, I believe, in framing a new decalogue for America, but that event cannot be far distant. The country seems to have acquired a moral atmosphere of its own, which foreigners require to get accustomed to before they can appreciate it. The Americans regard the accidents and misfortunes of commercial life from a different stand-point to ours. In describing matters where old-fashioned morality still presumes to intrude on the liberty and licence of financial enterprise, they use a terminology which has been modified to suit their special wants. Such ugly ill-sounding words as "fraud," "dishonesty," and the like, are rarely heard among them outside of politics, where they mean practically nothing. For one politician to accuse another of stealing, is only a forcible way of hinting that he has had opportunities which his accuser grudges him. In Wall Street and at the Produce Exchange—nay, even at the more primitive centres of speculation in oil—people are far more polite to each other. Operators in these refined regions may come to grief, or they may have to "lie down on their contracts," but they never commit what in the old country we call acts of bankruptcy. They may "re-hypothecate" securities which they hold in pledge, but they would be shocked at the suggestion of embezzlement. Dr Talmage, who is pre-eminently the high priest of transatlantic civilisation, brought out the distinctive feature of its morality very lucidly—in fact, he made an important contribution to the Wall Street

decalogue of the future—when he observed in his sermon on the failure of the Marine National Bank: "Our sympathies should be given for the financial sufferers. We have heard only one side of the story. The word 'mistake' will often cover what the world calls a swindle." Many thanks to Dr Talmage for that pertinent and appropriate epigram. If we would know what the average American thinks of the Wall Street failures, we should ponder carefully over Dr Talmage's happy phrase: "Mistakes which the world calls swindles." It is worthy to rank with Mr Gladstone's compassionate definition of an atheist as "a person who has the misfortune not to believe in God."

If Mr Spurgeon, or any other of our own pulpit humorists, were to talk in that easy way of breaches of the Decalogue, there would be danger of his being uncharitably judged. The most devoted pillar of the Tabernacle or the City Temple might be staggered by it, but to understand divines like Dr Talmage we must know the curious materials they have to moralise on. The Americans have their own way of doing most things, and they are not less distinctive in their peccadilloes than in their virtues. As speculators—in other words, as gamblers—they are unique. They combine the daring and the energy of the Anglo-Saxon with the equally essential coolness of Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee—the "childlike and bland." With them to be "smart" means a great deal. It implies more than the mere cunning which most of us associate with the term. A "smart" American has imagination, ingenu-

ity, and a sense of humour. In what other country need one look for roguery so cleverly disguised as in the following advertisement, cut from a New York paper not three weeks old?—

FOR SALE, DEFAULTED RAILWAY BONDS and MARINE BANK STOCK, suitable for assets, cheap.—Address

The reader may ask in bewilderment, "What on earth could any one want to buy 'assets' for?" A New York trader who had come to grief after the panic would "catch on" to the idea at once. He has got to meet his creditors, and possibly—very probably, in fact—he is not able to submit to them a statement of his affairs which is at all likely to satisfy them. His trouble is, that he has no assets worth speaking of, and that his losses cannot be readily accounted for. If he applies to the above advertiser, he may supply himself, at the cost of a few dollars apiece, with shares in some insolvent bank, or defaulted bonds of some "wild cat" railway. Thus provided, he has only to appeal to the sympathy of his creditors as an unfortunate investor who, for years back, has been putting all his hard-earned savings into "these worthless stocks before you, gentlemen! Paid 150 dols. for Marine National Banks only twelve months ago, and now they are not worth a cent." What could the hardest-hearted of creditors do but pity the victim of misplaced confidence, and let him off for 10 cents on the dollar?

"Mistakes which the world calls swindles" have been rife in Wall Street lately, and they are not only remarkable in themselves, but it is a remarkable class of men who have committed them. It is not for the countrymen of Blakeway

and the Parkers to turn up the whites of their eyes in the synagogue, and thank God that they are not as these publicans and sinners are across the water. Blakeway and the Parkers were whited sepulchres without a redeeming feature—hypocrites working the meanest frauds under a mask of varnished respectability. Happily it cannot be said with any colour of reason that our financial system produced them. They were not men who had been led astray by it and had overreached themselves, but rather rogues who intrenched themselves behind its weak points, and took advantage of them to plunder the unwary. A freebooter of American finance is quite a different being from these poor hounds who cheat and steal and embezzle as long as they can, and then run away. The freebooter has an air of romance about him. He does not play for small stakes, and he plays in the face of the world. He does not stoop to petty frauds; but when he falls into confusion between his own property and other people's, the other people, after all, see something in him they cannot help admiring. If he has been a "big operator," that is something to put down to his credit. Wall Street is proud of its "big operators," even when they are fleecing it. It pleases them to think that no other city in the world produces speculators who win or lose their million dollars a-day, and can go on doing it for a week together. It has been stated by the New York correspondent of the 'Times,' and is perfectly credible, that during the recent panic Mr Russell Sage paid away seven million dollars in three days, and that his losses amounted to five million dollars. At that date he had "dis-

posed of almost all the demands on him ;" but his paper was still selling on the street at half its normal value, and Mr Sage may not be by any means out of the wood yet. He has for years been the champion freebooter in his own line,—namely, the "put and call business," which for short is sometimes termed "straddles." "Put and call" options are compound gambling indigenous to America ; though practised in a small way by third-rate brokers on this side, they have never taken kindly to our financial soil. In New York they form a large and popular branch of stock-gambling. In almost any number of the 'New York Herald' may be seen long strings of advertisements by option brokers couched in cabalistic terms, thus :—

100 Canada Pacific, 44½ and 49½,	
June 13	\$45
200 Northern Pacific Pref., 41	
and 59, June 19	125
100 Union Pacific, 60 and 82,	
September 7	750

The first line means to the initiated that for a payment down of \$45 the advertiser would give to any client the "privilege" holding good up to a specified date—in the above case from June 9th to June 13th—of either "putting" 100 Canada Pacifics on him at 49½, or of "calling" for them at 44½. If, in the interval, they rose to 53, the buyer of the option would "call" them at the low price—44½ ; and if they dropped to 43 he would "put" them at the high price—49½. Very probably he would not have the stock to sell or the money to buy it with ; but that is easily arranged in the "street." His game is to lie in wait until the stock takes a sharp turn in one direction or another, it matters little to him which. If it is an upward turn, rising, say, five points above the

"call" price,—he sells, and pockets the difference between the two, less the original cost of the option. If it is a downward turn, going as many points under the "put" price, he buys, and pockets the difference between the two, as before, less the cost of the option. Option-dealing comes nearer to bookmaking on the British turf than any other form of Stock Exchange business. To be just to Wall Street, it is not encouraged there by respectable brokers ; but some peculiarly constituted minds, like Mr Russell Sage and the Californian "Jim Keene," have had a passion for it. The "privileges" of these operators circulated from hand to hand like share certificates or iron warrants among ourselves. They were openly advertised, and daily price-lists of them were issued with all necessary detail. But it is only in feverish states of the market that option business flourishes. If a stock is not in an effervescent humour, a bet on its fluctuations for a given period may be worth very little. Suppose at the date of the option it stands at 50, and that the range of the "straddle" is 45 to 55, if it does not during the option period move at least two points either up or down, the profit derived from the "put" or "call," as it may be, would not cover the cost of the option. But in a jumping stock, which at any moment may go 5 or 10 points either way, there is a fine field for excitement of this peculiar kind. The option-dealers then give very wide limits, and charge accordingly. For instance, in the above examples, Northern Pacific Preferred has a spread of from 41 to 59, and Union Pacific of from 60 to 82. But in reality the market took a much wider spread ; and that is where Messrs Keene and Sage were caught. The panic was so sudden, and the drop

so severe, that their "puts" came in much faster than they could sell the stuff, and prices went far below the minimum they had contracted to pay for it when presented.

In Mr Keene's case there was a grim irony of fate, for he had all along been a bear, and it was his wild "bear"-selling during the previous two years that had demoralised the market. He got it down at last much lower than he had intended, or than it suited him to have it. So venturesome was he, that on stocks he had a prejudice against he would sell "privileges" for long periods at less than half the price of the day. Early this year, before the Oregon Transcontinental Company seemed likely to go into liquidation, he sold "puts" on it at 35—good for the whole year, the market price being at the time 85. A margin of 50 out of 85 might have seemed ample provision for the worst contingencies; but Mr Keene had underestimated the depth of the impending fall. Before the year was half gone, the holders of his "puts" were buying Oregon Transcontinental in the market at $17\frac{1}{2}$, and handing them over to him at 35. They netted cent per cent, and Mr Keene one morning had to announce by circular that, "after paying out millions of dollars in the past few months in efforts to protect my "privileges" on a falling market, I have finally determined to call a halt in the interest of those with whom I have business." Eries are said to have been the last straw that broke Mr Keene's back. He was exceptionally a bull on that favourite toss-up of both continents; and so confident was he, even quite lately, of its brilliant future, that he sold "puts" on

it at merely nominal figures. When he was having a bad quarter of an hour with his Oregon Transcontinentals, Eries broke, and his Erie "puts" came pouring in on him like an avalanche. One morning an option broker waited on him with 2500 shares, to be taken at a price several points above the market, and Mr Keene had to decline them. "Readings" he had also allowed to run away from him. In one week they dropped eight points, or over 30 per cent in value, and his "puts" on them were extensive.

"Jim Keene," as he is familiarly called by his associates, has possibly not been recognised by our sporting fraternity as the popular owner of Foxhall, which won the Grand Prix at Paris a few years ago. Foxhall is still in Europe, but it is doubtful if Mr Keene has now any interest in him. He has two other crack horses, however, on a farm near Harper's Ferry, and it is quite possible that he may blossom forth again on the turf more brilliantly than ever. No game of chance, from poker upwards, comes amiss to him. He has had a cut at everything—from silver-mines in Utah to grain-corners, oil-wells, real estate, and collections of old masters. In his youth he was one of the Silver Kings of the Pacific Slope. His father was an English merchant who had "met with reverses" at home, and emigrated to America. Mr Keene, according to one account, was English born; but according to another, he first saw the light at Lynchburg, in Virginia. Whichever continent may have been honoured with his nativity, by the time that he reached California he was pretty wide awake. He started as a lawyer in San Francisco, and the best part of his

business came from the miners, who were always contesting claims. In this way he got a good insight into the inner working of mining properties, and his quick eye took in at a glance all the unbounded possibilities they offered for speculation. He transformed himself into a "curb-stone broker," and a few well-judged ventures having put him in funds, he began a series of speculative *coups* which dazzled by their boldness even the born speculators of San Francisco. Having got early information about the Belcher and Crown Point Mine, he ran up its shares till he could clear out with a profit of two and a half million dollars. Next he took in hand the Ophir, and made out of it in a single week nearly three-quarters of a million dollars. But all that might have been luck falling in the way of any fool. Keene showed his genius in riding ahead on the boom till it was at full flood, and then turning on it at the right moment. By this time many of the properties had been inflated far beyond their value. He now picked out the biggest of the windbags and squeezed them until they burst, leaving a second fortune in his hands.

With five million dollars at his credit, young Keene began to think that the Pacific Slope was played out. He quitted it betimes, and came East, eager to join in the fray with Jay Gould, and Cammack, and Russell Sage, and the rest of the leviathan operators. He had much to learn in Wall Street, and he paid smartly for some of his early lessons. His great, if not his only, quality as a freebooter was courage. Whatever he took up he carried through with unlimited audacity. The guileless Jay Gould taught him that certain other qualities are equally

requisite to a strategist in stocks. Gould, Keene, and their "mutual friend" Selover, went into a friendly pool for bearing Western Union Telegraphs. The plan was that Keene and Selover should "sell short," borrowing stock in enormous quantities to cover their sales. When they had knocked the market to pieces, Gould was to come in and buy, and the profits were to be divided. Keene started selling with his usual audacity: he sold thousands and tens of thousands, but somehow the price did not drop; it remained firm, and the situation began to look not only suspicious but serious. The explanation was very simple, however, when at last it was got at. The guileless Jay Gould had been buying all the stock his confederates sold; and the funniest part of the story is, that he made them deliver it too—every share. That was Jim Keene's first and last partnership with the "mouse-trap" man. In delicacy and finesse his style was obviously deficient, but in audacity no rival could approach him.

About the year 1878, he carried the war into Chicago, and sank millions of dollars in attempting to work up a corner in grain. He was within an ace of succeeding when his house of cards was suddenly brought to the ground by a ridiculously simple trick of a desperate "bear." A telegram was sent from New York to Chicago, with Keene's name forged on it, ordering a sale of three million bushels of wheat. The market collapsed at once, and before Keene could come to the rescue it was beyond redemption. He did not get back his money from Chicago by a good many million dollars. But shortly afterwards he struck oil in Wall Street. At the end of 1878, the "boom" in

stocks began, which went on almost without a break till the middle of 1881. Keene was a strong "bull" from the beginning, and came out again at the top of the wave, just as he had done in a smaller way at San Francisco. His gains in this campaign are said to have been about ten million dollars. In 1881, he wheeled round at the right moment, and became a "bear" on the market generally, with the exception of a few pet stocks like Central Pacific, which, though long sustained by him, became at last the worst cripples of the lot. When he had gorged himself with new millions, he looked round for something else to lose them on, and he selected petroleum. It was a very good selection for the purpose. Mr Keene sold heavily, furiously, steadily for the rise, and oil quite as persistently fell. Simultaneously he launched into the "option" business, and burnt his candle at both ends. Last summer he began to be spoken of distrustfully, and it was rumoured that he had sold his pictures—always a bad sign in a New York millionaire. If he is completely doubled up, he assigns his house, furniture and all, to a friend, and goes on as before; but if he only sells his pictures, it means that he is in a tantalising ambiguous condition of half ruin.

After parting with his old masters, Mr Keene had another drive at "straddles," and having lost a million or two more, he was able to "call a halt" with dignity and dramatic effect. But apparently he is cleaned out now, for a friend of his told an interviewer that "lately he has been disposing of pretty much everything that was convertible—real estate, old mining machinery, *bric-a-brac*, and things which a man is apt to

keep to the last." After this there can be no question of Mr Keene's title to be admitted into Dr Talmage's select brotherhood of "financial sufferers." To have been the legal owner of two millions sterling, and then to have to call a halt for want of a few hundred dollars, is an antithetical experience to be looked for only in America. But there are financial freebooters to whom even two millions sterling are a flea-bite. In one of the early scares in Wall Street, Mr Gould caused some fun by the alacrity with which he turned out the contents of his strong-box in order to disprove the report that he had been pledging them to raise money. The aggregate value of the securities exhibited, taken at the current prices of the day, was fully two hundred million dollars. If Mr Gould had held on to them all through the subsequent decline, they would by this time, to use an expressive phrase of his own, have been "scaled down" to thirty, or at most forty, millions. But it is not probable that Mr Gould did hold on. In fact it is not pretended that he has done so. The recent bear raids, which knocked the market all to pieces, are believed to have been engineered by him, and it is a suspicious coincidence that they began very soon after his return from Florida. Previously he had the credit of co-operating with Mr Vanderbilt in a bootless endeavour to sustain the market; but even then Mr Gould may have had two strings to his bow. It was frequently alleged in Wall Street that he was doubling on Mr Vanderbilt, as he had doubled on Jim Keene in the matter of Western Union, only this time he would be selling when his partner thought he was buying. It is difficult to believe that a son of the Commodore could be so in-

genuous as to lend his broad shoulders to Mr Gould for such gymnastics. There is an alternative theory, which also has supporters, that both partners were doubling on the innocents outside whom they induced to buy, in the hope that the time had come at last for the great rebound in prices. On each successive rise they may have "sold short" to almost any extent—that is, sold intending to buy in again after a fall—and in the inevitable reaction, which was never more than a few days in showing itself, they may have cleared handsome profits. This operation repeated frequently over a period of two or three years might almost cover the depreciation, great as it has been, in the stocks which the operators still hold.

It is a mere surmise that Mr Vanderbilt has had any alliance, or even an understanding, with Mr Gould during the two years' agony of which the Americans are now drinking the bitter dregs; but as to Mr Gould's own policy there can be little doubt. It has been a main cause—first, of the unhealthy boom; and then of the ruinous reaction. He was a leading manufacturer of the "wild cat" securities, with which Wall Street was deluged in 1881, and too many of which found their way into Capel Court. Not only did he conjure up these securities, but he has used them as his trump-cards in playing against innocent persons, who had no intention of speculating at all, much less of gambling in such rubbish as Wabash. They asked for investments, and under that name the obliging Gould foisted on them scrip, income bonds, and fancy paper of all kinds fresh from the official printing-press. In this he went far beyond the dashing, reckless Jim Keene. The latter was a

stock-gambler pure and simple, but a straightforward one. He went into the market openly, and played above-board. He stood on the same level as other people, and had no special advantages except quicker brains and earlier information when he could get it. But Mr Gould has always been more than a "big operator." He has been a controlling proprietor, a manager, and a railway king as well. That is what has made him specially dangerous to play with, because it has given him the power to make his own game—to shuffle the cards to suit himself. From the time of his brilliant *coup* against the Erie Railway, Mr Gould has been a financial freebooter of the first order—a Wall Street strategist of unfathomable depth. He was shrewd enough to see that the easiest way to make sure of success in gambling is to get hold of the stakes. That has been his principle from the beginning. He got hold of the stakes when he captured Erie. He got hold of the stakes when he built up "the vast Wabash," the foundation he built upon being shares of bankrupt lines which Russell Sage and he picked up at about two dollars apiece. He got hold of the stakes when he watered Western Union stock up to eighty million dollars. He got hold of the stakes again when he captured the Missouri Pacific, fixed himself and his friends on the directorate, and raised it to a 12 per cent line—on paper. Once more he got hold of the stakes when the Gould clique beared the Elevated Roads almost into bankruptcy, and then rescued them by taking the management.

Little wonder that Mr Gould should find it easier to make millions of dollars than other men do to earn bread-and-cheese. The mystery is, that he should still find fools to play with him.

Whether gambling be repressible or not—most likely it is not—so long as it continues it should be made as nearly square as possible. But it cannot be square without a neutral stakeholder, and that is what gamblers can seldom or never have who risk their money in Wall Street. The financial freebooters whom they play against control the stakes in having the management of the property gambled in. They can pay unearned dividends, and they can plunder or waste in a hundred different ways dividends which have been earned. They can publish traffic statements when they are good, and withhold them when they are bad. They can deliberately kill a good property by strangling it with unprofitable leases or guarantees; they can make a bad property look good by temporarily turning traffic on to it which they can turn off again at their own pleasure. It is not merely the control of the property that gives them a fraudulent advantage, but they may also command the bulk of the securities dealt in. Some of the Gould lines, for instance, are represented here by a few million dollars' worth of shares out of thirty or forty millions in existence. The other twenty-five or thirty-five millions, as the case may be, is probably pledged with some bank in New York, or planted among a few of the "insiders" whom Mr Gould uses as confederates. They can make the stocks scarce or plentiful just as they please. If they are engineering a fall they spread bad reports, encourage selling, and lend out the stock freely to bears. At a pre-concerted moment they deny the bad reports and call in the borrowed stock, when the bears get their necks twisted. If the game be to "force a rise," they spread good reports, lock up the stock,

and give an impression of scarcity, till the favourable moment comes for letting it loose on the heads of the frightened bulls. These are some of the simplest tricks of the freebooters. To follow them into their more intricate strategy would require a MacHenry or an Uncle Rufus.

Another class of financial freebooter who has been making things lively in Wall Street is the organiser of syndicates to build competing railways. Several of these have come to grief in the late panic; and it is doubtful if they do not deserve less sympathy than Mr Gould himself. They may not do greater damage to the honest investor, but it is much more difficult to repair. The evil that a stock manipulator does dies with him, but a competing railway for which there is no room lives in a fashion for ever. It is a permanent evil, for, once made, it cannot be pulled up again; and if it does not pay to run, it goes into bankruptcy, and, like Erie and Reading, its history becomes an endless series of reconstructions. One set of proprietors burn their fingers, and drop it; another set take it up, and in due time get singed; a third set come in on a still lower level, and still find it too hot for them; but, as the Duke of Wellington said of the Queen's Government, the railway has got to be carried on. Then the harm it does to itself is a trifle compared with the mischief done to pre-existing lines, whose business it filches from them. They may have been good solid properties, like the New York Central and the Lake Shore. They may have paid regular dividends, and their shares as well as their bonds may have been favourite investments among people who had no thought of speculating when

they purchased them. But the advent of a "wild cat" line changes the whole aspect of affairs. Railroad wars break out; rates are cut down to less than the cost of moving the goods; trains which used to run full have to be run half empty, because half of the traffic has been diverted to new lines; working expenses are increased in consequence of faster running and other baits to catch passengers; the credit of the concern is lowered, and it has to pay higher interest on its loans. In twenty other different ways it suffers through the inroad on its traffic. Its financial character undergoes a serious change for the worse. It may continue to be as well managed as ever, but its earning power has been vitally injured, and when that is found out its securities sink from the level of investments into the mud of gambling speculation. Not only is the property itself harmed, but all railway property in America is discredited through it.

British investors should have this peculiar risk of American railways made clear to them, and as far as possible they should know the men who are specially responsible for it. In every case British, or at all events European, help was calculated on for the carrying out of these suicidal schemes of competition. The promoters assumed that they would only have to manufacture "securities" enough for new lines, and London, Paris, Frankfort, Amsterdam, would gobble them up as fast as they were printed. The "foreigner" has for once declined to let the Yankee walk round him. London was very shy of the "wild cat" stuff, Paris would not have it at all. Frankfort was too badly bitten in 1873 to have forgotten it. The honest Dutchmen took the bait to

some extent, but they are wide enough awake now. On the whole, the exportation of "wild cat" securities to Europe was a failure. Instead of being dumped on the British investor, as had been intended, they had to be pawned with banks at New York, pooled by syndicates, and in some form or another carried by the manufacturers themselves. To any one who has watched the gathering storm, it is significant that nearly every failure during the recent panic should be traceable, more or less directly, to speculative railway building. Every bank that closed its doors had lost money on shares or bonds of one or other of the Sheffield razor lines that had been built to sell. Grant & Ward and the Marine National Bank had been financing the Chicago and Atlantic extension of the Erie Railway. They had also a hand in the Nickel Plate line (New York, Chicago, and St Louis), a road which duplicates the Vanderbilt system from Buffalo to Chicago. Eighteen months ago, Mr Vanderbilt, in a moment of weakness which he must have ever since bitterly regretted, took it off the hands of the syndicate before it was finished. By doing so he furnished them with means to push on a still more dangerous rival—the West Shore line, which duplicates the New York Central all the way from New York to Buffalo. Had he held his hand eighteen months ago, the Nickel Plate line would soon have been in a worse depth of bankruptcy than has now overtaken the West Shore, and the panic which he thought to stave off would have come a little sooner, but might have been much less disastrous.

The freebooters-in-chief in the bogus construction department have been the Seneys, father and

sons. The father, Mr J. G. Seney, was president of the Metropolitan National Bank, and through his two sons he controlled the firm of Nelson, Robinson, & Co., who were among the largest brokers in Wall Street. All through the railway boom he was the centre of a perfect network of syndicates, construction companies, pools, and other agencies for supplying the public with "wild cat" securities. He helped to launch the Louisville and Nashville into a furious rush of extensions which have reduced the market value of its shares in a couple of years from over par to under 30. It was the "Seney crowd" who attempted to capture the Norfolk and Western; and at the time of their smash they were projecting a grand new system for the South, to be based on the notoriously bankrupt East Tennessee, Georgia, and Virginia Road. They made a pretty piece of jerry-building of the Nickel Plate line, and squeezed a splendid profit on it out of Mr Vanderbilt, who saddled it on the shareholders of the Lake Shore Company. Sooner or later it will eat off two if not three per cent from their precarious dividend; but many of them are British investors, who do not count for much in a "deal" between railway freebooters. With the money they had sweated off the Nickel Plate, Seney & Co. went into Ohio Central, hoping apparently to make a new Wabash of it. Only too literally did they follow the Wabash example. While they were "reconstructing" it *à la* Gould—that is, piling on new loads of bonds, leases, guarantees, and what not—a bad harvest came, and the inevitable discovery was made, sooner than it had been intended, that it could hardly pay working expenses. That is the "record" of Mr Seney, the speculative phil-

anthropist; and it amply explains how the hundreds of thousands of dollars which he bestowed on colleges and churches came to him so easily. Philanthropy, like finance, has its professional secrets.

Among the stricken deer in the late panic was the well-known firm of Fisk & Hatch, which has since resumed business. It acted as pursuer to the Huntington Syndicate, the builders of the Southern Pacific roads, and was dragged down by the ruinous collapse in Huntington stocks. What is distinguished as the Huntington system began with the Central Pacific Railway, the share capital of which, amounting to nearly sixty million dollars, is understood to have been almost pure water. The shares were introduced on this side a few years ago at 85, and during the boom were run after as a good investment at and over par. Out of the enormous plunder which the Central Pacific yielded, the Syndicate built the Southern Pacific, which opens up a new route from San Francisco, through Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, to New Orleans. The opening of it was very graphically described in the pages of 'Maga' about a couple of years ago. The Syndicate were not satisfied, however, with one eastern port. They aspired, like Mr Gould, to have an outlet of their own on the Atlantic. Starting from Newport News, on Chesapeake Bay, they projected a new direct route to the Mississippi to work in connection with their Pacific system. The bankrupt Chesapeake and Ohio line furnished them with the requisite leverage for financing and reconstruction. But the new-made "securities" would not sell, and the disappointed Syndicate had to stow them away as they best could. The recent crash brought them to

light in all sorts of strange places. Fisk & Hatch, unfortunately for themselves, were well stocked with them. Of the shares alone they carried four million dollars nominal, and they had advanced heavily on the various issues of bonds. A peculiarity in their case was that they had a savings bank among their concealed feeders. It turns out that a considerable portion of the funds with which the Chesapeake and Ohio white elephant was fed had been derived from the deposits of the Newark Savings Institution. All the "wild cat" syndicates had a bank of some kind behind them, but it was reserved for the pioneers of the Pacific to utilise the savings of the poor for speculative railway building. It is not surprising to hear that the prospect of the savings bank depositors being paid in full is doubtful.

The West Shore bubble had partly burst before the panic, but it was a child of the same evil parentage prematurely born. In it we have a culmination of the impudent vices of "financed" roads. It was built to a large extent on bonds, and the bonds were defaulted on before it could be opened. In the Ring there was a Construction Company which calculated on even bigger plunder than had been got out of the Nickel Plate, but it is now in bankruptcy. There was a world-wide organisation to foist the bonds on a confiding public, but they are now selling at half the price they first went off at. The road itself has distinguished its first year by two serious accidents, if not three, in which a good many lives have been lost. Its start altogether has been far from auspicious, and the time is not far distant, perhaps, when Mr Vanderbilt will be able to fulfil his expectation of buying it up at ten

cents on the dollar. Meanwhile the money that has been squandered on this and other speculative projects is fearful to contemplate. Quite as much more may have to be sacrificed by their deluded proprietors before they can be got into a condition to pay running expenses. Still more fearful to contemplate are the millions on millions of dollars which have been filched from the market value of the old roads by this reckless freebooting. Taking thirty-two of the principal railway stocks listed in Wall Street, it is calculated that they have shrunk almost one-half in capital value since the death of President Garfield, which marked the beginning of the depreciation. At the current prices of three years ago, these thirty-two stocks were worth in the aggregate 1236 million dollars. At the close of the panic last month, the same stocks could have been bought for an aggregate of 647 million dollars. Though most of them pay dividends, some as high as 7 and even 8 per cent, their market price averages only 58 per cent of their par value. What would be thought in Capel Court of railway stocks paying 7 per cent and yet selling at 40 or under? There could not be a more striking proof of general distrust on the part of investors and even of speculators. What with rate wars, thimble-rigging in Wall Street, corruption from top to bottom in their administration, threatened dictation and interference by every State Legislature, and a mania for the building of competing lines, which are not needed, and are never meant to pay, the future of American railways is far from brilliant. It would be difficult to imagine securities less enticing for quiet, unambitious investors.

RUSSIA'S ADVANCE UPON INDIA.

IN the Eastern Question, history repeats itself with direful iteration. Once more the colossal power of Russia has achieved a great step, and, as usual, prepares for a further advance. She has extended her power up to, and all along, the northern frontier of Affghanistan, within striking distances of India, and has gained a military position prerequisite for a safe or successful advance into south-western Asia. Her new position on our Indian frontier will cover her left flank in such an invasion, while it is meant to deter England from opposition in Asia Minor and Syria by intrigues, skirmishing, and preliminary attacks upon our Indian empire. Russia has now made peace with her neighbours in Europe, and, abandoning her old line of advance upon Constantinople, she is able to direct the whole of her ever-aggressive power eastward into Asia, where the Shah of Persia is already her servant. Except the Sultan and the Turks, all other Powers are now out of the field; and Russia and England are left, like rival champions, each heading a large section of the Asiatic peoples, in a contest which will decide the dominion of southern Asia, and with it the destinies of the British empire.

Just a year ago, war-clouds appeared to be gathering on the northern frontier of Asia Minor. Russian intrigues were active among the Armenians; and in a short discussion in the House of Commons (May 25, 1883), the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs stated that "the moment is a solemn and serious one in the annals of the Turkish empire." France, too, not con-

tent with her enterprises in Madagascar and Tonquin, was reported to be intriguing in Syria chiefly through the Maronites or Christian population of the Lebanon. In the meanwhile Russia—having firmly established a base of military operations in the Caucasus (with headquarters at Tiflis) and on the eastern coast of the Black Sea, where she holds Batoum alike as a fortress and as an excellent seaport—had been successfully pushing her advance eastward through the country of the Tekke Turcomans, to the neighbourhood of Sarakhs, while a railway from the Caspian was fast following the advance of her troops. As was to be expected, the Ameer of Cabool took alarm at this approach of the Muscovite battalions. The crisis was at hand when he must make a choice between his two formidable neighbours England and Russia. "Russian intrigue," said a telegram from Simla, "is at present as unceasing and audacious in Affghanistan as it was in the days of Shere Ali." The Ameer cares not a jot for either Power—rather, he hates both of them; but he must find out which is likely to prove the stronger. He has felt the power of England, and will side with her (as the lesser of two evils!) if he feels thoroughly assured of her support; but her vacillating policy, with the Gladstonian "skedaddle" out of Candahar, has made England appear but a broken reed to lean upon, compared with the persistent unswerving course of Russia. Accordingly a year ago tidings came from India that the Ameer had claimed an interview with the Governor-General to ascertain whether England was ready to

give him effectual support. But, under instructions from Downing Street, the Viceroy evaded a decision; he put off the interview to "a more convenient season;" and in the House of Commons the Ministry, through Mr Courtney, refused to state the purpose of the Ameer's proposed visit to the Viceroy, or the character of the negotiations which had taken place on the subject.

In truth, Mr Gladstone and his colleagues were beginning to see, yet dared not confess, that their abandonment of "the scientific frontier" and of the Beaconsfield policy was a serious blunder, and that Russia had been befooling them ever since. No sooner did the Gladstone party succeed to office upon the ever-to-be-lamented overthrow of Lord Beaconsfield, than Russia commenced an energetic attack upon the territory of the Tekke Turcomans; Geok Tepe, their stronghold, was taken by storm,—and still the Muscovites under Skobeloff pressed on eastwards towards Sarakhs and the Affghan frontier. At length our Government could no longer keep its eyes shut; and that mildest of British Foreign Secretaries, Lord Granville (in February 1882), began the old game of conferences with the Russian Ambassador in London, Prince Lobanow. Lord Beaconsfield had acted on the wise principle that it is of no use asking for or trusting to Muscovite pledges, and that, both for safety and for self-respect, the right course for England is to act for herself in providing for the peace and security of her Indian empire. "Gladstonism," on the contrary, is all talk and no action; and so the old and futile game of conference and despatches was resorted to anew. Paper pellets were to prevail against cannon-balls, and

a flow of fine words was to stop the march of armies!

Let us see, then, what ensued, as set forth in the Ministerial record of these conferences contained in a recently issued blue-book. It opens with several conferences which Lord Granville in February 1882, held with Prince Lobanow, and in which the British Minister urgently suggested whether "some agreement might not be come to as regards the policy and position of the two Powers in Asia, which should remove the jealousy with which public opinion in this country was inclined to view the success and progress of the Russian arms in those regions." A month afterwards (14th March), Lord Granville had another conference with the Russian Ambassador on the same subject, in the course of which Lord Granville put on record the following statement:—

"It was acknowledged, not only by her Majesty's Government, but by that of Russia also, that it was desirable to avoid any contact or very close contiguity between the frontiers of the British and Russian possessions in Central Asia, or of the native States under their immediate and direct influence. Russia, on her part, had shown considerable susceptibility in this respect in regard to the possible eventuality of an English occupation of Herat; while on our side Lord Derby, when Foreign Secretary, had equally expressed the objections that would be felt here and in British India to an advance of the Russian arms to the immediate vicinity of the Affghan frontier. During the last two years our movements had been in a retrograde direction. The Russian Government, on the contrary, had advanced far beyond what we had been led to expect from the assurances previously given to us. We now heard of a surveying party having proceeded beyond the Russian advance positions as far as Sarakhs, and that point was mentioned by the Russian Government as the termina-

tion of a proposed delimitation of the Affghan frontier. It appeared to us that if the possession of Sarakhs were at any time to be arrived at by the Russian Government, it could not be necessary for the purposes which have hitherto been stated by them as their object. Our desire was to make an arrangement which should prevent any occasion or opportunity for a further advance of Russia towards Affghanistan. We believed that her present acquisitions were all that she could require for purposes of security."

To this, Prince Lobanow replied that "there had at one time been an attempt to agree upon a neutral zone between the possessions and dependencies of the two countries, and that this arrangement had been found to be impracticable,"—the truth being that Russia refused to be bound by any "neutral zone" that our Government could propose. Prince Lobanow (as recorded by Lord Granville) then stated that "the Russian Government considered that Affghanistan should be an independent or semi-independent State, subject to English influence; and the country to the north of it, now under discussion, should remain a neutral territory, placed in a somewhat similar position with regard to Russia." To this Lord Granville replied:—

"It might be inferred from his Excellency's words that Russia considered herself free to advance to *Sarakhs*. This, however, was exactly the kind of approach which the Russian and English Governments had always joined in deprecating. The Russian Government had, especially in 1875, dwelt upon the more than inconvenient results that would attend an English movement upon Herat. Lord Derby used the same language as to advances on the part of Russia. *As it happened*, [!] we had withdrawn from Affghanistan, while the Russians had advanced beyond the lines they occupied at that time."

"As it happened!" It is a curious phrase to apply to the deliberate reversal of the previous policy of the British Government in this matter—to the abandonment of Candahar and the scientific frontier—the most distinctive act of Mr Gladstone's new Administration, and in which the mild Lord Granville had his share! But to proceed. In the following month (April 1882), our Ambassador at St Petersburg (Sir E. Thornton) had an interview with M. de Giers with reference to the continued advance of Russia towards the Affghan frontier. Reporting the substance of this interview to Lord Granville, Sir E. Thornton wrote: "His Excellency answered me not once, but several times during the conversation, that Russia had no intention whatever at present of advancing towards Sarakhs or Merv, or of occupying with her forces any territory in that region beyond what was already in her possession." The concluding despatch in the blue-book is the best comment upon the whole affair,—showing the utter worthlessness of Muscovite pledges and intentions, and the calamitous imbecility of the Gladstone Cabinet. In this despatch from St Petersburg, Sir E. Thornton announced officially that the Russian Government had occupied Merv and annexed that important district to the empire of the Czar. Since then, the Russians have been extending their protectorate over all the tribes to the south of Merv, along the north side of the Hindoo Khoosh, from the Bameean Pass (to the north of Cabool) westward to Herat, and also have occupied Sarakhs, the nearest position to their Affghan goal, Herat. When recently questioned in Parliament (May 8) as to these new Russian aggressions, Lord Granville, on

behalf of the Ministry, replied: "There is no confirmation of this report, and if there were, I could hardly believe it. Sarakhs is garrisoned by Persian soldiers, and as lately as last September our *chargé d'affaires* at St Petersburg assured us that Sarakhs would always be outside the Russian line." In the House of Commons Lord G. Fitzmaurice made a reply in similar words; but on being pressed, he said it was possible that Russia might have occupied one half of the town, or Old Sarakhs. "The one is on the one bank of the river, the other is not," stammered his lordship, amidst much laughter; "the other is on the other bank." The said river (the Heri Rud) can be waded by boys for half the year; and Sarakhs and Old Sarakhs are not less one place than Edinburgh was when the "Nor' Loch" lay undrained between the Old town and the New. Once more the British public has become alarmed; and the Ministry find it necessary to do something to appease the national discontent at home, as well as to avert a panic in India. So the "Candahar Railway"—which had been commenced under Lord Beaconsfield, and constructed from the Indus across the flat desert to Sibi, at the foot of the Bolan Pass, before it could be stopped by the present Ministry—is ordered to be continued to Quetta; while Lord Granville is doubtless mildly expostulating with M. de Giers, and the Russian newspapers are openly boasting that the Czar has now got England by the throat in the East, and can tighten the grip as occasion may require.

Russia has so often played her part in this game that she is now perfect in it. But the interest becomes absorbing as the crisis approaches. She has at length driven

or carried the ball into our ground, and the supreme tussle is about to commence around the British goal. From Sarakhs and Merv, Russia can now place her hand upon Herat, with its fine and fertile plain,—fit halting-quarters for an army, and through which every conqueror of India has marched, from Alexander the Great to Nadir Shah. Likewise, through the Merv oasis the "army of Tashkend" can advance upon all the passes of the Hindoo Khoosh, at the same time joining hands with the army from the Caspian and the Caucasus. Masters of Upper Asia, and possessed of a paramount influence in Persia, the Russians can now bring along with their solid battalions the combined hosts of a Genghiz and a Nadir,—flooding Affghanistan with invaders, and bringing the Cossack within sight of India, the "garden of the East," and the cynosure of Russia's unwavering policy for a hundred and fifty years. In the winter of 1878 the Muscovite army for the first time encamped as a foe within sight of Constantinople: how long will it be before the Russian vedettes, from the summits of the Khyber and Bolan Passes, look down upon their other great goal, India?

Nearly half a century ago Russia had begun her tactics for paralysing England's opposition in eastern Europe by creating troubles upon our Indian frontier. It was the time of "the Vixen" dispute, and of Vicovitch's mission to Cabool. "If we go on at this rate," said Sir John Hobhouse to the Russian Minister in London, "the Cossack and the Sepoy will soon meet upon the Oxus." Now, that meeting-place of conflict would be a thousand miles to the south-east—on the Indus, or, at least, on the Helmund. Twenty years later

came the Persian attack upon Herat—the tardy explosion of Russia's counter-stroke at India in case of a prolongation of the Crimean war; a counter-stroke, too, with which the Indian Mutinies were not unconnected. Then came the Russian conquest of the Caucasus. The incidents of the Crimean war had shown by how precarious a tenure Russia held her Trans-Caucasian provinces, or indeed her entire south-eastern frontier beyond the Terek and Kouban rivers; and so it was resolved not only thoroughly to subjugate the Caucasus but to deport its martial inhabitants, replacing them by Cossack settlements. This was Russia's first work after the Crimean war. Schamyl was finally overcome; the Circassian tribes were persecuted and expelled—literally deported in starving boatloads to beg new homes in Turkey; and their mountain-valleys were repopled by the *Stanitzas*, or Cossack military settlements: in much the same way as the Turkish population have since been treated in the Kars and Batoum districts (annexed from Turkey in the late war), where the native population is being replaced by Slavonians from European Russia. Kars, Olti, and the other strong places captured from Turkey in the last war, have been fortified anew; the recently opened railway from the Caspian to Tiflis and thence to Batoum, permits a rapid concentration of all the Muscovite forces in that region (the army of the Caucasus alone numbering fully 160,000 men), as well as in Southern Russia, from Odessa; and Russia now stands ready and full-armed at this her south-eastern gate, where the whole military forces of her empire can now be speedily concentrated by steam-conveyance—prepared for an effective advance

either into Persia or Asia Minor, when a suitable occasion presents itself.

A year has elapsed since the English Press began to scent coming troubles in that quarter; and the able correspondent of the 'Daily News,' on his arrival there in the beginning of May 1883, after describing the "Russification" of Trans-Caucasia, reported that although he found no special concentration of troops, the Russians were quite prepared for an invasion of Turkish Armenia. "The momentous step," he added, "may be forced upon the Russians by the fatuity of the Turkish Government in Erzeroum and the feelings of bitter irreconcilable enmity between the Christians and Mussulmans of that province. When this takes place, it will be easy enough for Russia to push forward *without a day's delay* a third of her large army in the Caucasus, which at present numbers 162,000 men." And this, if we mistake not, was before the opening of the railway from Baku, which now renders rapidly available the Trans-Caspian troops which conquered at Geok Tepe, and which occupy the territory of the Tekke Turcomans, from the Caspian to Sarakhs.

That Russia's next attack upon the Ottoman empire will be directed against and through Armenia is already manifest. There, and there alone, Russia can extend herself without coming into conflict with the German Powers. The valley of the Danube is an indispensable outlet for the commerce, if not also for the increasing population, of the Germanic States; and there Austria, backed by Germany, stands on guard as Warden of the Balkhans. But in Asia, on the further side of the Black Sea, the Russian empire may push its advance freely. The German

Powers care nothing for that : nay, more, they would willingly see their colossal neighbour finding scope for its energies and territorial ambition *out of Europe*—as on a line of advance leading towards the Persian Gulf and India,—in short, away from Europe. How far they would thereafter relish a doubling back of Russia through Asia Minor to the Bosphorus and Constantinople, is another question: but for Armenia and Syria, Prince Bismarck may well repeat his saying, that he would not give the life of a single Pomeranian landwehr-man. Moreover, France—our old ally in the Crimean war—is now full of adventurous projects of extra-European conquest and settlement, and casts as covetous an eye upon Syria as lately upon Tunis. Russia is not blind to the opportunity thus presented, and a year ago it was rumoured that the Government of the Czar had offered to support France in occupying Syria if France in turn supports, or does not join with England and Turkey in opposing, Muscovite aggression in Asia Minor. In truth, it seems at present as if the long-expected Gallo-Russian Alliance will have for its first object not a “war of revenge” against too well-prepared Germany, but an attack upon never-prepared England in the Levant.

A blue-book which has been laid before Parliament contains some important information as to what Russia is doing in her recently conquered and annexed territory of the Tekke Turcomans—a fertile district which used to constitute the northern frontier of

now effete Persia, and which extends all the way from the south-eastern shores of the Caspian to the Affghan frontier, close to Herat. This blue-book¹ contains a translation of various Russian reports and documents respecting M. de Lessar’s survey of that region in connection with the construction of the Trans-Caspian railway,—which for some time has been in effective operation across the narrow desert between the Caspian and Kizzil Arvat, and which is now being prolonged eastward to Sarakhs,—within a couple of “Cossack marches” of Herat. M. de Lessars speaks of himself as the first European who has ever visited the verdurous and perfectly flat strip of country (called the Attek or “Skirt”) which runs along the northern base of the Kuren Dagh,—so level that, even for the railway, it is merely at a few spots that the shovel need be used at all. But in this belief M. de Lessars is mistaken. It is true that Mr O’Donovan, in his daring journey to Merv, was excluded from the Tekke country, and had to travel eastwards to the south of the Kuren Dagh chain; but an excellent description of the greater part of the Tekke country and of the Turkomans was published a few years ago by “Baker Pasha,” then Colonel Valentine Baker, who visited the region expressly because he foresaw how speedily important it would become in the military advance of Russia towards our Indian empire, and also against the Turko-Persian countries of south-western Asia.

It is time that our politicians and strategists were acquiring a

¹ Central Asia: No. 1 (1883). Despatches from Her Majesty’s Ambassador at St Petersburg, forwarding translations of the published Reports of M. Lessar’s Journeys in Central Asia. Presented to Parliament by command of Her Majesty, 1883.

knowledge of these parts—whether through the new blue-book, or, still better, in the pages of Colonel Baker. But, first, continuing our condensed narrative of the recent progress of Russia through Central Asia, let us recall the fact that eleven years ago there was a great excitement in England on this very subject. At that time (in 1873) Prince Gortschakoff discerned a highly favourable opportunity for making a decisive attack upon Khiva. Mr Gladstone was in office,—Russia's annulment of the Black Sea Treaty had been quietly acquiesced in,—and the British Prime Minister had proclaimed his "silver-streak-of-sea" policy in the pages of a London review. England seemed in one of her most pacific or apathetic moods. Prince Gortschakoff was not a man to miss such an opportunity; and the expedition for the conquest of Khiva was publicly announced.

Strange to say, however,—yet by a freak not unfrequent in persons who are acting against the bent of their nature,—John Bull suddenly fired up at this menace, if not preliminary attack, upon our power in the East. The British nation took alarm at this first clear and unmistakable advance of Russia towards our Indian empire. 'Punch' had a cartoon on the subject, representing a British soldier mounting guard on the ramparts of Khiva, and confronting with levelled bayonet a savage-looking Cossack on his shaggy steed—with the motto, "*Qui va là?*" The public excitement was unmistakable, and the Ministry as usual swam with the tide, or professed to do so. Matters waxed warm, and hostilities were threatened if Russia persevered in her ambitious design. But Prince Gortschakoff was quite equal to the occasion. He knew

that all that was needful was to supply the British Ministry with an excuse for doing nothing. Accordingly an accomplished (and since then distinguished) Muscovite diplomatist arrived in London; a momentous interview was announced; and then—all was over! The Ministry informed Parliament that the only object of the Russian Government in the expedition to Khiva was to put down slavery, and release a few captured Russian subjects; that there was no intention or desire to annex Khiva, and that the Russian troops would be recalled as soon as the captives had been released. The "putting down slavery" was a fine touch! All this was told in the House of Commons with the full pomp of Ministerial earnestness. "The Czar had given his assurances," &c. &c.; and what more could be asked or desired? Indeed, was it not a happy thought that slavery was thus about to be suppressed in one of its last strongholds, and without costing us a farthing?—such was the magnanimity of the Czar! Plainly, it was all right. So England went to sleep again;—and Khiva, like the other Khanates intervening betwixt Russia and Affghanistan, was invaded and included within the ever-advancing eastern frontier of Russia,—the Khan becoming a humble vassal of the Czar.

If Russia were willing to restrict her conquests to Northern and Central Asia, she might well be satisfied by the vastness of the territory. All Siberia is hers, from the Ural Mountains eastward to the Pacific Ocean; and her annexation (from China) of the valley of the Amoor has secured a fine water-way and outlet for the eastern half of the vast territory. In 1836, although her dominion

thus extended across the entire breadth of Northern Asia, Russia had not passed southward from her Siberian frontier into any part of Central Asia. But soon afterwards she began her encroachments upon the western half of that region—viz., upon the great plains and deserts which used to be called “Independent Tartary,” although the population is almost wholly Turkish. Advancing from Orenburg, the Russian forces gradually made their way across the steppes to the head of the Aral Sea; and in 1863 her southern boundary-line ran eastward from the head of the Aral Sea up the lower portion of the Jaxartes river, and thence followed the Chui river to its source in Issyk Kol (the White or Frozen Lake) and to Fort Vernoe, adjoining the Chinese province of Kuldja; thereafter, pushing onward, up the partially navigable Jaxartes to where that large river and its tributaries issue from the fertile valleys of the great mountain-region which divides Central Asia from north to south, separating “Independent Tartary” (Turkestan) from the eastern portion or “Chinese Tartary.” One after another the independent Khanates—Chimkend, Kokan, Tashkend—were annexed, and the eastern frontier of the Czars was carried up to the “Roof of the World,” looking down upon Kashgar, Kuldja, and the other inland dependencies of the Chinese empire. In this way, by passing eastward along its northern border (viz., the Jaxartes river), the Russians got round—in military phrase “turned” or “outflanked”—the great Kizzil Kum Desert, which extends southwards from the Jaxartes to the Oxus; and having annexed the Khanates and fertile region lying along the western base of the Dividing Chain, the

Russians wheeled back down the Zarafshan river upon Samarcand and Bokhara; and then, in 1873, advancing alike from Bokhara on the east and from the Caspian on the west, they closed in upon Khiva; and all the States and cities of Turkestan at length became included within the Russian frontier.

But all these vast annexations were but steps in the path of conquest,—mere preliminary stages to that grand goal of Muscovite ambition in the East, conceived long ago by Peter the Great, and which now animates the breast of every Russian officer as the grand goal is visibly approached. But one more step had to be taken ere all was ready for the advance into Southern Asia. Just as the Kizzil Kum (Red Desert) extends between the line of the Jaxartes river and that of the Oxus, so the Kara Kum (Black Desert) extends its almost impassable area between the Oxus river and the northern front of Persia and Afghanistan. Khiva, an oasis fertilised by channels from that great river, is the only settled district on the south bank of the Oxus. With that exception, the Desert extends eastwards all the way from the Caspian to the far-off base of the “Roof of the World,” or Pamir Mountains, the great Dividing Chain (running north from Cabool and Cashmere)—the Desert extending eastward in the form of a narrow isosceles triangle, having its base on the southern half of the Caspian, and including within its eastern apex the important oasis of Merv, situated 140 miles due south of the Charjui fords of the Oxus, and from whence the course of the Murghab river (which waters the Merv oasis) affords a military line of advance direct southward upon Herat. It was by this route, from

Charjui to Herat, that Stolietoff's Mission a few years ago reached Afghanistan before we even heard of its setting out from the Russian headquarters in Tashkend; and it is by this route (and also, apparently, across the Pamir Steppe¹) that the Muscovite army of Turkestan hopes ere long to co-operate in the advance upon India,—yet only as a detached corps of the grand army of invasion, because the main advance must doubtless be made direct from the Caucasus and Caspian, by the old historic route.

In 1875, after the annexation of Khiva, Russia had become mistress of all Upper Asia, west of the Chinese frontier,—of all the country of the ancient Scyths and Tartars, down to the frontier of Persia and the civilised kingdoms of the South. At that time her frontier line and that of Persia corresponded with the natural or geographical boundaries. All to the north of the Persian frontier (as it then stood), was the “land of Turan”—the region of darkness and chaotic barbarism, between which and the ancient Persians, the people of “Iran,” there had been perpetual antagonism from the earliest times,—the roving hordes of the steppes and deserts being in constant feud with the civilised Iranian nation.

This natural boundary—which became the actual boundary after the Russians annexed Khiva—is

one of the most distinct in the world. The northern frontier of Persia is the mountain-chain called the Kuren Dag, rising from 10,000 to 12,000 feet in height, with a narrow belt of verdure along its northern front, made beautifully fertile by the numerous streamlets which flow down from the mountains, ere they are swallowed up in the sandy deserts which, like a sea, flow up to the very foot of the Kuren Dag. These mountains, then, with the narrow verdurous belt along their northern front, are the natural and also historic boundary of Persia; and all along their northern base are still to be seen, and in tolerable condition, the strong earth-built forts wherein the Persian garrisons for generations past had lived on guard. These old frontier forts are all of the same character, and vary in size from 600 to 1000 yards in circumference. The works, which are composed of solid earth, are built to a height of from sixty to a hundred feet. There is no actual ditch around them, but the earth of which they are built has been taken from the adjoining ground, leaving a hollow or depression for about 200 or 300 yards around them. “These forts,” says Colonel Baker, “are so solid, and have hardened to such a degree by age, that they will stand for centuries” (p. 152). Despite long neglect, they are in such good condition that they can be occupied

¹ “Baffled by the engineering difficulties of the Hindoo Koosh, M. de Lesseps,” encouraged in these explorations by the Russian Government, “has announced that a practicable Pass does exist into Cashmere by Kashgar and the Pamir Steppes.”—“Clouds in the East,” p. 349. This was ten years ago. It may be remembered that when hostilities with Russia were threatening, Lord Beaconsfield's Government ordered the Rajah of Cashmere to guard his frontier pass in that direction. While we write, a report comes from India that, in his recent commercial visit to Kashgar, Mr Dalglish has induced the Chinese Governor of Kashgaria to plant the Chinese standard at Sirikol, on the Pamir Steppe, reclaiming that region for its old masters—an obstruction to further Muscovite “explorations” in that quarter.

by troops,—as some of them doubtless already are by the Russian outposts.

Behind, or to the south, of this line of mountains, which looks northwards upon the great Kara Kum Desert,—and which runs west-by-north from the neighbourhood of Herat to Kizzil Arvat, within a hundred miles of the Caspian,—there is another less lofty mountain-chain which runs due westward from Herat, and forms the southern borders of the Caspian. And between these two mountain-chains there is a long and fertile valley, watered in its western portion by the Attrek and Gourgane rivers, and in its eastern portion by the Keshef-rood. This latter river, flowing eastwards through a gorge in the mountains, joins the Heri-rood near Herat, where the combined streams turn northwards by Sarakhs, until (curving north-westward along the skirts of the eastern portion of the Kuren Dag) the river finally disappears in the great desert amid the wide marshes of Tejend.¹

The watershed of this mountain-girdled valley—its highest point, from whence the Attrek flows to the Caspian and the Keshef-rood towards Herat—is at Kooshan; and a little to the north-east of this place, but on the northern front of the Kuren Dag, facing the great Kara Kum Desert, there is the remarkable natural fortress of Kelat. It is a mountain-rock, fully twenty miles in length by about six miles in breadth, surrounded on all sides by precipitous

rock-walls a full thousand feet in height. This great rocky (or rather rock-girdled) mass projects from the mountain-chain towards the great desert, like a vast inland Gibraltar, with the level desert in place of the sea. Three narrow chasms or fissures in the lofty rock-wall form the only entrances—two of which fissures are respectively the inlet and outlet of a fresh stream from the mountains, which waters the wide interior, together with several wells, and enables crops to be grown amply sufficiently for the maintenance of a large garrison. Nadir Shah fully appreciated the military importance of this great natural fortress, as well as its salubrious climate; and a ruinous palace of his still crowns one of its heights. In most parts the face is a sheer precipice. “I thought,” said Colonel Baker, “of our improvements in guns, and our pride in their fearful power. How petty it all seemed in face of this great work of Nature! Here was a wall, fashioned by no human hands, which all the artillery of Europe might batter at for a century and never make a visible impression. And then, what a garden the interior of the place might be made!”

It was at this place, after crossing the mountain-chain from the south, that Colonel Baker first came in sight of the great Kara Kum Desert and the narrow belt of verdure which extends between the desert and the northern base of the Kuren Dag. The scenery

¹ “The Keshef-rood rises in some springs near the ruins of Toos, and, flowing a few miles north of Meshed, runs through the Durbund Pass to Sarakhs; near which it is joined by the Heri-rood, which river, after running past Herat, winds to the north; and the two after their junction are called the Tejend. This flows through the desert, some 30 or 40 miles N. of the Kuren Dag Mountains, and winds to the west parallel with it,” its course being marked by immense reed-beds, and ends at Tejend, where there is some cultivation.—‘Clouds in the East,’ pp. 192, 193.

in this quarter is very fine, and widely different from the bare and arid aspect of Persia in general. Indeed even the southern side of the Kuren Dag chain is destitute of wood, but along its entire northern front this long range of mountains is clothed with forest from their base up to three or four thousand feet. In many parts the scenery resembles that of Norway. Every valley has a sparkling mountain-stream; the river Lar, says Colonel Baker, "appears the perfection of a salmon river;" and "salmon are found in nearly all the large streams running into the Caspian from the Caucasus." Right along the narrow plain at the foot of the mountains, all the way from Kizzil Arvat to Sarakhs, at distances of seven or eight miles from each other, are to be seen the massive earthworks of the old Persian forts,—their line following the base of the hills, and, as a rule, marking the verge of fertility, the furthest point on the plain which the mountain-streams reach before being swallowed up in the sands. "What a splendid district this would be under settled rule!" exclaimed Colonel Baker. But since then it has passed into Muscovite hands; and thus, as he foresaw, the Russians have acquired "a perfectly level, rich, and well-watered highway from the Caspian to Herat, with forts, that only want occupying, along the entire line."

In 1873, as until the autumn of 1880, the Tekke Turcomans were masters of all the country extending along this Persian frontier; and Colonel Baker had ample opportunities for forming a correct military judgment, both of these tribes and of their renowned steeds. There can be no doubt, he says, that the pasturage of the Turkoman Steppes is peculiarly favour-

able to the development of the horse; and further, the Turcoman breed has been much crossed with the Arab stock. It is said that Tamerlane brought upwards of 14,000 of the best Arab mares into this region; and both Shah Abbas and Nadir Shah imported many mares of the famous Nedjed breed. But the Turcoman horse is now quite a distinct race,—much larger than the Arab, and excelling the latter both in speed and endurance. In the races at Teheran, they always beat the Arabs, although a good Turcoman is scarcely to be seen at the capital. In appearance the Turcoman horse more nearly resembles the English thoroughbred, or race-horse, than any other, and is about the same height, or even stands a little higher. They have a peculiar fast and easy kind of walk, about five miles an hour, in which they do their long and slow journeys; while the quick raids, even of a hundred and fifty miles at a time, are made, with little halting, at a slow gallop. "A horse," says Colonel Baker, "is not considered worth having that will not gallop forty or fifty miles without stopping. At Shahrood a man showed me a bad leggy specimen of a Turcoman which many people assured me he had ridden, on more than one occasion, from Meshed to Teheran, 550 miles, in four days. At first I received these stories of extraordinary endurance with suspicion; but from instances of the powers of these animals that have come under my own notice, I do not now discredit them." At Kelat he saw some Turcomans who had ridden thither on a foray all the way from Merv in thirty-six hours on the same horses. Every horse is carefully tested, and his quality is exactly known by the tribe,—the usual

paces being over long distances, of forty or fifty miles, while shorter races of five or six miles are employed to test speed. The Turcoman horse is quite as gentle as the Arab, and generally more quiet and sedate in his ways and habits, whilst equally courageous. "Their stamina and powers of endurance," says Colonel Baker, "are certainly far in excess of those of the British thoroughbred horse." He adds: "It is melancholy for any one who knows how our Indian cavalry are mounted, to think that within easy reach there lies this splendid field for the purchase of the finest animals in the world, but which we persistently refuse to develop;" only because "it would interfere with the Indian studs and their vested rights, which produce very bad animals at a ruinous cost." On another occasion he says: "Why on these deserts the Arab horse should have grown into an animal more like an English race-horse than any other in the world, but with powers of endurance possessed by no other race, is beyond understanding. And here, while there is a perfect dearth of horses in India, any number may be procured for a third of the sum given for stud-breds or Australians. Yet we never have dug into this mine of wealth, and never shall,—for it will soon pass into other hands."

The Turcomans are not only muscular but heavy-limbed men,—like their horses, of far stronger build than the Arabs. They are also brave and hardy, with a bold, independent air. Their diet is most frugal, consisting chiefly of millet and milk; and they move their camps from place to place as the season renders it convenient for getting pasture for their flocks, or for raising the small grain-crops

that suffice for their needs. Colonel Baker says their tents are the most comfortable and convenient that he has ever seen; and when on military service no commissariat is needful for them, as each man carries with him what he requires. "Brave to a degree," says Colonel Baker, "usually armed with a lance, a sabre, and a double-barrelled gun, often of Birmingham manufacture, and mounted on that splendid and enduring race of Arabs which now equal the English thoroughbreds in size and resemble them in appearance, the Turcoman is the beau-ideal of a wild irregular horseman. At present [in 1873], from want of organisation, they would fall an easy prey to any European army; but should they ever come under European officers (a result which might easily be brought about), these 120,000 magnificent horsemen—guarding, as they do, that great sea of desert which, extending from the Caspian to Balkh, now isolates Russia from Herat and India—would form a splendid frontier force. If they be conquered, however, and brought under Russian rule and leading, Afghanistan will lie at their mercy. These brave tribes are destined to play a prominent part in that *great question* which Time will unavoidably bring upon us in the East."

During his brief stay at Kelat, Colonel Baker ascended the hills within that vast natural fortress—which he calls "one of the wonders of the world"—by a zigzag but fair path to the height of 1500 feet, where he came upon some beautiful undulating downs of very considerable extent, and partly cultivated. There stood a village, and also the ruined palace of Nadir Shah, with the remains of a large well. In order to get a full view of the surrounding panorama, Colonel Baker was cantering forward,

when his Khoord guide shouted to him to stop; and in another moment (he says) "I found a precipice of 1000 feet below me—the wall of the fortress; and such a view in front!" The air is so extremely clear in northern Persia in the summer and autumn that mountains are discernible by the naked eye at the distance of 100 miles. Kelat, as already mentioned, stands at the northern base of the Kuren Dagh Mountains; and below and in front, far as the eye could reach, and stretching away northwards hundreds of miles beyond the range of vision, lay the great Turcoman plains, the vast salt deserts stretching right away to the Oxus, and then on again for other 200 miles to the Jaxartes, or Sir Darya. These deserts were doubtless the bottom of an ancient sea, and there is quite a sea-look about their wide level expanse as it spreads up in a dead monotonous flat to the base of the Kuren mountain-chain, whose projections, like rocky promontories, rise abruptly out of the waste of sands. Standing on the rocky northern front of Kelat, Colonel Baker thus described the view:—

"Away to the E.S.E., and about sixty miles off, lay Sarakhs, as clearly visible as if it had been only twenty miles distant. Thence the Tejend river could be plainly traced by the broad dark reed-bed that marks its course, running far out into the desert opposite Kelat, at a distance of about forty miles, but drawing slightly nearer to the mountains farther west.

"And there! Look there!" exclaimed my guide, pointing E.N.E., 'do you not see? *There is Merv!*'

"I strained my eyes, and struggled to believe that, on the far dim horizon, I did discern a darker, deeper shade; and that—that was Merv—or fancy; but somewhere there it lay."

Even at that time, Merv had become a familiar name in Euro-

pean newspapers, and a topic of public interest in England, in connection with the advance of Russia. Still more so was this the case among the Turcomans, and also among the Khoords and their Persian governors. The air was (even then!) full of the coming conflict between Russia and England. Universally the people were in favour of England—often strongly so. The moment Colonel Baker entered the frontier region, he found this question in "high politics" the supreme topic of interest. At Bostam, near Astrabad, he found the governor a man of intelligence and of decided British proclivities. He said that he knew the north of Khorassan well, and had been to Merv, which he described as a perfect oasis; and he expressed himself as certain that the Russians, having reached the Oxus (by the capture of Khiva and Bokhara), would soon push on to Merv. "Once there," said the Persian governor, "*they will bring a railway, and then Herat will go next.*" It was strange to find that even the Alabama Treaty was known and talked of in those parts as a sign that the power of England was on the wane! Referring to that matter, the Khoord Governor of Mahomedabad (on the northern front of the Kuren Dagh) asked rather sarcastically, "Do you intend to give up India to the Russians without fighting? Perhaps the Russians will not be content with tribute!" Colonel Baker found it a hopeless affair to explain the Alabama indemnity to a fighting Khoord chief; but he echoed (we fear not very sincerely) the stereotyped arguments with which our people love to console themselves: "The Russians," he said, "are a long way off, and the great steppes between are difficult to march over."

"'Yes,' was the Khoord chief's reply: "ten years ago the Russians were a long way off this place; but where are they now? They are at Samarcand; they have taken Khokand; and Bokhara is really theirs whenever they care to take it [they *did* take it a short time afterwards]. Then, we heard that England had told the Russians that they must not take Khiva; but *they took it*. Now, they are on the Oxus. They have been to Kizzil Arvat, at the foot of these very mountains, and have burnt it. Soon they will come to Merv; and two or three years after that they will come to Herat. *Do you think all the people you have conquered in Hindostan will be as quiet as they are now, when Russia is at Herat?*"

Any one who has met Russian officers of the armies of Turkestan or the Caspian, knows with what keen longing and imperious desire the crowning of their labours in the steppes is looked forward to in the descent into Southern Asia, and especially upon India. Everywhere conversation turns upon this subject. When Colonel Baker was dining at the house of the Post-captain of Ashourada, his Russian hostess (Madame Sideroff) interrupted some courteous commonplaces by exclaiming, "It is all nonsense! England and Russia are natural enemies. Their interests are, and ever must be, antagonistic; and it is of no use pretending that it is otherwise." "There can be no doubt," adds Colonel Baker, "that in Central Asia this view is generally held. Russia holds nearly all the north of Asia,—for the most part a barren waste; while in the south lie India and China—a paradise of fertility and wealth in Russian imaginations. Talk of India and the South to a Russian officer whose lot is cast in these dreary solitudes, and his eyes glisten again as he tells you strange stories he

has read and feasted upon of all its glorious oriental luxury and riches. Disguise it as we may—plan as we may in London and St Petersburg—to the hard workers in these desert wilds, India is the Land of Promise which they some day hope to reach; and as every decade sees their frontier-line approach nearer and nearer to India by many hundreds of miles, can we wonder that hope grows high within them as the distant vision seems to draw so close, and that the desire to annex and gain fresh territory becomes almost a mania?"

No wonder that grave thoughts filled the mind of the British officer as he stood on the summit of Kelat, beside the ruins of Nadir's palace, gazing out upon the great deserts lying a thousand feet below:—

"After I had made my observations, I sat for nearly an hour on that mountain-top in a dreamy reverie. The immense future political importance of the scene which lay at my feet gave it an almost painful absorbing interest. That great background of mountains [on which he stood] was, one felt, the true old frontier of Persia; and there again, to the east, I saw it running on, and knew that I was looking at Afghanistan with all its wild and thrilling memories. Then when my mind wandered to the great political problems of the future, and I thought of British and Russian notes and imaginary difficulties in defining frontier boundaries in these regions, the whole thing seemed a farce, for Nature had drawn such a line more clearly than the hand of man could ever fashion it. Those giant mountains form the outer wall [of Southern Asia]; Tejend and Merv the advance-posts; beyond these, the sea of desert stretching right away to the Oxus. If Russia had the Oxus, and a line were drawn between it and Merv, what better boundary could be found? But Merv is the outwork of both Khorassan and Afghanistan; and if the outwork falls, Herat will soon fall with it."

Events move fast nowadays, especially in the East. Only ten years have passed since these memorable musings, yet already Russia is mistress of the whole of that pleasant region; and the line of the Russian railway from the Caspian by Kizzil Arvat, and along the northern base of the Kuren Mountains, runs at the very foot of that rock-fortress of Kelat, whose cannon (if it had any) could sweep the whole road or marching district below, up to the verge of the great deserts. Russia is now at Sarakhs; and every onward step she takes in these regions brings her more soldiers, increased fighting power. The Tekke Turcomans, vanquished by Russian cannon at Geok Tepe, partly remain in their old country as tax-paying subjects and potential soldiery of the Czar, and partly unite with their eastward kinsmen in accepting the Czar's protectorate over the Merv oasis. They would have preferred to come under the protection of England, or even (if England encouraged the project) would have become subjects of the Ameer of Afghanistan, whose territories border with the Merv oasis. Failing that, as a matter of course they have sided with the strongest, and now join the Russians. And the Muscovite advance upon India—now “within a measurable distance,” to use a phrase of Mr Gladstone's—will sweep southward to the Indus, swelled by the whole cavalry of the steppes, and by as many myriad hardy Persians and Affghans (both of which peoples have conquered India in the past) as Russia may care to enlist.

We have already described, on the testimony of a highly competent judge, the splendid military material to be found in these Turcoman tribes, now included within

the Russian boundary; but the whole fighting population of Persia, as of south-western Asia generally, are ready to act as “free lances,” and follow to war and conquest any Government or leader who will hire their services. Observe, for instance, what happened between Valentine Baker and his escort of Persian cavalry. These were twenty of the wildest-looking troopers, mostly Tartars, but of mixed race, and who came from the Turkish frontier. “There was very good material amongst them, both in men and horses.” When it was time for the escort to turn back, having fulfilled its mission, a deputation from the troopers came to Colonel Baker, and urgently begged to be taken on:—

“Why not take us with you?’ they said. ‘We have had no pay for six months. Give us a little pay, and we will follow you anywhere.’

“‘But I am going a long way,’ I answered. ‘I may go into Affghanistan or into the Turcoman country: who knows? You are the Shah's troops, and belong to Bostam. How could you come with me?’

“‘We don't care in the least for the Shah,’ they returned. ‘Only give us some pay, and we will follow you wherever you choose to lead us; and we will fight for you as hard as you like.’

“There were some splendid fellows among them, if only they had been drilled and disciplined. Several times afterwards, they sent me word that if I would only give them a little pay they were ready to go anywhere.

“This incident showed me how easy it would be for any one having the command of sufficient money to raise an independent force of irregulars in Central Asia,—for they were nearly all the same. Only pay them, and they will follow you, and ask no questions.”—(Pp. 158, 159.)

Such is the formidable position which Russia has acquired upon the Affghan frontier, and such the forces with which she can hence-

forth menace and assail our Indian empire. The Russian advance goes on so rapidly that the arguments for inaction on our part, which found favour with the Gladstone Cabinet four years ago, have been silenced by the testimony of facts. At that time the Duke of Argyll thought it "smart" to ridicule the idea of a Russian advance upon Merv as a "Mervish" apprehension. Likewise, when the question of retaining our hold upon Candahar was under discussion, a member of the Indian Council was so blind to what was coming, that he asked, "Is it possible for any one to say that we now really dread a Russian invasion of India? Has not our experience during recent operations in Afghanistan, comparatively close to the magnificent resources of India, and the accounts we read of Russian difficulties when operating against undisciplined tribes in Central Asia, dissipated the apprehensions of the most inveterate of Russophobists? . . . Is it possible to apprehend that Russia is likely to subjugate or to influence Afghanistan so as to make it a base for operations against India? . . . It is more than ever evident that any Russian advance, if indeed it is possible, would be made at great risk, and that it must be effected with so much slowness and deliberation as to give us leisure, twenty times over, to occupy any or all of the posts on the scientific frontier, and also Cabul and Candahar, before a Russian advance could have made itself felt." Danger from Russia, he says, "is so remote, that its possibility is hardly worth considering." Another said, "We may therefore conclude that Russia

will not now undertake any operation in Central Asia beyond those necessary to chastise the Tekke Turcomans."¹

Under the new position of affairs, it is of urgent importance that our rulers and people should give heed to the warning and advice publicly tendered by the gallant soldier who is also our highest authority in military strategy. It was in 1878 that General Hamley delivered the first of his admirable Lectures on this subject before the Royal United Service Institution; but the subsequent retreat from Candahar, and abandonment of the scientific frontier by the Gladstone Cabinet, showed how deaf to reason men become under the influence of political frenzy and selfish partisanship. Sir Edward Hamley has now returned to the subject, and events have so fully followed his anticipations that he need no longer fear lest his opinions be disregarded as those of "an alarmist." Russia has completed her advance upon Afghanistan both from the north through Merv, and from the west up to Sarakhs; and from these two points she can march directly upon Herat, which has often been styled "the Gate of India," and which, in truth, has held that character in every invasion of India from the time of Alexander the Great downwards.

Let us reproduce, very briefly, the views of Sir Edward Hamley as to the measures for the defence of our Indian empire, which are now rendered necessary by this recent advance of Russia, and by the menacing position which she has assumed upon our Indian frontier. Afghanistan is a mass of mountains, a vast natural citadel, which intervenes between Upper

¹ See *Russia's Approaches to India*. By Lieut.-General Sir Edward Hamley, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., &c. P. 20.

Asia and India; and, for a regular army, there is only one line of march through the mass of mountains to the Indus—namely, that which leads from Herat to Candahar. Herat—a strongly fortified city, which might be made impregnable, and lying in a broad and fertile valley whose produce would maintain an army—blocks the sole practicable entrance of an invading host into Afghanistan; and General Hamley holds that “a strong Power, thinking more of security than expense,” would and ought to defend Herat as a bulwark and outpost of India. From Herat to Candahar is about 400 miles; and within two or three marches of Candahar, the road or marching-ground is crossed by the Helmund river at Girishk—a position which, “with the most modest precaution, is unassailable.” Here then, at least, ought to be the British line of defence; with Candahar in rear of it, and with Quetta and the Pishin Valley as another strong position covering the upper or Afghan end of the Bolan Pass, and of the railway from Pishin to the banks of the Indus. The passes through the Suleiman mountain-range to the north of the Bolan are between 200 and 300 miles in length, and most difficult of passage; so that Sir Edward Hamley would be content to defend them by means of intrenched camps placed so as to block their outlets to the Indus plain. Finally, for all these operations on the line of the Indus, our military base ought to be shifted from Calcutta to Kurrachee. As Sir F. Roberts observes, in his Memorandum dated 12th May 1880, “Candahar is being rapidly brought into communication with the main railway

system of India, and will soon be (as regards time) within a comparatively short journey of the rising and important seaport of Kurrachee. This port must inevitably be the base of all military operations undertaken in the direction of Candahar-Herat, which line, unless I am much mistaken, will henceforth be the theatre of any war carried on by us against the Afghans or Russians in Central Asia.”¹

One difficulty to be encountered is, that in addition to the regular army of the invaders, whose movements could be counted upon, there would come a swarm of irregular horsemen, who could threaten our frontier even across the deserts of Beloochistan—a part of the frontier which is unassailable by a regular army. As Sir Edward Hamley points out, it was a feature of Skobelloff's plan “to organise masses of Asiatic cavalry, and, hurling them on India as a vanguard, under the banner of blood and rapine, thus bring back the times of Tamerlane. Every one,” continued Skobelloff, “who has concerned himself with the question of a Russian invasion of India will declare that it is only necessary to penetrate to a single point of the Indian frontier to bring about a general rising. . . . Even the contact of an insignificant force with the frontier of India might lead to a general insurrection throughout the country, and the *collapse* of the British Empire.”²

These swarms of irregular cavalry which will accompany the Russian advance, together with the political necessity of excluding an enemy from Indian territory, constitute a very important point in the question of Indian defence; and it was partly on this account that we have

¹ See Lieut.-General Sir Edward Hamley's Lecture, p. 19.

² Quoted in Lieut.-General Sir Edward Hamley's Lecture, p. 17.

so fully described the Turcoman country and nomadic tribes which Russia has now conquered and incorporated in her empire, between the Caspian and the Affghan frontier. We cannot but think that the more these facts are considered, the more necessary will it appear to keep a firm hold upon Herat, as the Gate of India, against the desolating swarms of cavalry from the North. Let it be remembered, as Sir Edward Hamley with great foresight remarks, that it is utterly hopeless for Affghanistan to remain independent, Sooner or later, it must be occupied either by England or Russia; and should Russia be first in possession, we shall either have to drive her back beyond Herat, or else we shall lose India—even were it only in consequence of the trouble and expense of maintaining our rule in face of the unceasing intrigues and menaced attacks of Russia. With the Muscovites at Cabool and Candahar, our position in India would soon become untenable. It is easy to talk of the imprudence of our occupying the strategic points in Affghanistan; but surely, if Russia can occupy places so far from her frontier as Merv and Sarakhs, it ought to be much easier for us to occupy Candahar and Herat. Moreover, as Sir Edward Hamley argues, the question is not as to whether England should occupy these places or not, but whether this is to be done

before the Russian attack upon India begins, or after a war in which that attack has been repelled. As Sir Lepel Griffin says, "It is far easier to annex than merely to occupy;" and the whole course of Russian advance in Asia illustrates the truth of the saying.

Let us conclude with the hope that the heart of our nation is still sound, and its spirit as brave and resolute as it was of old, and that history will not have to record, as one chapter of our downfall, that the British Government was incompetent to maintain that great dominion in the East which in former times a Company of British merchants had sufficed to conquer and establish. Meanwhile let us say Amen to the impressive words spoken by Colonel Malleon at the close of the very able Lecture of which we have made so much use: "With all the earnestness of my nature, I pray that the rulers of England may yet listen to the voice of Sir Edward Hamley. I heard him four years ago, when he delivered that able lecture on the retention of Candahar, and I regretted as much as any man in this room can regret, that his advice was neglected. If his voice be unheeded now, the day will come when it will be too late to arouse from the stupor which now quenches the voice of the British nation, and when we may have only to lament the loss of that which we might so easily have preserved."

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THE WATERS OF HERCULES.—PART I.

THE LEGEND.

HE obeyed the war-trumpet which echoed throughout the Roman Empire. He went forth to fight under the Eagle of the mighty Trajan. His young wife, who had been his for scarcely three moons, hung once more on his arm. He kissed the mute lips which did not trust themselves to speak. Trajan called, and he must follow, but she should be safe. He would send her to the far-distant province by the Danube, where the wild Dacians had long since bowed before Trajan's victorious sword. A trusty escort should guide her to that peaceful valley; the sweet society of her friends, the noble ladies Flavia and Lavinia, should help to cheer her; the sacred waters of Hercules should give back the roses which had faded from her cheek.

He kissed her lips, and taking from his neck a sacred chain of gold, he whispered, "Keep it, and never forget that thou art my wife."

Once more the Roman Eagle triumphed. Flushed with victory and crowned with laurels, the young general hastened to that distant province by the Danube. Had she guarded the mystic chain as he had bid her? The "*aquæ Herculi sacræ*"—had they rekindled the beams of her eyes? Did the roses bloom again on her cheek? Yes, the roses bloomed again; he saw that from afar. He saw her smiling, radiant, her friends beside her, and—some one else. Was not that fair-haired stripling the puny Aurelius Crispinus, whose arm had been too weak to fight for Rome? Was that smile, so heavenly sweet, for yonder boy?

A devil clutched the warrior's heart; his fingers felt for his sword-hilt. Venomous tongues spoke to him; they whispered that she had been false.

He watched from afar; he saw her leave the spot; he saw the stripling bend over something in his hand; and still watching, he followed step by step. A gold line glittered on the youth's neck; the warrior's eagle eye caught the shine; it was the sacred chain, the chain which

was to have been the token of her fidelity; and now that white-faced boy was mumbling over the dishonoured pledge.

They must both die; but the blood should never stain his sword. He knew the man who would do any deed for the love of heavy gold; that man should do this deed. A wild cavern in the rocks was the ruffian's abode. The warrior sought it and spoke.

He. Dost thou know a grave so deep that it will tell no tales?

Brigand. Master, I do.

He. A place whence the dead cannot return to trouble me?

Brig. Even so, I know the place.

He. A woman must sleep in that grave to-night; but neither word nor step must I hear. Here, take this purse.

Brig. Name me the woman.

He. My wife.

The valley slept. The young wife softly slumbered on her couch; but a rude hand has touched her arm.

What is this massive muffled figure that confronts her? Her eyes, dark as death, flash for one moment.

"Follow me, lady; I have come for thee."

"Follow thee? By whose order?"

"Thy lord's."

"Dost thou take me to him? Then will I follow thee gladly."

The way was long and steep; rough with rocks and sharp with brambles. Trees on all sides threatening her with their arms, thorns which caught her silken hair, stones which cut her tender feet.

"Kind man, let me rest awhile; see, my sandals are rent."

"Nay, thou shalt rest presently, and deeply too. The end of thy journey is at hand."

"Good man, is it here I will find my lord?"

She stood still with a shriek. What was this black abyss, blacker than the night around her, which yawned at her feet? Whence came this hideous gaping void?

"What is it?" the woman asked trembling.

"It is thy grave."

They were alone, the woman and the man, and the vast forest was around them. No human ear could hear her shriek, no human eye could see her death. Shame on the trees which nodded to each other over the murderer's head; shame on the breeze which whispered the black secret through the forest; shame on the golden stars, oh shame on them, not to hide their twinkling eyes from the sight of so foul a deed! The eagle started from its nest at the sound of that shriek, and circled flapping through the darkness; the lynx-eyed cat, listening, dropped her prey, then rose and fled swift-footed to the inmost fastnesses of her rocky den.

The guiltless wife had not yet ceased to breathe when the husband had learnt his error. Before his mighty sword the stripling sank to the ground, but with his last breath he whispered the truth. Aurelius had loved her, but she was innocent; that chain was no love-token from her; he had stolen it from her as she dropped it, going to the bath.

"Cruel man, she loved no one but thee."

Wildly did the warrior press up the hillside to find that deep grave

which could tell no tales. That grave should be his grave,—if he were too late.

The valley awoke, and the portals of the baths stood open. The sacred Hercules waters bubble boiling from the rock, and are caught in marble basins to be the health of thousands. The priests are offering their morning sacrifice to the god *Hercules sanctus augustus invictus salutarifer*. Fair ladies enter the baths, or stroll along the tessellated pavement.

The noble ladies Flavia and Lavinia walk with linked arms.

Lavinia. How has the sweet Flavia rested?

Flavia. But poorly. The fate of my beloved friend robbed my couch of all its softness. It is the common talk of the valley. I shall never be consoled. Wilt thou?

Lav. Never. Ah, she was beautiful! How red were her lips!

Fla. And how shapely were her arms! But didst thou never think that her hair was too black?

Lav. Now that I reflect, I think it was too black.

Fla. And her eyes too large?

Lav. How justly thou speakest! And, sweet Flavia, what say'st thou of her skin?

Fla. Any suckling could see that it was over-white. She had not thy roses, Lavinia.

Lav. Nor had she thy noble stature, sweet Flavia; her figure had not the pleasing roundness of thine.

Fla. Nor seems it to me that her lips were so—*very* red.

Lav. Nor her arms so *very* shapely.

Fla. Now that I call back her face to mind, I cannot say that she was beautiful.

Lav. We shall be friends for ever, my Flavia!

[*They embrace; then stand looking down at the rolling Djernis river.*]

Lav. They say she was innocent.

Fla. They say so.

Lav. Even now the high priest waits to implore the gods with sacrifice that they should pardon her cruel bloodshed.

Fla. The high priest has a tender heart. He is ever compassionate to the erring.

Lav. Didst thou say—erring?

Fla. I was but speaking my thought.

Lav. Tell me thy thought, sweet Flavia.

Fla. It came to my mind that we unhappily hold no proof of her innocence. Aurelius had a fair face.

Lav. Methinks her lord was of nobler gait.

Fla. The man who is nearest is always the comeliest to a—pleasure-loving woman; we will not say more than a pleasure-loving woman, Lavinia.

Lav. Oh, wise Flavia! oh, far-seeing Flavia! Yes, she deserved to die. But hush! let us speak softly.

Fla. and *Lav*. [*in one breath*]. No word of ours shall taint her memory.

Lav. What if I whispered the truth to young Sabina? She is a discreet matron.

Fla. And I have no secrets from Lucrezia; we are as sisters to each other.

[*The noble ladies have reached the entrance of the sacred temple. They pause on the steps to adjust the folds of their trailing garments. To the left of the temple the wooded bank slopes upwards, dark green against the clear blue sky; from below on the right comes the the sound of rushing water, for there the Djernis tosses moaning over its stony bed.*]

Lav. When last we stood here, she was by our side. Canst thou tell me if my *palla* falls smoothly?

Fla. As smooth as moonbeams on a lake. And mine?

Lav. Thou art draped like a goddess in the clouds. Say, is it not pitiful that she had to die so cruel a death?

Fla. Truly; but the pity is greater that he should have thrown himself after her. He was a well-favoured man.

Lav. [*looking into the steel mirror which hangs by her side*]. He might have known that there are many more comely women in the world. But hark! the voice of the flutes invites us to the temple.

Fla. Come, let us sacrifice to the immortal gods!

[*Exit.*]

THE PROLOGUE.

When Alexius Damianovics de Draskócs, sometimes known as Count Damianovics de Draskócs, died, he left his widow and two children under the care of his brother Josika. Josika had long waited for this opportunity. Some fifteen years previously Alexius had taken possession of the paternal estate, merely on the ground of being the nearest to the spot, for no will was forthcoming; and indeed, in the lower Danubian provinces of Austria, where these circumstances occurred, wills were rarely heard of, and everything was settled by the right of might. Josika, who in his father's lifetime had already spent considerable sums of money, made no objection when Alexius took possession of the estate; he merely said to himself, "I have a long life before me: I can wait."

Scarcely twelve months were passed since Alexius's death when Josika's waiting was crowned, and he had virtually become master of Draskócs. He had begun by proposing to the widow, who refused him; and had ended by boldly

declaring that he had as good a right to the estate as Alexius had ever had. This resulted in much indignation and tears on the part of Eleonore, the widow; and finally, in her abrupt flight to Pesth, whence she threatened Josika with the terrible word "Justice!"

Twenty-two years passed, and the lawsuit begun by the furious Eleonore still trailed its slow length along. "I have a long life before me," was Josika's set formula: "I can wait. I hope to survive the end of the lawsuit."

Meanwhile the widowed Countess experienced another heavy blow. Her son Alexius, who betrayed a weakness for alcohol, had been placed in the hands of a young German tutor, named Adalbert Mohr. The widow's daughter, Ascelinde, being then an impulsive creature of twenty-nine, lost her heart to the tutor, and told him so, or "betrayed her feelings" in an unguarded moment. Adalbert really admired her; and what between that and surprise, he took the bait. The engagement was kept secret, but Eleonore had sus-

picians, and lost no time in sending off tutor and pupil on a holiday tour. The choice of locality had been left to Adalbert, and he gladly seized this opportunity of visiting a spot which he had long wished to see. This was a romantic valley on the southern confines of Hungary, which, though possessing strong sulphur-springs, was little known and rarely visited. Historical research happened to be Adalbert Mohr's pet form of study, and this wild spot was known to harbour fragments of great antiquity. Eagerly he set to work, forgetful of his pupil. His enthusiasm grew daily.

"I have at last," he wrote to Ascelinde in the second week of his stay, "come upon the track of that curious place called *Gaura Dracului*, which the peasants of the valley speak of with dread. I shall devote my last fortnight to the search, for I have a theory that some interesting discoveries might be made on the spot; but not one of the peasants will act as guide."

A few days after the date of this letter, Adalbert was standing beside a giant beech-tree high up among the hills. He had found the spot he sought, but darkness was close at hand, and he must hurry home. "To-morrow I shall return," he said to himself, while with his penknife he cut three crosses in the beech-stem, which

was to serve as sign-post, "and I shall bring torches and ropes."

But his plan for the morrow remained unrealised. That same evening a letter from Ascelinde recalled him in frantic haste. There had been discovery and family scenes, after which Ascelinde had left her mother's house, or, more properly speaking, had been turned out of it.

A few words sum up the rest. Adalbert and Ascelinde were married, and soon began to find thorns among their roses. Two years later Ascelinde was summoned to her mother's deathbed, and went to receive her parent's last blessing—or curse,—she hardly knew which to expect. It turned out to be a blessing, but in a conditional shape. She was to be forgiven if henceforward she would devote herself to fighting the Draskócs' battle for her brother Alexius, who was too apathetic to fight for himself. Through her tears Ascelinde assented; her heart had clung secretly to "the family cause" all along.

"You have made a fatal mistake in life," murmured the Countess, "and you must redeem it."

"Yes, a fatal mistake; I confess it," sobbed the daughter, "and I *will* redeem it!"

A fatal mistake! And this after barely two years of married life. Alas that love should be woven of so ephemeral a tissue!

CHAPTER I.—KATZENJAMMER.

"C'est une étrange affaire qu'une demoiselle."—MOLIÈRE.

If you look in a German-and-English dictionary for the translation of the word *Katzenjammer*, you will be startled to find it defined as "an indisposition in consequence of intoxication."

The definition is correct, and yet

many victims of this complaint do not as much as know the taste of wine. Ask the fine ladies who shudder at the mere approach of Bacchus, what complaint it is which stretches them on their soft sofas and opens their lips to innumerable

yawns; and, if they are Germans, they will answer you *Katzenjammer*. The truth is, that not wine alone intoxicates. Pleasure can intoxicate, passion can inebriate, success can make you quite as drunk as champagne. The waking from these several stages of delights will bring the same result—*Katzenjammer*. In English you would call it reaction; but whole pages of English cannot express the sick, empty, weary, vacant feeling which is so concisely contained within these four German syllables. This disease is, at certain seasons, apt to become epidemic; but Ash-Wednesday in Catholic countries is the day on which it reaches its climax. On that dreary day—whose first stroke is the knell of dissipation and pleasure, warning us to stop amusing ourselves and to begin undoing all the mischief which the Carnival has done—that sickly spectre *Katzenjammer* creeps into many a gilded drawing-room, and slinks into many a fair lady's bower.

On the Ash-Wednesday of which I write, the sickly spectre was making his round of the town in search of victims. He stole in by every door, and slipped in by every window, exactly as it pleased him; and he came, amongst others, to an apartment which seemed to please him unusually well, and to a victim whose torment afforded him a special enjoyment.

The spectre waved his wand, and the comfortable room looked dreary, the well filled book-shelves became oppressive, the solid chairs appeared clumsy, the dark-green window-curtains gloomy. Never had rain-drops run so dismally down the pane, never had the clock ticked so monotonously, never had the mirror thrown back so pale a reflection of the victim's face as it did on this Ash-Wednesday afternoon.

It was at the writing-table that the sufferer had at last taken refuge from her tormentor; and as she sat there in the shadow of the green curtain, with her eyes fixed on the paper before her, and with a somewhat weary droop of her fair head, she looked like a piece of exquisite fragility, that it was a wonder the tormenting spectre took no pity on his victim.

This very fragility made her beauty peculiar, though by no means faultless. She was too slight in figure to be called handsome, too irregular in feature to be called classical, too faint in colouring to be called brilliant; yet this graceful girl, with the faintest bloom on her cheek, with the fairest of hair lying on her forehead like a cloud of feathery gold, had never been denied the supreme right of beauty.

The complexion was of a flawless transparency; the eyelashes so long and thick that they threw a distinct shade on the cheek, and fringed her eyes so heavily as to leave them in a sort of mysterious darkness. It wanted but the uplifting of those downcast eyes—blue, dreamy eyes, they surely must be—to complete the whole of the picture consistently. She looked like a figure stepped straight out of an old-fashioned poem.

As yet the fringe remained obstinately lowered, and the eyes fixed steadily on the open page before her. That page belonged to a leather-bound, gilt-edged book—just such a volume as young ladies love to cherish as the confidant of their secret inspirations. The broken lines upon the paper looked most curiously, most suspiciously, like verses; and the way in which her white fingers counted out little raps upon the table, might have made one think of a measure that would not fit, or a stanza that

would not scan; and when she now and then paused frowning, and bit the tip of her penholder with her pearly teeth, any spectator would have been irresistibly reminded of a poetess brought up for want of a rhyme.

At length she threw down the pen, and rose.

"Impossible!" she said aloud.

What was impossible? Would *Thräne* not rhyme satisfactorily with *gräme*? Or was *Schmerzen* too commonplace to be coupled with *Herzen*?

"Impossible," she repeated. "Impossible to be *quite* happy under twenty thousand florins a-year,"—and she raised her eyes at last. There was no one in the room to meet her gaze, no one to be surprised at the revelation it afforded. For, after all, they were *not* blue, those eyes, they were *not* dreamy; there was no touch of the muse in them. They were of a brilliant grey; keen, quick eyes, very wide-awake and very direct in their gaze. It seemed almost as if nature had here been guilty of an anachronism; for this girl's eyes were distinctly and characteristically nineteenth-century eyes, while the fragrance of old-world poesy which seemed to linger about her features, and the floating grace of her movements, belonged rather to the ideal of an age long passed. "I have calculated it every way," she remarked still aloud, closing her leather-bound book with care,—"and twenty thousand is the very lowest figure possible in order to——" She broke off, for the door opened just then, and two letters were placed in her hand.

Her face fell as she opened the first; it was the bill for the wreath of apple-blossoms which she had worn last night, at the last ball of the Carnival. Eight florins, which had seemed so cheap for the fresh

crisp flowers in the shop, looked quite out of proportion now that the petals hung limp and lifeless, and the pleasure was behind her. Rather despondently she crushed up the envelope and opened the second letter. "From Belita," she pronounced, as she took the sheet to the window to read it.

Belita was this girl's one solitary great friend. If she was not quite the *Herzensfreundin*, almost indispensable to German girlhood, and who has the right to share all thoughts and feelings, she was at least the nearest approach to such a confidant that the other had ever known. They had been for some years together in a private school, whither the Italian girl had been sent to acquire the northern tongue, and where circumstances, as well as a certain sympathy in some of their ideas, had thrown them very much upon each other's society.

"CARISSIMA MARGHERITA!—I will risk the possibility of crushing my lace ruffles; I will even risk making ink-spots upon my pale green silk before the *corso*, and all this in order that you may be the first to hear my news. Margherita, it is all settled: I am going to be married. You are surprised? *Eh, certo*, I am as much surprised myself. Two days ago the matter was decided,—*for* me, of course, and not *by* me. How much more satisfactory is our custom than yours! You Germans would take several months to decide what is settled by our good parents in a few hours; and after all, the result is the same. I was sent for and told my fate; and before my mother had done speaking, I had, with my usual presence of mind, realised my position, and resolved to present the two new muslins I had just ordered to my younger sister. The eyes of a married

woman must be directed towards higher things than muslins. I want your advice on a weighty point—my toilet for the 30th, the day the *contratto* is to be signed. Blue or lilac ? is the question which pursues me day and night. Yellow is too lively, not enough *recueilli* for the occasion ; and pink I have been obliged to discard, for I have not got your adorable complexion. It must be elegant, and yet not too *voyant* ; it must be rich, but not heavy ; it must soar above the simplicity of a girl's dress, and yet not attain the elaboration of a *toilette de jeune femme*. A judicious compromise between all these qualities, and a happy mixture of the maiden and the matron, are what is requisite. Added to all this, it must not cost much money. For a little time more I shall require to continue my economy ; but the mystic words at the altar-foot once spoken, I shall be transformed into a rich Contessa—and such a rich one, Margherita ! No more dresses to be turned, no more trimmings to be scrimped, every fashion-paper *rêve*. . . . I must stop, the carriage is at the door. No, I have a moment's respite. Mamma is gone to change her velvet mantle ; she is afraid of the pelt-ing of the *confetti*. I tremble for my green silk ; but, *basta* ! I am wasting my time. Margherita, do you remember our words of parting ? how we two poor penniless girls swore to each other that we would make our fortune in the world ? that we would fall into no such mistake as that which your parents have made ? It was in August we spoke thus ; it is March now, and *my* fortune is made. And yours ? . . . It may take you a little longer, for you have the disadvantage of having to choose for yourself ; but answer me truly : what has your first Car-

nival brought you ? I am curious, but I am not uneasy ; for, thank heaven, you are not one of those silly, sentimental, romantic girls, so frequent among your country-women, and who never fail to fall in love with the wrong people. That same clear little head which enabled you to carry off the *prix de logique* at school, will help you to take a prize in the world as well, and a very big prize it will be. I hear my mother coming—good-bye ; but now, on glancing through my letter, I perceive an omission,—I have not mentioned my future husband's name. It is Conte Luigi Francopazzi, distantly related to me on my mother's side. He is young, good-looking, and I have no objection to make to him, except—except,—Margherita, I can have no secrets from you ; there is no use blinding myself to the fact,—he is not tall enough for me. Not that he is a very small man either, but you know my unfortunate height. This is all the harder, as throughout life I have noticed that a tall husband makes a better background ; but I console myself with the reflection that low *coiffures* are coming into fashion, and I have secretly vowed that nothing but tall hats shall find their way on to his head.

“Now I am off. Do not expect another letter just now ; for to-morrow I enter on the delights and agonies of the *trousseau*.—Your devoted friend,

“BELITA PEGRELLI.”

The perusal of this letter was scarcely completed, when the door opened once more, and a middle-aged gentleman appeared on the scene. This middle-aged gentleman was Adalbert Mohr.

The last twenty years had slowly changed Adalbert from a slim clear-eyed student to a mature man,

whose glance had gained in shrewdness and lost nothing in vivacity. His active habits had saved him from that heaviness of appearance and manner with which almost every German on the verge of fifty is beset. His light hair was only sparsely sprinkled with grey; and his bearing was as straight and easy now as it had been at thirty.

"Papa," began his daughter, without the smallest preliminary, "Belita has made her fortune."

"Her fortune!" repeated Herr Mohr, somewhat staggered at this abruptness. "Has she struck a gold-mine? or invented a new steam-engine?"

"No; she is going to marry a rich man."

"Ah!" said Adalbert, "I comprehend," and he sat down on the chair beside him. He was holding his hat in one hand, and his umbrella in the other; he twirled the umbrella between his fingers, and looked at his daughter with a glance that was both curious and a little uneasy. He appeared altogether like a man who is in a hurry to be gone, and yet has something to say which he hesitates how to put forward.

"And so, Gretchen, Belita has made her fortune, has she?"

"Yes; and now I mean to make mine."

"And in the same way?" asked Adalbert, again rather staggered.

"In exactly the same way."

Gretchen left the window, and calmly took a chair straight opposite her parent. She had announced her intention of making her fortune in a tone as matter-of-fact as if she had been announcing her intention of making a pudding.

Adalbert began to laugh. "Many a young lady has started with that same idea, Gretchen, and has ended by eating bread and cheese in a garret, and darning her husband's

stockings by the light of a tallow-candle."

Gretchen gave a sniff of her fine-cut nostrils.

"Stockings and tallow-candles indeed! Of course I know that there are lots of foolish and romantic girls in the world; but what are they there for, unless that sensible girls should profit by their experience?"

"No man has ever grown wise through another man's experience, and no woman, either."

"Then why should I not be the first woman who does?"

"How young you are, child; and how much more foolish than you think!"

"Young!" repeated Gretchen, with an accent of the most supreme, the most delicate scorn in her clear voice. "Why, I am eighteen and nine months; in a year and a quarter I shall be out of my teens. When a woman is out of her teens, her first youth is passed, therefore it stands to reason that in fifteen months my first youth will be passed."

Adalbert laughed out loud.

"What are you laughing at, papa?"

"At my dogmatical daughter, whose confidence in life I am trying in vain to shake."

"I wish you would stop; I have said nothing ridiculous. What has age got to do with it, after all, when you look at it from a logical point of view? Some people are born sensible, and others die foolish. It cannot make any difference whether one is nineteen, or twenty-nine, or thirty-nine; and it is only a stupid old prejudice to say that because a woman happens to be young and——"

"Pretty," completed Adalbert, with a mischievous smile.

"Pretty," repeated Gretchen, steadily—"that because a woman

happens to be young and pretty, she must necessarily also be foolish. If you insist on the number of years, I am only eighteen, but much, much older in experience——”

“Of the world and its wicked ways,” finished Adalbert.

“Laugh if you like, papa; I know what I am talking about. I have been out a whole season, without counting the two dancing-parties last year; and I have been to fourteen balls, five public and nine private.”

“Accurate, Gretchen — always accurate,” put in her father; “you were born a master of the exact sciences.”

“I have watched other girls,” continued the daughter, unheeding, “and the way they go on; and I have danced and talked and listened, and made acquaintance with dozens, just simply dozens, of men——”

“And broken dozens, simply dozens, of hearts——”

“Nonsense, papa! hearts do not break.”

“Well, I am bound to say that they make every thing unbreakable nowadays, even china; that comes from living in the nineteenth century. And yet—and yet——” Adalbert twirled his umbrella rather nervously, and looked with anxiety at his daughter,—“and yet, even in this century I think there are a few hearts still left which might break in the old-fashioned manner. What should you say, Gretchen, if you were to have an opportunity of testing the solidity of a nineteenth-century heart? An early opportunity, Gretchen?”

“Papa, I do not understand you,” said Gretchen, with a stare and a sudden flush. “What—what do you mean? And where are you going to?”

For Adalbert had risen now, and was buttoning his greatcoat in

a hurry. Gretchen rose likewise, and stood gazing at her father, while a sort of vague excitement began taking possession of her mind.

“Where am I going to? Did I not tell you? To the *Frauenkirche*, to examine that old vault they have come upon. They want my opinion about some of the half-obliterated inscriptions on the tombs.”

Gretchen was accustomed to these expeditions of her father’s; for Herr Mohr had long since become an authority in matters of historical research. His name was honourably known far beyond the limits of Schleppenheim, the provincial German town in which he had settled. He had worked hard, but he had not worked in vain; and though, since his marriage and the births of the son and daughter with whom Providence had blest him, he had not been able to indulge his passion for travel and active exploration, yet he had succeeded in realising that comfortable independence, for himself and his family, which once had seemed to lie so far out of reach.

“Yes, papa, the vault, I understand,” said Gretchen, with a rather palpitating heart; “but—and? You were going to say something else?”

“Only that I think it not improbable that during my absence you should have a visitor.”

“A visitor on Ash-Wednesday?” repeated Gretchen, somewhat mockingly. “That is not likely, papa.”

“But if I happen to know that this unlikely thing is a fact.”

“Happen to know!” she echoed scornfully.

“Well, I was told so.”

“By?”

“By the person himself.”

“Himself?” repeated Gretchen, significantly. She stood close to

her father—her eyes were devouring his face. “Papa,” she said suddenly, clutching at his arm, “who is it?”

“Nonsense, Gretchen,” laughed Adalbert. “I know nothing. Let me go. I am in a hurry: they are all waiting for me in that vault. Where are my gloves? Let me go.”

But the grey eyes were still fixed on his face, and the fragile white hand was still on his sleeve; and fragile though it appeared, its grasp was surprisingly firm. It might look like a snowflake, but it was not to be shaken off like one.

“Who is it?” was all she said.

“Gretchen, you will be the ruin of that vault; let me go. Don’t pretend that you cannot guess his name.” And with an unexpected movement Herr Mohr freed himself and escaped through the door, remarking, as he reached it, “I shall be back again in two hours.”

“Who is it?” called out the disconcerted Gretchen; but she only heard her father laughing to himself half-way down the staircase.

Once more left solitary, Gretchen looked slowly round her, and to her astonishment she perceived that everything was changed. The book-shelves were *not* oppressive, the green curtains were *not* gloomy, there was a quite surprising variety in the tick of the clock; the tormenting spectre was laid at last.

Gretchen’s form of *Katzenjammer* had been severe, but it had been a different species of the malady from that which usually attacks young ladies of eighteen. She did not regret the Carnival for the Carnival’s sake, nor sigh over the dancing and gas-light because she liked dancing and gas-light; she never looked at them otherwise than as means which might help her to reach an end. The Carnival was a

campaign on whose battle-fields she had hoped to win a victory. If she had felt dull and dispirited, it was because this campaign was over, the next so far in the future, and the victory not gained—or so it had appeared. But now,—her father’s words—his smile—the visitor who was to come,—oh, there could be no doubt that the victory was won, and her happiness secured.

With regard to this vast word happiness, Gretchen’s ideas might have been worth analysing. In her opinion, it was a question of arithmetic. Since there existed laws for measuring the distance of sun, moon, and stars—since there were rules for weighing the earth and determining the compounds of chemicals—she saw no reason why, by judicious calculation and a logical blending of elements, happiness should not be attained. Her recipe would have been something as follows:—

Take of silver florins as much as will buy a house in town and keep a villa in the country; mix to flavour with golden ducats; consolidate the whole by a handsome balance at some well-established bank; throw in a coronet, and add to it a husband who will let you have your own way.

Result:—(Who could doubt it?) Happiness. Some tastes might prefer more town and less country, or *vice versa*; but those were details.

Gretchen stooped to pick up a paper—the bill for the apple-blossoms; eight florins was really not much, considering the result. Belita’s letter was still in her hand,—she slowly folded it up. Perhaps—perhaps her answer to that letter might contain as important a piece of news as the one here announced. Her fortune might be made as well as Belita’s, perhaps as brilliantly as Belita’s; for

surely *he* would be as rich as the Conte Luigi Francopazzi? Possibly richer? And having reached this point, Gretchen repeated her question aloud, "Who can it be?" The father, as he walked down the street, had laughed to himself at the idea of a girl of eighteen pretending not to guess such a riddle; but in very truth Gretchen was in the dark. During her first Carnival many looks and words had flattered her vanity, but none had succeeded so far as to touch her heart. She had met with much admiration, but she had not been prepared for so rapid and immediate a triumph. She began to go through the names of all her most constant partners.

Gretchen was nothing if she was not methodical. She had formed a cut-and-dry opinion of every single one of her acquaintances. Her eyes were accustomed to take stock of every object and every person they saw, and by a quick contraction of the delicate mouth, a sharp observer might guess at the nature of the judgment instantly passed. Her acquaintances were all catalogued and ranged in order within a secret storehouse of her brain. She had seldom been puzzled as yet as to the judgments to be passed, or the exact place to be assigned in her liking. She found no difficulty whatever about the matter: she had as yet found very little difficulty about anything of any kind. Mentally, she wrote out the designations as follows:—

"*Lieutenant Stumpfenpor.* — Good-natured and slow; the sort of man to be trusted with untold gold; but as he has none of his own, and I none to trust him with, must not let him go too far in his attentions."

"*Herr von Sattleben.*—A shrivelled worldling; thinks I am a toy

to be played with; but he shall soon find out that some toys have sharp edges, and can cut people's fingers."

Such an intangible catalogue is useful for occasional reference, and Gretchen referred to it now; taking the list to hand, she looked up a special column which was marked "*Epouseurs*," and here she alighted, amongst others, upon the following names:—

"*Herr von Barten.* — Not so stupid as he looks; but quite as heavy as the cloth he manufactures. *N.B.*—The cloth trade is improving daily."

"*Baron Federbusch.* — Gentlemanlike; rather amusing and very conceited; but I think I could cure him of that."

This last name was, so to say, mentally underscored; and there was a note added, which had all the emphasis of italics, "*The best parti of the season.*"

It was upon these last two names that Gretchen's attention remained fixed; the balance of her surmises was pretty equally divided between them, although a few others were not quite out of the question.

"If it is either of these," she decided, "I shall not say 'Yes'—quite at once; but I shall certainly not say 'No.' If it is any of the lancer lieutenants, then I must be stern, for I know that they are all penniless. But really, I wonder who he is, and I wish he would not keep me waiting so long; I am quite prepared now,—not in the least flurried——"

A ring at the bell cut the words short. There was a step in the passage, and Gretchen, though she was not in the least flurried, turned rather pale, and began to wish that after all the apple-blossoms had not taken such immediate effect, and that nobody was coming to propose to her.

CHAPTER II.—A LEGAL ADVISER.

"I too a sister had, an only sister;
She loved me dearly."—COLERIDGE.

While Gretchen had been settling the amount of her future income, at the opposite end of the town a tall man was walking leisurely through the streets.

The rain splashed in heavy drops on his hat, each drop squirting up again like a tiny fountain, then joining into little torrents, which ran merrily down his forehead and his nose, blurring the glass of his massive spectacles, then losing themselves a little in his beard, and ending by drawing long wet lines all down his winter coat. He had an umbrella with him, but it was tightly rolled up in his hand, instead of fulfilling an umbrella's vocation. He walked on with a long but unhurried step, as unconcerned about the weather as if there had been a dry pavement beneath his feet and a blue sky overhead, and evidently plunged in some deep and absorbing thought. Still with that abstracted look on his face, and with a mere mechanical sense of locality which spoke of constant habit, he turned into a narrow lonely street, and entered a door.

A steep staircase took him up to the second storey, and there, on a brass plate, stood engraved the name—

"DR VINCENZ KOMERS."

That was his door, and the name on the brass plate was his name. He was Vincenz Komers, lawyer, or *Doctor der Rechte*, coming home rather late from his office to his dinner.

Before he had had time to touch the bell-handle, the door was opened quickly from the inside, and a thin sallow-faced lady confronted him.

"I knew it was you; I heard your step," she greeted him in a tone of shrill reproach. "Too stingy, of course, to give himself a cab home in the rain; never minds whether he frightens his sister into fits by coming home late; overworks himself, catches cold, and I have to nurse him when I need nursing myself."

She had drawn him into the room by this time, and was looking at him critically.

"Preserve us! he has not opened his umbrella; he has ruined his best hat and soaked his collar. Nothing like a lawyer for nice practical common-sense!"

Certainly Dr Komers presented a rather striking sight, as he stood there with his neatly rolled-up umbrella in his hand, and the rain-drops dripping from his clothes. His sister contemplated him with a sort of affectionate contempt, then curtly prescribed dry clothes as the prelude to eating his "cold dinner."

Vincenz meekly complied, and presently reappeared metamorphosed from an amphibious into a terrestrial being.

His sister looked at him again critically.

"Did you not see your slippers standing ready for you? Why have you not put them on?"

"Because I must go out again this afternoon," answered Vincenz, his pale face flushing ever so slightly.

"Indeed! to your office?"

"No, not to my office."

"Might I venture to inquire where to?"

"To the *Krautgasse*."

"Oh, there again!"

Vincenz laid down his spoon to let his "cold" soup cool, but he did not answer.

Having waited for a minute, Anna found herself obliged to add,—"Anything new about their precious lawsuit? Is it going to come to an end at last?"

"Not that I know of; matters remain perfectly unchanged."

"Then what is it you are going to do in the *Krautgasse*?"

Vincenz looked up with marked impatience.

"Does it not strike you, Anna, that a man need not always go there as a legal adviser? Why should I not call in the *Krautgasse* as a friend?"

There was a sort of pride in the way he said the last word.

"As a friend—ah!" repeated Anna. Then she looked from her brother to the girl who was waiting upon them; and then she sat silent for some time, eating her dinner and throwing stolen and piercing glances at Vincenz opposite.

Although she had, with cheerless emphasis, invited him to come to his *cold* dinner, the dinner was in fact scalding hot. Anna was too good a *Hausfrau*, and far too devoted a sister, to let anything but a steaming repast be set upon the table. She dearly loved to receive her brother, when he came late from his office, with promises of discomfort and overcooked meat,—but she would rather have cut off her right hand than have fulfilled these prophecies. Had she not stood in the kitchen herself to-day, roasting her face over the fire, and earning for herself one of her chronic headaches, merely in order that Vincenz should get his fried carps crisp and hot, as he liked them on fast-days?

Anna was four years older than her brother, and long before she had passed the barrier of her for-

tieth year, she had given up all claim to feminine charms. But feminine she remained in mind and manner; womanish and womanly in the highest degree, in spite of the commanding mien and cutting tone with which she armed herself, and in defiance to the dash of strong-mindedness she carried on the surface. It was a mere coat of varnish, and under the thin glaze her true nature lay.

She was tall, meagre, and already wrinkled—her features cut so sharply as to be almost a caricature; ill health it was, more than years, which had so quickly withered her cheek.

She never could have been beautiful; but there had been a time when that exaggerated profile had not been without its charm; and even now there were moments when, entering the half-lighted room, or looking at her without his spectacles, Vincenz was vividly reminded of what she had been in the days when they were both young and prosperous, and before Anna had had that mortal illness which had ended her youth with one blow.

The maid-servant had scarcely closed the door behind her, when Anna looked at her brother and said, "Well?"

"Well what?"

"How about that visit? Explain yourself."

For a moment Vincenz hesitated. Should he confess or evade? "Evade" was the first instinctive answer which rose in his mind; but in the next second he had felt that he ought to confess. The remembrance of a past obligation, the consciousness of a heavy debt, for which his whole life could not repay Anna, rose before his eyes. She had a right to his confidence. What a minute before had irritated him as womanish curiosity, now appeared to him in the light of

sisterly solicitude. He threw down his napkin, and taking off his spectacles, began to rub them with much unnecessary zeal, looking straight at his sister, while, with a touch of defiance in his voice, he said—

“I am going to try my chance with her.”

Anna returned her brother's look without the slightest surprise, for she had known perfectly well what was coming. She had seen it coming all these long months, although never had he breathed one word to her. She had seen it coming before even he had seen it coming himself. Therefore when, after a moment's pause, he began explaining who “she” was, and what “taking his chance” meant, Anna interrupted him—

“You need not tell me—I know it all.”

Here was a shock for Vincenz, who all this time had been priding himself on his masculine impenetrability. He had never written a single love-verse, which might have fallen into her hands; he had never hung up the sacred photograph in his room; he had never pronounced the name, whose very sound stirred his heart, except in what he considered to be a studiously indifferent tone. He had never, he was quite sure,—he had never been caught in the act of kissing that battered old pocket-book, which she with her own fingers had so amiably and deftly stitched up for him. No, he was quite confident that he had not comported himself like a heart-sick lover, and yet Anna had guessed!

Her voice broke in upon his thoughts.

“Why must you do it to-day?”

“I should have done it long before to-day, only that during the Carnival weeks there was no pos-

sibility of approaching her. I dare not now delay.”

“Nobody but you would think of choosing Ash-Wednesday as the day of your betrothal.”

“It remains to be seen whether it *is* the day of my betrothal,” said Vincenz, with an anxious smile.

“Vincenz, this is nonsense! What can you fear?”

“Rivals, Anna; she is so young and beautiful.”

“So sweet, and tender, and helpless, why do you not add?” retorted Anna, sharply. “Oh for the blindness of men! Do you not see that that girl, who looks as delicate as an angel going into consumption, is in reality as wiry as a man, as tough as a sailor, as hard-headed as a lawyer, ay, and as hard-hearted too!—I believe, more hard-hearted than some lawyers,”—she added, with a severe glance at her brother. “No, Vincenz; angels may have golden hair, but golden hair does not make angels.”

“Anna,” said Vincenz, unheeding, “what do you think of my chance?”

“Your what?”

“My chance of winning her.”

“It may amuse you to call it a chance, but you must know perfectly well that you cannot seriously contemplate the possibility of a refusal.”

“It is not a grand marriage for her,” said Vincenz, musing; “but, after all, I do not ask her to share a crust of bread with me; she need not go without the comforts which she has in her father's house.”

“I will tell you what I think,” burst out Anna. “You are throwing yourself away. Not a grand marriage for her? Pooh! you are ten times too good, and too handsome, and too clever for her. She ought to thank you on her knees for your condescension.”

Vincenz smiled absently ; he was used to such speeches. If he could have seen himself with Anna's eyes, he would have beheld a sort of impossible demigod, as far above his fellow-creatures in loftiness of character and majesty of countenance, as the sky is removed from the earth. Even as it was, he had been sufficiently influenced to think himself both clever and good-looking beyond the average of men, until a certain day, when he had for the first time looked at himself in the light of a suitor for that flower-faced girl in her teens ; then only his mirror had told him that his youth was past, and then only he discovered all the qualities which he wanted—and wished, with all the strength of his strong mind, that he could be twenty times better-looking, and greater and more brilliant, for her sake.

"I wonder you never thought of marrying Barbara Bitterfreund," said Anna, "instead of that chit of a girl. Barbara would have suited you much better. She has just written a pamphlet upon the prospects of lady dentists."

Vincenz shuddered a little.

"Why, Barbara is seventeen years older than——"

"And two years younger than yourself," interrupted Anna ; "and you don't call yourself old."

This was a new view of the case for Vincenz. Hitherto Barbara Bitterfreund had always appeared to him in the light of an old scarecrow ; and yet it was quite true that she was two years younger than himself. Was it not barely possible that he might appear in the light of an old scarecrow when looked at by eyes of eighteen ? He lost himself in the train of thought suggested by this idea.

Brother and sister were in their sitting-room now ; there was a long pause. On one side the rain-drops

fell against the pane ; on the other there was the clatter of plates as the maid-servant was clearing away the remains of the fried carp.

Anna lay back with closed eyes, for her head was beginning to ache. Vincenz stood and looked round the room, as he had never looked at it before. The wall-paper seemed to him dingy to-day ; he had not till now noticed how shabby was the piece of carpet in the middle of the room ; how unshapely looked the pile of law papers which loaded his writing-table ; and really it was time that Anna should replace that starved-looking pot of ivy by some brighter plant.

"I wish the stairs were not so steep," he said aloud.

Anna understood the thought underlying that wish.

"If they are good enough for you, they will be good enough for her."

He scarcely heard the words.

There was another pause, longer this time, and then Vincenz, looking at his watch, walked to the table and took up his hat.

Anna opened her eyes and followed his movements.

"Are you really going now ?"

"Yes, it is time," said Vincenz, brushing his hat, and speaking with forced composure.

Anna's lips tightened as if in pain. She thoroughly disapproved of the step he was about to take ; but she knew perfectly well that it would be taken. She could bully Vincenz about his coats, and his boots, and the pattern of his neckties ; but she never could move him an inch in such a resolution as this. Fortunately she was wise enough to spare the unnecessary annoyance of attempted persuasion, both to herself and to him.

It was a moment of trepidation as Vincenz took up his hat, and in spite of herself the trepidation touched Anna also. The sound

of the hat-brush even had something solemn in it, and the fact that Vincenz was not much given to the polishing of his hats, gave all the more weight to the circumstance. He would not have thought of doing it if it had not been for her: henceforward everything would be done for her. Anna watched him, and it seemed to her that a great deal more than mere dust was being brushed away in this minute.

When the hat had been operated upon with a perseverance which threatened to be destructive, Vincenz turned, and said slowly, "I am going; if it is 'yes,' you need not expect me home till late." Then, with a change of tone, "If it is 'no,' I shall be back at once, in half an hour."

"If!" echoed Anna, firing a last shot. "I wish—I wish, with all my heart, that it could be *no*, but that is impossible. Of course I shall have to sit up late. There is no hope of a refusal."

"Good-bye," said Vincenz, from the door; "will you not wish me luck, Anna?"

But Anna leant back again with closed eyes, and gave no answer. He shut the door softly, and went out.

She let him get as far as the top of the staircase, and then, springing from her chair, overtook him, breathless.

She did not speak to wish him good luck, but she first seized his hand, and then threw her thin arms round him.

For one minute brother and sister held each other thus clasped. Anna was somewhat less profuse

in her caresses than the generality of German sisters, and Vincenz understood her now, though she said no word. She was meagre, and withered, and unbeautiful, but she was his sister, and they had been all in all to each other during so many long years; for these two stood alone in the world. The same thing was in both their minds. I do not know what strange train of ideas it was which made them both think now of another day, long past, as decisive as this one,—the day on which Anna's youth had been ended.

When his steps had died away on the steep staircase, the old maid went back to her room and to her knitting. Her head ached acutely, but the click of the needles would at least break the silence of the lonely room.

She sat till the rain ceased and the early dusk fell; then she knitted on by the light of the lamp, pausing every now and then to listen for his step.

The clock from the nearest church spire struck ten, and Anna rose.

"It is no use sitting up later," she said aloud, as she rolled up her knitting. "There is no sense in waiting; I shall hear it soon enough."

But though there was no sense in waiting, the stroke of the next hour still fell upon wakeful ears; and the young moon, looking in doubtfully at the window, saw the figure of a thin woman with idle knitting-needles in her lap.

Eleven o'clock, and Anna still sat up—for Vincenz had not yet returned.

CHAPTER III.—THE ASH-WEDNESDAY VISITOR.

“Alas ! syr knight, how may this bee,
For my degree’s soe highe ?”—*Sir Cautline.*

Gretchen, though somewhat pale, stood resolutely facing the door when she heard the sound of a man’s step in the passage. It was not quite jaunty enough for Baron Federbusch, nor ponderous enough for Herr von Barten ; and there was no clank of spurs to betray a lancer lieutenant. Who could it be ?

“Dr Komers,” announced the servant, opening the door and closing it again behind the lawyer.

Gretchen’s pulses calmed down instantly, and the colour came back to her face ; relief, disappointment, and amusement, all took possession of her at once. On the whole, amusement had the upper hand. Here she had been listening for the approach of a suitor ; and after all, that step had belonged to Dr Komers, the family lawyer, whom she had known for years, and who had probably brought some scanty shred of information about the Damianovics’ cause. It was provoking that he should have been shown in here, and just at this critical juncture, when any minute might bring the expected wooer.

Her first impulse was to vent her displeasure on Dr Komers ; but looking at the matter from a logical point of view, it struck her that Dr Komers was not to blame. It should have been made clear to the servant that the visitor she expected was a *young* gentleman, and not middle-aged like this one. No doubt her mother would appear soon to take him off her hands, and in the meantime she must entertain him. It was a respite ; and perhaps a little calm conversation with the family lawyer might help her to prepare for the coming crisis.

“Does mamma know that you are here ?” she graciously inquired. “I am sure that she will appear directly,” and Gretchen motioned Dr Komers to a seat.

“There is no hurry,” said Dr Komers, first peering at the chair in his short-sighted manner, and then sitting down upon it.

“I hope your sister is quite well ?” inquired Gretchen, noticing the extra shade of gravity on the lawyer’s face.

“Thank you, as well as she ever is.”

“You have not brought mamma any bad news ?”

“I have not brought any news at all.”

“Then why have you come ?” was rising to Gretchen’s lips, but she checked herself in time, remembering that it would not be logical to show her vexation.

The conversation seemed likely to drop here, for Vincenz was wondering whether, after all, her father could have prepared her ; and according to his invariable habit, when he became involved in a train of thought, had lost for the moment all sense of his surroundings.

Vincenz Komers had two distinct and quite opposite manners. In the law court or at his desk, he was the clear-minded, keen-sighted lawyer, who never for a moment permitted his vagrant thoughts to carry him from the point in hand ; but no sooner was his office-door closed behind him, than the whole man underwent a transformation. He became absent, dreamy, awkward sometimes, although never shy. His nature was unsociable ; and a loss of

fortune and position in early youth had fed this disposition, until he had become a systematic shunner of his fellow-creatures; he was, what is termed *sauvage*. He struck attention everywhere as a conspicuous figure,—an absurd figure, perhaps, with his tall stooping frame, his short-sighted gaze, and gold-rimmed spectacles; but not all the absurdity in the world could make him look otherwise than a gentleman. The Mohrs were the only family with whom circumstances had thrown him intimately in contact. For several years he had been in the habit of visiting there—merely as a legal adviser, he persuaded himself; but though, since the death of old Zanderer (who had been his principal, and from whose hands he had received the legacy of the Damianovics case), it is true that there had been many business conversations between Ascelinde and Dr Komers, it is equally true that business had often been followed by a warm invitation from Adalbert, and a friendly supper in the family circle.

A very tall man, with spectacles and a beard, was the first general impression which Vincenz produced; but the nearer he was looked at, and the longer he was known, the more there was to be discovered in his face. The thick, rich brown beard, which almost reached the middle of his chest, did its best to conceal the fine moulding of the jaw and the classical cut of the mouth; but the curve of the nostrils and the bold sweep of the high white forehead were enough to show that it was both a handsome and a proud face. It was a calm face as well, and grave, and would have exactly accorded with the manner, only that the short-sighted eyes had a habit of lighting up suddenly in a way

which betrayed that that calmness owed some of its existence to training and not all to nature. In stature he was not only tall, but massive and large-limbed, although utterly lacking that straightness of carriage which a large frame requires.

A painful want of drill betrayed itself in both his sitting and his standing attitudes. Placed in tender youth under a drill-sergeant, he might have learned how to manage his long legs with more ease and grace, and a certain degree of rigidity would have replaced the general looseness of his appearance. A connoisseur of human *physique* would have sighed to see such breadth of shoulder stooping over a desk, instead of breasting the beating waves; a recruiting-sergeant would have measured his general build with an approving eye; a worshipper of virile muscle would have cast an envious glance at the shape of those long legs which always were in the way in a small room, but which in the wrestling arena would have been pronounced “adorable.”

The ruddy colour of health should have been on those features instead of that pale, bureaucrat complexion; those long-jointed hands should have grown brown with the sun, and not have whitened within closed rooms. To look at Vincenz Komers was to think of some great fund of power lying waste and useless: of some strongly wrought piece of machinery, for instance, iron-sinewed and giant-limbed, built up with care and wit, and now standing silent—the huge joints rusting in their sockets, the wheels growing helpless with inaction; or else, to change metaphors, you might have compared him to a wide tract of land on which only the puny blue-bell trembles and the foolish convol-

vulus twines, but which on its broad and generous breast might have borne corn to nourish thousands; or else you might have thought of him as of a mighty cataract, with the power of thunder in its voice and the strength of legions in its rush, and which yet falls useless upon mossy stones, and wastes its spray upon untrodden banks.

Fate is very provoking sometimes. If every one's business were measured out by his strength, we should at least be spared the absurdity of seeing a man with the strength of a gladiator and the arms of a Hercules passing his day in tying up little parcels neatly with red tape; while that puny youth with thin legs and peaked features is sent out to defend his country from her enemies.

Having waited in vain until Dr Komers's train of thought should have come to a natural conclusion, Gretchen at length considered herself justified in yielding to her first impulse, and asking, "What have you come for?"

"I wanted first to inquire whether you were quite well?" began Vincenz, starting out of his thoughts.

"But you are always asking me that, Dr Komers, and you know that I am always quite well. You cannot have called here to ask that? Are you quite sure you have no news for mamma?"

"Quite sure. It is not your mother I wish to speak to, but yourself."

He paused for a moment, and then added, "I am glad of this opportunity of finding you alone."

"I shall not be alone long," said Gretchen; and she rose from her chair, and walking to the window, threw a searching glance up and down the long street, wondering from which side the suitor would come.

Are you waiting for anybody?" asked Vincenz.

"Ye-es," said Gretchen, hesitating. "Yes, I am expecting a visitor," she added more collectedly, thinking by this threat to drive away Dr Komers.

Dr Komers showed no signs of flight. "Your father told me that you would be alone this evening," he remarked in a tone of disappointment.

"My father!" said Gretchen, turning slowly from the window. "Why, it was he himself who told me of the visitor; he never mentioned you at all."

"He told you that you would have another visitor this evening?" asked Dr Komers rising, and according to his habit at critical moments, taking off his spectacles to rub them.

"Yes," she answered, staring at him with parted lips; but already the light of understanding was dawning in her eyes. One moment more and it flashed out.

"You are the visitor!" she cried, and sank down trembling in her chair.

"Yes, I am the visitor," said Dr Komers, with his spectacles still in his hand. "And surely you know why I have come?"

"I know nothing," retorted Gretchen, setting her teeth and shutting her eyes as if to blind herself to the truth.

"You must know why I have come," Vincenz was saying, and there was a tremor in his deep bass voice. "You must know that I love you, and have loved you for long. It was years ago that I first set eyes upon you, and my heart went out at once to the lovely child; but it was only months ago that I found out my own feelings, and since that moment I have known that there is but one woman on earth for me, and that you are that woman."

He paused, though the words were crowding to his lips; he paused in dismay at the expression of her face. She had listened to his words in a mood which hovered between laughter and tears; her lips parted, her hands clasped, her eyes fixed into a stare of utter bewilderment. All her air-castles were tumbling to the ground, and on their ruins was springing up again the old weary feeling of *Katzenjammer*, which had made the day seem so long.

"I have frightened you," cried Vincenz, with a pang of remorse and a vague apprehension that she was going to faint before his eyes. He never could rid himself of the feeling that this girl was a sort of perishable flower; which could not be touched or scarcely looked at without the bloom coming off. If he did not approach her absolutely on tiptoe, yet there was always a certain instinctive caution in his movements: unconsciously he would lower his voice in addressing her. A constant dread haunted him lest a breath should blow her off her feet, or a rash gesture knock her down; or lest her hand, if shaken too roughly, might break, like a piece of alabaster. It was always when beside Gretchen that Vincenz felt most conscious of his height, his breadth, and his awkwardness.

"I have frightened you," he repeated, as she still sat silent. "This has been too sudden—too abrupt. I have no right to be as hot-headed as a man of twenty-five. But, believe me, I have tried so hard to be calm, and I have waited so patiently till now; do not ask me to wait longer, Gretchen—let me speak to-day. Whatever the truth may be, let me hear it; it is better than this devouring suspense."

His eyes were upon hers, forcing her to look at him, but his eloquence had not the power of reach-

ing her just now. She was still plunged too deeply in her disappointment—still too much stunned by his audacity to be touched as yet by his passion.

"You must have known that I loved you," said Vincenz again. "Will you not give me an answer?"

Gretchen raised her head at last.

"Yes," she stammered; "I do not quite understand. You are asking me to—to——"

"To become my wife."

There could be no doubt that she heard aright. The stupor of consternation was dispersed at last.

"Dr Komers"—and her cheek began to burn—"this surprises me so much that I—I find it difficult to believe that you are serious."

"Surprises you! Oh Gretchen, have you never guessed it? have you never known it?"

"I never knew anything—I never thought of you at all—in that way."

"But it is not too late," he said, watching her eagerly. "I cannot ask you to love me in a day, but I know I should win your love in time; and rest assured that there is no man on earth who will love you as I do. Will you not think of me now?"

"No," said Gretchen, with an involuntary shudder, "I can never think of it."

"And why not, Gretchen?"

"Because you are only a poor lawyer," Gretchen would have answered had she spoken her inmost thought; "because you have to scribble for your bread; because you have not got twenty thousand florins a-year; because you are not a *parti*."

Poor Vincenz! Had he but known his designation in the mental catalogue, he might have passed his afternoon peaceably at home with his sister and his slippers; for

surely no man who is described as "long-legged and short-sighted," and who is, moreover, referred to as "papa's best friend, and a nice fatherly sort of man, though with a tiresome habit of paying long visits," would ever be foolhardy enough to present himself before the author of these remarks in the character of a lover.

"And why not, Gretchen?" urged Vincenz once more.

But by this time Gretchen's sole feeling was one of indignation. What! she, the ambitious Gretchen, who half an hour ago had been planning how she was going to make herself precious to the rich Baron Federbusch—she who had never been allowed to forget that she carried Damianovics blood in her veins,—here she was, the ball-room queen, the courted beauty, receiving an offer of marriage from the family lawyer! What would Belita have said to this! And, to crown his audacity, Dr Komers was not even comporting himself as a humble and diffident lover should. He was not on his knees, begging for her love in deprecating accents. He was standing there looking at her,—with impassioned eyes, it is true, but with nothing in his face to show that he thought she would be lowering herself by loving him—with nothing to say that he considered himself a bit worse than she was. He was not entreating for her love as a favour; his tone said that he almost asked for it as a right.

"Why not?" she repeated coldly, but her voice shook a little with the tumult of feelings within her. "I cannot give you one reason, for there would be thousands to give; because it is impossible, incongruous—not to be thought of for a moment—because——"

"Because what?" asked Vincenz, coming a step nearer in his ex-

citement, while his burning gaze plunged deep into hers.

"Because I shall never be a poor man's wife," flashed out the girl, scarcely knowing what she said. She threw back her head against the cushion, and dropped her gaze to the floor. Vincenz could no longer see the expression of her eyes, but she could watch him very well through her long lashes. They were a silken curtain which hid her thoughts from the world, when she chose, but they never hid the world from her.

Was the family lawyer's audacity crushed at last? No; he did not look crushed, or in the slightest degree humbled. On the contrary, he was holding his head higher than before. He did not look humbled; he only looked sorrowful, and he was gazing at her with a sort of pitying wonder. The tall man looked very gentle as he stood there, no longer attempting to speak; but it was not the gentleness of the lamb—not that gentleness which springs from meekness of disposition, but rather that which comes from an excess of strength. With Vincenz it sprang from a passion which he dared not show, a power which he dared not use, when dealing with so frail a creature.

If Dr Komers had looked angry, or drawn himself up sternly, Gretchen might never have bestowed a second thought on the words that had escaped her; but when he gave her only one sorrowful look, and then walked slowly and silently to the window, a revulsion of feeling was the natural consequence.

What had she said? she hurriedly questioned herself, and blushed with shame as the ungracious phrase came back to her memory. She had seen by that look how deeply she had wounded

the man, and she understood now, all at once, how cruel she had been. And not only cruel, reasoned Gretchen, but also illogical, and consequently unjust; and justice was the very virtue on whose possession Gretchen especially piqued herself. The combination of circumstances had been unfortunate; but Dr Komers need not have been ill-treated on that account: *he* had not combined the circumstances. Clearly an apology was due to him.

Gretchen looked towards Dr Komers; he was standing at the window now, and had put on his spectacles again, preparatory to departure. She was not usually diffident of speech, but that man at the window seemed so utterly and so suddenly to have forgotten her presence, that she hesitated for a moment as to how she should remind him of it.

There was a carriage rolling down the street, and the clatter which it made on the pavement would have drowned her voice. Gretchen thought she would wait till the carriage was past, before she began her apology. Dr Komers was looking out of the window very intently.

The carriage did not pass, but the clatter came suddenly to an end—almost under the window, it seemed. Gretchen, though not forgetful of her apology, yet felt her curiosity aroused; she wanted to see why the carriage had stopped here, and at what Dr Komers was peering down so earnestly through his spectacles. With a double purpose in her mind, therefore, she rose from her chair, and advanced towards the window.

The rain had stopped some time ago; and now at the eleventh hour the setting sun burst forth, and, with one shower of light, made the

dripping streets glorious. Every chimney and window-pane all along the street took fire as if by common consent; the small knot of foot-passengers who had gathered at the house-door were framed in a golden halo; the wet pavement at their feet had turned into a path of yellow light.

"Dr Komers," said Gretchen, advancing to the window; but before she had reached it, Dr Komers turned round. His expression was quite changed; his face looked pale in the sunset. He put out his hand and stopped her in the act of advancing.

"You must not come here," he said, in a quick, peremptory tone; "you must not look out of the window."

His look was so strange and his words so hurried, that Gretchen began to tremble with a nameless dread.

"Sit down," said Dr Komers, and he pointed to a chair; and Gretchen, wondering at her own obedience, sat down as she was told. Her trembling lips could form no question, only her eyes followed Dr Komers with a beseeching gaze as he rapidly walked to the door. She was conscious of a great reluctance to being left alone.

He seemed to have read her thought, unspoken though it was, for he turned at the door.

"Do not be frightened, and do not move from here till I return. I think there has been an accident—in the street."

He had closed the door almost before he had done speaking; his hurried steps went down the passage; but Gretchen sat as he had left her, and stared only at the door, too much frightened to ask herself what it was that she feared.

A SKETCH FROM MALVERN.

THE view from the Malvern Hills must always have been a magnificent one, but perhaps it was more striking in prehistoric ages than at present. Before the lake and the river periods, according to Murchison and other eminent geologists, the plain of the Severn was an estuary of the sea: salt sea-lochs ebbed and flowed in the Herefordshire valleys; and in streams since famous for their salmon, their trout, and their lampreys, strange fishes indeed were to be found. Bones of the mammoths that crashed through the primeval forest, meeting amphibious monsters on the seaweed-strewn shores, are to be seen to-day in the Malvern Museum. The view must always have been magnificent, had there been any one who cared to admire it, but it could hardly have been more enchanting then than now. The first time we visited Malvern, when shown into an upper chamber in the "Foley Arms," we were literally taken aback. We can hardly say more than that the prospect struck us as far finer than that from the terrace over the Thames at Richmond. It is wider in the first place, for it stretches away till the billowy outlines of a softly wooded landscape blend themselves with the fleecy clouds that are floating on the horizon towards sunset. The standpoint is more commanding, and it is very gradually you realise that you are looking down upon breezy heaths and commons, upon eminences which seem at first sight to be but the accidents in a level table-land. There in the foreground are the bright flower-borders and the shrubberies of the hotel gar-

dens, hanging on a steep descent towards the line of the railway; and in the middle distance of a most perfectly arranged picture is a great cathedral city, with frequent church spires and villages. Yet the picturesque panorama seen from the windows of the hotel embraces but half a segment of the grand circle on which we gaze from the summits of the solitary hills behind. We profess to know little or nothing of the geology which characterises them, in technical phrase, as "plutonic"; as "altered sedimentary strata, now assuming a metamorphic gneissic character;" and as cast up in some convulsion "between the two sides of the great fault." The jargon of science seems altogether out of place in sketching the beauties of those graceful fancies of nature. If Nature did make a fault or *faux pas*, she promptly repaired it when she flung up the Malvern range by way of happy afterthought. The outposts of the Herefordshire hills and of the loftier western mountains, it stands out between the Welsh Highlands and the great valley of the Severn, dominating each variety of English scenery, with the single exception of sheets of water. There is a cloud-capped jumble of heights to the north and the westward, where thunderstorms will gather in the brightest summer day; while away towards the south and the east, all is tranquillity and softness. The contrast is emblematic of the stormy lives led by those who dwelt under the shadows of the Malverns, in the days when "wild Wales" was a hornet's nest of ruthless marauders. And the memory of those

troubled times is perpetuated in the names of the Worcestershire and the Herefordshire Beacons. For the Malverns, as the plural implies, are no single eminence. The ridge, rising and falling gracefully from crest to crest, runs along from north to south for a distance of nine miles or more. The loftiest of these crests are the Worcestershire and the Herefordshire Beacons, respectively 1444 and 1370 feet in height. Nor can we ever look up at them without calling to mind the spirited lines in Macaulay—

“Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze
from Malvern’s lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind,
the Wrekin’s crest of light.”

It was only on the occasion of the long-threatened descent of the Armada that the beacons were lighted up in warning of the invasion of England; but many a time the startled watchmen must have set a light to them when the sounding of horns and the kindling of many a lesser light gave notice that the Britons had broken across their borders, and were ravaging the English marches with fire and sword. And then, by the way, conspicuous to the northward, we see the rounded hog’s back of the Wrekin in Shropshire, which must have looked down on the castle of the Garde Doleureuse, undyingly associated by the genius of Scott with the story of the Welsh inroads. Nor even in later times, when the Welsh had been broken in and bridled, was Malvern by any means a peaceful place of residence. We believe that the monks of the abbey kept sanctuary for criminals; but in any case, outlaws and evil-doers found a safe place of refuge in the forest that clothed the slopes of the hills, and covered the surrounding country with its thickets. It was

only immediately before the wars of the Commonwealth had turned the attention of Englishmen to national politics, that the forest of Malvern was felled and grubbed up to clear away the lairs that had sheltered malefactors.

Great is the change nowadays; nor is there anywhere in England a brighter or a more attractive watering-place. It has had little concern with fires since its beacons were finally extinguished, but the other elements have conspired to make its reputation. The soil is fertile, yet singularly dry; the air is bracing and invigorating; and the water, said to be the finest in the world, has made the “wells” of Malvern the headquarters of hydropathy. Dr Gully, who had afterwards a less enviable notoriety when he got himself mixed up with the Balham *cause célèbre*, showed himself wise in his generation when he set up his establishment there. Malvern, though on the easterly slope of the hills, seems to have much more than its natural share of sunshine. The town stands 250 feet above the sea-level, and the perpetual currents of the freshest air explain the extraordinary purity of the atmosphere. Nowhere does the sunlight stream more brightly, and nowhere are the falling shadows more sharply defined. The tints of the short turf upon the hills, which are rather yellow than green, lend themselves wondrously to the lighting up of the landscapes. It is something between the verdure of ordinary English lawns after rain and the colour of the hills in Greece or in Sicily, which are only redeemed from the reproach of sterility by the radiant lustre of the sun-glow. Yet the Malvern Hills, unlike the Sussex downs, are richly covered with foliage on their lower slopes. Above the High Street, the gar-

dens of charming villas and cottages, hanging somehow or anyhow on to the sides of the steep, run up under shady groves and gracefully feathering copses. And in the hottest days the saunterers may find seats which are fanned by the fresh breeze, although the sun-rays are excluded. As all roads in Christendom are said to lead to Rome, so all the paths in Upper Malvern lead more or less circuitously to the tops of the hills. We should say there was no better place for schoolboys or schoolgirls; for health and appetite are to be had for the seeking, in the shortest run on those downs between lesson-hours. And the Cockneys of the thriving manufacturing cities of the West affect the place, attracted by the safe and quiet mountaineering. At the same time, the hard-working man of business is often in other respects the most indolent of mortals; and Malvern is frequented by invalids whose lungs are as feeble as their legs. Consequently, the hiring of donkeys or ponies for the ascent is one of the staple industries, generally conducted by hale old ladies or by sprightly and active boys. At the bottom of each of the foot-paths are pony or donkey stands, which, on a fine summer day, always remind us of wayside sketches by artists in the East, and Roberts's pictures of Palestine in particular. There is the cool oasis in the hot desert, under shadow of the trees, with the drinking-trough filled with water fresh-drawn from the well; and the bridleless donkeys, standing meekly with drooping ears by the white housings and the gay caparisons that have been tossed to one side on the sward. Though if we climb the hill in the track of the riders, the romance is apt to disappear. We come upon picnic parties in the nooks and

hollows, which suggest anything rather than the repose of oriental manners; and the merry-making leaves more than a memory behind in the shape of chicken-bones, and old newspapers, and empty pale-ale bottles.

Yet, after all, there is room enough in those airy playgrounds for everybody, and that *odi profanum vulgus* feeling need not affect us very seriously. A sharp twist over the shoulder of the nearest hill, and we are beyond the sights and sounds that ruffled us. There is nothing to be heard but the sweet song of the larks overhead, the bleating of unshepherded sheep, and the low tinkle of the sheep-bells. And there in the depths of a grassy cleft are a cottage or two, as secluded to all intents and purposes as if they were on an island in the South Seas or an oasis in the Sahara. Should you leave one of the meandering foot-tracks or bridle-paths and strike straight downwards, you are likely to make some such awkward slips as Christian when he descended into the Valley of Humiliation. In fact, during a drought, the turf is so slippery that you may well lose your footing and roll down ignominiously. So in climbing, when you have set your face to the stiff brae, you often seem to be losing more than you gain. But as "Excelsior" is of course your ultimate motto, you are landed somehow at last on the plateau of the Worcestershire Beacon, to feel yourself richly rewarded for your efforts. There are few situations where we care to be embarrassed with a cicerone, but the top of such a Pisgah is certainly one of them. If you can engage a well-informed local acquaintance as companion, so much the better. He will follow the course of the rivers for you, as they wind down from their

sources towards the sea; he will trace the boundaries of counties by conspicuous landmarks; he will point out the sites of memorable battle-fields; he will show you cities indicated by their canopies of smoke; he will name the hills and the villages, the halls and the manor-houses, till he brings you back from the great red pile of the Worcester Lunatic Asylum to the hotels and the hydropathic establishments immediately beneath your feet. Moreover, the Malvern Hills are the happy hunting-grounds of entomologist and botanist; and we are told that no fewer than "1700 varieties of plants have been found on the range, which is especially rich in phanerogamous and cryptogamous plants."

The attraction of the place is in the air, the walks, and the innumerable excursions; otherwise, it must be owned that it is dull. There ought to be a profitable opening for the new joint-stock company, which proposes to build a handsome set of assembly rooms, and surround them with lawn-tennis courts and ornamental pleasure-grounds. Although indefatigable arrangements are made for instructive lectures in the Town-hall, the solitary visitor has a certain difficulty in killing the evenings; but, on the other hand, he has ample resources for getting through the wettest of days. There are constant train communications with the cities of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, where cathedral service is always going forward at regular hours; to say nothing of the opportunities of studying ecclesiastical archæology under cover in some of the most venerable churches in the kingdom, and of passing under technical review the progress of modern manufactures. But of course the charm of Malvern is in those walks and excursions.

There are no more luxuriant landscapes in England than those of Worcestershire and Herefordshire; and the counties pride themselves on their staple productions of cattle, fruit, and hops. Where both are so beautiful, it seems almost invidious to express a preference; but taking them for all in all, Hereford may be the fairer of the two. We daresay there may be drawbacks to those who dwell there, and perhaps the country doctors may form unusually profitable connections. We should hardly see that rank luxuriance of vegetation were there not a somewhat excessive rainfall; and the low-lying meadows in the holms by the streams must often be swamped in the spring inundations. But the visitor in the summer takes the scenes as he sees them; and in the heat and in the droning of innumerable bees, with the song of the birds, the fluttering of the many-coloured butterflies, and the chirping of the countless hosts of the field-cricket, nothing can be further from his thoughts than agues, rheumatisms, and low fevers. We do not know that the country folk suffer much from these maladies; but we can hardly help suspecting it, when we see the grass by the waysides and in the parks round the mansions entangling itself with the drooping boughs of the timber; when wide-spreading oaks and elms seem bending down under a double weight of foliage; and when the lambs and fawns are almost lost to sight when they stray from the sides of their anxious mothers. Nowhere is the simple practice of old-fashioned English gardening kept up in greater perfection. Proprietors can hardly adopt the modern Italian fashion without laying themselves open to the charge of Vandalism, — without uprooting old

associations and landmarks. Near the ancient manor-house are the pleached alleys between yew hedges that may date from the days of the Tudors. Impenetrable as they are lofty, and trimmed from tall ladders as those at Schönnbrunn, these hedges nevertheless seldom straggle at the bottom. The shrubberies of laurels and rhododendrons might serve for pheasant covers, save that their height would be apt to spoil the shooting at "hot corners"; and we need hardly say that these Edens of wood and water swarm with each species of tuneful songsters. But the whole of the country is a garden, more or less. Fruit-trees shake their blossoms or their fruits in showers upon the grass in odd nooks and corners of the straggling villages; each farmhouse, as many a labourer's cottage, stands in its orchard, brilliant with the sprays of pink and white or with balls of russet and gold, according to the season; and the moss that grows thickly on the gnarled trunks furnishes cover and material for the nests of the chaffinches. Nowhere else in England can there be such a paradise for bird-nesting. Chaffinches and robins among the mosses in the orchards; blackbirds and thrushes everywhere—in the thick shrubberies of the gardens, in the tangled hedgerows and coppices; wrens, hedge-warblers, and other tiny birds that love retirement, in the matted grasses, by the hedgerows, and by the hidden runnels in the ditches. For the farming, like the gardening, is somewhat old-fashioned. We do not say that the farmers are not intelligent and enterprising, but they go in rather for hops and pasturage than for wheat crops; and indeed the arable land is steadily though slowly diminishing. Here you have a hop-garden on the gentle rise of

some swell, where the soil is deep and the aspect genial—for the hop in Hereford seems to be less capricious than in Kent, and seldom flourishes in land that apparently should be a gravel-pit or a stone-quarry. There, round the wheat-field on the other side of the hedge, are broad margins of rough, self-sown grass, where the plough may be turned with the utmost ease; nor, judging by the broad shadows cast from the trees in the hedgerows, does the farmer object to the fowls of the air who fatten themselves on his wire-worms if they take toll of his grain. And everywhere are the irregularly shaped meadows, with their fantastic nooks and corners, and their sweet lush herbage, where dairy cows and the cattle feeding up for the butcher pass their tranquil lives literally in clover. There is pretty sure to be a pool under the clump at one corner, or a shallow stream rippling gently along one side. And it is a pleasing picture, in the heat of a breezeless noon, to see the sleek self-satisfied animals standing hoof-deep or knee-deep in the water which reflects their "points" and their portly outlines, lazily switching their tails round their flanks, where those troublesome flies will settle.

Everywhere the breeder sticks to his Herefords, speckled and ring-streaked like the cattle Jacob picked out of Laban's herds, and with great "blazes" of white on their honest faces, giving them a look of stupid respectability. There is hardly a shorthorn to be seen between the Wye and the Severn. The local race has much to recommend it; and it has been so steadily improved of late years by scientific breeding and feeding, that choice animals have fetched fancy prices for export to the United

States, Canada, and Australia. And the farmers begin to realise that they must waken up and organise if they are to stem the rush of foreign competition. For example, the adjacent county of Gloucester used to be celebrated for its cheeses, the prices of which have been falling in the market before the cheaper produce of American cheese-factories. But with butter as with cheese, it is not so much a question of cost as of quality. The cheeses consigned from beyond the Atlantic, like the butter-firkins that are sent from across the Channel, may be relied upon as being up to a certain average. French butter, before being put on board the steamers, has passed a regular examination and received the *cachet* of a testing-house. Now the West of England butter may be either good or bad, as that depends on the skill or the honesty of each particular dairy. It is a case of *caveat emptor* with the buyer, so that London houses hesitate to deal. The obvious remedy is to have testing establishments here, to which the dairy farmers should voluntarily submit their produce before passing it on to the London dealers. But already, not only butter, but milk, is sent directly from Gloucester to Hereford to the London dairies; and a flourishing cheese-factory has been started in the Vale of Berkeley, which, we believe, more than holds its own with its American rivals. As for hops, speculative crop as they are, and in spite of competition with America and Germany, they seem to have an irresistible attraction for the farmer, where the soil is in any way suitable. With the fluctuations, depending on the caprices of the weather and the chances of a glut or a scarcity in the borough ware-

houses, they lend a certain element of romance to the routine of a prosaic existence. When you have gathered a magnificent crop in the finest condition, it by no means follows that you will make much money by it. Prime hops may be a drug that year, for all your neighbours may be as well off as yourself. While, on the other hand, should prices rule high in the autumn, it becomes a question whether to sell or hold on. You may sell at a handsome figure and bitterly regret it, when the demand has doubled in the early spring. Consequently, the game has the yearly excitement of gambling, which is doubly exciting when times are hard. And consequently, perhaps, those Worcestershire and Herefordshire men have been considerably extending their hop-gardens, since, notwithstanding the high prices of beef and mutton, the graziers have of late years been backward with their rents. The result of which is, that more than one landlord, reputed to be rich, after unsuccessfully trying a reduction of his establishment, has been bringing properties long in the family to the hammer.

We pity the man who must go in such circumstances; who must leave a land flowing with milk and honey—or at all events with milk and cider. Even the passing pedestrian, who wanders through these Herefordshire lanes, who scales the heights and glances round upon these Goshens, takes a strange fancy to their natural beauties, and, in fact, is apt to fall in love with them at first sight. Perhaps the pleasantest of the excursions from Malvern, though that is saying a great deal, is the one to the city of Hereford, and thence down the Wye. In justice, a week might well be devoted to it; but being possible of accom-

plishment in a single day, it is an excellent sample of the rest. The train to Hereford first skirts the eastern base of the Malverns, and then, turning sharply through a tunnel to the left, gives a survey of the western side of the hills as you leave them behind. We need not say much of the country as we see it from the carriage-windows, more especially as we propose to cross it on foot on the way back. Beyond the universal aspect of luxuriance, there is nothing very remarkable, except the unusual profusion of small stations, showing that it is both thriving and thickly populated. At Hereford, where we leave the Great Western train for that descending the valley of the Wye to Monmouth, we shall certainly have some time to wait, but need have no reason to regret it. Hereford is a singularly taking town, and seems in every way suited to be the capital of the county of orchards *par excellence*. There is elbow-room, and yet little sense of stagnation. Doubtless it is at its briskest and at its best upon market-days, but at all times it keeps moving towards the van of progress. The seed-shops are perhaps the most imposing of its establishments; but it has its advertising tailors with elaborately dressed dummies in their windows, and it deals freely in sewing-machines and in improved bicycles. Unlike Worcester, it does not pride itself upon manufactures, and its atmosphere and its river are perhaps all the purer. The wholesale industries, such as they are, are tanneries and encaustic-tile works. The tile-work was founded many years ago, though not for any particular reason; but it can boast of having recently floored a Christian church, as well as a Moslem shrine, at Constantinople.

Talking of churches, one which is apparently about the oldest in Hereford has been horribly travestied by ruthless "restoration." Disfigured as it is, and in spite of ghastly contrasts of ancient grace with modern vulgarity, it remains nevertheless a striking object; and there is ample room to study it, as it looks across the breadth of the High Street. Then, like Worcester, Hereford has its cathedral; and that, too, is a noble relic of antiquity, though there also the restorer has made wild work. Without opening the vexed questions of art-criticism, we may remark that the ceiling would do credit to any music-hall, and might have reflected infinite honour on the architect had he designed it for the Alhambra in Leicester Square, or the Eden behind the Grand Opera of Paris. It is conceivable that such a fantasy in colours might have occurred in the way of nightmare to any person: the mystery is, how it could have been tolerated by any committee of taste, including probably the ecclesiastical lights of the cathedral close.

The cathedral is nevertheless a noble building. "We are rich in Norman pillars," remarked a beadle or sacristan, who sat spider-like behind a table with photographs within the chief entrance, ready to spin his web round the modest visitor. Not being shy, and detesting cicerones as we have said, we rather unceremoniously shook the official off; but we are bound to admit that he was quite right. The cathedral is rich in Norman columns—and in recumbent effigies as well, of eminent men, in excellent workmanship; but are not all these things written in the guide-books? Greatly preferring exteriors to interiors, what we enjoyed more was the calm beauty

of the secluded cathedral close, with the cloisters we may admire through a padlocked grating, and the rooks that are free to everybody cawing in the elm-trees overhead! On the score of seclusion, the stranger has no cause to complain of the chapter, though possibly the citizens of Hereford may think they carry their fancy for it too far. For on the tempting turf under the cloisters in the close they have not provided a solitary seat; and you must indulge your day-dreams, or your admiration of flying buttresses and finials, standing or walking erect in the native dignity of man.

Under which circumstances, we are inclined to cut short our contemplations and continue our stroll. And turn which way we will, there is something picturesque or pleasing,—ancient houses with projecting upper storeys, and whitewashed fronts interlaced with blackened beams of oak; quaint corners, where crumbling walls are overshadowed by venerable apple-trees; bits of the city walls; lanes dipping between grass-grown dust-heaps into hollows; sleeping stretches of shaded water, where the swans and ducks take life very leisurely. Then at the corners of the streets we read the old Saxon names, raising historic memories, and suggestive of local archæological associations. Offa Street, for instance, which reminds us of the neighbouring “Offa’s Dyke,” of which the remains are still to be traced, and which was thrown up in the reign of that kinglet of the Saxons, as a standing barrier against the incursions of the Britons.

We might easily kill a day or two in Hereford, and there are comfortable hostelries, if no actual “hotels.” But we are supposed to be awaiting the start of the Wye

Valley train, and we hasten back to the station. We are hurried only too quickly past the charming scenery. Yet, on the whole, the transit by train gives a fair idea of it. The railway crosses and recrosses the river, cutting the loops and the crooks of the sinuous windings among the meadows. By far the most beautiful place we pass is Holm Lacy, seat of the Scudamores, a hard-fighting old cavalier family, and now in the possession of their descendant, the present Earl of Chesterfield. There are many good pictures within, with a wealth of wood-carving by Grinling Gibbons; but the charm of Holm Lacy is in the park and the gardens, which strike us as the most enchanting concentration of typical Herefordshire scenery.

We must confess, on the contrary, to having been somewhat disappointed with the far-famed view from the Terrace at Ross. The view is fine, no doubt, but having heard so much of it, it impresses us at first sight as being somewhat tame. We look down upon the Wye winding through the fertile fields, in a landscape of waving grass enlivened by commonplace plantations; and the eye is inclined to rest on the figure in the foreground beneath our feet, reminding us of a well-known study by Turner—a figure punting a flat-bottomed boat that floats down the rippling shallows, between slopes of turf and low banks of shingle. We are beset, by the way, in the steep streets of the little town by boatmen pressing us to embark with them for Chepstow or Monmouth; but as the first essential for a cruise of the kind would be laying in an inexhaustible stock of patience, we very promptly decline.

The fact is, that at Ross, as it appears to us, the beauty and the

interest are immediately about you, or in recollections of the "Man" of philanthropic memories, rather than in the distant views. Nothing can be more picturesque than the situation of the church and the hotel, standing side by side, with the "God's acre" at the back of both, on the bold heights of that commanding terrace. The town itself is perched on a little plateau, and along the steep streets that climb the hill from the railway station in the valley below. And here is one of those delightful old Herefordshire market-houses, with low flat roof, and short, squat, time-worn columns, such as we shall come upon at Ledbury and sundry others of the superannuated boroughs.

As for Kerne Bridge, the next station on the railway towards the south, the scenery there is more romantic than at Ross. Beneath the wooded banks, a bridge—where, by the way, a toll of a penny is exacted, giving free passage for the day, on the presumption of the bridge-ward recognising you again—spans the Wye, and leads across to the village on the slope of the heights, where the ivy-covered ruins of Goodrich Castle look down on the modern mansion of Goodrich Court, associated with the Meyrick collection of armour. Should any one care to become a proprietor in these parts, "the Court" is in the market at the present moment.

Returning to Malvern, we recommend any stout walker to leave the train at Ledbury and do the remainder of his expedition on foot. Ledbury, which seems something between a small market town and a great straggling village, is charmingly situated, and still shows fair signs of prosperity, though fallen from its former high estate. In the time of the Tudors it had

its manufactures of silks and broad-cloths; and it still boasts the possession of a charter by Queen Elizabeth, under which its fairs and markets are held. There was much fighting here in the wars of the Parliament, but the place does not appear to have suffered. Scattered about among its fruit-trees are many quaint old buildings—from a mansion built of timber belonging to the Biddulphs, in which Prince Rupert established his quarters, down to cottages in the streets and the back lanes, which, if humbler, are hardly less picturesque. Perhaps the most characteristic of all is the market-house in the High Street, with its oaken pillars, and its blackened rafters, and its walls of oaken beams supporting the lath-and-plaster. The church of St Michael is remarkable for the purity of architecture in which several periods have got mixed, as well as for sundry monuments by such sculptors as Flaxman, Westmacott, and Thorneycroft. A little tanning is done in a quiet way on the banks of the Ledden; but though the place lives now by its markets and by agricultural produce, we may mention, to show that enterprise is not extinct, that a four-horse coach runs daily from the inn of the "Feathers" to Gloucester.

There are few prettier or pleasanter walks in Hereford than that from Ledbury to Malvern by way of Eastnor Castle, skirting the walls of Eastnor Park under canopies of magnificent foliage. The last time we walked it was in a heavy thunder-plump, when scarcely a drop came through those umbrellas of nature's providing. Eastnor, the seat of the late Earl Somers, contains a good collection of Italian paintings, tapestries, and other objects of art; and the castle, built after designs by Smirke, is

no bad imitation of the feudal fortress of the middle ages. But a more interesting sight for the pedestrian is the famous yew avenue, which runs for several miles along the Roman Ridgeway, believed to have been originally a British road. In fact, the yew seems to flourish at Eastnor as it flourishes nowhere else — Norbury in Surrey, with its famous Druids' Grove, not excepted.

So much for an excursion from Malvern in fine weather; but, as we said, even in rainy days there need be no lack of occupation. We have glanced, in passing, at the city of Hereford, which well deserves more leisurely inspection; but Worcester is even nearer than Hereford, and has still greater variety of interest. Delightfully situated on the Severn, thanks to its glass, its pottery ware, and its river-trade, it grows bigger and bigger each succeeding year, and numbers already over 40,000 inhabitants. Cheery villas and tempting little country seats have been springing up along the wooded *coteaux* to the northward. The town is peaceful enough now, though bright and busy, but it has gone through a deal of trouble in its time, and indeed the Worcester folk seem to have been fond of plunging themselves in hot water. When they could no longer indulge themselves in the excitement of war, they made up for it as they best could by contested elections. As for the wars, to go no further back than the strifes of the Commonwealth, Worcester earned its proud title of "the faithful city" by standing a couple of sieges for the king, to be followed by a third and still more memorable one. When Cromwell cast up his trenches against it before "Worcester fight," it sounds odd that his army of 30,000 men should be said

to have been composed almost entirely of cavalry. When he delivered the assault with his dismounted troopers, the defence was as desperate as the attack was determined. Though the ammunition of the beleaguered army had given out, they beat back the stormers with the butts of their muskets. When the trenches were carried, and the Ironsides had made good their entry into the place, the Cavaliers, backed by the citizens, disputed the High Street foot by foot. Defeat and slaughter were foregone conclusions, but at least the defence gave the young king time to escape. Cromwell, whose policy was to be severe where desperate resistance was offered, naturally specially resented his rough reception; and if there was no such slaughter as at the siege of Drogheda, the town, nevertheless, suffered severely. It is certain that the cathedral, for years afterwards, stood roofless and windowless, though happily it was spared the calamity of fire, since there are still screens and choir-stalls to be seen of the time of Charles. The tower from which the young king looked down on the beginning of the battle that made him a fugitive, is a noble object from the Malvern Hills and hotel windows. And in the cathedral interior, among much that is characteristic or beautiful, are two of the most noteworthy monuments in England, though noteworthy in very different ways. One is that of King John, immediately before the altar—the earliest royal effigy in any of the English churches. The other, by Roubilliac, is that of Bishop Hough, of Magdalen College celebrity, of whom James II. did his best, and not altogether unsuccessfully, to make a martyr.

In Worcester, the old and the

new order of things touch everywhere, if they do not actually meet and mingle. There are spacious suburbs, ever extending themselves; there are bustling streets with broad pavements and busy river-wharves; there are handsome bridges, and big warehouses, and bigger manufactories with tall chimneys; and long rows of brick cottages for workmen, which may be comfortable, but assuredly are not ornamental; and there are boats and low black lighters plying on the river. But, on the other hand, we have graceful spires of old churches, ringing in the lofty cathedral roofs. The broad streets narrow suddenly, making sharp turns round odd corners, losing themselves among lanes running up and down hill. There are weather-stained buildings, sacred or municipal, preserved or restored, or partially rebuilt; there is one venerable fortified gateway, and another airy medieval arch; and in streets with antiquated names like Foregate and the Fryars, are timbered houses with such open galleries as used to look down on the courtyards of our inns and hostelries, when the owners of waggons liked to keep an eye on their goods, and when guests had to shout for the waiters in place of ringing for them.

Worcester, like Ledbury and some other of the small boroughs in the neighbourhood, once did a great manufacturing business in cloths and woollens. The clothiers can produce their charters from Elizabeth, securing their ancient company in certain privileges. But the woollen manufacturers have long since migrated to the north, and now Worcester must make its money by gloves and pottery. The celebrated porcelain manufactory was established no less than a hundred and thirty

years ago; and, oddly enough, it owed its origin not to any local advantages in the way of clays, but to the ardour of fierce political factions. The wire-pullers and candidates of the time did not stand much upon purity, and indeed at every election the most barefaced corruption had been rampant. Still they were bound to pay some small regard to appearances, and the deepest purses had a bottom. So when the beaten party after a lost battle resolved that a fresh infusion of blood in the electorate was indispensable, it became a question of starting a new industry, in order that the party might pay its way. As it chanced, a certain Dr Wall, a keen local politician, was also a very clever chemist. He had worked out the ingredients of a compound for making porcelain which would be equal or preferable to the best natural clays. It is curious that, so far as it has been possible to analyse it, there appears to have been only 10 per cent of pipeclay in it; but, as we are told by Mr Binns, the ingenious manager of the works, "no other artificial porcelain of the period can be compared to it, either for closeness of texture, translucency of paste, or perfect homogeneous union with the glaze. The latter is a distinguishing feature of Worcester porcelain." It is not our purpose to write a history of the works, which at best would be but dry reading. We may merely mention that they were carried on by the heirs and representatives of their originators till 1783, when they were bought by Mr Flight, a London merchant, for the trifling sum of £3000. Under the supervision of the new proprietor they made a fresh start. A few years afterwards he prevailed upon his Majesty George

III. to honour him with a visit, and, on the king's advice, he opened a shop in London, which was thereafter patronised by the Royal family and the aristocracy. The factory has always been renowned for the purity and transparency of its colours, which form the groundwork of its most successful specialty—the brilliant Worcester enamels. And when the Japanese shapes and tints first came into fashion, no establishment was more happy than that of Worcester in its imitations of the forms, where the beautiful was so artistically blended with the grotesque.

Artistic pottery is the fancy or luxury of the rich, but gloves are an article of necessity with all the well-to-do. So that Messrs Dent, Allcroft, & Co. employ workpeople out of all proportion in number to those engaged in the busy *ateliers* of the Porcelain Company. Being a light occupation, demanding delicate manipulation, not unnaturally almost all the glove-makers are women. That single firm are said to have from 12,000 to 15,000 females in their service. But probably not so many as 400 are employed in the Worcester factory, which is the headquarters of their business. Most part of

the gloves are made at home, in the towns and villages and scattered cottages of Worcestershire and the neighbouring counties. The firm of Dent & Co. are said to use up the skins of no less than five million lambs and kids in the course of each year; and we may mention that we are indebted for these figures to a recent article in the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' written *apropos* to women's industries and the Health Exhibition. The fact of that light and comparatively lucrative female employment being so generally practised, goes far to account for the cheerful and thriving appearance of the peasantry in those very picturesque counties. The wives and daughters of the labourers need not turn out to drudge in the fields; and they not only contribute to keep the pot on the boil, but they save their figures and complexions, and can dress themselves decently to boot. So that if we take it all in all, there is no pleasanter district for a tour: there are few signs of poverty or hardship to jar upon sensitive strings; and even should the weather chance not to be "conformable," we may tolerate the wet for the brightness of the verdure, and the luxuriant beauties of which nature is so lavish.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.—CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XLII.—“WORDS DON'T COME WHEN THEY ARE WANTED.”

“For words are weak, and ill to seek,
When wanted fifty-fold.”

—PHILIP VON ARTEVELDE.

“CHALLONER loves you, and Challoner is going to the devil!”

The speaker was Lord Overton, the listener was Matilda, and it was the first time that Challoner's name had been mentioned between them since the never-to-be-forgotten day on which it had seemed to both that they had seen the last of him for ever.

For weal or for woe, never more would Jem Challoner voluntarily cross their path: they had done with him, he had done with them, —and with the bitterness of such a conviction, with all its accompaniments, had grown up a blank silence between the two, which had never until now been broken.

Challoner had been ignored—they would have said forgotten. They would have told you it was their brother for whom that void was kept; that their lost boy, in his feebleness, his helplessness, his wilfulness and waywardness, had made for himself a place in their hearts which could never be filled by another,—but in truth it could have been filled, more than filled, by one who had once seemed only too able and only too ready to take it.

Overton had liked Challoner, Matilda had loved him: in him could have been a new bond of union, deeper and tenderer even than that which had drawn them together in poor foolish Teddy,—and that link also was broken and gaping.

Now the two lived on and on—side by side, and yet asunder;

there was no riding, no skating, no singing, no cheery notes floating through the dim old galleries,—but only a black-robed figure gliding alone and slowly down the long vistas of the park, or standing motionless and mute, watching from windows when there was nothing to watch for—and once it was the piece of ancient Moorish tapestry which drew that fixed and melancholy gaze upon itself; and it came into the mind of the elder brother ever and anon, as the months passed and no change was seen, that there was only one thing and only one person who had the power, and who might have yet the chance, of waking his sister from her mournful reveries.

He knew all about Challoner. He knew far more than Matilda did.

When on that night on which their house had been left desolate, she had thrown herself into his arms with, “Overton, dear Overton, I have no one but you now, and you have only me. Love me more than ever you did before, Overton; I need it so much more now: I have no one but you,—no one, no one but you!” he understood it all. Teddy had revealed his mission,—Matilda's sobs confirmed it.

Neither of them thought of Matilda's child, that self-satisfied self-absorbed Lotta, who could never be anything to her mother; and in pressing his wretched sister to his heart, and inwardly vowing to make up to her for all she had lost, so far as in him lay,

the kind Overton felt in solemn truth that he alone was left, and that, try as he might, he was inadequate to the post thus forced upon him. "What will she ever do with only me?" pondered he sorrowfully. "How shall I ever satisfy a woman like Matilda? I never was clever—now I am dull. I have seen nothing of the world. I have not poor Teddy's spirits. I have none of his pleasantness, his aptitude for making the most of trifles, of finding amusement in everything or anything. Matilda is unhappy now, too unhappy to care; but by-and-by she will begin to pine. And then, must Lotta after all be the Countess of Overton? Must Robert Hanwell reign here when I am gone?"

Now if there was one person on earth for whom the good earl entertained real contempt, contempt active and positive, it was his niece's husband. "What business," he muttered to himself—"what business had Robert to put that amount of crape upon his hat? What concern was it of his whether the stone on poor Teddy's grave was to be broad or high? Teddy gone, and Lotta Matilda's only child, it could not be a source of lasting grief to Lotta's husband that Matilda was Overton's heir."

But Overton himself groaned in spirit.

What a different picture fancy had drawn of this sweet summer time only eighteen months ago, when Jem Challoner was coming and going at the Hall! Then he had seen as in a vision Matilda again a wife, again a mother—and the thoughts of a little Jem toddling about the terrace, and of the long faces of the Hanwells, and of Lotta's jealousy and Teddy's pride, and of Challoner to walk with and to shoot with, and of the cheerful dinner-table, and every-

body pleased, and Robert discomfited,—all had combined to make up a delicious medley, a prospect after his own heart. Alas when it had melted away as fairy cobwebs beneath the morning sun!

No Challoner, no Teddy any more, and he fancied a settled exultation in Mr Hanwell's demeanour, and an increased importance in his step from the date of the collapse. His aversion increased in due proportion, he grew almost to hate Robert, and thought of the guilty Challoner with a tenderness of which he ought to have been ashamed.

No doubt Challoner had behaved badly, no doubt dishonourably, treacherously, but——. And then he heard that Challoner was bereft of his bride, straitened in his means, and at variance with his family. His soul yearned over him. It was when the last piece of news came through Robert Hanwell, and came direct from headquarters, stamped with Whewell's authority, and professing to be Whewell's experience, that Overton felt the time to speak had come.

It was an August evening, and beneath the summer sun field after field of long-eared wheat whistled softly from very weight of fulness, and the poppies flared by the wayside, and the landrail's note sounded up and down over all the land.

Matilda, weary and languid as she often was now, had retired to the cool shades of the great back drawing-room, a room little sat in at any time, and which had never once been used since Teddy's death,—and there she stood looking absently from the window as was her wont, when the door opened, and to her surprise it was her brother who had followed her.

Now what did this portend? She had left the good man to

all appearance nodding in his easy-chair after dinner—what ailed him that he could not stay there? He thought she was lonely, she supposed.

"No, my dear Overton," quoth the lady to herself; "no, I am not lonely, not in the way you imagine. I—to confess the truth—I thought I did very well without company for the present; my own company is quite enough for me, almost too much for me on these days. I am best left to it; I am indeed. However, not to be ungracious——"

"Well, sir," addressing the intruder with a spark of her old playfulness; "well? What has brought you here? Tired of yourself? Or bitten by the midges? Or what? Wasps?"

"I came to find you," replied he; and as he spoke, he walked up from behind quite close to where she stood, and put his two hands on her shoulders.

"To find me!" cried Matilda, surprised both at the tone and action. "Had you any particular reason for wishing to find me? I have been with you all day——"

"And I have tried to speak to you all day. But," said Overton, looking straight out over her shoulder,—“but words don't come when they are wanted.”

"I hope it is nothing disagreeable?" said Matilda, lightly.

"I hope you will not think it so."

"Robert?"

"No."

"Lotta?"

"No. It is about one who was once your friend and mine," continued Lord Overton, after a very long silence, during which Matilda's heart had suddenly begun to beat against her side, and her breath to come quick and short. "Dear Matilda, I have some-

thing to say, and I have also something to ask. You know that I have never adverted to Challoner, never mentioned his name since he left us; I have never inquired what passed between him and you on that dreadful day. I knew that poor Teddy had told you what he told me; and I knew—for I was at pains to find out—that he had spoken the truth. It was very sad," he paused.

"Well?" said Matilda, in a hard dry tone.

"But——" he stopped again.

"I don't know why we need enter upon it, brother. Mr Challoner will not trouble either of us any more."

"I know he was to blame," began Overton, heavily. "I am not exonerating him——"

"Good heavens! I should hope not."

"But consider—— Matilda, do you know the circumstances in which he was placed?"

"Oh, I know them; I know them, of course. They were not particularly creditable——"

"But are you sure that you *do* know——"

"Pshaw! I know this: I know that while he had asked another woman to be his wife—that while he had plighted his troth to her, and held hers, he dared to ask for *my* love—mine. Ah! you exclaim. You did not suppose he had gone so far as that, did you? No, and no more he had—happily no more he had—until after, just after I had learned the miserable truth. Think what it would have been if he had tried me sooner. I loved him—you know I loved him; and had he asked me——" and she hid her face in her hands.

"My poor girl!"

"He was out of himself, don't you see?" said Matilda, presently.

"He was aroused out of his caution by fears that he had killed me, and he spoke out what he had never dared, had never *dared* to say before."

"And you told him then that you knew?"

She bent her head.

"And you parted—how did you part?"

"You may tell yourself that," said she, with a curve of her proud lip.

"Did it ever occur to you," said Overton, after a time, "to suppose that even a man who behaves ill——?"

—"Behaves ill! Dear Overton, do not drive me frantic with your calmness and moderation. Behaves ill! And he was false, cruel, treacherous——"

—"I don't believe he was one of 'em," said Lord Overton, bluntly.

It was the last thing he should have said. It pricked the bursting heart to the quick, and the torrent that now poured forth seemed as though it could never cease, never be quenched.

"And now is my turn," said he at last. "Now, my poor little sister, you have had your say, listen to me. Challoner was sorely tempted. He was let in for a marriage in haste, which he repented of at leisure, and I presume he always hoped it would come to an end of itself——"

—"You have no right to say that."

"I have, for it is the truth. Do you imagine I would put forth such a statement without good foundation for it? Now listen. He was thus engaged, and thus repenting, when he fell in with you. He loved you——"

"Loved me with what sort of love?"

"Loved you against his will, against his honour, and against his

conscience. I believe in such love," said Lord Overton, simply.

"Believe in it?" gasped she.

"Believe in it as a reality, as a *real* and *actual* thing; as a power which might—— See, Matilda, try to follow me. Matilda, Challoner is not a very young man to be caught by a pretty face; and, as I understand, it was not a pretty face that did so catch him. Probably he wished to have a home of his own, and this young lady who—who was well endowed, and who was looked out for him,—my dear, I *know* that it was so——"

—"I don't see that it matters."

"It does matter, in a way. It was not a case of caprice, or fickleness, on Challoner's part: she never had his heart, I am fully convinced; and then he came here, and saw his mistake. I may be wrong in this, but my belief is that he never fully understood what he had done until——" he paused.

"Well?"

"Until he knew you."

"He ought never to have known me. He ought never to have got to know me. He ought to have gone away——"

"And did he not try to go away?"

"Never—after the first."

"He was caught, then," said Overton, with a grim smile. "Yes—you, Matilda, you caught him. Stop—I don't say intentionally; for we can all remember"—still smiling—"how badly, how abominably you treated him on that first evening they dined here, Whewell and he,—but I think you contrived to do away with that ill impression tolerably soon afterwards, did you not?"

"Not until he——"

"Not until he led the way? Perhaps. And perhaps the ill impression never existed; for I

fancied, although I never said so, that the mischief had begun before any of the rest of you, before even Challoner himself, suspected it."

"Suppose it had—suppose it had," tapping the floor with her foot, "there was time enough. I had given *him* no thought then, at any rate."

"True. And no doubt he should not have given a second thought to you. I wonder," said Lord Overton, musing—"I wonder if he could have helped it."

"Overton!"

"Well?"

"Of course he could have helped it. Would you have behaved so?"

"I have never been tried."

"Would any man of honour?"

"Oh, lots."

"I do not say they would have come back the second time, Matilda, as Challoner did," pursued the speaker, "nor do I say that he did not very weakly and——"

——"And wickedly——"

"And wickedly perhaps, give way to his feelings; but I do say that the feeling itself which he entertained for you was true, pure, and genuine—also, that it was very strong, and overmastered him. Any one could see that."

"Well, well," rejoined Matilda, impatiently; "let it be so. What is it to either of us now? The thing is past and done——"

"But now he is free."

"Free? Well, free; what does that signify to us, either?"

"I want you to forgive him, dear."

"That I shall never do."

Then there was a long pause, and Overton was the first to break it.

"He is very miserable," he said. No reply.

"I am afraid, from what I hear, he is—worse."

"And yet I am to forgive him?"

"And yet you are to forgive and to save him."

"That is nonsense, Overton, if you mean—I know the sort of thing you mean. Oh, I'll forgive him—forgive him, if you like—but let it end there. People can't have everything. Mr Challoner had his choice once, and he threw away the substance for the shadow, like the dog in the fable."

"Matilda, Matilda, how hard you are! You were not so hard once. You were all tenderness and pity for that poor boy who is gone. How you bore with him, pleaded for him, excused him! You would never see his vices——"

"Don't call them that."

"I must call them what they were," he said, sternly. "You, who stand out for truth, can't give the same thing different names for different people. Poor Teddy was not altogether responsible, it is true; but he had sense enough to be bad, and bad he would have been—and was—but for you. You reclaimed him. You made an entire change in him. I may say I hope, by God's mercy, you saved him. Will you never try what you can do with—another?"

"How can I?"

But he thought his words had told.

"There is but one way, indeed," he said, softly. "Forget the past, believe in the future; take him as he is, with all his faults, with all his sins,—take him, and bid him sin no more. Matilda, I feel a solemn certainty that he would obey you. I have a faith in Challoner that refuses to be shaken. Stay," arresting her as she would have spoken; "stay—I know what you say; but *I* say it might, it could, it ought to be done. You are the

person who must do it,—you alone can rescue Challoner from the course on which I fear he has entered. He is not naturally depraved; he has no bias towards evil. Far from it,—all his desires and inclinations are on the side of right, and he has a disposition to all that is great and noble. You yourself, Matilda, have observed this; you thought him——”

——“Oh, what did I not think him!” cried she, bitterly.

“And do you not now see,” pursued her brother, “that those very aspirations must have been against him, must have stood in his way, when he contrasted you with—God forgive me if I do her injustice—with that poor young lady to whom he was bound? I have heard from several that she was a light-minded frivolous girl, and that it had often been wondered at how one of her shallow pretensions could have satisfied a man like Challoner. Those who made the remark knew nothing of the circumstances of the engagement naturally, but the better informed made no secret of their persuasion that the match was entirely of Lady Fairleigh’s making, and could never have answered. You look as if you would ask how I have learned all this? It has been a work of time. I have sifted into the worth of every piece of information I have received,—and it was really extraordinary from what unexpected quarters the information sometimes came,—but I would not mention it to you till I had made sure that it was no Will-o’-the-wisp that was leading me on. It was only yesterday that the last authentic account of Challoner himself reached me,—Challoner, as his friends—or so they call themselves—now assert him to be——”

“And what do they assert him to be?”

“Miserably poor, obstinately reckless, wild, mad, lost. Mind this is what *they* say, not what *we* need believe. That there is some truth in it, I fear is but too likely; but the charges were not of a nature,—in short, you may trust me, my dear sister, Challoner is not irreclaimable; one pure spot in his heart still attests to the impression made by you.”

“What else did you hear?” she said, very low.

“He persists in refusing to take anything from the Tufnells, who are anxious to settle on him some of the portion he would have had with their daughter. His brothers and sisters have quarrelled with him, because he will not be provided for again in the way Lady Fairleigh approves; he will court no second heiress. His friends find him bad company, and go where it is merrier. He is no credit to any one. I could tell you more, and will by-and-by,—but what I want now is that you should feel—— Matilda, now is the time to hold out a hand to a drowning man. Your hand——”

——“It is not strong enough.”

“It is—it is. It is the only hand that is strong enough. Matilda, you are born to lead, to attract, to control men,—women too, but more especially men. They cannot but admire you, they are impelled to follow you. Unconsciously you sway them to and fro, while your mind, naturally strong and self-reliant, is uninfluenced except when reason and judgment approve.”

She shook her head, but he continued. “I have known you from infancy, and no one so well as I knows that this is the truth. Look at our poor Teddy. It was wonderful the reformation your patient working wrought in him. You could do with him whatever

you would—as a rule; of course there were times when he passed beyond your reach, but that was his unhappy infirmity,—in general he was yours to mould to your will. How he clung to you, how he loved you, and—how he feared you! I am your subject too, my dear—your very loyal and most submissive subject; and as for Challoner, he worshipped the very ground you trod upon.”

“And yet he duped, deceived, betrayed me,” cried she, trembling.

“True, but he loved you. When a man like Challoner marries a good woman——”

“Good women should not marry bad men.”

“Women like you should. You are a noble, resolute, reasonable creature, not a newly hatched miss just out of her teens, weak, ingenuous, amiable——”

“Ha! ha! ha!”

“My dear Matilda!”

She was laughing, but not hysterically, as he feared, though it may have been and probably was because of quivering on the brink of tears that the laugh came—but all the same it was spontaneous, it was like herself.

“Ha! ha! ha! So I am not amiable; weak and yielding, I have never pretended to be—but amiable? Oh, my dear Overton, it will take all your wits to fumble out of that hole.”

“It is not a question of wits,” said her brother, quietly. “I have put the case before you, badly I suppose, but still so that you can understand it. You know what I mean, and I think that between us two, it matters very little how I express myself. Challoner loves you, and Challoner is going to the devil! I ask you now, Will you save him, or not?” And without another word, he instantly left the room.

CHAPTER XLII.—“CAN I WISH HIM TO LIFT HIS EYES TO YOU?”

“Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, however witty.
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.”

—SIR W. RALEIGH.

It was not for several days after this that Lord Overton again accosted his sister on the subject which occupied both their thoughts. In the interim they studiously brought forward by turns other topics for discussion, and were laboriously interested in the weather, the harvest, their neighbours, or anything that was going on in the village; but at length came an opportunity, and Matilda knew by her brother's smile that he was going to make it one.

“Well?” he said. “Well?”

But she only turned away.

Then he let a week go by, and watched closely to see if there were

any signs of improvement. He thought there were,—fancied he detected an increase of animation and alertness, and too hastily endeavoured to reap the fruit whereof these were the seeds.

Matilda only shook her head, and bade him, with a sigh, desist. It was no good; she could not see things as he did. She was sorry, but she could not help herself; she must go her own way.

But all at once, and that without a breath of preparation, the scene changed.

His sister had been over at Endhill—that going over to Endhill had become more of a duty than

ever of late, there was so seldom anything to make the visit a reward for the exertion, and as a rule there was nothing to relate about it afterwards—and it was accordingly with the utmost surprise that on the occasion above alluded to he learned that Endhill had at last come to the front, and that while he at home was at a loss for any new argument or representation wherewith to assail deaf ears, Endhill had in point of fact done his work, and done it with success.

An angry brightness sparkled in his sister's dark eye, the colour went and came in her cheek, and her voice in vain sought to steady itself as she laid a hand on his arm—a weak, imperative, clinging hand. “Overton,” she said—“Overton——”

——“What is it, my dear?”

“Send for him. You may. I give you leave. I——,” and she burst into tears.

“What is it?” exclaimed he, dumfounded. “What has happened? Don’t cry, Matilda. Here, sit down. There now, tell me about it. What is the meaning of all this?”

“It was they — Robert and Lotta,” sobbed she. “They began about him. I never thought they would have done that, when they knew, oh, they knew enough to have kept them quiet,—knew at least it could not have been very —very pleasant to—to me to hear his name, and still less as—as they spoke it. How do you think they did speak of him? Of Robert’s friend, remember,—of the man whom they themselves brought here and introduced to us, dear baby’s godfather, and—and all,—they spoke as if he were a dissolute, abandoned wretch! They had the —the presumption to ‘think it fortunate he had left off coming to

see us,’ and to be glad that they had broken with him too. With *him*—a man they are not fit to—the wonder was he ever deigned to enter Robert’s house. And now Lotta, Lotta,” said Lotta’s mother dashing away her tears, and raising her face,—“Lotta, with her most virtuous air, ‘will never think of taking any notice of Mr Challoner again!’ Lotta! Fancy it, Overton!—*Lotta* take notice of *him*!”

——“Ah,” murmured Overton, dreamily, “what a nice fellow he was! never in the way; never said the wrong thing; never bothered. If there was a man in the whole world I would have chosen to spend my life with, it was Challoner.”

“But Robert ‘feels it only due to himself to cut his friend dead in the street should he meet him now’!”

“Ah!”

“Robert is quite concerned that you and I should have owed such an acquaintance to him. He hopes that we both understand it is only of late that Mr Challoner has so deteriorated. He was quite respectable—at least Robert believes he was quite respectable—when he came first to Endhill, otherwise he should never have been invited; but he has heard such an account of him lately from Mr Whewell—Whewell, mark you—that it has quite put any future intimacy between them out of the question. What do you suppose all this was for, Overton? Was it because they were afraid of me? Then they *shall* be afraid of me. Overton, bring him back, bring him back. We are not too immaculate to touch him, are we, Overton? Thank God, you are no Pharisee, Overton. You would not cast away a poor forsaken soul,—oh no, you would seek him out and take him by the hand, and open to him your doors, and give him your

all," weeping afresh. "Oh, brother, it was Christ Himself who spoke through you to me the other night. I heard His voice—the Good Shepherd pleading for His lost one—but I stopped my ears and hardened my heart, for my foolish pride stormed up in arms at the remembrance of its wound. I wanted to listen to you, but it seemed as if I could not. I loved you for speaking, but something kept me back; and whenever I felt as if I wanted to yield, so surely as I gave way a little, there came across me some remembrance, some sore spot smarted anew. I could see his face and hear his eager cry, and then my own scorn, which I had vowed should never be recalled. Overton—I am so tired—" And she suddenly dropped into a seat, for she had risen in the excitement of the moment.

"Tired with the struggle," said he, tenderly. "Give it up, Matilda. Think no more of the injury to yourself."

"Yes; that is what I have been doing," she replied, in broken accents. "And yet how slight was the wrong to me, compared with what it was to that poor girl in her grave! God be thanked, she cannot be injured, or grieved, or distressed by either of us any more. Oh, I may do it now; I need not fear to do it now. If I can save him——"

"You can," said Overton, with the authority of calm conviction. "Do not doubt it. There never yet was a sacrifice God did not bless——"

"But it is no sacrifice," murmured she.

"It is a noble deed, a righteous, glorious, holy enterprise. I was wrong to use the word 'sacrifice,'" said her brother; had it been a sacrifice, I should have doubted—indeed I should never have desired

it; it is only by his possessing your whole, your entire affection—nay, don't be ashamed of it, my dear sister—it is to this I look for your happiness as well as his. You could do nothing unless you loved him as he loves you. God bless you, my dear, and give you strength and courage." He laid his hand on hers, pressed it, rose from her side, and presently went away.

"Now, how will he set about it?" whispered she to herself thereafter.

Perhaps, with her knowledge of Overton's tendencies and habits, it was not to be wondered at that she should experience some anxiety on this head. Balaam's ass—— she stopped to laugh and scold herself for the shameful allusion; but still——Balaam's ass had undoubtedly spoken words of wisdom, such as had never before astonished the ears of any living being at Overton Hall. Had she not been so overpowered and engrossed, she must have been struck with the strangeness of the thing; but, like the prophet, the purport of the speech had diverted her attention from the speaker, and it was only on reflection that she had time to consider whether her good brother's newly acquired judgment and discrimination would carry him on to the end of the chapter.

Few of the quicksands of life had ever come in Overton's way, and amidst these few he had invariably had to be taught how to steer. Now, could he take the helm into his own hands? But if not, what was to be done? for there was assuredly no one else.

And suppose he had already started on the wrong track? Suppose he had taken for granted, on insufficient grounds, that Challoner still cared for herself? He had said not, but was he to be trusted on this point? Suppose Challoner

had ceased to desire a reconciliation? Suppose he had even some one else?

It would be too dreadful if anything were now to go amiss; if she were to be shown to have humiliated herself in vain—met a man half-way who had no intention of meeting at all.

Nay, why should anything be advanced on her side? She was willing to forgive; but should she not at least be sued for forgiveness? She would suffer herself to be approached; but some desire to approach ought surely to be evinced. Disturbed and uneasy afresh, she longed that Overton should speak again, and wondered, when several days again elapsed, and he made no sign.

It was not to be borne longer.

"Are—are you going to do anything?" she asked.

"Certainly, I am. You gave me permission."

"But when?"

"At once. I have only been making sure of where he is."

"Where is he?"

"In little poky rooms in a back street. He is too poor now to afford his old lodgings in the Albany——"

——"That accounts for Robert and Lotta——"

"And think of it, Matilda, in this broiling August weather. London in August! and lodgings in a back street in London!"

And involuntarily he looked round on the beautiful flower-beds, the lawns, the grassy parks, and great shaded avenues of Overton. They were together in Matilda's bower, and even that cool and chosen spot was scarcely bearable in the fierce sunshine that blazed overhead.

"London must be like the infernal regions," said Overton. Then he added slowly—

"I am going there to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed she, with a start.

"To-morrow. Yes, I have settled to go up to-morrow. There is nothing to keep me now. I got the correct address this morning. He has taken his name off all his old clubs. I daresay he can't pay the subscription; but he is to be found at a cheap little place, newly started, and there I shall look in upon him about luncheon-time. If he is out, I shall either wait, or go again."

"What will you say to him?"

"You must leave that to me, my dear."

"Dear Overton, you will not——"

——"Not what?"

"Not—bungle."

"I daresay I shall," said Overton, laughing. "I have very little doubt I shall bungle horribly, but that cannot be helped. I cannot well have you prompting at my elbow——"

——"Oh, don't jest."

"You may coach me beforehand, if you like, however. I will try to remember anything very particular if you din it into me. But I warn you, I fancy I shall do best let alone. I know what I have got to do. I have got to bring him back——"

——"But, dear Overton, be sure, do be sure, first, that he wants to come. Oh, don't," cried Matilda, clasping her hands in an agony of earnestness—"don't show *too soon*! Just think if it should not be as we suppose! If he does not wish to—to——"

——"You are not half so loyal to him as I am, Matilda. I would stake half my estates that Chalonier is true to you."

"Do you call it being 'true' to me? Well, I will not quarrel for a word. Only if you are so sure, so very sure, dear Overton, just

keep back your confidence from showing itself too quickly. Pretend a little for my sake. See," cried she, with imploring countenance—"see that it comes from him, not from you. Oh, he can speak when he pleases. He is not so diffident as you think; he could be bold enough once——"

"Do you mean that he is likely to come forward as a suitor for your hand now——now that he is——"

"But you would not offer it to him unless he does?"

"Now, Matilda, be reasonable. Is it likely that I should offer your hand to any man alive? Is it probable that I would lower you in the eyes of one whom I would have look up to you as to an angel? But at the same time, can

I expect——can I ever wish that Challoner should lift his eyes to you at all, unless I show him that old scores are to be clean wiped out between us, and that he may be again what he was before——our friend?"

Matilda made no remark.

"As a friend——merely as a friend——I shall ask him here. If he refuses to come—as I expect he will refuse—it will rest with me to discover the motive. Trust me for once, my dear sister," concluded he, "not because I am the fittest person to act for you, but because I am the only one. I will not betray you. If I fail—but cheer up, my heart tells me that I shall not fail. To-morrow morning I go to town to fetch Challoner, and to-morrow evening sees him here."

CHAPTER XLIII.—CHALLONER FOUND.

"A voice from out the future cries,
On, on—but o'er the past,
(Dim gulf,) my spirit hovering lies,
Mute, motionless, aghast."

—EDGAR ALLAN POE.

London out of the season, London abandoned to people who cannot get away, to schools let loose, to homeless cats, to all that is vagrant, shabby, and unsightly, is perhaps as little tempting a spot and as great a contrast to London in the glory of the early spring and summer, as can be imagined.

To Jem Challoner it was misery absolute and unmitigated. All his companions and associates had gone their several ways, the long continuance of the hot weather having driven them one after another earlier than usual to more favoured haunts; but though one had his yacht, another his moor—though all had flitted off somewhere or other out of sight, it

mattered not where, he had not so far followed their example.

In truth, he had nowhere to go; that is to say, there was nowhere he cared to go.

He had not indeed been exactly forbidden the homes of his brothers and sisters, as Whewell had insinuated, but neither had he been tempted thither by any desire on his own part, or any inordinate amount of pressing on theirs. His brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law were not, as a rule, to his mind: they were formal people with fixed ideas; and amongst them the notion was that Jem was not much of a family man; he did not care to linger among the women of his own set, and he could not be at-ways among the men, who, indeed,

though some of them were his own kin, were of another stamp to himself. He had ever been unlike the rest,—unlike Tom, who was so demure and prudent; Will, whose selfishness was so cleverly veiled; and Neddy, who was such a boor,—Jem had been unlike them all, and had looked down upon them all. It was now their turn to look askance upon him; and so the ladies, their good wives, soon let him discover. For, considered they, it would have been too tiresome to have had a whole bedroom stopped up, and a place at the table, and seat in the carriage always pre-engaged; moreover, to have had to arrange for a shooting man to shoot, and a smoking man to sit up late, and a dozen other things which must have been done, once the bachelor brother were given the run of the house.

The husbands themselves, perhaps, were not urgent. Jem was a dull companion at this time, and there was not much change to be got out of him on any score. His long face at meals was not conducive to a good digestion; and why the deuce couldn't he play the amiable and trot about with the girls and children afterwards, instead of lounging about doing nothing from morning to night?

Challoner was not in a mood for children and frolicking,—and that was the truth. He was heavy-hearted, preoccupied, down in his luck, unable for any exertion, and indisposed for any amusement. The only prospect that found any favour in his eyes was that of going somewhere where he had never been before, and among people he had never known in other days. An invitation which promised both these requisites had been half promised ere the season broke up; and on it his hopes now hung with a concentration and tenacity which

was piteous. A friend, with a breezy Scottish moor, had “hoped to see him by-and-by, when he had seen his lodge and its accommodation, and would write so soon as he should be making up his party.”

But day after day passed, and no letter came.

He looked over his guns, and polished them; he ordered shooting-boots; he had his portmanteau-strap mended; and then he walked and walked about the dreary streets, among rows and rows of closed and papered windows, passed beneath the painters' ladders on the pavements, saw the maids gossiping from their mistresses' windows, saw their sweethearts boldly scale the front doors, and grew to hate the sultry and fetid place more and more every day.

At length a glorious morning—glorious even in London—tempted him to take his dog earlier than usual for his daily splash in the Serpentine,—his hour for this, the chief event of the day, being usually six o'clock or so; but the dog was restless, and the day was utterly vacant; he thought he would break through the rule—go in the morning, and return to lunch at his club,—the poor little club which Overton had mentioned as the only one Challoner could now afford to belong to. In front of it, whom should he now behold but Lord Overton himself?

“Overton, I thought it must be you,” he said—for a meeting could not be avoided, and it must be borne in mind that there had been no open split between the two, and that Teddy's fatal accident, and old Mr Challoner's demise following so shortly upon it, might be supposed to account fully for their having drifted apart of late,—“Overton, I—what a time it is since—come in and have some luncheon. Were you looking for me?”

"I had only just come. Yes, thanks, I'll have some luncheon. They told me you would be in about now," replied Overton, in the same ordinary everyday tone. "Hot, isn't it? You have been out early?"

"Been to give my dog a dip."

Then they sat down, and luncheon was ordered. Luncheon was ordered, brought, eaten and drunk, and no pause was suffered to lift its awkward head into the conversation; to all appearance the pair who sat chatting thus socially and uninterruptedly, partaking of their little meal across the little table—neither had much appetite, but that might have passed,—to the outward eye the two were pleased to meet, and found plenty of agreeable topics wherewith to chase the flying minutes,—and no one would have guessed that the one was talking against time, and the other against memory.

"I have not very long to wait," said Lord Overton, at last. "Thanks, no, I won't smoke. I'll just——" rising and looking round. "It is quiet over there; if you don't mind, we'll just go over," moving across the large room to a distant recess; "we shall be undisturbed there, and I want to see you by yourself for a moment;" he took out his watch.

Challoner stood mute by his side.

"Yes, I see I have more time than I thought," continued the speaker. "I thought it had been later."

"What is it you want to do?"

"It—well—ahem! Have you any engagement for this afternoon?"

"None whatever."

"For to-morrow? For this week?"

"N—no; not that I know of. I am expecting letters; I may be off any day, but—no, I have no

thing fixed. What is it? Anything I can do for you?"

"Challoner," said his friend abruptly, "I want you to go back with me."

It cannot be said that the proposal was altogether unexpected, for so well had the part of ignorance and innocence been sustained, that even although Overton might be presumed to know more than he chose to reveal, it still remained dubious to what extent his knowledge went. Accordingly, in view of a hospitable offer, Challoner had prepared himself, and was now capable, without much effort, of putting forth the regrets and excuses which he had been able to think of. He was not really free, he said; he was awaiting another summons, had half-agreed, and feared it would hardly be the thing to draw back and throw his friends over.

"Yes, I understand," said Overton, quietly. "These are all very good excuses, quite sufficient excuses; but, old fellow, is there any *one*, any *other*, any *real reason*? Don't answer me if you would rather not, you know; still—I wish you would."

"I will," said Challoner, his own tone changing also. "I will, Overton, if you wish it. There is."

"My sister?"

"Your sister."

"I know something of what passed between you and her," rejoined Overton, readily; "but that *has* passed—it belongs to the past. Can you let it remain so? Bury it with the things that are forgotten, and come and see her and me as friends,—nothing more,—friends who will be glad to receive you, and from whom you need fear no—no—— in short, we are ready to forgive and forget, Challoner. Come, we want to be friends with

you; can you and will you as frankly be friends with us?"

"No," said Challoner, looking out of the window; "no—I cannot."

"Why not?"

"Because—— Why not? Because I cannot; that's all."

"At least say why."

"No, Overton; no, I can't say why. Don't ask me."

"Is it the past that prevents it?"

"The past? Ye—es. Partly."

"Only partly?"

"Overton, since you *will* have it, the past is nothing; it's the future I am afraid of. You are very good—far, far too good to offer me your friendship. Don't be hard on me that I cannot accept it,—at least I will not do you that wrong. I——" he drew in his under lip with a long dry breath, and bit it.

"Go on," said Overton, waiting.

"How can I go on? You know what it was—the old story. And though it may be past—past with you, past with her, it is *not* past, it never will be past with me. It—it would be again, and again, and again to the end of my life. I could not trust myself. The very sight of you——"

"Oh!"

Challoner had turned away his face, but it had already betrayed enough.

"Now," he said, between his teeth—"now you see why I dare not come."

"You are afraid it would begin all over again?"

"Begin!" ejaculated Challoner, with a short laugh. "Begin! Look here, Overton; there would never be anything to begin, for it has never ended, and never will end. I love your sister as

madly now, heaven help me! as I ever did,—and so I shall love her to the end of time. I have never ceased to think of her, and I never shall cease. I am too old," with a bitter smile. Then a break. Then he began again. "There—say no more. You were always kind. Give me your hand if you can, and don't, please, ask me to your house again. Thanks, I understand," holding the hand hard down for a moment, and again turning away his face.

"Challoner," said Overton, "I thought as much."

"You thought as much? And still——"

"And still I came; that was why I came. Do you see now? But don't mistake, I have no right to lead you to suppose—at least, I have no message,—that is to say, Matilda is just what she was, what she always was, only—only I can't bear to see her,—and we have lost Teddy,—and we are very lonely, she and I,—and—and,—so you just come back with me," he broke off suddenly.

"Overton," said Challoner, after a long silence, during which he had been choking down emotions which were almost too much for him,—“Overton, if I were not such a—a——. Confound it! I ought to have *something* to say. It's—too—much——"

"And now we understand each other," rejoined Overton, cheerily, "and we have only twenty minutes to spare. Shall we have a hansom? Or shall I stop here, while you run over to your rooms? Don't stop to pack. Tell them to send your portmanteau down by a later train. Tell them to send everything, mind: you won't be back in a hurry. I say, don't be long. We ought to be at the station by 3.30."

CHAPTER XLIV.—“IS IT POSSIBLE?”

Of my heart's echo; and I think I hear
That thou yet lov'st me.”

—SHELLEY.

Lady Matilda sat by the sea, beneath an overhanging cliff, whose face was spread with ivy, and whose brow was shaded by the thickest foliage.

It was her favourite seat: she had a rustic bench constructed there; and Challoner knew the way to the place.

Thither she had betaken herself as the time drew near when her brother might be expected to return. The cooler air from the water beneath was grateful to her burning brow; and the silence of its placid breast—for not a ripple broke upon the shore—soothed her restless, agitated brain.

Now that the step had actually been taken, that Overton had gone beyond recall, and that she had every reason to suppose a meeting had taken place,—for indeed they might be looked for at any minute—the dogcart had gone to meet the train half an hour before,—Matilda was nearly beside herself with suspense, anxiety, and something very like shame.

“Oh, how I wish he had not gone!” she now cried, with fretful sighs and groans; “I should never have let him go. Some other plan might have been thought of. It was my fault—my doing; I hurried him, I encouraged him, or else he would have taken a second thought himself, and waited. Now he will have seen his mistake. I shall have him coming back alone, I know I shall; and it will be so dreadful—so dreadful for us both. I am glad I am here; at least I am not sitting up in state in the drawing-room as if I expected any-

body. It will be easier to hear what he has to say if he finds me casually here: he knows where to look. Hark!”

Her heart was in her throat; her pulses seemed to cease beating.

Yes, yes, *yes!*

Voices, men's voices, and steps approaching overhead—approaching rapidly, running down the little stone path, Overton calling out something as he turned the corner, and another—another answering.

The blood slowly left Matilda's cheek; her limbs shook beneath her as she rose from her seat; a blinding vision seemed to swim before her eyes; and then, “How do you do?” said a gentle voice with sweet composure, to the one. Then to the other of the two, “You must have had a dusty journey. The servants told you where I was?”

“Matilda,” said her brother, taking her hand in his,—“Matilda, this is a friend whom I have brought to see you. *I* have brought him, it remains for *you* to keep him here.” He took a long look in her face, and put the hand in that of Challoner.

Before either of them could raise their eyes from the ground, he was gone.

“Was I wrong to come?” said Challoner at last. “He tempted me, God bless him! and I—I was too weak to resist. I have always been too weak to resist. Wherever and however I am, a word from you, a chance of seeing you, must needs bring me. And if I

now might dare to hope that those presumptuous hours could ever be forgiven — Matilda — Matilda!" Ere he had finished, he held her weeping in his arms.

"And you *forgive*?" said he presently, in a low and almost awe-stricken tone. "You whom I so cruelly wronged, so shamefully loved. You, Matilda, so proud, so stainless; you—you care for *me*—even for *me*? Listen, I have led a wretched, worthless, useless life, —and since you cast me off, rightly cast me off, a miserable one. I am sick of it, ashamed of it, loathe it. I don't want to live and die like a dog. You don't know, you can't think, women like you, what it is to let go a hold upon everything that keeps a man from sinking down to the dregs, down to the bottomless pit. It is months since I have gone through even the form of a prayer, or heard the name of God. Respectable well-doing young fellows keep away from me; I am not good company for such as them. People who liked me well enough once, have forgotten what I was like then. I am lean and shabby-looking, I know, but I don't think my appearance can have altered so very much in a twelvemonth,—do you? No, it is not that. They don't *choose* to know me; it is convenient to have forgotten. My own family—well, I don't trouble them, and they are grateful to me for that. I go my own way; I am alone in the world. You know it? What? You have heard, you had already learned all this, and still? Oh you angel of mercy, you don't shrink from me?—Ah, don't weep,—is it because you love me? My God! is it possible you still so love me? Matilda, before heaven, I have told you all. Bad as I am, I am not utterly foul. I may dare to touch you. My wife—if indeed

you will be my wife—need not fear that there has ever been or ever will be more to tell. And should I take this hand, this dear hand, before the altar,"—a sob stuck in his throat, she could only catch a word here and there—"forgiveness—pardon—my Maker——"

"I shall never be worthy of you," said Challoner, again, "but I will strive day by day to be less unworthy. And you, my dearest, you," looking at her,—"*you* are paler, thinner. You sadly need taking care of. I shall take such charge of you——"

"Yes," said Matilda, with her own smile, "I want a tyrant."

"You miss *him*, don't you?" whispered Challoner, softly.

"Miss him? Oh," cried Matilda, raising her head from his shoulder,—"*oh* that silence, when every dumb thing seems to speak of my boy; when every spot I go to reminds me of him, when there are all his things about, when his poor dog follows me from place to place—it would never come to me before," said Matilda, weeping, "and now it lies outside his door, keeping watch still for a master who never comes! Oh how I miss him! Oh, speak of him, speak of him! I have had no one, no one all this time; Overton, dear kind Overton is so affectionate to me! but he thinks,—he feels,—it is almost a merciful relief to him at times that poor Teddy is not here. Teddy *did* trouble him—he *was* a care; but then I loved him so. I would give anything to talk and talk, and ease the pain."

"My poor darling."

By-and-by it was,—"*Matilda*, you can't think how I long to hear what no one but you can tell me—the history of that terrible day. Was it," holding her close

to his heart—"was it Teddy who told you?"

"Yes."

"How had he heard?"

"He had been sent to find out. Yes, he had been sent," said Matilda, lifting up her face suddenly flushed. "Who do you think had sent him? Mr Whewell. That spy." (No words can express the scorn with which she said "That spy.") "He had had the—the—he had dared to make use of my poor boy,"—and she gave at full length her version, her woman's version of the story.

"He was right," said Challoner, when he had heard all; "he was right. It was the thing to do."

"Right!" Matilda looked her amazement.

"Yes," reiterated he, sadly.

"He saw you were being deceived, and he knew it would not do to open your eyes on mere hearsay, so he sent your brother to find out the truth direct. He was right to do it."

"Right! I will never speak to him again. And it is he who has been the informant—he has poisoned the minds of the Hanwells—through him Overton heard about you—he tried to stir us up against you—he——"

"Then to him I owe everything," said Challoner, with a smile.

Poor Matilda! she never could get those two lazy men to share her animosities with any proper degree of energy. They laughed at the notion of turning their backs on Whewell from that time forth; they were placidly indifferent to the impertinent amazement and almost open outcry which Challoner's recall occasioned at Endhill; and—but we anticipate.

Let us take one more peep at the little nook under the cliff on that enchanted evening when Par-

adise was regained for two who had erewhile been so rudely thrust from it. Gradually, as the time passed on, a great calm stole over the mind of each; there was no longer the sense of passionate emotion vibrating to every tone and touch—a solemn gladness, a wondrous peace filled two hearts to overflowing; all concealment, all estrangement was for ever at an end between them; forgiveness meant joy unspeakable,—even above every earthly joy; for the hand that held out the healing balm stanchd by the act its own wound, and all that that moment meant for time and for eternity was summed up in Challoner's concluding words, "You have saved me." . . .

The sun was sinking in the west, when at length the pair, thus for ever reunited, were seen approaching the house, Matilda, as no mortal eye had ever before beheld her, leaning her slender form on the strong arm of another; Challoner gravely and tenderly bending over her, both rather subdued and pale, but with a great joy written on their faces.

"Well?" said Lord Overton, going to meet them and taking a hand of each with a shy smile,—"well? How is it to be? Is it to be peace between you two? Well, Challoner? Well, Matilda?"

"Yes, peace," said Matilda.

"You will be very happy," said her brother, simply, "and you will make him happy. I am glad I went to-day. And you,"—to his friend,—"you will just hang up your hat on its old peg, and never take it away any more. We shall get on first-rate, we three. We will go over to Endhill to-morrow and tell them the news. Of course they will be pleased, and the Applebys too." He was not without a sense of humour; and Teddy gone,

he had himself of late been the object of plaintive attempts at fascination in that quarter. "Everybody will be pleased," said Overton, smiling. "It's a nice evening, isn't it? Of course you will not take Matilda away from me, old fellow? what is mine is hers, you know, and if I go first, she will have everything out-and-out some day, now that she is the only one left,—so you cannot do better than be

on the spot all along. It's a nice old place, too,"—looking around with loving pride,—“a nice old place on a night like this.”

"Oh," said Challoner, gazing, not on the glowing landscape, not on the gleaming uplands and spreading beeches, but on Matilda's lovely face, now all suffused with love and happiness,—“oh, if you could ever think, if you could ever know what it is to me *on a night like this!*”

POSTSCRIPT CHAPTER.

“For time makes all but true love old,
The burning thoughts that then were told,
Run molten still in memory's mould
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.”

Let us lift the curtain for one moment yet again.

Another eighteen months are gone by, and it is another evening—this time an early spring evening—at the Hall.

Two quiet men sit together smoking contentedly under the trees outside; here and there a remark on the unusual mildness of the month and of the pleasure of being able thus to enjoy it, a word on family matters, or on the farm, or the estates—any little thing that either thinks of at the moment—make up the amount of all that passes between them. They understand one another, seldom find much to say, but are always at ease in each other's company.

But see! a voice calls from an upper window, and the scene changes. A merry, laughing, frolicsome babe is being held up for the father and uncle to see—shouts of glee come through the open casement—the boy beats his hand on the window—Overton claps his in return—Challoner cocks his walking-stick as a make-believe gun to shoot the rascal.

Gesticulations, repudiation, fist-shaking from the window. The two outside smile at the mimic indignation of the infant, and the enthusiasm of the fair nurse. “Come out, Matilda; come out,” cries Challoner, beckoning.

She cannot come that moment, will join them presently, and by-and-by she flits forth through the garden door—baby has gone to sleep; he was in his little night-gown when she held him up, did they not see?—and as she sits down between the two, Challoner rises to place her, as though she had been a queen on her throne, and then he throws himself on the grass at her feet, and she feels his hand clasp hers beneath the folds of her dress.

“How well this marriage has turned out!” comments Overton to himself, as he sits approvingly by; they never want him to go away at these times—he knows he is always welcome, and somehow he remains in the family circle more and more; and it is only when Matilda goes to her own little boudoir and Challoner fol-

lows her there, that he turns off into the library as he used to do, and waits until some social call brings them together again. "How well this marriage has turned out, and what a brave girl Matilda was to venture upon it! Not one in a thousand would have been generous enough to forgive as she did, and hopeful enough to trust him as she did." (He takes no credit to himself, he forgets almost altogether that he had any hand in the affair,—but that is Lord Overton's way.) "And now how happy we all are," he concludes, "and what a good fellow Jem Challoner is! I never knew a better fellow. What is he saying now? Matilda's picture? Matilda's picture with the young un in her arms? Come, that's natural enough. I'll have that done. It ought to have been thought of before.

"But now she wants his? Oh, now, that's another story. I don't know about your ugly phiz, Jem, my boy. Stop, is it ugly? Hang me! with that look upon it—he is like a devotee at a shrine, a worshipper before a saint — pronouncing critically now upon that fellow's face, I declare the look that is in it makes the whole face beautiful."

"Jem, Overton is staring at you," cries Matilda, merrily. "Is

anything wrong with Jem, Overton?"

Overton laughs, shakes his head, turns away his eyes, and goes on with his soliloquy.

"Nothing is wrong with him; everything is right. He is wrapped up in his wife, well off in his home, at peace in his own heart. He has one little son already——"

"Overton, Overton, am I to obey Jem or not?"

"Of course you are to obey Jem."

"He says it is growing too cold for me, and I am as warm as possible."

"The wind has changed," says Jem. "I am going to take her in," and passing his arm round her waist, he draws her away without another word.

"And quite right, too," observes Overton, commending the scene. "Jem must not give way in *everything*. I shall make a point of upholding him whenever they appeal to me. That wilful creature——" And he laughs with pleasure.

For Matilda is Matilda still.

"New years new graces still create," and to the end of the chapter there will still remain all the conflicting, puzzling, enchanting characteristics of

CURIOSITIES OF POLITICS.

THE ATTEMPTED REVIVAL OF QUIXOTISM.

It may be seriously questioned in this day whether Cervantes meant to be a satirist of chivalry at all—whether he did not sincerely admire the knight whom he has celebrated and his squire, and heartily deprecate the barbarous ridicule which a too prosaic age was ready to shower on men truly devoted. If the latter hypothesis be adopted, then we may suppose that the satire of the great wit was really levelled at the utilitarian ideas which were in his day beginning to disturb the world. It was the inductive philosophy—the philosophy which demanded *fruit*, and which deprecated what it was pleased to call sentiment and jargon—that was really his butt.

It would have been of little use—rather it would have been only a farther cause of depression to an institution that was already sufficiently discredited—to have given utterance to an opinion such as is written above, as long as the hard practical ideas on which many past generations of Britons have prided themselves held a sway that was openly undisputed. But, now that Britain has a Government which can smile at prejudice and does not scruple to stand upon the ancient ways in respect of knight-errantry, and to send forth a solitary warrior to do battle against heathenness, the case is delightfully altered. One is no longer compelled to give those thoughts no tongue which favour and glorify the Don and the sagacious Sancho, but may, under shelter of the course pursued by “the greatest statesman of this or of any age,” raise one’s

voice once more in praise of heroic adventure.

We must admit that the failure of General Gordon to annihilate the Mahdi and disperse his followers with a blow, or a thrust, or a breath, tells somewhat against the renaissance which only a few months since seemed to be arriving. But surely a restoration of the old beliefs which preceded the Baconian heresy is too important a movement to be suppressed, or even checked by one miscarriage. “The greatest statesman” is not one to be cowed by a single unsuccessful experiment. He will rise from the earth like a Titan, and with renewed determination prosecute the war which he has begun against common-sense, practical methods, and all that kind of nonsense which has had its way too long. Who knows but that the Champions may reappear with Giant-killers and Valentines! Nay, as Cairo is said to have been the birthplace of “the Thousand and One,” who will venture to say that an Aladdin or an enchanted horse is impossible? As we write, more and more charming anticipations crowd upon us and animate our quill. It was in Egypt (was it not?) that the dragon succumbed to the valour and might of St George. May not a Gladstone-sent paladin again, with his single arm, do battle on that enchanted soil?

What a blessed change has taken place already in our popular ideas! It is not so long ago that any three Englishmen (being of the coarse matter-of-fact drivellers who lately walked this land) would have said

in their conceited ignorance that, if anything was wanted as a requirement of State, the right way was to put our whole power into the attempt to get it. We had plenty of money, and means, and men, and how could these be better employed than in getting us the things we had need of? They would have said this and more; and if any one had even hinted to them the idea of despatching a Quixote and Sancho to do our work, while we had endless appliances and means disposable, these boors would have burst into boisterous vulgar laughter. If it had been seriously proposed to do such a thing, they would have sworn that the proposer was only fit for bedlam; and as for trusting such a visionary with any public office—"Off with him; shut him up; not a word. Pray God he have not already made some mad hash of our substance."

But Englishmen are more courteous—and, let us say, more epic—nowadays. Their *brusquerie*,—ah! we may say with a celebrated physician who was shocked by being told that the heart was on the left side—"It was so formerly, but we have reformed all that." They do not now pronounce Quixotism to be absurd, and deserving only of laughter. They tolerate it. They more than tolerate it; they have the grace to go into ecstasy over it, and before Rosinante and the ass are mounted they begin to discount—(but no, that expression belongs to the work-a-day world), we should rather say they begin to congratulate each other by sound of trumpet, as it were, on the coming deeds of heroism, as if success were already achieved.

It will be remembered that the good knights of old, though they were always ready to prick forth

and couch their spears, or to lay about them with their swords and maces, did nevertheless sometimes solve a small difficulty, such as reducing a fortress or subduing a province, by simply blowing a horn or knocking down a shield. And the La Mancha project of our high-minded Ministers seems to have been based upon some dissolution of enchantment by sudden anti-necromantic action. We recall to mind a maxim propounded by a worldly-disposed person in one of Lord Lytton's novels, who said—"When you want a thing, take it away by insinuation, not bluster." And this precept, as we think, exactly expresses the instructions with which Ministers despatched their adventurer. They wanted the Mahdi, with his sheiks and followers, to withdraw from the Soudan, or, at the least, not to make a row there—and they proposed to gain their object "by insinuation."

The expedition has come to nothing, as we know too well, and we only wish we had the Don back again safe and sound out of the hands of his enemies. But the bold and independent spirit that conceived this admirable device for dealing with difficulties in the field is with us still, and will not fail to attempt some farther proceedings of State by the heroic method. And we would venture to suggest, what has no doubt occurred to many a thoughtful person besides ourselves—namely, that though a notable and commendable return has been made towards ancient principles, yet it has not retreated to a remote enough eld for despatch of Egyptian work. The Quixotic dispensation, being a purely Christian and medieval one, is probably potent in Western Europe only. We have no right to presume that

it will be entirely effectual in Africa. No; if we go to Egypt, let us there comfort ourselves as Egyptians do. They know nothing about Cervantes—probably are not so constituted as that they can be dealt with quixotically. Let us then wait until we have a disagreement with France or some European Power, and then send Gordon, who will, doubtless, with his single arm make our adversaries bite the dust. But when we would operate in Egypt, let us use means which Egyptians understand. A round sum should be taken on the war estimates for purchasing old lamps and rings. To rub these briskly would afford healthy and plentiful employment to sandwich-men, Irish landlords, and other broken-down people,—and the result could scarcely fail to be the appearance before long of one of those stupendous geniuses who announce themselves as slaves of the lamp or ring as the case may be. Spot the one and he will soon indicate the whereabouts of the other. With these allies the diplomacy of the Soudan would become surpassingly simple; and there would be this advantage, that if private reasons should lead us to forsake our agents at any time, they could take care of themselves, and we should create no odium by the desertion.

Search should likewise be made—it would repay the expense—for that carpet, the sitter on which could at a wish transport himself to any part of the world; and for the tent which was of such elastic quality that, though it could shelter a vast army at times, it could at others shrink up and lie in the hollow of the hand. With the aid of these auxiliaries, travelling and transport would be reduced to nothing, and an immense fraction of the stores and *impedimenta* of an army would disappear. Our

Ministers then could run over for a quarter of an hour and see whether the poltroonery or the slaughter (as the case might be) which they had ordered was being duly executed. Who knows but that at one of these visits that renowned barber might turn up who, although he claimed to be justly called *silent*, yet could, for length of tongue, probably match the greatest statesman of this or of any age?

We do not venture to affirm, but we put it as a point for the erudite author of the ‘*Juventus Mundi*’ to consider, whether by an intelligent search among the papyri some of the arts of Jannes and Jambres might not be discovered and reproduced. The emissaries who did Egyptian wonders in the days of the Caliphs were, after all, but Arabian importations, and may have been inferior in power to indigenous operators. Now Jannes and Jambres were “native here, and to the manner born;” and it is respectfully suggested that some of their experiments might have an effect more startling than any copying of Cervantes or any adaptation of the necromancy of Islam. It might also gratify a certain sceptical friend of the learned author to whom we have appealed, if the lore which withstood Moses might be enlisted into the service of the British Government. The grand old men who so bravely stood up for infidelity in primeval times have doubtless left behind them something which would be appreciated at Northampton.

But we are running away, fascinated with the idea, into the details of a new birth which is as yet barely an accomplished fact. How the imaginative and romantic method of statesmanship may take effect is a question for time

to shape. It is certainly subordinate to the great truth that we are emancipated at length from the base practical school, from the tyranny of facts and figures. Once again divine imagination shall enter into and direct all the events of daily life ; and the Epic muse, no longer

“Sole sitting by the shores of old Romance,”

shall once more tinge with her purple light the deeds of statesmen and control the fates of nations. The salutary change, let us remember, was begun in England, which country, if she was glorious before, is by this, her bold action, brought to the very measurable distance of only one step from the sublime.

A HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

That history is apt to reproduce itself is a common enough remark. The parallel situations will not in general run on all-fours (to use a colloquial expression) ; the mere fact of their occurring at different periods makes it certain that the minor features, the circumstances and the actors, will not be the same in a crisis, convulsion, or approach to a golden age, as in its antitype. Nevertheless, in most of the main points of the two or more historical presentments, it will be plain to the student that there is virtually a striking resemblance, as a man of to-day may remarkably resemble his great-grandfather's portrait, although the latter may carry a three-cornered hat, bag, and sword, and be altogether

“Dressed in a fashion now forgotten quite.”

This remark has been induced by a reperusal of the account given by Macaulay of the violent and sustained attack by which his adversaries drove Sir Robert Walpole from power. If we here denote the character of that attack as portrayed in the essay to which we refer,¹ our readers will probably find no difficulty in determining the other attack, in a later age,

with which we propose to compare it.

It was delivered by two distinct factions which, in political opinions generally, were diametrically opposed to each other. The leaders of these factions knew well that, should they succeed in their attempts to obtain office, they would probably be divided on the first weighty question which it might be necessary for them to submit to Parliament. They were united in intense, unscrupulous hostility to Walpole's administration, but in nothing else. To the object of unseating him they devoted themselves with all their strength. And at length they succeeded, but how ?

They protested that the nation was suffering—nay, sick to death, of many diseases and derangements ; that these were all the consequence of misgovernment ; and that the misgovernment was wholly due to the depravity, the perversity, the desperate wickedness of the Prime Minister. Their cry was “Down with Walpole !” Their promise was, that if the guilty misdirecting Ministry could be overthrown, then all the crying evils of the State (of which the Ministry had been the authors and

¹ “Walpole's Letters to Sir Horace Mann.”

abettors) would cease as by natural consequence. Not only would political evils and political discontent disappear, but vice and immorality, no longer kept alive by baneful ministerial influences, would sink at once to the weak estate which they occupy in this innocent world when it is left to itself and and not incited to evil by unprincipled statesmen. "It was," says Macaulay, "Pulteney's business, it seems, to abolish faro and masquerades, to stint the young Duke of Marlborough to a bottle of brandy a-day, and to prevail on Lady Vane to be content with three lovers at a time." Pulteney was the immaculate rival who was expected to, but who did not, replace Walpole in the premiership.

"The downfall of Walpole was to be the beginning of a political millennium; and every enthusiast had figured to himself that millennium according to the fashion of his own wishes," proceeds our author. Communities, no doubt, among their other affections, are liable to fits of optimism, and can sometimes be persuaded that they have at last found the elixir and the philosopher's stone, and that henceforward, under the new dispensation which their wit has devised, there will be no more failure, or care, or sin, or sorrow, but universal prosperity and enjoyment. The English nation in Walpole's day was ready for an attack of this hallucination, and it received a forecast of such a blessed state with immense favour. Wealth, talent, even royalty aided in the propagation of the delightful ideas. The fire, once lighted, spread as among the dry stalks of the forest. Reflection, caution, moderation gave way for the time to eagerness of desire for the coming good. Men did not work out belief for themselves, but took it by infection,

and infected others by their excitement. The rage soon became general: the battle was joined; the bitter struggle was long and violent, but the attack succeeded: the minister was deposed, and a way was open for the inauguration of a golden age.

It would seem that the men who undertook to create such general satisfaction, had little or no idea of how they were to set about their work after they had attained to place. Their energy and invention had been expended in putting down their rivals by any means that offered, fair or foul. They were no sooner in power than they discovered how little capable they were of united action for any purpose whatever. Indeed there was no evidence, after they were once safe in their places, that they had any plan or notion of benefiting the country or society. Every defect of their predecessors they exhibited to the full; and they wanted the talent and experience by which their predecessors had been enabled to govern with ability in spite of their defects. Schism appeared among them even in their opening days; the shouts of victory were mingled with the shouts of internal discord. Some faction among the victors was opposed to every policy that could be suggested. Nothing, in fact, was done.

It is presumed that the nation, after the childish ardour which it had shown for its new puppets, was ashamed to confess on a sudden its disappointment. However guilty the fraudulent statesmen may have been, the people themselves were not clear in this transaction. If the former were impostors, the latter had been ready dupes. They had not stopped their ears when the charmers were beguiling them; and they had now

to bite their tongues and swallow their indignation when the deceit first became apparent. They looked in vain for improved laws, or for a better administration of the existing laws. No sign of vigour or ability could be perceived in the conduct of affairs at home or abroad. There was neither efficiency nor economy, but unhappily the contrary of both. Even in the article of morals the new Government figured as cheats. They not only did nothing to induce and encourage virtue in the public ; they were themselves more shamelessly vicious than the men whom they had denounced. Elysium, which had seemed so near and so certain that faithful expectants could almost apprehend its pleasures and its repose, was farther off than ever. The bright hope which had shined for a moment only made the actual result more bitter.

However ill-advised popular action may have been, the popular voice will not be very long silent. If the people's shamefacedness had temporarily the appearance of contentment, their remorse soon found expression in unmistakable terms. We cannot do better than quote from the author whom we have been following the description of how things fell out. He says :—

“While the parliamentary leaders were preaching patience and confidence, while their followers were clamouring for reward, a still louder voice was heard from without, the terrible cry of a people angry, they hardly knew for what. The day of retribution had arrived. The Opposition¹ reaped that which they had sown. Inflamed with hatred and cupidity, despairing of success by any ordinary mode of political warfare, and blind to consequences which, though remote, were certain, they had conjured up a devil whom they could not lay. They had

made the public mind drunk with calumny and declamation. They had raised expectations which it was impossible to satisfy.”

They had made the public mind drunk with calumny and declamation. Those words are noteworthy. They describe the aim with which demagogues direct all their machinations. The multitude are very simple and impressionable. They have strong sentiments but no judgment. Calumny, which they are only too ready to accept as truth, is easily administered to them. They drink in the calumny, and are persuaded that the indignation which they feel thereat is righteous and generous. The demagogue knows how to avail himself of this passion. He works them to fury ; and there is no limit to the folly, and to the sins against themselves, which they may be made to commit. It is not likely that, while the demagogue is exposing pretended heinous wrongs, vowing that the remedy for these is to be found only in the action of a highly intelligent and ingenuous public, and professing that he and his friends are the immaculate, unselfish, and devoted agents, through whom all good things must come, any attention will be paid to honest orators who may seek to represent things as they really are. These last have the ungrateful task of destroying bright illusions, damping noble aspirations, presenting bare fact instead of captivating fiction, and restricting promises to what is reasonable and practicable. Of course the many decide for the “smooth things” ; in a torrent of feeling and self-admiration they endow the cunning demagogue with full power over themselves and their fortunes ; and they do, in a

¹ By the time of harvest they were the Ministry.

day, mischief which in many years cannot be repaired.

The effects of these mistakes of the people are generally far removed in time from their causes. The many are long in finding out that they have been deceived, and longer still in connecting the deceit with the discontent which at length overcomes them. When they see their error, they are incapable of seeing how it may be corrected, and are as likely as not, in attempting to extricate themselves, to be beguiled into more blunders.

Seeing, then, how susceptible the multitude is of false impressions, and how impulsive it is, the opinion of most men who can regard matters of general interest with an unprejudiced view must be that the passionate and undiscerning mob should be but sparingly trusted with political power. *A fortiori* it should in no case be the chief controlling power of the State. Whenever it may become so, the nation will be at the mercy of its prophets and flatterers. The evil is sure to cure itself. Yes; but after what a course of disaster and humiliation! By the time the cure is in operation, the body politic will have been brought very near to the dust. Under the cure it may begin to rise again from its ashes; but is the hope of such a resurrection a sufficient temptation to begin the reckless career which is sure to be so miserably disastrous?

There be many who say, "Give the people power, and they will soon learn to exercise it discreetly." But this is simply an assertion; where are we to look for the proof of it? As far as our acquaintance with the past goes, the very reverse of this dictum is true. Incautiously commit the chief power to the multitude, and they will

without doubt use it to the injury of the State. We do not mean to say that the many should have no power at all. Let them have as much as will secure respect for their rights and command attention to their grievances. This is a very different thing from placing the common weal at their mercy. But to return to our parallel.

We think that the attack which was kept up for four years by Mr Gladstone and by the Whig and Radical leaders upon Lord Beaconsfield's administration quite came up in calumny, rancour, and vituperation to that which Pulteney, Bolingbroke, Carteret, and others delivered on the Walpole Ministry. Indeed it is difficult to conceive any political assault more virulent, unscrupulous, and unjustifiable than that attack, which began in 1876 and reached its acme in 1880, was. It did not stop short at declaiming against, misrepresenting, and condemning everything which had been done or left undone by Lord Beaconsfield: it dealt with the motives of all his policy, which it pronounced to be wicked and criminal. The imputations were exactly the fellows of those which had been showered upon Walpole. The Ministry was not only incapable but corrupt and vicious. No prosperity for the nation could be expected until it should not only be guided by wiser councils, but until it should have purified itself of the pollution which it had contracted by surrendering itself to the sway of such flagrant evil-doers.

Of course the Opposition, if the people should be pleased to return a majority of them, would prove to be the exact antipodes of the men whom they were denouncing politically and morally. Peace, light burdens, reformed laws, and a rigidly just administration of

them, were to gladden the hearts of men; while the new rulers, models of virtue in themselves, were to guide the feet of the nation into the way of righteousness and peace. The pictures of the coming felicity were charming. The constituencies were to choose between the realisation of such pictures and the universal vice and misgovernment in which the country was sunk. Such is the power of iteration over simple minds, that thousands of the people perceived this England of ours to be in much the same perilous condition as the world just before the Flood. All flesh had corrupted itself, degraded and inured to guilt by faithless rulers, the thoughts of whose hearts were evil continually. Some dread catastrophe must be at hand. The situation was all but desperate. One chance of escape, and only one, remained. If the electors would only do their duty manfully, drive out the Mephistophelian impostors who were pressing them downwards to destruction, and seat the angelic Whigs and Radicals upon the Treasury bench, it might be with England as it once was with Nineveh, after its people had proclaimed a fast and put on sackcloth—nay, more, England should not only escape a dreadful doom, but should pass at once to a beatified condition, from which Mr Gladstone would chase away sin and suffering and sorrow, as St Patrick aforetime dispersed the snakes and toads.

The land was deluded, and the attack prevailed as had been the case in Walpole's day. The shameless libellers and coiners of false promises had their way once more; and as far as attaining to power with an immense parliamentary majority at their backs could make them successful, they were so.

But as with the deponents of Walpole, their triumphal shouts were rendered "out of tune and harsh" by jarring notes of discord proceeding from their own body, or rather bodies, for they were always in reality two distinct factions. The allotment of places and the invention of a policy were as serious difficulties to the successors of Lord Beaconsfield's administration as to those who succeeded Walpole.

Nor was it long before the people had plain proof enough that they had set up rulers who were neither able to give them the benefits which had been promised nor to make for themselves that character for righteousness and purity which after their fierce censoriousness against the late Ministry they were bound to deserve. In less than a month they had Ireland in a blaze; and little capable were they of appeasing Irish discontent or repressing Irish rebellion. For four years they have been making law after law as messages of peace which have only aggravated disaffection, so unhappily were they conceived; and they are at this moment holding down the Irish, who are as much incensed as ever, by one of the severest coercion Acts that have been framed in modern times. This result, unsatisfactory as it is, has not been arrived at without divisions in their Cabinet and resignations therefrom. Indeed the incapacity which they have shown in dealing with Ireland is alone destructive of the pretensions with which they acceded to office. They have been unjust in their expedients, grossly negligent of the safety and rights of the loyal Irish, and wholly unsuccessful. With many a grief of mind have those who exalted them witnessed this deplorable failure.

The Irish chapter, though a most discreditable one, is far from being the only one in their annals which shows the country to have been made sick at heart. They made war, as we all know, in South Africa with great flourish of trumpets, against semi-savages, who, after having invited England to rule over them, turned and rebelled against her. They allowed these barbarians to beat our troops, kill our general, drag our flag through the dirt, and murder many Britons, civil and military. Then they yielded all the matters which had been in dispute, and made with our enemies a Convention highly dishonourable to the British nation. That, however, is not all; for the Convention was hardly completed when the Africans repudiated it, broke through its provisions, and bade us do our worst. This last insult also the unworthy Ministry submitted to. Another cruel cross for them who had called the incapables into ministerial being, and who had expected so great things from them!

The above shortcomings, sufficient as they were to make the country sick at heart, read like old stories and tolerable troubles beside the purposeless and sanguinary contentions which our Government have been perpetrating in Egypt at intervals during the last two years. These gentle apostles of peace, these declaimers against strife and bloodshed, have executed in that ancient land a series of merciless operations, the accounts of which would be harrowing, even if the acts had been unavoidable and the means to a desired and salutary end. But they have been so much wanton and unproductive slaughter, the offspring of weakness and indecision. Our action has been al-

ways too late, always to no purpose. An examination of the history of our disputes makes it clear that had there been a bold and judicious attitude assumed by us at the beginning, we might have obtained all that we wanted and all that we have *not* got now, without shedding a drop of blood. Cowardice and imbecility on our part have given heart to adversaries who would never have dared to look us in the face had our power been wielded with ordinary ability. Without plan, without definite object, we have been carried by ever-shifting winds and currents from massacre to massacre. We have waded through slaughter to a position considerably more perplexing than was that in which we stood when we cut the first throat.

How long will it be before the nation speaks out? and what will it say to these most impudent pretenders? Surely it knows now that it has been again made drunk with calumny and declamation! Surely it will visit, as its fathers did of yore, the deceivers who have so cheated it, with its wrath! The day of reckoning seems to be drawing near, and the ballot-box will form a terrible engine for inflicting punishment, without explanation given. There need be no confession of error, no apology for a change of sides,—only a man's own sentence in his court of conscience: "These impostors took me in last time; I'll be even with them now. Not a month's outpouring of the specious vapouring at which they are such adepts would make me hold my hand now. Down they go, for a set of as worthless charlatans as ever executed a political deception!"

May the people's turn to strike come speedily; and may the great axe fall with severity where the offence is so patent and so rank!

A POLITICAL HYENA.

Permit us, courteous readers, before opening our mind under the above head, to advise you that we regard the hyena with an entirely popular survey, not pretending to any acquaintance with the mysteries or refinements of his nature, but setting him down absolutely as not to be propitiated by any favour, blandishment, act, speech, or sentiment—a brute that will tear the hand that feeds him, reward a caress with a scratch, rush malignantly at any living creature which may be found within his reach, and, when he has none to wreak his active fury on, will sit snarling and howling enmity to the universe in general. This advertisement was necessary, because, in these intelligent days, nothing is allowed to have a plain and simple aspect—rather, the more plain and simple a thing's aspect may appear to the vulgar, the more do superior and piercing intellects assure us that it is in no respect rightly perceived. There are at least two sides to every subject which senses can convey to the mind.

It is quite possible that while we, with the gross and vulgar opinion to which we plead guilty, think of the hyena as nine men out of every ten whom one meets in the street would think, there may be keen wits who will maintain that the men in the streets not only come short of sound knowledge on this head, but that they literally misread every scrap of evidence, and arrive at a judgment which is diametrically opposed to the truth. The hyena, as these people will tell us, is, to those who know how to weigh and appreciate him, a most engaging animal. His fault, if he has one,

is exuberant affection. Barbarians, who cannot understand him, and who at every passage of intercourse bruise his sensitive nature, and make his loving heart bleed, must not be surprised if they see him always at a disadvantage. He shows his teeth, and growls and snaps, not because, as the blundering Dr Watts would have said, it is his nature, but because his exquisite feelings are so abraded by the coarse treatment which he experiences that he cannot conceal his disgust. Besides this, as they may tell us, the hyena has, for thousands of years, endured at the hands of all other animals accumulated wrongs—wronges which, though they cannot be tabulated, or, for that matter, put into words at all, are nevertheless sufficient to keep him perpetually in a state of deadly animosity. It may be all very well to argue that ever since there has been a record of him, the hyena has passed for a vicious, malignant beast; but let those who hear this character of him reflect how in all ages he has been sat upon, and what unspeakable injuries have always operated to sour the milk of hyenaish kindness. He is naturally a gay, careless, and droll creature, but by maltreatment and much tribulation has become the practical hater that we see him, or think we see him.

Our friend the man in the streets, letting his mind run in the old homely groove, advises simply that, as it is the experience of ages that the hyena can never be tamed, can never be otherwise than dangerous, we, who stand within his danger, would do well, for our own sakes, to cage, muzzle, chain, and

otherwise restrain the creature, so that he may do as little harm as possible. But, "No," say the superior minds: "we grant that he came out of the ark snarling and snapping, and that he has done little except snarl, howl, bite, and scratch ever since. That, however, is entirely owing to his being so little comprehended, and to his having been treated with so very little judgment. Noah did not understand him, and no man or beast (until a favoured few lately saw the truth) has since Noah's day been able to do anything with him. Now, after that, it goes without saying that coercion has had something more than a fair trial, and has failed. Why has it failed? Why, because you and other sagacious people, thinking only of your own precious selves, and never considering the deeply wronged and intensely amiable hyena, have never reached above the coarsest and most barbarous remedies. Treat him scientifically and humanely, and you will soon find a difference. We, observing him attentively, perceive that he is afflicted with 'flesh-hunger,' a new disease, but very serious, and one which it will never do to ignore. Address yourselves to this. Let him have plenty of flesh on the easiest terms; and if, while you are indulging him, he should take a bite out of one of your legs or tear out an eye now and then, don't mind it—these little accidents must occasionally happen in the walks of science. What are the limbs, or the lives even, of a few humdrum peaceable human beings, in comparison with conciliating the whole hyena race, redressing its wrongs, bringing out the innumerable sweetnesses and softnesses of its disposition, attaching it by the bonds of gratitude and affection,

and making it an adherent and a defence for ever?

"Another valuable device is to take upon ourselves the blame for every ferocity that hyenas have committed, attributing these little slips to our own injustice, folly, and cruelty in the past. Acceptance of this blame may not be strictly correct, but it pleases the hyena, and that is everything. He must be approached with the utmost delicacy. Everything must be conceded to him. And then——"

Well, and then is there the least chance in the world of his becoming a whit less vicious? None whatever, we should say. We cling entirely to the old beliefs, and quite expect that what he has been in times past he will be in the future. We are for taking him up very short and keeping the screw upon him, wishing that the devil may seize him for an ill-conditioned, infernal brute. So much for the hyena of natural history; now for the moral which he may help to point.

There is nothing new, the proverb says, under the sun. Nevertheless we venture to think that the present condition, circumstances, and attitude of Ireland are a novelty in the world. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a match for them anywhere in history. This small and indigent island, with a population of five millions, defies, resists, thwarts, and dictates to the governing powers of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. These governing powers pretend to rule Ireland. They do in reality govern and wield the power of some thirty millions of people; they have resources of all kinds (except skill in the art of governing) at their disposal. The power of Great Britain could, without doubt, utterly subdue and prostrate the Irish if it

should be in earnest used for that purpose. Yet Britain chooses to tolerate sedition, insolence, false accusation, threatenings, railings, secret assassinations, turbulence, breaches of the law, rather than use her strength to chastise and curb her enemy; for her enemy Ireland is, possessed and running over with an irrepressible hatred which manifests itself continually in injuries executed or designed against every person and thing that is British. British Ministers go about with guards to protect them from assassinations promised by Irishmen; public buildings in London and the cities of Britain are sought to be destroyed by infernal machines; it is only through the protection of Providence that Britain's population travelling on railways, or assembled in public places, are not blown into the air.

Ireland, through a portion of her press, openly exults in her atrocities, and raves her denunciations and menaces. It has been stated by a Minister in Parliament that the leaders of her murder and sedition leagues are steeped to the lips in treason. Money is collected from Irishmen all over the world for the express purpose of committing diabolical outrages upon the British and those who are friendly to them. In short, it is impossible for any region to be more malevolent, rabid, and mischievous against another than Ireland is towards Britain.

With all these facts plain before her; with the knowledge that it has been the same in kind, though not always in degree, for centuries; with every proof forcing itself on her that the treatment is exacerbating the disease,—Britain persists, like a fond and doting grandam, in offering favours to this ungovernable fury—in confessing herself guilty of heaven knows

what sins against Ireland—in proclaiming that Ireland, if only “properly governed” (whatever that may mean), will prove herself as loyal, as reasonable, and as law-abiding as any portion of the empire.

If there were the slightest evidence of this nonsensical doctrine being true, if we could see any of Britain's cajoleries and advances met in a spirit of gratitude and recognition though never so faint, there might be encouragement to go on; it might be reasonable to argue, “You are on the right lines now: pursue that treatment, increase the dose, have long patience, and all will be well.” But the evidence is directly the other way. Every soft speech is answered by a curse—a caress meets with a bite or a scratch—a substantial benefit excites unrestrained rancour, redoubled abuse, multiplied accusations, increased demands, and a shower of injuries cruel and deadly; while an attempt to redress the so-called wrongs, at great trouble and sacrifice, so exasperates the recipients that guns and poniards will no longer serve their great revenge—only dynamite, with its wholesale and indiscriminate destruction, can be a vent for their accumulated hatred and malignity. Every Englishman may be said to go daily with his life in his hand; and yet the mass of Englishmen, untaught by their own or by others' experience, slaves to an attractive theory, make no stand for their lives, but hug their fallacies still closer, and rack their brains to discover some new gratification which may, by happy possibility, win them a growl of recognition from their unappeased Moloch.

Truly Ireland—little Ireland—darting venom and death in all

directions, overruling, exacting, spurning, rending and tearing, is a phenomenon — and we say again, we believe it to be one without parallel. It is a peculiarity of this age. In no other period of the world's existence would such an intolerable scourge have been permitted to afflict a country stronger than itself.

We lately put to death in the Soudan some 6000 or 7000 semi-savages for crimes of which nobody has as yet had a clear description. They were at home, in their own land, the sovereignty over which had been repudiated by us and by our nursling, the Egyptian Government. It must be presumed that we killed them on behalf of our friend the Khedive, whom we considered to be at war with them. Whatever it may have been, their offence was sufficiently obscure and not very atrocious; yet we did not hesitate to destroy them wholesale. Compare this conduct with our forbearance towards Ireland, where the offences are not obscure but only too palpable, not temporary but continuous, not light or venial but gross, atrocious, and most malicious! How shall we reconcile the proceedings in the two cases with justice, expediency, or common-sense?

We do not at present concern ourselves with what it is expedient for us to do in these circumstances. That subject has been frequently discussed elsewhere in our columns. We have ventured here only to draw attention to the very remarkable (were it not for the awful tragedies connected with it, we should say the very ridiculous) state of things. And we will add a few words containing our ideas of the causes which make Britain so inordinately long-suffering.

Socialism we believe to be at the bottom of the whole misfor-

tune. In his most recent explosion, it has been the pleasure of the Irishman to direct his threats and stabs largely at landlords, although he by no means in his slaughters and other mischiefs restricts himself to landlords, or to any other class. But he is experimenting in a field which particularly interests socialists. They very much desire to confiscate the land; and here is the Irishman not only delighted by his own acts to set landlords "running for their lives," but sufficiently powerful with the Government to get laws made for robbing them. In a great majority of his outrages and designs the Irishman will find himself patted on the back by the socialist; but he is not a socialist pure and simple, so that it is just possible that, in some of his extravagances, he may tread on socialist corns. If he should do so his case will be unhappy; for it will be as difficult then to keep the Englishman from worrying him, and giving him all he deserves, as it now is to rouse the slightest English resentment for abominable injuries.

According to one of the latest dogmas of socialism, Ireland ought to be a very happy and prosperous island; for the landlord, who elsewhere mars social comfort and social justice by his power to grasp and to enslave, is there so effectually crushed that he certainly cannot interfere with social equality and contentment. Yet somehow Ireland continues poor, miserable, and vindictive. If the suppression of English landlords would make England like Ireland, the argument must be in favour of giving landlords a reprieve.

Let us be sure of one thing: we shall never coax or bribe Ireland into abated ferocity. If we once accept that statement for truth we

shall have ceased to go backward and to make matters worse than, in the nature of things, they must be. Once we have recognised that we have to deal with a being that is utterly untamable and irreconcilable—that he can never be a helpmeet for us, and will always be a thorn in our side, wounding

us to a greater or less degree as our own folly or wisdom may permit—there may be a prospect of our regaining the upper hand to which we are, as the far larger island, entitled. If we cannot eradicate the disease, we may at least minimise the dangers and other evils of Political Hyenaism.

HOW TO GROW THIN.

As there is always a resemblance between the individual and the community to which he belongs, it is strange that the correspondents of the daily papers, who are so interested in the inquiry how obesity is to be kept off, do not try to gain a hint from the management of the nation. Our Government and people have mastered the secret. The country has in a remarkable manner got rid of all plethoric tendencies, has lost incalculable weight in the scales, is fined down to a meagre-looking form, and seems destined to be, in no long time, a very scarecrow. It does not appear to have occurred to any of our artists that the typical John Bull whom they portray is, as things now go with us, only a satirical figure, provocative of ill-natured jests on our present declining condition. He clearly belongs to the period of England's rotundity, her commercial greatness, her commanding warlike power. He bears on his person the evidences of being well-to-do, of having his own way in most things, of being pretty clear-headed and wide-awake, of proving a jovial companion when in good-humour, but rather an ugly customer to any that would stroke him the wrong way. Consequently he is an anachronism, and should give place to a form emblematic of the fallen position to which we have de-

scended, of our shrunken dimensions, of our failing means, of our lost spirits and sense of honour.

There are a good many points in Justice Shallow's portrait, as traced by Falstaff, which seem to fit him for the John Bull of 1884—if John Bull is still to be the name, and it is a question if that ought not to be changed too. It will be remembered that Shallow, instead of being a portly imposing squire, was a "starved justice." He was "like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring; when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn that his dimensions, to any thick sight, were invisible." Now that is the ideal presentment which will suit the Briton best when he shall have reached the low estate to which he is tending, when he shall have wasted himself, and his rulers shall have diminished him, to the estate of a Mr Nobody.

To the physiological inquirer the point of interest is, not to what a degree of leanness and pitifulness the erewhile corpulent Bull has dwindled, but how he relieved himself of his substance and his intrepidity. Well, we believe the first step taken by our nation which Bull represents was in reality directed against moral rather than physical stoutness. We had been

a people of frank, hearty, bold complexion ; but we took to groveling in meanness hitherto unknown to us, suppressed each noble or generous emotion as it arose, and conformed ourselves with all diligence to the philosophy of the dunghill. The national spirit being thus debased, it was not long before the national substance began to disappear ; for this is a world in which he who will not stand up for his own rights, and bear himself with manliness, is pretty sure to be speedily relieved of his "bulk and big assemblance." Britain, forgetting her vocation, shirking her duties, gibbering sentences from the hornbook, and accusing herself of inexpressible sin, was in a fair way to part with her vigorous bulk.

In acting without regard to our own dignity ; in allowing ourselves to be ousted and jostled from any and every side ; in submitting to be robbed of our fairly earned means, and to be driven out of our own territory,—we have not only incurred material loss, but we have lost the reputation on which our power and our wealth were founded. Every base act that we are guilty of is an invitation to the unprincipled to insult and defraud us—an invitation which most of them are not slow to take advantage of. We do not claim what honestly falls to us in the present, and we are despoiled of what accrued to us in the past. We used to make treaties, and to order our goings so as to benefit our own commerce ; now it is the fashion to neglect everywhere our interests and our rights. We endeavour to hamper in various ways our merchants and manufacturers, so as to discourage enterprise and to minimise profits. This is part of our anti-fat regimen as relates to the world at large.

But we do not depend solely upon impoverishing foreign relations for growing thin ; we have established domestic drains which play no small part in attenuating our substance. We are so mealy-mouthed about traitors and criminals, that we literally encourage crime by allowing criminals to attain the ends for which they agitate, and to injure peaceable citizens. Our fatuity in this regard has been such that a portion of the United Kingdom is a danger, an expense, and a constant trouble to us, instead of forming part of our strength and our defence. We bleed inwardly, and in that way get rid of all tendency to forming fibre and flesh. This is, perhaps, the most ingenious of all our secrets for producing leanness. We should be half as lusty again as we are, if we were to exhibit some capacity in governing and controlling the Irish.

Another home-secret — which, however, we do not possess exclusively—is the art of dissipating our means by encouraging continual jealousies and disputes among the classes of our community. While classes wrangle and injure each other in disputing how profits shall be divided, the means by which profits are produced gradually diminish, we open a clear course for the stranger to step in and usurp our business, and we sap our own resources. Every time an industry may be crippled or may stand still, there is a greater or less loss to the substance of the whole country. Employers find this out very soon ; but workmen probably, when bad times are upon them, and money can scarce be got at all, do not connect their suffering with their past contentions. The connection may be very certain for all that. There is at the present time a great cry

against shipowners ; and sailors and their *soi-disant* friends are clamouring earnestly for more advantages at the expense of these owners. On the other hand, we hear of the streets of many of our northern seaports being filled with unemployed sailors who cannot get hired at all. It would be profitable for these sailors out of work if shipowners could be encouraged a little, so that it might be worth while to send more vessels to sea ; but *their* idea seems to be, that the thing to clamour for is the further depression of the owner. Thus, while they clutch at a larger share of the profits of business, business itself vanishes, and there are no returns for them, great or small.

Another prominent article in our refining process is the depreciation of our landed property. By what we have already done, and by what we are constantly threatening to do, we have made the soil of Ireland valueless, and greatly reduced the value of the soil of Great Britain. Landlords, and the worship and influence which they enjoy, or are supposed to enjoy, are the objects at which the damaging blows are aimed ; but the blows fall on the value. The values of all the landed estates in the kingdom cannot be seriously lowered without the whole community being injured ; and thus our solidity oozes away merrily.

The time for reducing ourselves has been cleverly chosen, because very discouraging circumstances encompass us on the outside. Railways have ceased to be made almost all over the world except in very limited quantity, and the blank thus created has naturally depressed business generally. Foreign competition too, which did not so much affect us in older days, is becoming more and more pressing. It would have been difficult to maintain our condition if we had been solicitous to do so ; but as we were bent upon growing thin, events have seconded our efforts in an effectual manner.

The country, as we think, is entitled to the chief credit of having shrunk itself up ; but, of course, the Government to which the country thought fit to trust its fortunes, is in the second degree deserving of the honours of success. It is certain that Ministers have very ably and ingeniously seconded and encouraged the efforts of the public. Radical regimen has had such a marked and steady effect in this case, that we would suggest to the obese, or those who fear to become so, that instead of asking information and comparing notes in the newspapers, they would do well to make a call in Downing Street, with the reward of divination in their hands, and to get scientific directions how to grow thin.

"T O M M Y."

My dear father, one of the best men that ever breathed, but also one of the dullest, and least successful in life, when he lay on his deathbed called me to his side, and pressing my hand said: "Bob, I have nothing to leave you but my example and advice. Be honest, be upright, strive to do good in your generation, and the reward of an approving conscience will be yours. Remember Tommy."

When he had said this, thinking he had said a good thing, he shut his mouth with a snap, and said nothing more in this world.

When I say that he thought he had spoken a "good thing," I do not mean a witty thing. Of that my dear father was incapable; and I do him nothing but justice when I say that he had a very humble opinion of his own powers. He did what he thought was right, and he said what he believed was

true; but his most brilliant coruscations of wit were second-hand fireworks from Joe Miller, and his moral sentiments were taken from copy-book slips. I say nothing but the truth when I add that he ruled his life by these copy-book slips. He was everything that the most advanced copy-book would have a man be—except that he was unsuccessful in life.

After his funeral, when I returned to the house, I went to the study, a *lucus a non lucendo*—there was no studying done there except the perusal of novels—and took down an old illustrated 'Reader for Children,' and opened it at the "History of Tommy." Then I pulled up the blind, and re-read the well-remembered tale, with full resolution to impress its lessons deep into my heart.

This is what I read:—

"Tom-my was a good boy. But Har-ry was a bad boy. Tom-my and Har-ry were one day play-ing with a round ball. Then the ball went through a win-dow of a good man's house, and Tom-my and Har-ry were a-fraid. Har-ry ran a-way. But Tom-my stood still. Then the good man came out of his house, and said, 'Who broke my glass?' Then Tom-my said, 'Sir, I did, with my ball.' And the good man said, 'You are a good boy to tell the truth. Here is half-a-crown, to show you that vir-tue is its own re-ward.' But when Har-ry's fath-er saw this, he took Har-ry o-ver his knee, and smack-ed him, and he said, 'You have not got half-a-crown, but you have got a whip-ping. Learn that vice brings to ru-in.'

"One day Tom-my saw that bad boy Har-ry with a

lit-tle dog. He had put a string round the neck of the dog, and tied a heav-y stone to the dog by the string. He was go-ing to drown that poor lit-tle dog. Then Tom-my said, 'Take my half-a-crown and spare the dog.' So Har-ry gave up the dog, and took the half-a-crown, and he said to Tom-my, 'You are an ass!' But Tom-my was a-bove mind-ing such vul-gar words.

"That night bad men, called Rob-bers, came to Tom-my's house to break in and steal his half-a-crown. But the lit-tle dog bark-ed, and that woke Tom-my's fath-er, and he lit a can-dle, and drew on his trous-ers, and the rob-bers were so fright-en-ed that they went a-way. Then they went to Har-ry's house, to steal his half-a-crown. And there was no dog there, so the bad men got in, and they kill-ed Har-ry, and his fath-er, and his moth-er, and his grand-fath-er and grand-moth-er, and his broth-er and sist-er, and his un-cle and aunt, and cous-ins, and his neph-ew, and niece, before they could light a can-dle, and fright-en the rob-bers a-way. They al-so took the half-a-crown. Were they not wick-ed men? So you see, my dear chil-dren, that if you are truth-ful, and kind, and good, vir-tue will bring its own re-ward."

I am not ashamed to say that the tears rose to my eyes, and I felt my heart soften, and my conscience braced, when I read this moving and moral tale. I rose from my seat, and, with streaming cheeks, I extended my arms and said, "Tommy! be thou my guide through the paths of virtue to prosperity."

My dear father overstated the truth, of course unconsciously, when he assured me that he left me nothing. I found that he left me less than nothing. He died in embarrassed circumstances; and if he had not died when he did, I

really cannot see how he could have lived. I found that he was greatly in debt, and the bills came in after the funeral. I behaved with honour, in the spirit of "Tommy." I had a little money of my own, that came to me from my mother, which my father could not touch. With this I discharged all my father's liabilities. His creditors were paid twenty shillings in the pound. To do this I had to sacrifice not only my own little property, but to sell every stick of furniture the house contained, and the books, down to 'Tommy.' But that mattered little. I had Tommy graven on my heart;

and the principles which actuated Tommy filled my bosom, and were certain to carry me into prosperity. The creditors confirmed me in this opinion. They shook me by the hand and said, "Nothing could be more honourable than the way you have behaved in this business, and there is a bright future in store for you, Mr Robert Flopjohn. Virtue is its own reward."

I was now left without anything except my principles and my education.

My dear father, acting on copy-book advice, had insisted that education was the best gift that could be given a child, and he had taken care that I should be well instructed in Greek, Latin, mathematics, and French, to which I added some free-hand and perspective drawing.

My father believed that a sound grammar-school education was the best equipment for a start in life. I did not, however, find it so. I found the market drugged with education. If he had apprenticed me to a trade, I could at once have found work as joiner, mason, or plumber; but as I was cultured, I had to look out for a tutorship, and I found that there were five hundred applicants for each vacant post. A sawyer can make his thirty shillings a-week by merely working his arms up and down, but I could not earn thirty pence with all my education.

At length, however, through the recommendations of the solicitor who had wound up my father's affairs, I did get a situation in the house of a country gentleman. My manners are gentlemanly, my appearance is agreeable, and my principles are, as you know, those of Tommy. I was received with kindness, and soon placed myself on an easy footing in the house. The only son of the master was a deli-

cate boy, and his father regarded him with the tenderest solicitude, as the heir to his name, and to an estate of fourteen thousand a-year. There was a daughter, older, a very sweet, beautiful girl, with golden hair, and eyes of the sunniest blue. I gave her lessons in French and drawing. Then she took a fancy to learn Greek, and I got her well on to the paradigms. As for the poor boy, his hours of work were few. He was allowed to do pretty much what he liked, and to be out of doors as much as the weather permitted, riding or walking. I accompanied him, and not unfrequently his sister joined our party. The park was very beautiful, and there were numerous objects of interest in the neighbourhood. Maud took advantage of these excursions to get on with her drawing, with which she made such progress that she began to venture on water-colours.

The natural result followed. I fell desperately in love with beautiful Maud, and she reciprocated my attachment. I was far too honourable to give utterance to my sentiments. What was I — what my position, that I should aspire to the hand of the daughter of a De Vaudville? My family was of yesterday; hers dated from before the Conquest. I was worth nothing pecuniarily; she had a nice property of her mother's. I had no position in the world, and the De Vaudvilles were the first family in the county next to those that were titled.

I was not blind to the affection I had inspired; the father had no suspicions. He would have thought it impossible for his daughter to stoop so low. Besides, in the event of the death of her sickly brother, Maud would be an heiress — a match to be desired by every young squire in the county.

I was conscious of a struggle in

my heart; but I thought over my father's dying words, and the example of Tommy, and I conquered. Neither by word nor sign did I show dear Maud how dear she was to me. I had to exercise the utmost control over myself, and the effort cost me much pain. I hesitated whether I had not better resign my tutorship, when my charge fell ill.

His sickness became serious—dangerous. Then I volunteered to sit with him and nurse him night and day. I knew what was necessary. He must be fed with beef-tea every twenty minutes. Everything depended on this; and the nurses could not be relied on. For three weeks I was with the poor child. If he had been my own I could not have done more for him. I saved his life. The doctor said so. No sooner was he out of danger than I broke down. I had overstrained myself, and was attacked with nervous fever. It was thought advisable to move me to the keeper's cottage. My illness, following so closely on that of the young master, was more than the servants could stand. They rebelled; and the housekeeper suggested the change to the squire, who gave his consent, with the proviso that I should be supplied from the house with everything I wanted. So I was taken to the lodge, there to be nursed; and the best port wine, beef-tea, and grapes were sent from the Hall for my consumption. The keeper drank the port; his wife, who was nursing, found the beef-tea nutritious; and her children greatly enjoyed the grapes. The stalks of the latter were, however, always put on a white plate at my bedside, together with the few skins and pips that could be rescued.

I think that at last some suspicion that I was not well treated

entered Maud's mind; for she brought me grapes herself, and insisted on my taking the wine and extract of meat from her own hand. As I got better, she visited me more frequently, kept a posy of flowers always fresh near my seat in the latticed window, read to me, talked to me, and brightened my convalescence with her sunny presence.

One day, as she rose to leave, and extended her hand to me, her eyes met mine, and then, unable to control her emotions, she burst into tears.

"What is the matter, dear Miss Maud?" I asked. My heart sank. I dreaded what would follow, and yet I felt a secret, a wicked joy at the explanation.

"I am so sorry for you; and it seems so ungrateful in us, after your noble self-devotion to my darling brother. I know that he owes his life to you; and I am ready to sink into the ground for shame when I think how little care we have taken of you in return. Papa does not see it; but I can think of nothing else. He says that the keeper's wife is a worthy body, and attends to you very kindly; but then—she has seven children to look after also, and she cannot devote her undivided attention to you. Oh, Mr Floppjohn!—it ought not to be; and you—so good—so generous—so honourable—I feel—I feel—that my whole life would be too little repayment for all you have done for us!"

I was overcome also. For a moment I forgot Tommy, everything, and clasped beautiful Maud to my heart.

"Noble, generous, heroic soul!" I said.

"Robert," she whispered, "you have loved me. I knew it, though you did everything to conceal your passion. I also have loved you, as

I revere your principles. I can do no better than intrust my future to one so upright."

"But, your father?" I stammered.

"My father will not consent," she said. "But I have eight thousand pounds of my own, which at four and a half per cent amounts to three hundred and sixty pounds per annum. Surely we can live and love and be happy on that! We will run away together and get married, and then return and throw ourselves on papa's generosity. He is proud, but kind and forgiving. He would not give consent, but he will accept the *fait accompli*."

I held her hands and looked into her eyes. I could not speak. She said, "I will return to-morrow, and we will make our plans together." We kissed, and she departed.

I could not sleep that night. Here was the sweetest, most charming girl in the world—a girl with three hundred and sixty pounds per annum, with a Norman name, and the bluest of blue blood in her veins—ready to throw herself into my arms. Eight thousand pounds offered to me, without any marriage settlements. I tossed on my bed. Towards morning I became calmer. I thought of Tommy. Then I rose from my bed, dressed, put my poor traps together into a bundle, and at early daybreak, before any one was stirring, I left the house. I fled the temptation to do what I knew Tommy would have scorned to do. As in the cold morning air I walked away, I thought how Harry would have acted if placed in my position. He would not have nursed the sick boy, called thereto by no obligation. Then the boy would have died, and Maud have been an heiress of

fourteen thousand a-year. Harry would not have run away alone, but run away with the heiress, and changed his name from Floppjohn to De Vaudville, and reconciled himself with the father-in-law, and succeeded to the estate and the park, and become J.P., and D.L., and sheriff of the county, and put his son into the Guards, and got a baronetcy. I sighed, and felt in my pocket, and found only one pound four shillings and threepence three-farthings there. I had left without drawing my quarter's salary. But if light in purse, I was also light in conscience. I was treading the paths of virtue under the guidance of Tommy.

The next place where I found a tutorship was in the family of a well-to-do farmer, who had amassed sufficient money to think of bringing up his boys to be gentlemen.

I had considerable trouble with these urchins. They were wayward, undisciplined, and overflowing with animal spirits. Indeed I doubt much whether they had in them any other spirit than animal spirit. At least I never lit on the symptoms. They were very full of blood; their lips and cheeks swollen, and looking ready to burst. They hated books, and loved and smelt of dogs. They had no power of concentrating their thoughts; I should have almost said they had not the faculty of thinking. They were wholly destitute of the moral sense. I tried to appeal to their consciences—they had none; to the sense of dignity and decency imbued in man—they were without it. I did my best to humanise them, but found my labour thrown away. I did get them to learn *rosa, rosæ*, but that was only by threatening not to allow them to see a pig killed

unless the first declension were repeated.

They made booby-traps for me. They sewed up the legs and sleeves of my pantaloons and coat. They made me apple-pie beds. They put the soap into the toe of my boot. They gummed together the pages of the grammar. They put gunpowder into the candle. They cut up hair very fine and strewed my night-dress with it. Lastly, they mimicked me. Their parents, so far from reprimanding them, laughed at these frolics, and regarded them as exhibitions of daring originality.

I have always held that moral suasion is a far better vehicle of education than the cane; but I doubt whether moral suasion is of any avail where the moral sense is dormant or non-existent. I believe that, just as nature has provided the auditory sense with an organ, the ear, and the olfactory sense with an organ, the nose, and the sense of sight with an organ, the eye, so she has fashioned an organ for the reception of moral impressions, connected by a nerve with the brain. She has developed this organ into some prominence, no doubt to show how primary and important the moral sense is. She has withdrawn from it all arteries, and has invested it in a delicate network of highly sensitive nerves, to make it serve much as the drum to the ear. The waves of sound beat on this latter and resolve themselves into ideas in the brain; so precisely the pulsations of the cane on this other organ is rapidly transformed into a moral idea, and as such impresses itself on the mind.

I tried very hard to do my duty. I tried to get these boys to study. I tried to lead them to look to higher things than pig-killing and rat-hunting. I tried to infuse into

them a sense of honour. But I found in them none of the material of which the Tommies are made.

I was drawing my salary, and doing nothing for it. I had not got these boys to say "horse" instead of "oss," or to use pocket-handkerchiefs instead of the back of their hands. At length the climax arrived. On the 5th November these urchins made a Guy Fawkes, which was intended to bear, and did bear, a striking likeness to myself. It could hardly do other, as it was invested in my new suit of clothes, not yet paid for. What with the fireworks and the mud with which Guy was pelted, and the general rough usage it received, my best Sunday suit of clothes was utterly ruined. I told Mr Clodd plainly that I would no longer teach such unruly cubs as his sons, and I left the situation. As a man of honour I first paid the tailor for the spoilt suit, and then found myself with four shillings and threepence three-farthings in my pocket.

I received no thanks for my pains, no recognition that I had done my utmost. The blame was thrown on my head. I did not understand the temperament of the boys; I made no allowances for their exuberant vitality; I was exacting, stiff, and ungenial. I felt that these wretched louts must come to bad ends; they were the raw clay out of which the villainous Harries are moulded. I have lived to see them grow up. My predictions have not been realised. They are now rough, sporting young men, with good incomes, farming good estates, and farming them well; and the gallows to which I had consigned them does not seem destined to suspend them.

When I left Mr Clodd's I reviewed my conduct; and then I

felt that I had acted throughout in the conscientious spirit of Tommy. I had striven to do good to these wretches, and I had striven to do my duty, and to do it thoroughly. The result was my dismissal, with four shillings and threepence three-farthings in my pocket. Now, had I been Harry, how different would have been my conduct, how different my situation! I would have winked at the boys' misconduct, excused their mischievous pranks, allowed them to shirk lessons, praised their gallant spirits to the father and mother, assured them that genius lurked behind all their exuberant play of spirit, allowed them to go on in their brutal pursuits unreproved, without an effort to elevate them, have reported their sallies of wit to their parents; and I would have had my salary raised, my position in the house secured, and a future opened to me among the married yeomen's daughters who frequented the place.

On leaving Mr Clodd's I was appointed master to the parochial school, which was managed by a board or committee, and supported by a voluntary rate. Some of the farmers on the board took my part against the Clodds, of whom they were envious; and so, out of spite to the Clodds, and because I could be secured cheap, gave me the vacant situation.

When offered the school, I hesitated about accepting it. It was not that my pride suffered; it was that I misdoubted my powers. My self-confidence had received a rude shock in the house of the Clodds. I had believed firmly hitherto in moral suasion, and had disapproved of corporal punishment. My views on this point were disturbed. You can make a racer run with a word of praise and a pat, but not a donkey. I had had to do with a

well-bred youth—young De Vaudville—and had managed him with perfect success. I had tried the Clodds, and had failed. Should I succeed with children of a still lower class? My diffidence, and my strong Tommeian sense of honour, forced me to accept the mastership conditionally. My tenure of the post was to be terminable at the end of the quarter, without notice on either side. I felt that, should I fail, I would be unable to continue in the situation for three months more with justice to the children, the committee, and myself.

I found the school in a neglected and utterly unsatisfactory condition. The pupil-teacher and the late master had played into each other's hands, giving each other half-holidays alternately on market-days, coming unpunctually in the mornings, and cutting the hours short in the afternoons, spending their time together gossiping in the class-room, leaving the classes under the charge of scholars. This I stopped. The result was, that I made an enemy of the pupil-teacher, and he went about among his friends and acquaintances making complaints, and stirring up a party against me.

I discovered that several of the children did more scratching than scribbling. Thereupon I laid in a supply of carbolie soap, at my own expense, and a fine-tooth comb, and began operations with vigour. What a storm this raised! The parents of the urchins I had combed and carbolised came to me, livid with fury, and dared me to touch their children's heads again. Those with the dirtiest brats were the most indignant. Never before had it been insinuated that their little ones were not so clean that you might have

made a meal off them. Why were they to be combed and carbolised, whilst the sons and daughters of farmers were left unmolested? They were as good as others, and as clean as those who stuck themselves up to be their betters. Several children were withdrawn from the school because of my efforts to make their heads clean. Cleanliness, says the proverb, is next to godliness. At all events, if I might not make the children clean, I might make them godly, I thought. So I turned my attention in that direction.

I was pained to hear the ribald language used in the playground by the boys. Nor was the ribaldry confined to words. I caught some of the worst offenders, and gave them a solemn lecture before the entire school on the use of unseemly language, and the obligations they lay under of refraining their tongues from the use of words improper and profane. Several parents took this up. They complained to the board that I gave religious instruction out of the half-hour limited to such teaching by the rules hung up in the schoolroom, and I was rather sharply taken to task by the farmers for what I had done, as the school was strictly unsectarian in its teaching. So I was not allowed to make the pupils committed to me either cleanly or godly. I would try to teach them the strictly secular learning thoroughly.

I soon found that there was a rotten system of copy-book writing in vogue. Each child was required to make a copy in his best writing every week, and show it to the parents; but these copies were in reality done for them by the master, assisted by the pupil-teacher and monitors. I insisted on the children writing their own copies; whether bad or good, the example of penmanship should be genuine. Soon

after, I heard from members of the board that a general complaint had been made of the falling off in the writing of the scholars. It was evident that in this respect the standard of excellence was deteriorating, and it was conjectured that in other respects the pupils were likewise going back. I was requested to devote myself particularly to the improvement of the writing of the school.

It is well known that the scale of the Government grant to a school is determined to a large extent by attendances. I was therefore most scrupulous to mark these and the absences in accordance with fact. Indeed one or two of the board were detailed to call occasionally and check my entries. I found that my scrupulousness gave dissatisfaction. If a child attended half a day, I might surely stretch a point and make it a whole attendance. When the weather was bad, some allowance must be made for that, and the children not be deprived of a mark when it was practically impossible for them to attend; besides—and here lay the sting—I was adding a penny to the rates by my nicety in this matter, and was not considering either the pockets of the ratepayers or my own, as half the grant would be allowed the master.

I now resolved to devote myself to the fulfilment of the educational department requisitions with all my earnestness. I soon found that to do so was to commit the greatest injustice of all, for I would force on the clever and neglect the stupid; I would cultivate the few at the expense of the many. I found, however, that this was likely to gratify the inspector and obtain the largest grant, and that the greater the wrong done to the bulk of the scholars, the greater the satisfaction given at Whitehall. I was

too conscientious to do this, which would have gained me the approval of the inspector and the support of the board.

There was a poor old widow who lived near the school, half blind, nearly wholly deaf, crippled with rheumatism, living only on the parish half-crown and a loaf, and the sale of a few eggs and poultry she reared. She had nearly white hair; the cataract in her eyes made them blear, and gave a vacant expression to her face. How the unfortunate creature managed to live through the winter was a wonder to me, as she was too poor to be able to afford fuel, and too blind to collect sticks. This unfortunate creature was the object of mockery to the ill-conditioned boys of the school, who played on her numerous practical jokes. At one time they stole her eggs and sucked them, at another they pelted and killed her goslings. They carried away her little winter store of firewood to make their Guy Fawkes bonfire. They pelted her with snowballs. One day they laid a noose on the ground before her, and when she unwittingly put her stick into the loop, they pulled it, tightened the noose about the staff and whipped it out of her hand, so that she fell on her face in the road, which was newly metalled. The aged woman was unable to rise without assistance, and then it was found that her forehead was cut and bleeding, and that she had broken her remaining teeth.

I discovered the authors of this wanton piece of wickedness, and gave them a good hiding. My blood boiled with indignation. There were five boys concerned in the matter—the same who had killed her goslings in the spring and had stolen her firewood in November.

That settled matters.

The offence had been committed out of school hours and out of school bounds. I had no jurisdiction over the boys when they left the precincts of the school. I was summoned by all the parents of the boys I had chastised, and had to appear before the magistrates in the petty sessions. I was unable to obtain an advocate, being without the means of paying for one. The plaintiffs were ably represented by local solicitors. A harrowing picture was painted of my ferocity, and of the tortures to which I had subjected the boys. The condition of the parts of their person operated upon was described graphically, and very highly charged with colour.

I defended myself to the best of my ability. The magistrates then pronounced sentence. The chairman said that the cases were proved against me; that there was no doubt I had exceeded my powers, and had acted with injudicious and intemperate violence. The laws of England were not framed for the protection of the weak and helpless. The old woman, if aggrieved, was able to prosecute those who had wronged her. (As if she was capable of doing so! As if in her blindness she could find out the culprits!) The laws of England did not encourage Quixotic interference in behalf of the old, infirm, and poor; they discouraged it in every way. There could be no doubt that I had acted in a manner wholly unjustifiable and illegal. The Bench, therefore, on mature deliberation, had resolved to fine me £2 for each assault, and costs; that amounted to £10, 7s. 6d. I paid the money. I had that morning received my discharge from the school committee, and my salary for the quarter. I paid the fine, and found that I was left with 3½d. in my pocket.

As I walked away, I reviewed my conduct. In all I had done, I had followed the dictates of conscience. I had tried to be honourable, truthful, and to do good. I had been a Tommy in that situation. Would Harry have tried to make the dirty children clean and the ribald children godly? Would he have eschewed tricks, savouring of dishonesty, towards parents and board? Would he have interfered to protect the old widow? Would he not rather have shut his eyes and passed by on the other side? I was sure of it; and I was sure also that he would have been a favourite with the parents, would have ingratiated himself into the goodwill of the committee, would have obtained a glowing report from the inspector, and a large grant from Whitehall. I was quite sure also that he would never have been had up before the magistrates for the protection of the feeble and helpless, and would not have been dismissed his post with ignominy. No! he would never have taken the post with the stipulation that it should be "on trial"; and if he had been required to leave it, would have walked away with a quarter's unearned salary in his pocket, and not, like me, with threepence threefarthings!

No! Harry, on resigning his "sphere of usefulness, where he had discharged his duties with such exemplary faithfulness as to win the admiration of all," would have been presented with an electroplate cruet-stand by the rector, a timepiece by the committee, and half-a-dozen spoons and forks by the parents.

The only person who at all favoured me was the rector, and only in a timid and vacillating manner. The rector was one of those typical parsons who either

have no opinions of their own, or who, having opinions, have not the courage to stand by them. He was admirable at hedging. He never made a statement without hedging it; never offered an opinion without saddling it with a doubt; never tendered a suggestion without knocking away its legs. He even ventured to address the school board in my favour. "He believed I was a high-principled and excellent young man, *but* rash and injudicious; that I always strove to do my duty, *but* mistook the direction in which it ran; that I must have learned experience by the past, *but* that it had been at the cost of the school; that it would be hard to find another to take my place so painstaking and so conscientious, *but* that the attempt must be made," &c. &c. &c., *pro* and *con* so exactly balanced as to leave the matter exactly where he had found it.

The rector was about to publish two volumes of his sermons, and he asked of me to make clean copies of them for the press, as his own writing resembled the scrawl of a spider that had tumbled into an inkpot, and was drying his legs on the paper. He undertook to pay me a shilling a sermon for my transcript. There were a hundred in all; that would bring me in just five pounds.

Flushed with the prospect of making so much money, and gaining simultaneously so much spiritual profit, I set vigorously to work on the manuscript.

I soon found that it was impossible for me to transcribe the discourses *verbatim*. They were full of inanities, exaggerations, confusion of metaphors, *non sequiturs*, and grammatical errors. As I made my copy I cut out the inanities, toned down the exagger-

ations, reduced the metaphors, supplied the deficiencies in the arguments, and corrected the grammar. After I had treated four of the sermons in this manner, I received a call from the rector. He looked flushed and moist. His voice and hand shook. His manner was abrupt. He told me that he had engaged my services as scribe and not as critic. He tendered me four shillings for the discourses already done, which, he said, it was impossible for him to use, as I had extracted from them their point, fine flavour, and poetry; and then he read me a lecture on my impertinence in attempting to correct and improve the literary composition of a university man so much my senior; and he wound up with an exhortation to humility, which, I believe, formed part of one of the uncopied sermons.

I paid my bill at the cottage where I had lodged for the night, and left with three-farthings in my pocket. Would Harry have acted as I had done? No! he would have transcribed all the vapid, inflated stuff, and sniggered over it as he wrote, and have earned the five pounds.

The next situation in which I found myself was that of clerk to an architect, who was related to my late dear father in a round-about way, and who took me partly out of charity. He offered me thirty shillings a-week, and promised to increase my pay after six months, should I suit him. He hinted as much as that, as he had no sons of his own, if I took to the business and made myself useful and agreeable, he might eventually receive me into partnership. His profession was bringing him in about five hundred a-year, taking one year with another.

I was sent by the architect to

supervise the execution of his designs in the erection of a mansion. The works were contracted for. I was to be paid two guineas a-week by the gentleman for whom the house was to be erected, to see that the specifications of the architect were carried out. This was arranged between the gentleman and my superior. I had the plans and the specifications as my guide. I soon found that the latter were not being complied with. First, the earth was to be taken out to the depth of four feet for foundations. I measured, and found the depth nowhere exceed three feet. I complained to the gauger. He winked, and said, "I see; you want greasing. Here are two guineas. Leave us alone. Talk to the governor; he knows all about it."

I found that it was stipulated that the mortar should be made of one load of lime to two of sand. The proportions used by the mason were, one load of lime to three of earth, and none of sand.

I remonstrated indignantly, and received as answer, "The governor knows all about it, and has been greased. But as you want greasing also, to make all smooth, here are two guineas."

Then, by the specifications, the slates were to have a lap of four inches; they were not given more than three. I complained to the slater. "Oh, ah!" said he; "I see how the land lies. Here are two guineas; say no more about it, and talk to your governor."

The plumber was bound by his contract to use lead for the valleys of the roof, and about the chimneys, of 5 lb. to the square foot. It was actually half that weight, as I found by trying. I pointed this out to the plumber. "You be easy," said he; "your governor

knows all about it. But I see you want greasing as well as he. Here are two guineas."

According to the specification, the glazing was to be done with *best* glass, 26 oz. to the foot. In all the windows thirds of 15 oz. was being put in, which was half the price exactly. I was indignant, and ordered it all out. The glazier shook his head. "Be comfortable," he said; "we've greased the governor's palm to overlook it, and I suppose you ain't content because we've not greased yours. So here are two guineas."

The carpenter was putting in green wood. I actually found him drying some panels for a door at his stove; they were too full of sap to take the paint. This was a gross infringement of the contract. I pointed it out to him. "Stuff and fiddlesticks!" he said; "the governor has undertaken to shut his eye. I suppose you, too, want to be greased. So here are two guineas." The plasterer, in like manner, was cutting short the hair he had undertaken to mix with the white lime. When I showed this to him, I met with the same reply: "The governor knows all about it. But you, no doubt, require greasing as well. Here are two guineas."

I need hardly say that I refused these seven offers of two guineas. I would not sell my conscience, and sequence of the example of Tommy, for £14, 14s. 0d. I went to my superior in high indignation and disgust, and told him of the general fraud which was being carried on. Indeed, I said I was taking part in the fraud if I received two guineas a-week from the gentleman to protect his interests against the contractors, and betrayed my trust for bribes.

My "boss" rubbed his chin, and looked at me over his gold

spectacles, a little uncertain at first what to say. I persisted in putting my view of the case before him in strong language. Then at last he interrupted me, and said, "My dear Mr Flopjohn, we must live; we belong to the nineteenth century. Your theories are admirable; your morals those of the copy-book. But they cannot be carried out. They are as impossible in this century as martyrdom or the crusades. Where the deuce did you pick up your antiquated notions?"

"From Tommy," said I, solemnly.

"And pray," he asked, "who is that individual?"

Then I replied, "Tom-my was a good boy. But Har-ry was a bad boy. Tom-my and Har-ry were one day play-ing with a round ball. Then the ball went through a window of a good man's house."

"That will do," said the architect, interrupting me. "I distinctly recall Tommy and Harry. The first sentences of their history as you recite them come back to me, and recall old days, like the smell of painted toys and the strains of Balfe's 'Bohemian Girl,' 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,' and so on." He bowed his head in his hands for a moment, then shook off his momentary weakness, and said in a firm, grave voice, "My dear Mr Flopjohn, Tommy was an incubus to me in my youth, and I never got on in life till I had broken my idol and cast him to the bats and owls, and till I realised how much greater a man was Harry, and how false was the moral of that miserable tale. If children are taught that honour, truth, conscientiousness lead to success in this world, they are taught lies." He beat his desk with his fist. "No! what succeeds is the semblance of Tommy and the

spirit of Harry. Rectitude and sincerity have no place in our nineteenth-century civilisation. They are impracticable virtues. Business, trade, cannot be carried on till the conscience is rid of them. By a spirit of irony we call our civilisation by the name of one who, when offered wealth and success and honour by the Spirit of the Age, refused them; and he ended his days on a gallows. It is the same now. We must stoop to and do homage to the spirit of the age, if we are to attain to prosperity, wealth, and the approval of our fellow-men. He who resists that and follows his conscience, comes to utter and irremediable grief—in this world. And the sooner children are taught that the better, that they may not start in life with erroneous notions, and may make their choice with the several ends clear before them." He paused, and looked at me steadily. Then he resumed. "I see that you are quite unfit to be with me. I make my five hundred a-year because I am not a Tommy. You are a Tommy, and how much has that brought in to you?"

I put my hand in my pocket, and drew forth—NOTHING.

"You may go," he continued. "Unlearn as quick as you can the maxims instilled into you by your father, unless you desire to end like him. Now you have nothing. Go on a little longer, as you are now, and you will come, like him, to *minus* Nothing. I wish you a good day, and more wisdom."

I turned to leave the room. As my hand was on the door, he called to me, "By the way, Flopjohn, have you seen anywhere my anti-stylograph pen-filler? I have mislaid or lost it. You know what I mean—the apparatus for injecting into it its supply of ink?"

"No, sir," I answered; "I have

not." Then I went out. I walked away, my head down, and both hands in my empty pockets. I had lost my salary, my two guineas a-week—the fourteen guineas—through Tommy.

Then the gall in my heart mounted. I ground my teeth; my eyes sparkled with rage; I clenched my fists in my pockets; I cast myself into the hedge, and glowering before me into the glaring, dusty road, cursed Tommy.

At that moment my eye rested on something glittering before me on the road; it flashed in the sun like glass. I paid no attention to it at first, but its light attracted my curiosity, and presently I stooped to see what it was. I picked up a little glass vessel, with a nozzle at one end of the tube, and an india-rubber receiver at the other. I knew at once what it was—the lost filler of the anti-stylograph pen.

Then the thought rushed scalding through my brain, "Under the circumstances, what would Tommy do? Would he not at once return to the governor, and say to him, 'Sir, you discharged me because I did my duty; now I heap coals of fire on your head—for your evil I return good: here is the ink-injector of your anti-stylographic pen, which you had lost, but I have had the felicity to find'?"

Then I sprang up and said, "I will *not* do it. I renounce you, Tommy. I will be led by you no more."

Pacified by having formed this resolution, I sat down in the hedge again. I had no purpose where to go or what to do. I had no money in my pocket. My mother's property, my one pound four shillings and threepence three-farthings, had all been swindled out of me by Tommy. Tommy had cleaned me out completely.

I drew forth my pockets and let them hang on either side of my thighs, limp evidences against Tommy.

Then, hardly knowing what I did, I filled my left palm with dust out of the road, and amused myself with charging the little ink-syringe with it, and driving it forth again in a cloud, by compressing the india-rubber vessel at the end. I thought of nothing all the time, and observed nothing but this toy, till I was roused by a voice addressing me, and then I looked up. Opposite me stood a farmer, as I conjectured by his dress and general appearance. He was watching my proceedings with great curiosity.

"Well, master," said he, "I reckon you've a queer sort of a hinstrument there? What be that now? You be a doctor, I suppose?"

"What else could I be?" I asked, ironically.

"And what be that queer sort of a thing in your hand?"

"A surgical instrument, of course."

"And what be that there powder in the t'other hand?"

"That! Oh, that is the best possible of medicines, the very elixir of life, a compound of the rarest and most valuable of all condiments. Its scientific name is Ton-d'apameibomenos-prosephepodas-okus-Achilles."

The farmer was immensely impressed with the words—a line of the 'Iliad' which rose uncalled for to my lips.

"And now," he said, "might I make so bold as to ask what that medicine is good for?"

"Every malady man is heir to. We all come to it at last, and the sooner the better."

"I'm bad in my liver," said

he. "Now, if I may take the liberty to ask, does it touch the liver?"

"Touch the liver!" laughed I, with bitterness in my tone; "it touches it more strongly than calomel or podophyllin."

"Is it to be swallowed?"

"Well, I can't but say that I've eaten a lot of it; but that is not the way I would administer it."

"May I—you'll excuse the freedom, but I do suffer shocking of the liver—may I further inquire how you would administer it?"

"I would throw it in people's eyes," said I, savagely.

"Dear heart alive! and what good would that do?"

"Now, look you here," I said. I was in a bitter and scornful mood. My misfortunes had made me so. I was in no merciful mood,—I had had no mercy shown to me. I was in a reckless mood,—my idols were broken, I had no more faith. "Now, attend to me. What is the centre and seat of all sensation and life? Is it not the head? You see with your head, you taste, you smell, you hear, you think with your head. Your head is the focus of all your powers,—it is to you what the root is to the flower; and Aristotle well said that man is an inverted plant. His bulb is upwards, and his branches downwards. If you desire the health of a plant, you nurture the root,—you give that proper dressing. So, if a man is ill, it is trifling to attack his malady through the stomach, or with foot-baths, poultices, embrocations. No, my good man, you must operate on the head; and as the brain is the core of the head, you must strike at that, and the readiest way to reach the brain is through the eye.

Are you aware that a nerve, called the optic nerve, passes from the back of the eye to the brain, and at once conveys to it what affects the organ of vision? I daresay you are not aware of that, and yet that is known to every medical student,—I may say, to every educated individual. Strange to relate, this has been universally known; and yet, entangled in erroneous traditions, the Faculty have failed to act on their knowledge. Here it is that my system comes in to overturn all exploded doctrines of medicine. I do not give baths, poultices, embrocations, powders, pills, elixirs, draughts. I go direct to the brain through the eye. I warrant you, my medicine and my treatment are infallible."

The farmer was greatly impressed.

"Dang it!" said he, "I wish you would throw your dust into my eyes. I don't mind paying you for it. What is your charge?"

"Five-and-six for such as you," I said. "The quality—a guinea." He drew forth his purse at once and handed me the money.

"There now," said he, "blow away."

I sent a puff of dust into his eyes.

He applied his handkerchief to them, and then said, shaking himself, "Dang it! I believe you are right. I feel easier in my liver already. There is my old woman, she's bad with lumbagie. Now, do'ee think you could do her an improvement?"

"Try me," said I.

"Well, I will," he said. "Come along. It's not far off to our place, and if I might make so bold as to ask you to take a bite of dinner with us, I'd take it kindly. Here's another five-and-six, paid afore-

hand for the old lady; and if she is better, dang it! in a day or two we'll have you throw your dust in our eyes again."

Ten minutes after I had deserted the paths of Tommy, I had half a guinea in my pocket.

After I had puffed dust into the eyes of the farmer's wife, and promised to call again, I hastened to the office of the principal local newspaper and inserted an advertisement:—

"**DR ROBERT FLOPJOHN**,
M.C.S., Salamanca; D.P.L.,
Mantua; Professor of Experimental
Chemistry, Leyden, is visiting this town
for a few days only. He is in possession
of a panacea for all maladies, having
arrived by a concatenation of evidence
at a conclusion which has escaped all
empirics. Dr R. F. has practised for
a number of years in the principal towns
of the Continent, and tried his specific
on a number of complicated cases, and
has *never known it to fail*. In offering
this new—yet world-old—remedy to the
public, it is not like bringing out an
untried article. For over twenty-five
years it has been put to the severest test
of experience. Fully understanding its
ingredients, Dr R. F. is prepared to say
that not only will no injurious results
follow, but that absolute success must
ensue. He has never known it fail to
either relieve or cure the disease for
which it was taken. He has letters from
all parts of Great Britain and Ireland,
Germany, France, Belgium, Holland,
Spain, Portugal, Italy, Russia, Turkey,
and Greece, from those that have been
cured of different complaints, which he
will be proud to show to any one who
desires to see them. Consultation from
10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and again from 6 P.M.
to 9 P.M."

It was really amazing to see how my door was besieged with persons desirous of having dust thrown in their eyes after this advertisement had circulated. Money poured in. I was engaged in blowing dust into

the eyes of my patients all day and till late at night. 10 P.M. was too late to receive; 9 P.M. too late to knock off work. Patients of all classes came to me. Some paid guineas, some half-guineas, most five-and-sixpence. I was now easy as to my future: it was secured. It was secured a week after I had trampled on Tommy.

As time passed, and I found that I had more patients than I could attend to, I extended my operations. I advertised in every country paper I could hear of. I spent hundreds of pounds in advertisements, and every hundred I spent thus, brought me in ten per cent—that is, a thousand pounds. Of course I could not attend to all who sought an interview. I therefore did up little parcels of dust in blue, red, and gold paper. I had them stamped as quack medicines, and sold them at 2s. 1½d. per packet. The injector I sold separate at 5s.

But even this did not satisfy me. I announced that I would give away a packet to every one who would apply to me *gratis*. I put this advertisement in something like three hundred newspapers, and the result was that applications poured in to me from every quarter. I am afraid to say how many thousand packets of common road-dust I thus distributed free of charge. With each packet I enclosed a printed form, to the effect that though the powder was given gratis, yet the necessary apparatus for its injection into the eyes could not be given away without a small charge of five shillings to cover the outlay of its manufacture. These little squirts of glass and india-rubber cost me three-halfpence each, of the manufacturer. I knew that I sold 3600 of them, which alone

brought in £900, less their cost, which was £22, 10s.; so that the net profit I made was £877, 10s. After that I had numerous orders for packets of eye-dust. On an average I sold five to each syringe; and that, at 2s. 1½d. each, amounted to £1912, 10s. By visits and personal attendance on cases I made as much as £25 per week, or £1300 per annum. That made per annum—

Sale of squirts, . . .	£877	10	0
" dust, . . .	1912	10	0
Professional attendance,	1300	0	0
	£4090	0	0

I have not deducted the cost of advertising and printing, nor of the red, blue, and gold paper in which I wrapped up the dust, nor of the sealing-wax impressed with my seal (without which none was genuine). Roughly calculated, throwing dust in folk's eyes brought me in an annual income of £3500.

But the most extraordinary feature of the case was, that I received testimonials as to the efficacy of my remedy from all quarters, without any solicitation. I subjoin a few—a very few—as samples:—

Case 1.—J. B. O'Kelly of Gormans-town, Ireland, says: "I have suffered from rheumatism for years. I expected to be in bed the last attack five or six weeks as usual. The Ton-d'apameibomenos - prosephe - podas-okus-Achilles powder soon eased my pain, particularly in the back; I am now able to go about the house as usual."

Case 2.—Hypolite Alphonse d'Aurèle of Sauveterre writes: "I have been affected for eighteen months with acute headache, which had quite incapacitated me from work. I am now, thanks to the application of five of your eye-powders, entirely free from pain, and able to return to my business."

Case 3.—Henry Walker of Bristol says: "The eye-powders have completely cured my chilblains. I have been a martyr to this distressing complaint every winter since I was a child. The chilblains form on hands, feet, ears, and, most distressing of all, on the point of my nose. Since I have used your eye-dust, my chilblains have entirely disappeared."

Case 4.—A lady from Liverpool writes: "My child was suffering from the thrush. I administered a few of your powders with such an unpronounceable name, and a wonderful cure has been effected. I would not be without them in the house for worlds."

These will suffice; they are taken at random from a vast pile of similar letters. Indeed every post brings me in recognitions of the wonderful results that have followed on the throwing of dust into people's eyes.

You might suppose that those who had once tried my remedy and found it to fail, would have given it up in disgust. No such thing. They went on with it with unshaken credulity, till laid hold of by some other quack.

I was not, however, quite easy in mind that the nature of my specific would not be found out and my method "blown." I therefore cast about for a more durable foundation than common road-dust on which to rear the fabric of my fortunes.

There was an ugly lady who was still an old maid, very rich, who suffered from a complication of imaginary disorders. I attended her for some time, and blew a great amount of dust into her eyes. At last I proposed to her, and she became my wife, and made me absolute master of her fortune. I have no love for her; indeed her presence inspires me with disgust. This, however, I do not let her see. I still blow dust into her eyes, as I do into the eyes of all the world; and I find that the secret of success *in this world* consists in maintaining the outward demeanour and expressing the sentiments of Tommy, but modelling the conduct upon the principles of Harry.

BERLIN IN 1884.—CONCLUSION.

IV.

THE Emperor William stands alone at the head of the German nation. Nobody is on the same level. Even those most nearly connected with him occupy places far below his throne. His wife, the Empress-Queen Augusta, cannot be said, and does not claim, to have any influence on the Government of Germany. She is surrounded by a small circle of devoted friends and servants, with whom she has led for some years past a quiet and almost retired life. The Empress is very gracious to strangers who are presented to her, and has that liking for foreigners which, up to 1871, was pretty general all over Germany, but has gradually disappeared since the Germans have grown proud of their own nationality. But the Empress's feelings do not seem to have changed with those of her people. The Emperor, too, has remained unaltered; but then he was always thoroughly German, or rather Prussian, and never shared those cosmopolitan ideas which were the fashion in Germany up to the time of the French war. Germans have learned to like this in him; and in certain circles the fondness of the Empress for foreign literature, foreign arts, and foreigners in general, is not seen with pleasure. However, if this predilection is a weakness, as many assert, it is at all events an amiable one, and foreigners, at any rate, have no reason to complain of it.

It is said that the Empress shows rare discernment in her appreciation of men and women, and that

she has always been particularly happy in the choice of her friends and servants, who are, as a rule, sincerely devoted to her.

Emperors and empresses, kings and queens, princes and princesses—all those, in fact, who are born and educated on the social summits—may lay claim to a wider horizon than the humbler people who move below them and have to elbow their way through the crowd; but they cannot see and know human nature in its details like those who are in familiar contact with humanity, and to whom the majority of men and women are really fellow-creatures. Therefore I have, as a rule, my doubts as to the knowledge of human nature possessed by kings or queens. They may, by natural gift or careful study, succeed in guessing a great deal of what is going on in the hearts of ordinary mortals, but they cannot have any personal experience to be compared with that of other men and women. Kings and queens have very few fellow-creatures: they have subjects, and that is quite another thing. When they were children and misbehaved, they were reprimanded with mildness; they never had to fear the wrath of an irascible teacher; they never had to fight for their position at school; old men approached them respectfully; even the children who were allowed to play with them knew how to keep a proper distance between the princes and themselves, and to leave them, so to speak, alone. Young princes, however rational and liberal their education may be, do not grow up

like other children. You may always notice in them a premature seriousness, which, later on, develops into dignity, but into a peculiar kind of dignity, a natural majesty, which no other man, be he ever so dignified, acquires. Great familiarity, such as may be sometimes seen between princes and their present or future subjects, proves, in most cases, a want of tact on the part of the latter, and is generally put an end to one day by the prince, who bears it for a time while it amuses him, but in the long-run becomes tired and impatient of it. When Falstaff approaches King Henry V., who, as Prince Hal, has allowed him every familiarity, he is disdainfully repulsed:—

“I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace.”

Most of the familiar friends of princes are more or less of the Falstaff type. Those who frequently have occasion to approach princes, if they are careful of their own dignity, will also be careful of the dignity of the prince, and will always speak respectfully to him. A gentleman of great tact and of high position, who is brought often into personal contact with great personages, once told me that he made it a rule always to speak to a sovereign or a prince of the royal house as if he had just been presented to him: “I never presume on past kindness; one cannot shake hands with a sovereign; if he offers me his hand, I respectfully seize it and bend over it.”

This is quite correct, and I doubt whether any other fashion would always meet with the prince's approval. But this shows how difficult it must be for a king

or a queen to get a clear insight into character.

The Empress of Germany possesses in the highest degree the native dignity of a princess who has never been approached otherwise than with the deepest respect. She has a placid, benignant countenance, in which the large deep blue eyes still shine with singularly youthful kindness. Some time ago she met with a serious accident. She fell while walking in her room, and sustained such severe injuries that from that day she has not been able to walk. On rare occasions she shows herself at Court, where her appearance cannot fail to inspire sympathy and pity. The traces of long suffering are clearly visible on her wan face—a face that was once very beautiful. To see her at her drawing-room, unable to move without help, surrounded by her ladies and gentlemen in waiting, youth, rank, and beauty passing and bending before the throne, while her eye wanders around with a sad, helpless expression—to witness this, and to know that this poor invalid, to whom life seems to offer nothing henceforward but suffering, is Augusta, the Empress of Germany, the Queen of Prussia,—begets many philosophical reflections which I will leave every reader to make for himself.

Of the Emperor's two children the Crown Prince alone need be mentioned here. His sister, Princess Louise, born in 1838, married, in 1856, the Grand Duke of Baden, and since her marriage has only left her own house now and then to pay short visits to her parents at Berlin.

The Crown Prince is very popular in Berlin. This may be said of almost all the members of the Hohenzollern family, but more particularly of him and of his eldest son Prince William. The heir-

apparent of the throne of Germany is fifty-three, but looks remarkably young and strong for his age. He is above middle height, broad-shouldered, and altogether of a fine manly presence. His fair hair is still thick, and only a few grey hairs begin to show in his ample beard. He has the characteristic large clear blue eyes of the Hohenzollern, and looks very directly, but at the same time very kindly, at those with whom he converses. It must be said in his praise that he has no political party either in the country or in Berlin. He has never laid claim to be more than the first subject, the most respectful and dutiful son of his illustrious father, being in that respect an example of what a Crown Prince, the heir of a powerful empire, ought to be. When the Emperor William escaped almost miraculously the murderous attack of Nobiling, and was unable for some time to discharge the duties of his office, the Crown Prince, by his father's order, temporarily assumed the regency. During that period he did his work as head of the Government most conscientiously and diligently—in accordance with what appears to be an unvarying tradition in the Hohenzollern family; and on the day that the Emperor felt himself strong enough to resume the reins of government, the Crown Prince quietly relinquished them, and retired into the comparative simplicity of his former life. Not the slightest change of policy either in home or in foreign affairs was observable during this temporary regency—a good proof of the solid political mechanism and working powers of the present Government of Germany.

During the wars in which the Crown Prince took a prominent part he proved himself a good general, thoroughly trusted by his

soldiers, and respected by his enemies, who, when vanquished, were treated by him with great humanity. What part his personal ability may have had in the successful issue of the great battles in which he was engaged cannot be ascertained, as an excellent rule prevails in the German army by which a victory is held to be the result of the hard work conscientiously done by every man, from the Commander-in-Chief down to the private soldier—so that every one present who does not neglect to do *his* part may claim his full share in the honours of the day.

The Crown Prince himself, with commendable modesty, has never attempted to place himself in the foreground; but it is known to all that when he marched his men to Königgrätz, Weissenburg, Wörth, and Sedan, he was to all intents and purposes the right man in the right place.

When speaking of Prince Frederick William as a soldier, it should be mentioned that, like all his ancestors, he possesses undoubted personal courage.

His life is pure as was the life of his father; he is a faithful husband and a kind and careful father, and, like the Emperor, he has a strong sense of order and justice. He is a reading man, generally well informed, but more particularly versed in German history. He is fond of all bodily exercises, and is a first-rate swimmer. To the officers and other members of his household he shows invariable kindness.

The Crown Princess, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, is well known in England. I need only mention here that the qualities, both of heart and mind, which distinguish her in a high degree, and would stamp her as a superior

woman even if she were not a Princess and the future Empress of Germany, are appreciated by all those who have the honour to approach her. She is a true Princess—earnest, gracious, and kind; she is a good wife, an excellent and watchful mother, a kind mistress, and a trusty friend. She possesses a keen sense of good-natured humour, very seldom to be found among princes, with whom generally, when it does exist, it easily degenerates into unkind sarcasm. Her familiar acquaintance with various branches of science, art, and literature, is quite surprising, and is only partly accounted for by her marked predilection for the company of distinguished scholars and artists. It is certain that she must read and study a great deal more than most women, and it is a wonder how she finds time for it. She speaks English, German, French, and Italian so well that it would be difficult to say which is her native tongue. Gifted with an honest hatred of all hypocrisy and meanness, she is herself true and faithful in her attachments. Though she has now lived more than twenty-six years in Germany, she has remained strongly attached to her native country and to her old associations there. Her two eldest children are married, and though only forty-three, she has already three grandchildren.

Prince William, born in 1859, who will one day be Emperor of Germany, is, as I have already said, very popular in Berlin, and is indeed of singularly prepossessing appearance: cheerful, daring, with a frank and honest expression, fair, with bright smiling eyes, strong good teeth, square shoulders, the perfect type of a young soldier.

His wife, Princess Augusta-Victoria of Sleswig-Holstein, has chief-

ly lived in Potsdam since her marriage, so that the Berlin people do not as yet know her well. Those who approach her intimately say that her great goodness, which shows in her fair, quiet, sympathetic face, makes her a most gracious and amiable lady. She leads as retired and quiet a life as is compatible with her high position and her great future prospects; but those who see her gently moving about that Court, where a short time ago she was a perfect stranger,—never embarrassed, never in a flutter, though she is young, and cannot possess great experience of Court life,—with a kind, considerate, and appropriate word for everybody whom she addresses, feel confident that one day, as Empress of Germany, she will be equal to her high office.

The eldest daughter of the Crown Prince, Princess Charlotte, born in 1860, married at eighteen Bernard, the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, and is “the beauty” not only of the Hohenzollern family, but of the Berlin Court. Strikingly pretty, with a most graceful figure, she represents at the dignified old Court youth and loveliness.

Her husband, the future Grand Duke of Meiningen, born in 1851, occupies at present the position of a colonel in the German army. He has inherited the artistic tastes of his father, the reigning Grand Duke, and has made a serious study of music; but, above all, he cares for military science, and has got himself attached to the general staff, where he is considered a most earnest pupil of that school of scientific soldiers formed and presided over by Count Moltke.

The Prince of Meiningen and Princess Charlotte reside in Charlottenburg, but they may be seen frequently in Berlin, and no fes-

tivity in which the Court takes a part, would appear complete if it were not brightened by Princess Charlotte's graceful beauty.

After the Crown Prince and his family, the Hohenzollern prince nearest to the throne is Prince Frederick Charles, well known in England as the "Red Prince," and so called because he is generally seen and represented in the red uniform of the famous "Zieten Husaren" regiment, of which he is the chief. Prince Frederick Charles, who like his first cousin the Crown Prince, is a General Field-Marshal, is a daring and ardent soldier. He distinguished himself during the two great wars which Germany has waged under the reign of the present Emperor; and his name was on every man's lips when he commanded the army that besieged and finally marched victoriously into Metz.

Prince Frederick Charles is much devoted to field-sports, and gives but little time to society. When he does mingle in it, his countenance betrays that he is simply fulfilling one of the duties of his rank, and apparently not one of the most agreeable; for he generally looks stern and thoughtful, and but seldom engages in that light kind of conversation which is usual in society. He lives surrounded by a circle of friends, chiefly companions in arms, whom he entertains frequently at his palace, and with whom he is said to be communicative and cheerful. These intimate meetings, from which ladies are excluded, are described as bearing a certain resemblance to the somewhat strange gatherings in which the father of Frederick the Great, King Frederick William I., sought enjoyment and repose, and which are historically known as the meetings of the "Tabacks-Collegium."

The wife of Prince Frederick

Charles, Princess Maria-Anna of Anhalt, once possessed remarkable beauty; and now at the age of forty-six has an appearance of great dignity.

Prince Albrecht, the son of Emperor William's third brother, who died in 1872, resides in Hanover, where he commands an army corps. He is a very tall, fair, soldier-like looking man, well known in Berlin, where he is often to be seen. His large fortune, inherited from his mother, who was a Dutch princess, enables him to carry out his plans for the improvement of his numerous fine estates. He has lately been mentioned in the newspapers as the possible heir to the throne of Holland.

Prince George, also of royal blood, but more distantly related to the Emperor, is chiefly remarkable for not sharing the military tastes of the other Hohenzollern princes. He has given himself up to literature, and is the author of several dramas and tragedies which have been represented at Berlin and elsewhere in Germany, and which denote a poetical mind with a strong tendency to melancholy. Prince George is unmarried, and leads a most retired and studious life. He scarcely ever appears at Court or in society, but he is well known in Berlin, where one may meet him frequently in the streets, wandering about quite alone, apparently absorbed in deep thought, and noticing only in an absent way the respectful salutations which are addressed to him.

His elder brother, Prince Alexander, also a bachelor, has been for many years in a precarious state of health, and in consequence lives in retirement.

To complete the list of princes and other personages who form the Court of Berlin, and are the representatives of the high aristocracy,

I have still to mention a few names. There is Prince August of Württemberg, a gigantic old soldier, who commanded the Prussian Guards at St Privat, at Sedan, and before Paris, and is a personal friend of the Emperor, to whom he bears a certain resemblance in face and figure, though he is fifteen years younger. Prince August is a noble type of a straightforward, loyal, and unassuming soldier. He is the most truthful and trustworthy of men, and is gifted with an almost touching goodness and simplicity of heart.

Then there is Prince Frederick Hohenzollern, the third son of the reigning Prince Charles Anton Hohenzollern, brother to Prince Charles—now King Charles of Roumania—whose candidature for the throne of Spain was the pretext for the Franco-German war. Prince Frederick and his graceful young wife—*née* Princess of Thurn and Taxis—are regular guests at all the aristocratic festivities of Berlin.

To them must be added the Duke of Ratibor, President of the House of Lords, brother to Prince Hohenlohe the German Ambassador in Paris, and to Cardinal Hohenlohe in Rome; Prince Pless, one of the richest landed proprietors of Prussia; the Duke of Sagan and Prince Radziwill, married—the one to a daughter, the other to a niece, of the French Marshal Castellane; Prince Hatzfeldt-Trachenberg, married to a most charming Russian lady, first cousin of Count Paul Hatzfeldt, Minister of Foreign Affairs, &c.

I would make too long a list were I to add to these princely names those of the great personages who occupy high positions at Court and in society, and who form the German element in the aristocratic world of Berlin. The foreign ele-

ment in this society is but small, and is almost exclusively derived from the diplomatic body; for in Berlin there is no pleasure-seeking cosmopolitan society such as is to be found in Paris, for instance. Among the foreign diplomatists residing in Berlin, I will only mention Lord Amthill, the English Ambassador, who—thanks to his friendly relations with the Crown Prince and Princess—occupies an exceptional position in Berlin society; and Prince Orloff, the newly appointed Russian Ambassador, who enjoys the privilege of being an old and personal friend of Prince Bismarck. His truthfulness and general nobility of character are highly appreciated by the Chancellor. Prince Orloff has, however, scarcely made his appearance in Berlin—having been appointed only a few months ago as the successor of M. de Saburow.

The balls given every winter at the Imperial Castle by the Emperor and Empress, and also by the Crown Prince and Princess, offer the best and indeed the only opportunity for seeing at the same time all the personages I have mentioned above. These Court festivities have a certain air of grandeur about them which is only to be found in old monarchical countries. All the gentlemen, with very few exceptions—civil functionaries as well as officers—appear in gala uniform; and the ladies, most of whom belong to the oldest and richest families of Germany, have that peculiar air which the most democratic observer cannot but recognise as the enviable privilege of old noble families all over the world. The young people amuse themselves by dancing in the famous “White Room” (*Weisse Saal*) resplendent on these occasions with gilding and light; the Emperor, the princes and prin-

cesses, the elder ladies and some high dignitaries, sit on a kind of low platform, or form a standing circle of spectators round the dancers, while the rest of the gentlemen walk about the other rooms, quietly waiting for the supper, and, though having no particular opportunities of enjoyment, seem nevertheless perfectly satisfied with having been thought worthy of the honour of an invitation to the Emperor's presence. All the arrangements at these Court festivals are regulated with almost military precision. Every guest appears punctually to the minute, so as not to miss the entrance of the Court; the dances are conducted by some young officer of the Guards who has been especially ordered by the Emperor for that duty; and, as a matter of course, nobody would think of leaving, before the Emperor, by retiring himself, has given tacit permission to do so. The number of invitations for these great balls varies between one and two thousand. The Emperor and the princess now and then stroll through the "White Room" to converse with some of the guests. Whenever they pause to speak to any one, a small empty space is left around them so that they may talk without being overheard. The princesses keep their seats, and if they wish to dance or to speak with some of the guests, they despatch their gentlemen-in-waiting for the person selected by them. Nobody, unless he be himself of royal blood, would venture to invite a princess for a dance without having been ordered to do so by herself. The same etiquette is observed at all other balls—those given by members of the diplomatic body, for instance—where the Court appears.

Count Moltke is frequently present on such occasions; but here,

again, as in the streets of Berlin, he walks about alone, thoughtful and silent, stopping only now and then for a short conversation with one of the elder princes who may happen to meet him and to speak to him. At the Castle balls, and wherever the Emperor is present, he remains till the Court has left; but on most other occasions he merely makes an appearance, generally retiring at the end of a few minutes, after having silently bowed to the host and hostess, or to those of the guests with whom he happens to be personally well acquainted, and whom his wandering cold eye may have distinguished in the crowd. As for a royal prince, a free passage is always opened for him as soon as he is seen approaching.

However, "it is not given to every one to go to Corinth!" The great majority of foreign visitors to Berlin will scarcely have a chance of going to Court, or to the Duchess of Ratibor's, Princess Hatzfeldt's, and Lady Amptill's parties, or to meet in society the members of the Imperial family, the diplomatic body, and the highest German aristocracy. I must therefore say a few words about other circles, into which he is more likely to gain admittance.

The financial aristocracy of Berlin is very hospitable, and its members outvie one another during the winter in giving magnificent entertainments, where one is always sure to meet a great many interesting people. These festivities have generally a cosmopolitan character. The German element predominates of course, but in other respects they precisely resemble the gatherings of the same kind in London or Paris, with the single difference that "supper" is perhaps a more serious affair in a German evening-party than in a French or an English one. From this point of view

(I refer to the cosmopolitan character of these great entertainments), the parties given now and then by high and wealthy functionaries, or by distinguished artists, and literary and scientific men, offer more interest to the foreign visitor. But even there he will notice little that is especially "German." Germans are fond of travelling; they are naturally good observers, and have a decided tendency to imitate what they have seen abroad. London and Paris manners and fashions have, by slow degrees, penetrated into German society; and any one who, on the faith of certain fantastical descriptions of Berlin society, hopes to meet with strange and eccentric customs, will certainly be disappointed. People belonging to good society in Berlin, dress, walk, dance, talk, and eat exactly as their contemporaries do elsewhere in Europe. The conversation between a Parisian beauty and her admirers may be more lively and witty than the small-talk of German young ladies and gentlemen; but I think that, on the whole, the one will be found about equal to the other, and neither of them of any value. The gift of conversation—like that of letter-writing and of public speaking—often belongs to second and even third rate minds. I do not mean to assert that the fact of being able to keep up an amusing or interesting conversation shows inferior intellectual powers; the reverse might easily be proved. The conversational powers of Prince Bismarck, for instance, are quite extraordinary; M. Thiers, M. Ernest Renan, M. Alexandre Dumas have often been quoted as being unusually interesting and amusing in society; but, on the other hand, highly superior men and women are frequently to be found who are anything but lively

in their intercourse with casual interlocutors. George Sand was celebrated for her "dulness" in society; and as for Count Moltke, I doubt whether any one has ever found him entertaining. No doubt, a great many Germans are heavy and dull; but again, there are many who are quite the reverse. At all events, the foreigner who moves in good Berlin society will meet a great many people with whom he can converse with pleasure and facility—even if he himself does not speak German. The majority of well-educated people in Berlin are familiar with at least one foreign language; while many of them speak French and English fluently, and show in their conversation a remarkably good knowledge of French and English literature. Shakespeare, for instance, can scarcely have more enthusiastic and numerous admirers in England than he has in Germany. However, I readily admit that the foreign visitor to Berlin, if he is pleasure-seeking, will soon make the discovery that life in Berlin is by no means so amusing as in Paris. The chief reason of this is probably that one class of men, which is very numerous in Paris—the class of rich young idlers, who spend their time and their money in search of amusement—scarcely exists in Berlin; so that he who merely seeks pleasure will always be in want of congenial companionship. The young German, however wealthy or high-born he may be, can scarcely ever dispose freely of his own time. If he were to try to lead in Berlin the life which a French *fils de famille* may lead for years with perfect impunity and without any damage to his character, he would soon be shunned by all respectable people. Every young German is expected

to "work"—not only to make believe that he is doing something, but actually to work, and sometimes even to work hard. The royal princes are made to set an example in this respect, which is followed by nearly every one. There are exceptions, of course, but they are rare; and the young men who form these exceptions are generally obliged to reform very soon or to leave Berlin. It must be added that, as the German army absorbs a very great number of young German noblemen, the aristocratic youths of Germany find opportunities of being useful with greater facility than they would in England or in France.

Club-life is of comparatively recent date in Berlin, and by no means so developed there as it is in London, or even in Paris. I know of only four large clubs in Berlin: the "Casino," the "Union," the "Resource," and the "Berliner Club." The members of the Casino belong chiefly to the army, the highest bureaucracy, and the diplo-

matic body; at the Union the sporting element predominates, whereas the Resource is more financial in its tone. The "Berliner Club" recruits its members from different classes of the good, though perhaps not exclusively the best, society. The fact that, taking them altogether, there are not more than about one hundred and fifty people in Berlin who may be called regular club men, shows that club-life there is still in its infancy; and I doubt if, with the characteristic tastes of the Germans, it will ever attain vigorous development. The regular club-visitors eat at their respective clubs, and then leave, or remain to play cards or billiards. Newspaper-reading and gossip occupy only a few. The reading-room is generally empty; whereas in the card-rooms, which at the Resource and the Union are very fine, you will always find many tables occupied up to late hours by people deeply engaged in some game, the stakes of which are often very high.

V.

Of all the residents in Berlin, Prince Bismarck is the one whom every visitor would most wish to see. Till within the last six months one could scarcely hope to get even a glimpse of him; for he lived in absolute retirement, and, when in Berlin, never went out of his palace except to go to see the Emperor, or to speak in Parliament on some question of special interest. But even on those rare occasions it was hardly possible to see anything of him. He drove through the streets in a plain closed carriage, which would not be likely to attract attention. A foreigner who happened to be in the House on a

day when the Chancellor spoke might consider himself lucky; for nobody could have told him an hour before whether Prince Bismarck was even to be present. And it was hopeless to think of seeing him anywhere else: he never went into society, nor to Court, nor to the parties of ambassadors or ministers; and to gain admittance into his own house was only possible to those who stood very high in their own country, or who had some special business to transact with him. Old friends or intimate relations alone enjoyed the privilege of seeing him privately. There has been some change in this respect of late. About a year ago,

when he was enduring great bodily suffering, the Chancellor put himself in the hands of a physician, Dr Schweninger, whose treatment proved most successful; and since then he has been able to resume his habits of regular bodily exercise. When at Friedrichsruhe or at Varzin he walks a good deal; at Berlin he prefers to take his exercise chiefly on horseback. The inhabitants of Berlin were much surprised when, some months ago, the papers announced that the Chancellor had been met riding through the "Thiergarten." Since that day he has been often seen there. In his youth he was passionately fond of riding, and he is still remarkable for his good seat and easy attitude in the saddle. He sometimes rides with one of his sons, but more generally alone, followed by a groom. A foreigner, who had never seen him before, and happened to meet him, would not need to inquire who he was; he would recognise even at a distance that tall, powerful figure in the Cuirassier's uniform, and that massive round head, whose singularly characteristic features have been made familiar to every one by thousands of engravings and photographs. There exist several more or less good portraits of the German Chancellor; but no foreign visitor to Berlin should omit to go to the National Picture Gallery to see one painted by Franz Lembach, one of the best painters of the day. He has succeeded admirably in representing Bismarck, such as he was three years ago, at sixty-six, and indeed such as he still is—already old, weary, and terribly serious, but certainly looking neither hard nor unkind, and the very type of unimpaired dauntless energy and masterful intelligence. That Prince Bismarck is an old man is shown by the date of his

birth; that he is weary is not surprising, for he has borne a lifelong burden of work and responsibility so heavy that most men would long since have broken down under it. How could he be other than pensive and serious, with his clear comprehension of the meanness and sufferings of mankind, after witnessing so many base and pitiful sights during his long life? But that, on the other hand, he is a kind man, all those who approach him closely will affirm; and that his energy is unbroken, his proud intellect unimpaired, is shown every day by his action as the leading statesman of Europe, and also by his untiring efforts to carry out, in spite of powerful and vehement opposition, the great social reforms to which he has devoted himself.

Before proceeding any further, I think it right to explain briefly the point of view I have adopted in speaking of Prince Bismarck. I confess to being strongly imbued with certain principles laid down by Carlyle in his work on the *Heroic in History*. I am aware that those principles are not a safe fortress—that they are exposed to attacks, and have frequently been assailed, sometimes with apparent success. On the other hand, they have strong points, easy to defend; and it is my opinion that, consciously or unconsciously, they are generally adopted by all writers who, with sympathy for their hero, try to represent him to others as they see him themselves. This mode of proceeding, however, seldom meets with approbation, especially if applied to any one who is still living, and by whose standing competitors and antagonists are to be measured. If you seek popular success in writing of a leader of men, you will attain your object far better by making out that the great man is, after all, no

better than common mortals, than by showing that he stands on a higher level, and that his contemporaries have to look up to him. Our time, as Carlyle says, denies the existence of heroes. Show one to our critics and they will say that he is merely the offspring of his times, that his times did everything and he nothing! Sincere admiration for the truly great they consider a want of judgment, or stigmatise it as "interested flattery." This latter mode of condemnation is particularly popular; for, though exceedingly base, it is very easy, and has the advantage of offending at the same time the obnoxious admirer and the object of his admiration. But what of him who protests so indignantly against "interested flattery"? While he cannot be induced to believe in intelligent and genuine admiration for one man, he finds it quite natural—nay, he thinks it bold and noble—to attribute the very highest qualities to that incomprehensible, undefinable, million-headed unity called "the people." The people he will flatter to the utmost; and if, while doing so, he can shower insult on an individual great man, he will think he has proved great independence of character. "The *great* nation, the *noble* nation, the *brave* nation!" he will say, and then speak contemptuously of its "oppressor!" Listen to a certain class of German politicians and you will be astonished to learn that it is by no means Bismarck who, under the reign of King William of Hohenzollern, and with the help of Moltke at the head of the German army, made Germany what it is, but that the German nation has to thank nobody but itself for having risen to the rank which it now occupies. Nothing can be less true! Bismarck at the head of a horde of

Samoiedes or Hottentots would certainly not have been able to accomplish what he has done; but, on the other hand, Germany would never have gone to war with her powerful neighbours, would never have attained the position she holds at present, had not Bismarck, in spite of a numerous and alarmed opposition, rightly estimated the value of Germans as soldiers. Look at the Italian "people" before Victor Emmanuel and Cavour led it to Rome! Look what France, formerly "the great nation *par excellence*," came to, because in lieu of a King William, a Bismarck, and a Moltke, she had a Napoleon III., an Ollivier, and a Lebœuf! If in 1870 there had been a French King William, a French Bismarck, and a French Moltke!

The political history of nations is the biography of their leading statesmen, just as the history of civilisation in general is the history of great reformers, warriors, scholars, artists, and writers—in short, the history of the great men who have lived in this world. If you say that the German people made the new German Empire, you might as well say that it wrote "Faust" and "Wallenstein," and translated the Bible; that the English people discovered the law of gravitation; and that Italy painted Raphael's and Titian's pictures. True, you may reverse the question, and say that Goethe, Schiller, Luther, Shakespeare, Newton, Molière, Raphael, Titian, would not have been possible, had there been no German, English, French, or Italian people, such as they were when those great men lived. There is some truth in that, but not enough, in my opinion, to diminish the reverent admiration due to great men. I, for one, will not spoil the satisfaction it gives me to admire

the heroes of mankind by trying "to account for them." They were all *men*, and, as such, they had their failings. But millions and millions shared their shortcomings, and only a very few possessed to any extent those characteristic qualities which made them what they were—heroes! That Beethoven was deaf and cross, Titian lamentably obsequious, Raphael dissolute, that Goethe liked to be called "Your Excellency," that Frederick the Great played the flute and took snuff—is of no consequence whatever. That those men were *great* men is alone important; the rest is nothing!

To appreciate fairly Prince Bismarck, we should consider the time in which he lives,—a more fact-loving time than there ever was before, a time which is a far better and more accurate "reporter" than any in the past. We all know, by our own experience, the extreme facility with which legends are formed. To quote one recent example: immediately after the great battles of the last Franco-German war, there sprang up numberless stories about those battles, and though these were in many cases utterly false, and though there existed thousands of eye-witnesses to prove that they were simply invented, they obtained a world-wide circulation, and finally found credence in all circles—German or French—where they happened to coincide with prejudices and wishes. How often on the French side was heard the famous cry, "We are betrayed!"—how many thousands of Frenchmen really believe even now that they were betrayed! And yet it is as certain as anything of the kind can be, that there was no treachery whatever among the French, and that they succumbed to the Germans simply because the German

army of 1870 was in certain respects a stronger and better army than theirs. Again, if you look at the portraits of kings and queens, or of the celebrated men and women of the past, such as may be seen in any picture-gallery, you cannot fail to notice the great number of manly or beautiful faces. Those pictures, we may be sure, deserve, in most cases, but very little credit. Most painters are flatterers by nature. I do not blame them for that: they profess to love beauty; and it is, so to speak, their right and their business to paint everything as beautiful as possible. But this being admitted, the necessary consequence is that we have but very few true portraits of the great men of the past, and that their supposed likenesses possess, in general, a merely legendary interest. As to the pictures which are supposed to represent the heroes of antiquity, they have no authentic character whatever, and merely show us how these men appeared to the imagination of certain painters. There are thousands of pictures of Homer, yet it is a question whether he ever existed. Nor are written reports of the sayings and doings of men in past ages more to be depended on. How many of the beautiful sentences and noble deeds attributed to the heroes of old times originated in the poetical imagination of their biographers! All we know is, that some truly great deeds were performed by the heroes of the past, and it is for these that they were originally considered great men; but if it were possible to represent them exactly as they were, to strip them of all the ornaments with which history or tradition has adorned them, they would in all probability appear much smaller.

I for one would regret this, could it be done. I am quite willing to admire a purely imaginary, or at any rate a very problematic hero, such as Hercules, Achilles, Hector, Odin, or Roland, and I only wish to point out that we are unjust towards our living great men when we compare them with the heroes of the past; for while we see the former as they really are, we are made to admire their predecessors as they are shown to us through the magnifying medium of history and tradition. Had Prince Bismarck lived at the time of the Crusades, we would probably have portraits of him in which he would be represented as a giant eight feet high.

The growth of the daily press during the last twenty-five years, and the influence on it of the electric telegraph and of stenography, have had this result, that the public life of eminent men, and all their sayings and doings, are reflected in the newspapers as in a mirror, and from every imaginable point of view. I sincerely believe that there has never lived a man whose whole life, as far as it has been the life of a public man, has been as thoroughly investigated and as faithfully described as that of Prince Bismarck: his portrait has been taken by the sun, which has reproduced every wrinkle: his speeches have been taken down by inexorably impartial reporters. Prince Bismarck has lived in a glass house. If he loses a pound of flesh—if he lets his beard grow, or shaves it off again—if he takes a ride in the Thiergarten, or goes for a day to Friedrichsruhe—if he receives a stranger at his house, or if he writes a letter,—the public is at once informed. This being the case, it is surprising that he should have furnished so few weapons to his enemies, and that no adversary

has been able to damage his character, in spite of repeated and vehement attempts.

The reader who has kindly followed me so far, will perhaps accuse of me having wandered from my subject; yet I have never lost sight of Bismarck while writing the foregoing pages, and I think that what I have said, though it may seem irrelevant, ought to be borne in mind by those who in good faith wish to form a just estimate of the character and deeds of the greatest living statesman.

It would be impossible to attempt a history of his political acts, for that would be equivalent to writing the contemporary history of Europe. It will be sufficient to point to the fact, that when, in September 1862, Bismarck became the leading Minister of Prussia, that country was the last among the great Powers of Europe, and was completely overshadowed by France, England, Russia, and Austria. In less than ten years Bismarck effected a complete revolution in this respect: Germany has become the most powerful nation of the Continent, and the prestige of her political leader is such that it extends far beyond Germany's frontiers. It is scarcely going too far to say that in the present day a political question may be said to be solved when Prince Bismarck has given his opinion. There can be no doubt that many egregious blunders have been committed by European statesmen since Prince Bismarck has exercised a dominant influence on European affairs; but it is a remarkable fact, and certainly not due to good luck alone, that none of these mistakes have proved injurious to German interests, and that some have actually served them. If the policy of England in Egypt, of Russia in Asia, and the French action in

Tunis, Madagascar, and Tonquin have not been opposed by Germany, the reason has certainly been that Germany could quietly contemplate what was going on without any fear of seeing her power or interests compromised.

In the space of eight years Bismarck's policy led Germany into three wars—against Denmark, Austria, and France respectively,—the result of which was the creation of the German Empire, and its establishment as the greatest military Power of Europe. Since then the same policy has placed Germany at the head of a league of peace, formed at Bismarck's instigation, and which affords strong guarantees for the maintenance of the *status quo* as far as the limits of the German Empire are concerned. The cordial relations existing at present between Germany on the one hand, and Austria, Russia, Italy, and Spain on the other, are entirely due to the able foreign policy of Prince Bismarck. As regards France, it is a fact that the relations between the two Governments are excellent. Nations, in their dealings with other Powers, are represented by their Governments alone: direct intercourse from people to people is impossible. Germany was on good terms with the Government of M. Thiers and that of Marshal MacMahon, and it is also on most satisfactory terms with the present Government of France. Politically speaking, the relations between the two countries may therefore be called good. That many Frenchmen hate Germans, and Prince Bismarck in particular, is a fact for which there is no remedy. Prince Bismarck has certainly considered that question with care, but he appears to have come to the conclusion that the price at which

French goodwill could be bought is too high: in fact, neither Strasbourg, nor Metz, nor Alsace-Lorraine even, could purchase it. French Chauvinists will continue to hate Germans until they have had their "revenge for Sedan"—that is, until they have beaten Germany on the field. No German statesman can willingly give them that satisfaction. The German Government must therefore rest content with the maintenance of good relations with the French Government. And so far, as I have already said, Prince Bismarck has fully succeeded.

As regards England, it will be sufficient to say that whatever may be the personal feelings which Prince Bismarck and Mr Gladstone entertain for each other, they do not seem in any way to have influenced the relations between England and Germany, which, to all outward appearance, have never ceased to be most friendly. Prince Bismarck, as a politician, makes it a rule not to allow his feelings to override his judgment.

In a word, the work of Bismarck hitherto has been: to make Germany—united by his policy—the most powerful empire of the Continent, and to establish such friendly relations with the other European Powers as may prove a strong guarantee for the maintenance of the peace of Europe. We have now to examine how he has achieved that great work.

A man who has to do hard physical work requires the free use of his limbs. If he wishes to fell a tree he takes off his coat, and the best swimmer may get drowned if he is thrown into the water with fettered hands and feet. This rule applies equally to mental labour. If a man is to do his best, he must be allowed the unrestricted use of his faculties. I admit that he may

work more carefully, and consequently better, if he feels himself under some restraint, but he will in that case have to make extreme efforts to do what he might have accomplished with comparative ease had he been left uncontrolled master of his actions. Good work done under great difficulties proves great power in the man who did it.

We have seen that Bismarck has done a great work. He did it under extraordinary difficulties. Such difficulties will probably in time cease to be exceptional, and his successors will have to contend with them as he has done; but they certainly did not hamper his predecessors, with whom alone we can compare him. The great statesmen and political reformers of the past were, as compared to Bismarck, free men. What they did, they did of their own free will and judgment. Nobody—to quote only instances from the history of Prussia—stood between the will of the Great Elector or of Frederick the Great and the embodiment of that will in acts. From the vantage-ground of their eminent intellects they understood what it was necessary to accomplish for the greatness of their country, and they boldly undertook it. Boldness is the most characteristic sign of greatness. They had all the power of the nation at their disposal: the reforms they judged good they introduced; they took the State's army and the State's money without asking anybody's leave—it was their own army, their own money—and they went boldly on their way. Had they had to consult "responsible" ministers, and to obtain their signature for their daring enterprises; if they had had to deal with a Parliament,—it is at least doubtful whether they would have succeeded as they did. In saying this, I am not ac-

cusing constitutional government: I only wish to point out that its object and result is to act as a drag on the man at the head of the Government.

This drag has always been an impediment to Bismarck's action. He wished to do great and difficult things, and he has accomplished them, though he has never had the free use of his faculties. He struck boldly into the rapid current, though his arms and legs were fettered; and he has, in spite of all, crossed the stream.

Once in his political career, impatient and angry at the short-sightedness and timidity of his parliamentary "brakesmen," he snapped the chains that were made to stop him, and at his peril, at the risk of life and liberty, he sped forward alone, because he would rather perish than cross his arms and quietly stand still in safety to see the opportunity for making his country great go by neglected—an opportunity which he, and he alone, saw. But he did not return from his victory in an overbearing temper; he took up the chains which he had broken, and fastened them on again upon himself, asking Parliament for a "bill of indemnity" for what he had done—asking to be indemnified for having taken the first, the most daring and most difficult step, towards the unity of Germany. It is more than strange that the men who opposed him in Parliament when he wanted the German army to be made ready for the contest which resulted in the formation of the "North-German Bund," and later on in the establishment of the German Empire, should be the very men who now dare to claim that they, and not he, made Germany great, powerful, and united. Not a penny of Prussian money, not a soldier of the Prussian army,

would have been at Bismarck's disposal, when he went to war for Germany's greatness, had he not, single-handed, seized the powers which Parliament denied him. Whether, theoretically speaking, Bismarck is to be blamed for this, is a question which may be left for discussion to the professors of constitutionalism. Politically speaking—politicians only take account of practical results—Bismarck's action was crowned with immense success: he became the most popular man of the country, and was lauded on all sides as the hero of Germany.

That was a great time for Germany—a time of warm unsophisticated patriotism and enthusiasm. Germans were proud of their old Emperor, their admirable army, their silent, cold chief of the staff, Count Moltke, but above all, they were proud of their political leader, the fearless and prudent Bismarck, whom they styled “the offspring of the Nibelungen.” They felt themselves ever so much bigger, stronger, better than before; and they knew, and openly said, that it was Bismarck they had to thank for it. He had made them proud of being Germans; he had, as with a magic wand, destroyed the humiliating feeling of inferiority which, until then, Germans had so often felt when, in foreign countries, they sadly compared the position of Germany with the power and prestige of England and France. All that was changed now; the countrymen of the heroes of Gravelotte and Sedan, and of the Iron Chancellor, were entitled to be proud—and right proud they were.

This time of pure enthusiasm lasted just as long as such times can last. Very soon Germans got accustomed to their new position in the world, and then German sceptics set to work, and began

“to account” for their hero. What had Bismarck done, after all, to deserve such praise? Had *he*, forsooth, stormed the heights of Spichern and St Privat; besieged and taken Strasbourg, Metz, Paris; exposed his life in the murderous battles where precious German blood had purchased the sweet fruits of victory which they were now deservedly enjoying? He had done his duty! Of course he had! So had every German; and what thanks had *they* got for it? Had *he* not, on the contrary, got the fullest reward? Had he not risen to unprecedented power, honour, and rank? That Germany had contracted a certain debt towards him was true; but had not that debt been fully and nobly paid? What did he expect more? Did he seek to take to himself alone all the credit for the great work done by the united efforts of Germany! Seriously, such a question could not even be debated.

Alas for human nature! it has always been so, and so it will always be: the hero had done his work—now the hero might go! Vanity, selfishness, and envy have always governed popular feeling towards great men. Dead men cease to be competitors. Nations generally honour their dead heroes, but they do not feel equally inclined to bestow honour on contemporary greatness. Ingratitude, or voluntary blindness in respect of it, is the common rule. Millions of Germans, no doubt, continued to profess sincere and grateful admiration for Bismarck; but these men, mostly of a quiet, contented, conservative turn of mind, who had been slow to trust him, but now stood firmly by him, did not, as a rule, make themselves heard; whereas the opposition, encouraged by their success with “the disinherited of the nation,” be-

came daily louder and more aggressive. Political content generally keeps quiet, whereas the essence of opposition is to be noisy. In the press, as well as in Parliament, it soon became the fashion to direct violent attacks against the Chancellor; and many politicians of no personal value, and who had never done anything for their country's good, obtained by degrees a certain political position merely as the opponents of Bismarck, and were noticed because they moved in the luminous circle which surrounded him. These politicians never proposed anything; they were either too timid or too obscure for that. What they might have liked to propose they dared not openly avow, or perhaps they had nothing to avow or to propose. But it required neither great intellect nor great boldness to say "No" to every proposal emanating from the Chancellor, and to prove that those proposals, like every human project, had their faults. Among the opponents of Bismarck there were, no doubt, good and thoroughly honest men who really considered it their duty to stand up against him; but there were many others who had discovered that "opposition" might be made a profitable business, raising those who carried it on cleverly, to wealth and reputation. Some of this latter class of men were, moreover, low-bred and ill-mannered; and to such faults Bismarck is sensitively alive and specially intolerant.

He had no right to expect that everything he proposed would pass without opposition, and his clear mind could not ignore the fact that discussion is the very soul of constitutionalism; but every German owed him respect and gratitude for what he had actually achieved, and no German ought to have opposed him otherwise than

most respectfully. This has not been the case. Men have been found, who, apparently, have thought it very fine to contradict and criticise the Chancellor roughly, so as to goad him into impatience and bitterness; while many others have applauded such meanness, and enjoyed the spectacle of Bismarck's wrath.

It was probably about this time that certain sharp sayings of the Chancellor's about newspaper writers and public speakers as agitators became generally known; but it should be remembered that most of those sayings date from the very time when Bismarck was most popular, and were founded on deeply rooted convictions and opinions, instead of being, as is supposed, the outcome of irritation and ill-humour.

Prince Bismarck is thoroughly monarchical. Loyalty to the sovereign is considered by him not only as a cardinal virtue, but as the first of all political virtues in a man in his position. He has frequently prided himself on being a faithful "vassal" to his king. To him this is a question of personal honour. He could be on the very best terms with a foreign republican; for M. Thiers, for instance, he professed sincere sympathy—and he still honours the memory of that statesman, whose warm, unselfish, and, at the same time, prudent patriotism, was congenial to him; but towards a German who, judged by his standard, fails in loyalty to his sovereign, his feelings are those of contempt or pity. He is so sincerely convinced that Germany's greatness and power are bound up with the greatness and power of the monarchy, that he considers any attack on the sovereign's rights, dignity, or privileges, as treason against Germany. If a German

makes it, he becomes Bismarck's personal enemy; for he considers him as one who has either no judgment or no patriotism, and who, at all events, commits a bad action. The majority of Germans are certainly monarchical; but there are many discontented people in Germany—as everywhere else—and discontented people, of course, wish for change, and willingly listen to those who propose it. To propose changes of all kinds is the chief business of a certain class of obscure irresponsible newspaper writers, who daily proffer advice which, if followed, would gradually diminish the rights and privileges of the sovereign, and lead Germany to republicanism. The same writers who propose these anti-monarchical reforms are naturally those who most violently attack the Chancellor as the chief champion of royalty; but if Bismarck treats such men with bitter contempt, it is because he sees them undermining monarchism, which he considers the key-stone of Germany's greatness. Prince Bismarck knows a good deal about the power of the press, and appreciates it fully, but he thoroughly hates those who make a bad use of it. The abuse of such power is easy; for he who wields it can, if he so wishes, with a little cleverness and discretion remain anonymous. There are little men, gifted with that facility of style so much appreciated by newspaper editors, who would scarcely dare to lift their eyes in the presence of that great Chancellor, and who nevertheless daily inform their readers—and some of them have a great many readers—that "Away with Bismarck!" should be the cry of every true German. "Away with Bismarck!" will become a fact one day, for one day he will be gone; but for the sake of Ger-

many and for the peace of Europe, it is to be hoped that day is far off; for Bismarck at the head of German affairs means nothing less than the perfect security of Germany. His prestige is such that, as long as he directs the political destinies of Germany, one may safely assert that no foreign Power will seriously think of attacking or injuring her. And it is quite as certain that the hopes of the enemies of Germany rest chiefly on the fact that one day the wish of those newspaper writers will be realised, and Bismarck will be "away." Have the Germans who join in that cry reflected what care and sorrow may ensue? Germany's power will not be lost on that day. To say so would be to cast unjust doubts on her national greatness, the tenacity, valour, and patriotism of her citizens; but the feeling of perfect security which Germany now enjoys will assuredly be gone, and then perhaps the immense advantage of the present immunity from fear will be appreciated. Nothing, in my opinion, proves more strikingly the greatness of Bismarck than the fact that he actually personifies the "Watch on the Rhine" of the popular German song, and that Germany feels she is safe so long as Bismarck stands in arms and keeps watch.

I have sometimes wondered what sum France, for instance, would be ready to pay, and justified in paying, to secure the services of a Bismarck. These are idle speculations! Maybe; but Germans might do worse than to indulge in them: it would show them, at any rate, that they have in their leading statesman a priceless possession, which they would do well to keep carefully as long as possible.

Some of the foregoing remarks are also applicable to Bismarck's

feeling towards parliamentary government, or rather, I should say, towards a certain class of members of Parliament. He listens to a fine speech just as he reads a cleverly written or sensational leader, and neither makes great impression on him. In a word, he does not hold eloquence in high esteem. He is of opinion that in these days of parliamentary government every politician should be able to state clearly to an assembly the reason why a measure should be adopted or opposed; but he seems to think that there need be no art in such a speech: it should be a sober and clear report, appealing to the judgment, not to the feelings, of those who listen to it. Sentiment, according to Bismarck, is a superfluity and a danger in politics. No statesman should allow himself to be guided by it. Eloquence appeals chiefly to sentiment; its object is often to make people do something which their cooler and better judgment would reject, and to carry them away "almost against their will." A report, to be good, should be clear, accurate, and truthful. Now a masterpiece of eloquence may be inaccurate and deceitful,—may, in fact, be a lie. The lawyer who defends a prisoner whom he knows to be guilty, and who by his ability persuades the jury to pronounce an acquittal, may be a very great orator, but he is not sincere. Prince Bismarck does not esteem such a man; he considers him a dangerous being. A fine speech, judged merely as a speech, may be a vile action. Bismarck, of whose sincerity as a patriotic German nobody can doubt, and whose best and most powerful speeches are simply sober, accurate, and sincere reports, appealing solely to the common-sense and the judgment

of his audience, may well be of opinion that, in some cases where by their cleverness and eloquence his political opponents have been successful, they have acted as unscrupulously as the lawyer.

There is another point to be noted in connection with Bismarck's opinions on parliamentarianism: if you were to strip some of the most popular parliamentary leaders of their eloquence, or rather of their peculiar facility for talking fluently about every possible subject, you would often find that as political characters they are without any real value, and are, in fact, mere *dilettanti*. Now Prince Bismarck himself is a professional statesman, a practical man of business, and as such has a strong dislike to dilettanteism. He served a long apprenticeship before becoming a master; and as a master, knowing well all the secrets of his trade, he has but a poor opinion of amateur work, and strongly objects to statesmanship being considered, as it is by most people, as a kind of heavenly gift. It is evident that a man may be a first-rate scholar, a clever writer, a meritorious banker, and an eloquent speaker, and at the same time a very poor politician. To the account of some of Prince Bismarck's most influential opponents may be placed certain political blunders which no professional would have committed, and which ought to shake the confidence that they and their friends continue undauntedly to feel in their own wisdom. It is certain that the German Parliament contains a great many political *dilettanti*, who nevertheless exercise considerable influence on parliamentary resolutions; and it is not surprising that Prince Bismarck, looking back on his own success as a statesman, and on the numerous shortcomings of his op-

ponents, should show himself in no way inclined to acknowledge the superior wisdom of the opposition. Hence the open and violent hostility shown towards him by certain political leaders. They resent as a personal injury the fact that whatever their scholarship, eloquence, or popularity may be, the Chancellor stands high above them on the eminence to which his intellect and character have raised him, and where public opinion not only in Germany but throughout Europe maintains him. Fame and history cannot take into account the mass of smaller men who, united, may succeed now and again in turning the scale in their favour against the one great weighty man who stands alone opposed to them all. Fame and history record great actions and the names of the few great men who did them. Greatness consists in the power to will, to dare, and to do. There is no living man who equals the German Chancellor in power and tenacity of purpose and in fearless daring; and that he can *do* what he wills and dares, the history of his life, the contemporary history of Germany and of Europe, have shown. There are, doubtless, men of great ability to be found among Bismarck's political opponents; but not only as politicians, but even simply as men, none of them can be weighed against him. In all civilised countries you will find many other scholars, writers, orators, artists, and distinguished men of every description, to whom they can well be compared—you will not find a second Bismarck. He is a most extraordinary man, and you must go back to the heroic type to find others belonging to the same grand species of humanity. In common with all members of the heroic family,—so sparsely spread

over the earth, but in whose deeds is written the history of the world,—he possesses an inflexible will, dauntless courage, and that singular elevation of mental faculties which allows him to judge rightly the intentions of others while his own designs remain a secret for every one. Like the really great men of all times, he shows, moreover, a marvellous absence of vulgar egotism, an utter want of consideration for his personal position, and a never-failing readiness to risk again and again all he has won for the furtherance of the impersonal objects of his life.

I have been led to speak of Bismarck as a resident in Berlin; but Bismarck is a "general" subject, and has carried me far away from Berlin, the special subject of this essay. I return to it, but merely to add a few closing words.

A few weeks ago, there was laid in Berlin the first stone of the building in which the Parliament of the United German Empire is to hold its sittings in future. At that ceremony three men were present on whom the attention of all was centred: the Emperor William, the Chancellor Prince Bismarck, and General Field-Marshal Count Moltke—the noblest representatives of Germany's unity, greatness, and power, embodying German tenacity, German fearlessness, and German discipline and sense of duty; three rare men—a great Sovereign, a great Statesman, a great Soldier! As I looked at them, it suddenly struck me that Berlin did indeed possess something to be proud of; that a great sight was to be seen there; and that those poor people who come to Berlin and see nothing to admire, finding all things common, mean, and ugly, must themselves be very small.

SOME TRANSLATIONS FROM THE RUSSIAN OF LERMONTOFF.

I.

GIFTS OF THE TEREK: "DARI TEREKA."

THE Terek rages fierce and fast
'Mid rocky masses clashing ;
His wailing cry is like the blast,
In spray his tears are splashing.
But he, in crafty guise, when ends
His flight o'er wildernesses,
A wheedling courtesy pretends,—
The Caspian thus addresses :
"Open, open, O ancient sea !
Give refuge to my torrent :
Far wanderings have wearied me,
No more is rest abhorrent.
On Kazbek I my life began,
By milky clouds was nourished,
And toward the foreign might of man
Have hatred ever cherished.
I have, to please thy little ones,
With cousin Darel striven,
And hitherward a herd of stones,
A glorious spoil, have driven."
Old Caspian, sleepy, feigns repose,
Couched on his springy beaches ;
But at his ear the Terek, close
Wheedling, again beseeches :
"And I for thee to entertain
Have brought no common stranger ;
A Kabardine, on battle-plain
Who fell, the first in danger.
A precious corselet hath he on
With greaves of steel, and saintly
Koranic verses graved thereon
In golden letters, quaintly :
And sternly knitted are his brows,
And with a purple colour
The ends of his moustachios
Tinged by hot blood of valour.
His open eyes responseless stare
As when in hatred levelled ;
His scalp-lock black, once kept with care,
Curls down his neck dishevelled."
But softly dreaming on his shore,
No sound old Caspian utters ;
The Terek, turbulent once more,
With rising anger mutters :

“Hark, Father ; lo ! a gift more rare
Than these I bring, revealing
What I have kept till now with care,
From all the world concealing :
A Cossack maiden's body fair
My waves bring o'er the boulders,
And brightly golden is her hair,
And darkly pale her shoulders.
Her saddened face is halo-crowned,
Calm sleep her sweet eyes hushes,
Her bosom hath a tiny wound
From which the red stream gushes.
But for my youthful beauty none
Now mourns of all her fellows,
Except a Greben Cossack's son,
Alone beside my billows.
He hath saddled his raven steed,
In nightly foray eager
Upon the hills his life to speed
By some fierce Tchechen's dagger.”
No more the angered river said,
But over him uplifted
Dishevelled locks, which on his head
Like snow in winter drifted.
The Father then, in glorious strength,
Rose mightily, like thunder,
And passionate tears sprang at length
His dark-blue eyes from under.
Rejoicing leapt the ocean old
With warm embrace to greet him,
And, murmuring his love, enfold
The waves that rushed to meet him.

II.

THE CUP OF LIFE : “CHASHA JHIZNI.”

WE quaff life's cup with dim,
With covered eyes ;
We blur its golden rim
With tears and sighs.

When from our brows at death
The bonds shall fall,
And with them vanisheth
False festival,—

Then shall we see that nought
The cup outpours :
A dream the draught so sought,
And that—not ours.

III.

COSSACK CRADLE-SONG : "SPI, MLADENETS MOI."

SLEEP, sleep, my pretty son,
Bayushka bayou ;
Calm shines the moon upon
Thy cradle pillow.
While I my stories tell,
While I my songs coo,
Closed be thine eyes, sleep well,
Bayushka bayou.

Turbid the Terek roars
O'er pebbles fretting ;
Tchechens lurk on its shores,
Their daggers whetting.
Father's a soldier tried,
Steeled to war, constant, true ;
So sleep in peace, my pride,
Bayushka bayou.

Thou too shalt live to know
A life of quarrel—
Bold foot in stirrup throw,
Grasp a gun-barrel ;
Thy saddle-cloth all fine
Will I with silk sew.
Sleep, sleep, own child of mine,
Bayushka bayou.

Thy heart of Cossack breed,
Thy mien shall brave be ;
I'll see thee mount thy steed,
And farewell wave me ;
Many a bitter tear
Will in the night flow.
Sleep, sleep, my angel dear
Bayushka bayou.

Weary with long delay
I shall be pining,
Murmuring prayers all day
At nights divining
If, far away, for home
Pining art *thou* too.
Sleep, sleep, till troubles come
Bayushka bayou.

I'll give thee for thy road
An image worthy :
Do thou in prayer to God
Place it before thee ;
And, on the eve of fight,
On mother dream thou.
Sleep, sleep, my soul's delight,
Bayushka bayou.

IV.

THE PRISONER : " UZNIK "

AWAY from the prison-shade !
Give me the broad daylight ;
Bring me a black-eyed maid,
A steed dark-maned as night.
First the maiden fair
Will I kiss on her ruddy lips,
Then the dark steed shall bear
Me, like the wind, to the steppes.

But the heavy door hath a bar,
The prison-window is high ;
The black-eyed maiden afar
In her own soft bed doth lie ;
In meadow green the horse,
Unbridled, alone, at ease,
Gallops a playful course,
And tosses his tail to the breeze.

Lonely am I, unjoying,
Amid bare prison-walls :
The light in the lamp is dying—
Dimmer the shadow falls ;
And only, without my room,
I hear the measured ring
Of the sentry's steps in the gloom,
As he treads, unanswering.

A. E. STALEY.

JUSTICE FOR THE LORDS.

WE were not deceived in our expectations. The House of Lords, when every other hope failed, came to the rescue of the country. The new Franchise has been postponed until the whole scheme, of which it is but a part, shall be submitted to Parliament. A delay this—but a delay which can well be endured, since it is in a high degree preferable to stamping one half of the scheme as law, while we are yet ignorant of what the other half is to be.

It will be admitted when excitement and declamation shall have passed by, even if it be not already generally admitted, that the Peers would have egregiously evaded their duty had they passed the Bill as it was presented to them; also, that they have, in staying for a short time the enactment of a measure extending the Franchise, been most careful to declare that they are not hostile to the measure itself, but only to the ill-advised method according to which it has been laid before Parliament. They have been very far from straining the legislative power which they possess; they have, on the contrary, arrested execution with the least possible offence to the views and wishes of those who advocate a speedy extension. If they may not do as much as this, they may as well cease to exist altogether, for they will be deprived of all independent action.

We believe that the House of Lords is widely misconstrued and unjustly maligned, because the independent action of which we have spoken is claimed for them only at times when a Liberal Ministry is in power. When we have a Conservative Government we hear

nothing about this independence; they are content to endorse without protest the acts of a Conservative House of Commons. Those, however, who make this injurious remark—which may sound plausible to superficial minds—leave out of sight a most important consideration. They forget that Conservative Cabinets will, in framing their legislative measures, respect, and defer to, the opinions of the Lords; they will not force upon their lordships proposals to which they are known to object, or they smooth away disagreements before discussion becomes public, thus avoiding the scandals of open collisions. Radical Cabinets, on the contrary, not only are indifferent to the cautious and time-established maxims of the Upper House, but they take a pride in running counter to them, and in provoking conflicts. When this difference of conduct between Conservative and Radical Ministries is taken into account, the attitude of the House of Lords towards either party ceases to be so remarkable, and it is not so clear that their lordships surrender their self-respect in the one case, and are jealous for it only in the other. It is in the course of nature that an Upper Chamber, a Chamber of revision, should be frequently in conflict with that class of politicians who are the most ardent, the most impatient, and the most heedless of any interest but their own. But its very *raison d'être* is, that it may moderate the action of such a selfish class and consult for the general interest. Ours has been of late years obnoxious to the abuse and menace of such a class, with whom it is an instinct to denounce

sober examination and to parade numerical and physical force. It is, while our national culture remains as at present, a condition of the existence of the House of Lords, that it must endure the savage, vulgar insults and attacks of the least reflecting and least respectable sections of the community.

The Upper House seldom is, and never should be, opposed to the deliberate wishes of the people properly so called—that is, of the great commonalty of the nation. It is monstrous to suppose that they, acting as a privileged class, should place themselves in antagonism to the body of their countrymen, and be blameless because they are invested with special rights and powers. Yet we are perpetually being told that the Peers are committing this very crime, this very folly. And how are the accusations made colourable? Why, by those least respectable sections of the community of whom we have spoken, professing that they are the people, and that opposition to their crotchets and plots is treason to the nation.

Those who look at all closely into political disputes discover that a great number of them are due to the indefinite sense in which that term “the people” is allowed to be used. If a little more care were insisted upon, on opening the argument, to ascertain what, in that connection, is meant by “the people,” mountains would be made out of mole-hills less frequently than they are. Three tailors, a drunken rabble, a knot of enthusiasts, may arrogate that appellation, and thereupon everybody who does not subscribe their fancies may be denounced as a public enemy. It is not always silly persons who thus cause confusion by using the term “people” or

“nation” in a restricted or peculiar sense. Men of ability have, for purposes best known to themselves, condescended so to mislead their hearers. We remember that the present Prime Minister, when speaking at West Calder on the 2d of April 1880, defined the “nation” to be something separate and distinct from the aristocracy, the Established clergy, the landed interest, the wealth of the country, the rank of the country, and all close corporations. What sort of a nation it would be that should remain after deducting the classes which he enumerated as not belonging to it, the right honourable gentleman did not pause to explain. But it is abundantly clear that “the people” or “the nation” is frequently said to be withstood when only a clique or a party finds an obstacle or two in the paths of its fads.

It is a decided blot on our legislative system that one of the three great institutions which must work together to the making of a law of England sets about its business on all important occasions under a storm of menaces and insults. No sooner is it known that a bill is to be sent up to the Lords, to which in whole or in part they may reasonably take exception, than they are assailed in the most shameless and scandalous way, men of all ranks thinking it not beneath their dignity to resort to terrorism as a means of making them deaf to reason and conscience, and alive only to their privileges and interests. If we were to read in some traveller’s tales of a semi-savage potentate who, sitting on his throne under pretence of administering justice, was, by a pistol at his head, compelled either to decide according to the dictation of a bully or to risk his life, how we should

thank God on the wretched puppet, —with what complacency should we, from our summit of civilisation, look down on such a transaction! Yet these are exactly the conditions under which the House of Lords addresses itself to its duties whenever party feelings run high. We do not know that we are naked; we do not know what a figure our barbarism makes before grinning Europe. Selling our wives at Smithfield, quotha! that is a trifle to making our nobility legislate under pressure of most fearful threats and demonstrations. How can we claim to be civilised when we are not ashamed to practise such ferocity!

Fortunately our nobles are, for the most part, men of courage and patience, whom it is not easy to intimidate by vulgar bluster. They have shown their mettle by dealing as they have dealt with the imperfect Franchise Bill. Had it been possible to influence them by terrorism, they never could have rejected that Bill; for, long before they entered upon the consideration of it, they had been assailed by threats from various quarters, beginning with the Prime Minister, and spreading over a spacious organisation of violent prints and violent speakers—this being the method by which thousands of Englishmen of this nineteenth century choose to have our laws made. But threats did not prevail. The Lords, while admitting that a Franchise Bill will and must be passed, refused to sanction a fragmentary measure of the sequel to which they are as yet in ignorance. Have they by this action been braving opinion—been denying to the nation a reasonable and widely-desired reform—been wantonly exerting their power because they happen to possess it? By no means. They have said little or nothing against the Franchise

Bill, so far as it goes; they do not object to it on account of any of its provisions. But they know that it is to be followed by another bill, which will deal with the redistribution of the seats in the Lower House; and they say very reasonably, "Let us know what this redistribution is to be, and let us judge whether it be fairly adjusted, or we cannot consent to this extension bill, from which the redistribution is to spring." This is the head and front of their offending; and all the reflecting part of the community will, as we hope, see how moderate has been their demand.

The argument that extension of the franchise ought not to be considered apart from the redistribution of seats with which it is so intimately connected, is, fortunately, a very strong one. It is not only strong in itself, but it has been emphatically supported in time past by many of those statesmen who now censure the Lords for being guided by it. No one now opposes it on its intrinsic value; but the best apology that can be made for giving it the go-by is, that the two bills together would give rise to so many debates that an ordinary session of Parliament would not suffice for the disposal of them. A poor rejoinder this to the unanswerable proposition that the two bills ought to be considered together! The trial has never been made to get both through in one session, therefore no one is entitled to pronounce on the feasibility, or otherwise, of such an attempt. A session of Parliament is not, that we know of, restricted to any particular length; and if only the will were present in those who order such matters, a way might surely be found of dealing with both the kindred subjects in one session,

and so of obviating the objection raised by the Lords. The flimsiness of this excuse about the length of the session gives rise to a suspicion that there are other reasons for separating the two bills which cannot be disclosed, because they are neither patriotic nor creditable.¹ It appears to us that if there had been an honest wish on the part of Ministers to obviate the scruples of the House of Lords, the present contention might have been avoided. It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that it was demanded during the debates in the House of Commons that the two bills should be considered together, but the demand was overborne on a division.

The Franchise Bill, whenever it may become law, will add two millions of electors, all nearly of one class, to those already existing. The existing electors number, in round numbers, three millions. The addition to the electoral roll to be made by the Bill is therefore enormous. It is clear, then, that if this enormous addition be made to the registers without a redistribution of seats and remodelling of constituencies, the newly-to-be-created voters (who will all be either agricultural labourers or semi-urban artisans) will in many—probably in most—constituencies overpower the old electors, nullify the votes of other classes, and give us a House of Commons which will represent only one or two interests, and those the lowest in the kingdom. Now it concerns every man in the United Kingdom not only that a new distribution of seats should be devised before a general election

is made under the new Franchise Bill, but that the redistribution should be seen to be fair and equitable to all interests before the Franchise Bill is allowed to become law. If the Franchise Bill were to become law while the redistribution may be still in the clouds, it will be always possible that a general election may take place while the seats are as at present, but with the electoral roll nearly doubled. The Ministerialists declare that this is not to be; but can they control events? Once a Franchise Bill has become law without redistribution having been provided, we have lost all security that the two together will be in operation at the next election. It is true that one or two well-meaning persons, more anxious to prevent a disagreement between the Houses of Parliament than to secure the liberties of the country, proposed that the Lords should read the Franchise Bill a second time, and then in Committee insert a clause postponing the operation of it until a redistribution should have been agreed on. But an Act of Parliament, with a suspending clause making the time of its coming into force altogether uncertain, is said to be unknown to our legislation; while the simpler course of furnishing the redistribution first and then passing the Franchise Bill, could be readily resorted to. Their lordships, therefore, declined altogether to enact the Franchise until they should be assured of a redistribution of which they could approve. Look at the question as one will, there can hardly

¹ The real reasons have been brought to light since we began to write. If the passage of the Franchise Bill could be forced upon Parliament now, the Houses would afterwards be compelled to accept such redistribution as the Ministry might invent, or to allow the two millions of additional voters to exercise their franchise without any redistribution at all.

be a doubt that the Peers were in the right.

We come now to another consideration. It was constantly affirmed by Ministerialists during the debate in the Upper House, that the country (properly so called) insists upon the enactment of the Franchise Bill independently of redistribution; therefore that the Lords, in refusing or delaying to pass the Bill as it is, are flying in the face of the nation. The answer to this imputation has been plain and ingenuous—such as could give reasonable umbrage to no people. “We dispute altogether,” say the Lords, “that the people desire to have the Bill passed separately: nevertheless, if they unequivocally show us that they do wish it, we will act in accordance with their express desire. There is but one way of ascertaining the sentiments of the nation at large—that is, by holding an election. Resort to this method: dissolve Parliament and take the sense of the electors: we will abide by the result.” Nothing can be fairer than this. It is impossible after such a statement to say that the Peers are stiff-necked, impracticable, inattentive to the popular voice. They desire only to know what the popular voice really and truly is, then to act in accordance with it. Meanwhile, as we said before, they have done no more than delay the farther progress of the very momentous measure which they have had under discussion. In such cases the loss of a few months is as nothing in comparison of seeing carefully and jealously that no false move is made, that no heedless or hasty concession is allowed which it may be impossible afterwards to correct, and which may entail upon ourselves and those who are to follow us unnumbered perplexities and troubles.

The public did not wait long before being made acquainted with the outline of the plan which Ministers mean to follow in consequence of the action of the Upper House. They will advise her Majesty to prorogue Parliament early in August. By the closing of the session the Franchise Bill will become waste paper. Another session of Parliament will however be held in October, principally for the purpose of framing, passing through the Commons, and sending up to the Lords, another precisely similar Franchise Bill, which is once more to be unaccompanied by a redistribution scheme. Why a course which has just been proved to occupy the time of the Legislature so unprofitably is to be repeated, we have not been told in words. But it requires no seer to divine why it is to be resorted to. Of course it is expected that the House of Lords, after three months of reflection, will withdraw its opposition, and become entirely submissive to the will of Ministers, being convinced, not by demonstration, not by a declaration of the will of the constituencies, but by the terrorism which it is proposed to exercise towards their lordships during the three months which are to intervene between the present time and the opening of the autumn session. The Peers are to be baited and bullied into acquiescence.

When one reflects upon the sterling stuff of which the Upper House is made—upon the sagacity, courage, and experience of its leaders—upon its time-honoured past,—one finds it difficult to conceive how, by the process proposed, it is to be made to stultify itself, to swallow its own utterances, to confess that it is a worm and

no independent institution at all. Yet clearly there is a section—a very noisy section—of the community, which confidently anticipates that by the ingenious expedients which will be resorted to, the wills of the nobility (at other times, when convenient, characterised as stubborn, inflexible, besotted wills) are to yield themselves as clay to the potter, and become conformed to the fashions of the Gladstone Cabinet. We must not be too confident in the presence of such magicians as are going to undertake this conversion; but we venture to imagine that the Peers may continue to be a little headstrong up to Christmas.

As soon as the Ministerial programme was announced, Lord Randolph Churchill showed how the oft-declared difficulty of passing the two bills in one year might be overcome. Let the Parliament, as he said, be adjourned, instead of prorogued, from August to October. The Franchise Bill will then not have perished when work may be resumed in the autumn. Devote the autumn session to preparing the redistribution; so may the Lords have the reform before them, complete in two parts, before the end of the year. There need not be any difficulty about following this course; and if the Ministry be sincere in pleading the shortness of a session as the reason why a complete measure cannot be submitted at one view, the way out of that perplexity is obvious to them. But they decline to adopt Lord Randolph's suggestion; it is clear, therefore, that they split the Bill into two, not because they cannot, but because they will not, work it otherwise. They prefer to blot out the Bill which lies ready prepared to their hand, to repeat *ab initio* the tedious labour of producing it,

and then to ask again the consent of the Upper House to the same measure which it has already so determinedly put aside. It will puzzle even Mr Gladstone's dexterity to prove that this is other than wilful arrogance and contradiction. Only too apparent is it that the majority of the Ministerialists do not desire to smooth away difficulties, but rather that a collision between two branches of the Legislature should be precipitated.

It thus becomes the duty of all true patriots, since war there must be, to show the Peers, on whose shoulders the burden and heat of the contest will press, that they are not without sympathy and support in this untoward crisis. We of the Conservative side can at least take an influential part in those passages of the struggle which are to be enacted outside of the Houses of Parliament. The opportunity is not permitted us of putting forth our strength in a constitutional manner,—that is, in the arbitrament of a general election; but we may fairly make use of all our energies in resisting what promises to be one of the most intemperate, the most unwarrantable, and the most unscrupulous political agitations that ever were organised. Of how our opponents mean to conduct the attack we have already significant warnings. At the meeting of the Liberal party which took place at the Foreign Office on the 10th July, Mr Goschen made an appeal to his friends, advising them that however decided might be their aim as regarded this Reform agitation, he trusted they would proceed with moderation, without menace, and without any attempt to stir up the country. The exclamations and interruptions which his speech called forth were enough of themselves to show how little the party

meant to follow his advice. But the public are not left to gather their sentiments from exclamations and interruptions. Mr Bright spoke after Mr Goschen, and used language which could leave no doubt that he contemplated a crusade against the House of Lords, as well as an agitation in favour of Reform.

The temper of the meeting and the counsel of Mr Bright might have called for further remark from us, had not a foul stroke with a poisoned weapon, delivered by Mr Gladstone at the same meeting, thrown other incidents of that meeting completely into the shade. Before commenting on the Prime Minister's words and conduct, it is advisable to make an extract from the report of his speech. In about the middle of the oration he is reported to have said :—

“We have therefore given every possible assurance that man can give that we desire to effect a redistribution before the natural time arrives for a dissolution of the present Parliament. We were so anxious that solemnity should be given to these pledges, and that they should be placed beyond all possibility of evasion, that even at the last moment a mode was devised for giving them additional solemnity, and an offer was made to the Tory party in the House of Lords the night before last, but was rejected. It was an offer that both Houses should, on the responsibility of the Government, be invited to pass identical resolutions in which it should be set forth that each House had passed the Franchise Bill in reliance on the pledges of her Majesty's advisers to introduce the Redistribution Bill next year, and to make the passing of that redistribution the great object of their efforts; and that this resolution as so passed should be presented by a joint Address to the Crown, by which the matter could be formally accepted, so that there would be the concurrence of the three bodies which gave the

authority of law, and although it would not have the form, it would yet have all the moral authority of law, and make certain, if anything in future can be, the devotion of the next session of Parliament to the settlement of this question of redistribution. That offer was rejected because the leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords said he could not discuss redistribution with a rope round his neck. A rope round his neck ! That used to be a penalty inflicted on innovators who failed. At least it was a warning applied to innovators who failed in certain ancient republics, and the warning was sometimes applied in a manner more effective than agreeable. But what is this rope round his neck ? It is the prospect of a large addition to the franchise. I utterly deny that that large addition to the franchise ought to be regarded as a rope round the neck of Lord Salisbury. I am here to assert that it is a substantial though imperfect good. It is our duty not to be content with an imperfect good when we can get a perfect one. We have shown by every means that we can show that we shall not be content with the Franchise Bill alone, but will make every effort possible to pass next year a measure of redistribution. But I do protest that it is monstrous to describe as a great calamity, or as a danger, the admission within the electoral areas now constituted of a large additional number of our fellow-countrymen of the classes who already have experience of the political franchise. But, gentlemen, they speak of it as if the franchise was a poison, and as if nothing in the world but the antidote of redistribution would neutralise it. They speak as if these persons to be enfranchised were a set of wild beasts to be brought within the parliamentary constitution, and that we could never have safety until they were all brought within their cages. That is the tone adopted ; and I protest against it in the name of common-sense, that those fellow-citizens of ours, who belong to the same stamp as have already passed muster, should be handled in a manner which I cannot call anything else than insulting.”

It will be observed that in this

extract there are three divisions ; and as each division, when looked at by the light cast on it by subsequent examinations and revelations, contains matter for much astonishment as well as for comment, we make a brief index of the three. These are—

1. An account of a negotiation.
2. A citation of words imputed to the leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords as used by him in the course of that negotiation.
3. Strong observations on those words, and the sentiments which suggested them.

Before the speech was two days old, proof was offered by incontrovertible evidence,—as regards No. 1: That the negotiation alluded to was strictly secret and confidential ; that it belongs to a class of communications which is invariably regarded as secret and confidential ; that it was regarded as secret and confidential by every one who had to do with it, *except the Prime Minister* ; and that he did not fairly or honestly describe it. As regards No. 2 : That the leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords never used the words imputed to him in the extract which we have given above. As regards No. 3 : That, as the words were never used by the person to whom they were imputed, a vile expedient had been adopted for injuring his public character by circulating inflammatory and invidious representations of what was a pure invention of the orator.

We remember the exposures of a great many political scandals ; but considering the fiendish character of the offence and the position of the offender, we doubt whether any turpitude of modern times equals that which we are now condemning. There does not appear to have been the flimsiest

shadow of fact for the gross and daring misrepresentation—writers seem to have agreed not to call it falsehood ; but what is falsehood, if this be not it ? It served a momentary purpose ; it was unhesitatingly uttered ; and after it had been coined it was examined, compared, made to render injurious deductions, stigmatised as breathing insult and hatred to the people, and in various ways held up to odium.

Mr Gladstone made, it now appears, a proposal for accommodating differences concerning the Franchise Bill, to the leaders of the Conservative party in the House of Lords on the 8th July. They declined to accept his proposals, but in return substituted other proposals directed to the same object. In speaking to his own party of the transactions of this night, he took care to speak of his own proposals as tokens of his hearty desire for accommodating matters, but he took care also to omit all mention of the counter-proposals of his adversaries, whom he did not choose to represent as desirous of peace at all. This was not ingenuous.

But his mention of these negotiations at all was clearly a gross breach of the confidence and secrecy which are usually observed among statesmen concerning such delicate transactions. Lord Cairns regarded the communications as secret and confidential ; Lord Granville regarded them in the same light ; Lord Salisbury also, who was made to speak in Mr Gladstone's fiction as if legislating with a rope round his neck, treated the affair as strictly confidential. The Prime Minister only, setting honour and custom at defiance when an opportunity offered of glorifying himself and aspersing his opponents, published as much of

what had occurred as suited his purpose. For knowledge of the story in full, the public are indebted to the debates which occurred in both Houses in consequence of his disregard of truth and his breach of faith and of courtesy.

The above is a specimen of one of the modes of warfare which the Radicals intend to adopt in their attack upon the Peers. One would have supposed that to hear their leader convicted of such flagrant iniquities would have mortified and shamed his followers. But this, as far as the House of Commons was concerned, was by no means the case. The Radicals in that assembly only applauded the offender the more, the more his shameful behaviour was brought to light. Nothing, it is clear, will be dishonouring in their eyes if its object be to slander or otherwise injure the Conservative party. They will condemn nothing as gentlemen by which they have a chance of benefiting as partisans. To such a low level has the moral sense of the Ministerial party descended!

Such an example having been set, there can be no doubt that the attack will be prosecuted by all and every means, fair and unfair. Falsehood will be sedulously propagated, breaches of faith will be venial, nay, laudable, if they can conduce to the end which the Cabinet and their friends have in view—namely, the overriding of constitutional authority by clamour, menace, and violence. It is by no means a certainty that the evil teaching will be successful; that the people, properly so called, will join in the outrageous assault; or that the House of Lords will be deserted while fighting the battle of the nation. They have taken up a plain and intelligible position, and they must

not flinch from it. Victory, we may fairly hope, will crown their brave endurance. Even should fortune be against them, they had better fall with harness on their backs; for if they yield now, they sink for ever into a lifeless Chamber, preserving a dishonoured existence on condition of never again protesting against popular violence. They will incur contempt on all sides, and will naturally fall into neglect and decay. But we need not look to such a result. The Peers, we may be sure, will be true to themselves and to us.

The Prime Minister appears to be confident that, by the time that we are in an autumn session, the measures, constitutional and otherwise, which it is intended to take, will have so wrought upon the Peers that he will have no difficulty then in inducing them to pass a Franchise Bill such as he may present to them. But he is bound to look at the possibility of another result. Suppose either that the pressure which he expects to see put upon them should not be so general or so strong as he expects, or suppose that whether it be strong or not, the Peers manfully determine to do their duty and abide by their conscientious convictions. He will have to appeal to the people at last, and he may possibly see reason to regret that the step which he might now take without loss of dignity, he would then have recourse to as a last chance of succeeding. It is quite intelligible why he should be most unwilling to dissolve. His whole administration has been one of disaster and failure, and undoubtedly his followers would experience much difficulty in finding anything to say to their constituents that could induce them to decree a continuance of the present Government. The ruin

which it has brought upon Ireland, the threatening position of Russia on the frontier of our Indian empire, the dismal condition to which Egypt has been misguided, and the cruel desertion of Gordon, to say nothing of the many other failures and errors, would certainly come up for memorials against them. The declining trade and revenue of the country would induce the electors to desire a change of rulers. But is there any reason to hope that the case of the Ministry will be better three months hence? No; there is every probability that in three months' time they will only have got deeper in the mire. The Opposition will have greater reason then to desire an appeal to the people than they have now.

In saying this we do not lose sight of what many people consider to be Mr Gladstone's great gun, which he will have laid and ready to fire before winter. This notable engine is to be the frenzy which is to be directed against the obstinacy of the Lords, and which is to be so sublime and engrossing that it will refuse to see the gross faults of the past, and will send the electors to the polling-booths with only one idea—"Down with the House of Lords!"

Now it would be a by no means superfluous cogitation on the part of those who are so anxious to demolish, trample down, and sweep away, if they were to reflect on how they will set to work to wreak their vengeance on the Lords—by means of the law, we mean, and by legal process: we know very well that physical violence may be applied to the nobility personally, but that will not destroy nor diminish in the estimation of a hair the rights of the House of Lords as an institution for the making of laws. That

House is not now, and never was, in any degree constituted by or dependent on the will of the House of Commons. It stands on its own long-descended rights and privileges, and it is constitutionally as strong and as self-sustaining as the Crown or the Commons. Either its consent to its own effacement, or a revolution, would be necessary to its abolition.

Hitherto we have been arguing as if collisions, such as we are experiencing now, would have to be settled in longer or shorter time by the Lords and the Commons among themselves. It is quite right not to be too ready to drag into view of the arena another power which, though in ordinary times not prompt to interfere in such disagreements, is nevertheless very competent to come to the rescue of the land if business should be reduced to a dead-lock. The separate prerogatives of the Crown, if in these days they seldom obtrude themselves on our notice, are merely dormant; they can revive and come into force in any emergency that may be sufficiently grave to demand their appearance. A headstrong Minister can refuse to dissolve Parliament only so long as it may be the pleasure of the Crown to follow his advice. True, the dissolution must have the concurrence of a Minister, but then it is the right of the Crown to appoint a new Minister; and a Minister could without difficulty be found who would readily consent to a dissolution of Parliament, so as to solve the difficulty in which the machinery of the State is now jammed.

It has for long been manifest to discerning men that the elements of our constitution having, by the course of events, varied in some of the component parts, would peremptorily require change in another

part to preserve equilibrium. The House of Commons has in many ways deteriorated in its capacity for work. It has become a mere talking and wrangling assembly, while it has lost the skill with which, in old days, it could despatch public business. The House of Lords, on the contrary, has the talent of getting through its work rapidly, and doing it thoroughly. Spite of this, the Commons—the much-cry-and-little-wool Assembly—demand to have the most influential voice on all questions of State, while the wisdom and perspicacity of the Lords can obtain for them tolerance at the best, but more frequently rancorous odium,—that is, the influences of the institutions are in the inverse ratio of their values as great organs of State. This inequality cannot be redressed by any direct adjustment; but it may be virtually compensated for by bringing into more visible prominence the controlling power of the Crown. There may be, and there are, the greatest differences of opinion in the country concerning the pretension of the Commons to domineer and of the Lords to veto, but there can be no doubt whatever as to the absolute impartiality of the Sovereign. If we are in need of a third influence which shall hold the balance between the two Houses, we have it ready made and adapted to the work. Instead of allowing the country to be convulsed and frightened from its propriety, every time the Lords Spiritual and Temporal take one view of a question and the Commons take another, why not let the Sovereign be umpire? It was to preserve a due balance in the Constitution that the open action of the Crown in matters of State was discountenanced and almost suppressed. It is to preserve the same balance,

now threatened from wholly different quarters, that we should do well to invoke again the great authority of the Throne, of which we have wholly ceased to be jealous. The days are no doubt coming when, if we are to remain a nation at all, the Crown will be compelled to assume active duties and responsibilities; but by anticipating the time of compulsion we may now cast upon the sovereign power many of those perplexities which are wont to distract and inflame us.

We do not ourselves know, and we have never had a hint to inform us, how it is expected in any quarter that the country at large will be benefited by postponing a Redistribution Bill until after a Franchise Bill shall have been enacted. We understand very well how the present Government might find its ends farthered by such an arrangement, but that is a totally different thing. The clamour which is being raised on all sides would make it appear that though the Franchise is, in the public view, very desirable, yet, in order that it may satisfy the public demand, it must be unaccompanied by redistribution of seats. If this be not the right explanation of the crisis which has been created, there can be no crisis at all. For it is not on either side denied that the extension of the franchise must be given. It is only about giving it before the redistribution also is embodied in a bill that there is a disagreement. The nation is more concerned to have the extension and the redistribution together than to have the one without the other. Only the most arrant perversity could make it insist upon keeping redistribution apart. And as we have already said, we do not believe that the nation, properly so called, in-

sists, or will insist, upon any such thing.

The Lords, it is said by some of the advocates of the Ministry, abhor the thought of the extension of the Franchise, and only seek to have it connected with the Redistribution in order that they may play one measure against the other, and so ruin both. But whatever the sentiments of the Lords towards the extension may once have been—and those who accuse them of abhorring it probably charged them on suspicion only—they have now given to the principle of extension a sanction which it will be impossible for them to recall. There is therefore not the least danger, should they be allowed to see the Redistribution Bill, of their using it to the prejudice of the Franchise Bill, except so far as they may withhold assent to the latter until they are satisfied of the former being equitably adjusted. A little delay is the worst that can happen if there should be differences of opinion about the seats; but if the voting power be by the House of Commons distributed without an eye to party advantage, there need be no delay at all.

We think it is to be much regretted that Earl Wemyss thought it his duty, after the Lords had, on the morning of the 9th July, decided against the second reading of the Franchise Bill, to submit to them the following Resolution on the evening of the 17th July:—

“That this House is prepared to proceed now with the consideration of the Representation of the People Bill, on the understanding that an humble address shall be presented to her Majesty, humbly praying her Majesty to summon Parliament to assemble in the early part of the autumn for the purpose of considering

the Redistribution Bill which her Majesty’s Ministers have undertaken to present to Parliament on the earliest occasion possible.”

The Resolution is cited here in full, in order that our readers may judge for themselves how far it tends to settle the question at issue. Earl Wemyss in proposing it was, as we do not doubt, influenced by laudable motives—by a great wish to promote agreement between the branches of the Legislature, and to avert the unwholesome agitation and its consequences to which the Radicals are about to subject the country. But for the House of Lords to have accepted it, would have been for them to have yielded the very point on which they took their stand only a week before. Their determination was not to proceed with the consideration of the Franchise Bill until they should be in possession of the plan of Redistribution which Ministers intend to present as a supplement to the extension of the Franchise. The Resolution would have bound them to proceed at once with the Franchise Bill, without knowing what the Redistribution is to be—nay, without any security as to when they may acquire that knowledge. For, unless her Majesty should be pleased, and advised by her Minister, to grant the prayer of the address, the time of settling the Redistribution would be as indefinite as ever. Supposing, however, that her Majesty should have consented to grant the prayer of the petition, the House of Lords, by passing the Franchise Bill now, would surrender all control over the provisions of the Redistribution Bill when it should be presented to them in the autumn. Ministers supported the Resolution in the House, which of itself showed that it favoured the Ministerial and

not the Conservative side. It has been rejected by a large majority, and has, therefore, not altered the *status* of the contest. It is nevertheless to be regretted, as we have said, that his Lordship thought proper to submit such a proposal, because it gives occasion to the enemies of the Upper House to assert that the Peers are so set upon strife that they have refused to listen to a compromise, which a moderate member of their own body thought to be reasonable and acceptable. We have shown that the acceptance of the Resolution would have been tantamount to an absolute surrender; and we can only express our satisfaction at the Lords having (as we were sure they would) declined to entertain it.

The occasion, however, created by Earl Wemyss, was destined to be improved by the Opposition in the House of Lords; for Earl Cado-gan availed himself of it to propose as an amendment another resolution, to the effect "That this House is of opinion that it would be desirable that Parliament should assemble in the early part of the autumn for the purpose of considering the Representation of the People Bill, already presented to Parliament, in conjunction with the Redistribution Bill, which her Majesty's Ministers have undertaken to present to Parliament on the earliest occasion possible." This amendment, which was agreed to after their lordships had rejected the resolution of Earl Wemyss, repeats, as a formal declaration of the Upper House, what had been abundantly made clear by individual speakers in the debate on the second reading of the Franchise Bill. But it had, by the 17th July, acquired a significance which did not attach to it when the second reading was un-

der discussion. For, between the refusal to read the Bill a second time and the proposal of Earl Wemyss, a most important admission had been made by Ministers regarding their reasons for separating Redistribution from Extension. Their old protestation had been, that the time of any one session would not suffice for carrying through the two Bills, and that, therefore, the presentation of the two together to the Lords was an impossibility. In his speech, however, made at the Foreign Office after the rejection of the second reading by the Lords, Mr Gladstone confessed that it was a device of party tactics to force the Franchise Bill through both Houses without Redistribution, in order that Parliament might have left to it only the choice between affirming such a redistribution as he might be pleased to approve, and having no redistribution at all.

The real motive for separating the Bills being thus at length patent, and different expedients having been suggested whereby the pretended difficulty concerning time can be obviated, the case was ripe for the solemn announcement of the Lords, that they will be ready to consider both Bills together in the early autumn. This resolution alone is sufficient to contradict the cry that the Lords are obstructing the enfranchisement of two millions of the people. The Lords, so far from obstructing, have put on record their readiness to deal with both a Franchise and a Redistribution Bill before the end of the year, if only Ministers will present these two measures to them. Upon Ministers, therefore, rests the responsibility of speedily settling this vexed question, or of leaving it still a contention, a corroding

sore. As things have now fallen out, it is most improbable that they will be able to carry out their two designs of cooking the redistribution, and of extending the franchise forthwith. By giving up the purely party advantage of cooking the redistribution, they may achieve the great national advantage of securing the passage of the two Bills, and of ceasing to convulse the whole land, as they have begun to do. Will they declare for peace? We think not. Every move of theirs in respect of this franchise extension has been made with a view to continuance in office. It is lest they should lose their places that they decline to appeal to the people by means of a dissolution of Parliament: it is lest they should lose their places that they are endeavouring, *vi et armis*, to force the House of Lords into panic-stricken acquiescence with their schemes. With such party interests at stake, they will never consider the peace or concord of the country. The vote of the Lords in response to Lord Cadogan may serve to teach the people exactly what attitude their Lordships have taken up, but it will not guide Ministers to the surrender of party advantage for the public good.

Thus the disagreement between the two Houses remains at the time of our going to press the same as it was on the 9th July. And we see little prospect of an accommodation being effected before our day of publication. It is, no doubt, in the power of Ministers virtually to end this untoward state of things—1. By adjourning instead of proroguing next month, and by passing their Redistribution Bill through the Commons in the autumn subdivision of the session; 2. By dissolving Parliament. For

the Premier to resort to either of these measures would be to deprive the most violent of his followers of the campaign which they are preparing against the House of Lords. We have therefore not the faintest hope that either measure will find favour in his sight. He will prefer that the country shall be convulsed and alarmed by the machinations of agitators for an indefinite period.

We hope and entreat that the Conservative subjects of her Majesty will rouse themselves and combine for resistance to outrage and to breaches of the law; that they will take steps, too, for letting it be known that, if not the more noisy, they are the more numerous and by far the more intelligent portion of the community. It will be especially necessary that we should help ourselves, for the Government, who should be the guardians of public order, are on the same side as the agitators, and are likely to do as much here for the protection of unoffending people as they did in Ireland in 1880. It may be said, as a word of encouragement to the side which is usually slow to shake off social quiet, and which so often allows itself to be shouted down by an adversary really weaker than itself, that the dread shown by Ministers of appealing to the people is strong evidence that, down to the base of the electoral system at least, they believe us to be more potent than themselves. The Peers have set us an example of the cool steady resolution with which this agitation ought to be met. Let us remember how Mr Gladstone always yields to pressure from a bold front,—how he withdrew before the Affghans, how he withdrew before the Boers, how he has always yielded to the persistent Irish. Once let him see

that he bites against a file, and we shall soon have another retreat to add to the many by which he has rendered himself contemptible.

The struggle may be severe, but it is well worth essaying. If we come out victors we free this generation, and probably one or two succeeding ones, from the tyranny of the rabble, by which it is constantly attempted to extort from us concessions against which justice and sound policy alike raise a warning hand. It is high time that it should be understood that clamour and menace, tumult and violence, are not to be all-prevailing in this order-loving land.

The Marquis of Salisbury pointed out very clearly in his powerful speech in the House on the 17th July that the Lords have not killed the Franchise Bill, as they might and would have done if their hostility had been against it, instead of against the manner in which it has been brought before them. The Bill is alive to this day. If it is to be killed, it will be killed by Prorogation, and Prorogation will be the act of the Ministry. Indeed, his lordship's speech in reference to Lord Wemyss's resolution was a manly exposition of the situation and commentary thereon,—“the central position which we are defending, the essential point that we must maintain, and on what accessories or secondary issues we are able to accept a compromise.” His observations on the forces with which the House of Lords will have to contend cannot be too widely published or impressed upon public attention, for they exhibit not only the unscrupulous character of the attack, but the intrepid resistance with which it is intended to meet it.

“I do not recognise in the arguments that have been used to-night any considerations which should turn

this House from the resolution to which it deliberately came ten days ago. In fact, I heard nothing but this one cry, that misrepresentation is so powerful that you must not do what is right lest you should be misrepresented. The noble Earl's cry has been—*magnum est mendacium, et prævalebit*. He believes in the unlimited power of misrepresentation and falsehood. Though we have in every speech which we have uttered expressed our will and wish to bring this enfranchisement into law, though we have recorded that wish in the most solemn manner on the journals of this House, yet the noble Earl tells us it will be easy for agitators to mislead the people, and that it will be perfectly impossible for the people to pay the slightest attention to our professions. He told us that the Conservative party throughout the country would blame our action. I venture to say I know more of the Conservative party than the noble Earl. I have had communications from every part of the country—from the largest and most populous communities, and from open meetings where workmen were represented and voted in very large numbers; and I venture to say that though I do not doubt that the Radical party are strongly and bitterly opposed to us, and will desist from no effort to attack us, the Conservative party are as strongly in our favour, and that this feeling extends far beyond what is technically known as the limits of the Conservative party. This argument as to the omnipotence of misrepresentation, and as to the power of agitation, is unworthy of this House, and is a dangerous principle to admit into legislation. If it is once established that the fear of agitation is sufficient to make you recede from a decision solemnly taken only ten days ago, you may be quite sure that the weapon so discovered will not be allowed to remain useless in its scabbard. *The Birmingham Caucus will then be divided into two departments—one for the manipulation of the House of Commons, and the other for the intimidation of the House of Lords.* Whenever it is desired, in the interests of any party or clique or corrupt interest, to pass some Bill through this House to which

this House objects, the same tactics before which we are now asked to tremble will be repeated, the same agitation will be produced, and the same weapons will be employed to beat down our calmer judgment. I have no belief in the assertion that this misrepresentation will be all-powerful. I do not so lightly esteem the clearness of perception and discernment which distinguishes our countrymen."

We sincerely hope that those noble lords who have been in such terror of the effects of misrepresentation will be comforted by the courageous tone of that member of their body who has been wronged by misrepresentation more than any of them—who has had words falsely put into his mouth, and who has been bitterly criticised and pointed at for what he never said. They may be quite sure of one thing, which is, that the more they concede, the more they will be required to concede. Girding up the loins does not always mean fighting: on occasions like this there is wisdom in the adage, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*. There is no "rest and be thankful" for them unless they can make good their own most venerable position, and unless they can show us, their friends, that whenever the occasion may arise, we may look to them, as we are looking now, to be the guardians of our liberties, our institutions, and that distribution of political power under which alone we can hope to preserve our great and civilising influence among the nations of the world.

We have said our say, and had laid down the pen; but another glance at the Marquis of Salisbury's speech on the 17th July has caused us to resume it. The hearty words of his lordship's peroration will conclude these remarks more conveniently than a sentence of ours, for they authoritatively assure

those to whom we write of the devotion with which he will protect those interests which have been confided to his keeping. The noble Marquis concluded thus:—

"Certain I am of this, that the duty of this House is not to look to the right or to the left for considerations of this kind. If a House like this, in its nature independent, is of any value at all, its value consists in its power of disregarding merely transitory clamour. Let us adhere to the right without caring for the gloss or colour that agitators may place upon it, preferring our duty to this country and to its Queen against any dangers, whether they be real or whether they be imaginary, which the minds, I think, of over-troubled adversaries conjure up to deter us from our duty."

Post scriptum.

At the moment, almost, of going to press, we are allowed an opportunity of adding a few words on the events of the 21st and 22d July.

A great Radical gathering took place in London on Monday, 21st, according to the programme which had been widely and repeatedly announced. Its object was to menace the House of Lords with its (the gathering's) high displeasure if it should persist in resisting Mr Gladstone's will, and to denounce it altogether as a branch of the Legislature. Of course the assemblage of Monday assumed to be "the people." The crowd, which was brought together at some trouble and expense, dispersed again before midnight, and, as far as we can ascertain, has not in any way tended to the settlement of the contest concerning the Franchise Bill; but it has been an example of attempting to influence legislation by display of force, and by the assembling of enormous multitudes, which is evil in itself,

and may well be a cause of alarm to the quiet and orderly portion of the community. The true verdict of the people can be delivered at the polling-booths, but nowhere else.

On the 22d the Earl of Redesdale called the attention of the Upper House to the circumstances of the disagreement between the Lords and the Government. His Lordship's object was conciliation, but he does not, unfortunately, appear to have made progress in that direction. He did not raise a lengthy debate, and there was a repetition of old arguments and observations, but very little presentation of new ones.

Speaking to a great Conservative meeting at Sheffield on the same evening, Lord Salisbury explained in popular language the main points of the case, as it really stands between the Ministry and the Lords. He, moreover, in clear and forcible oratory, defended the hereditary House as the best second chamber in the world. The present House of Commons, as he said, is moribund, and ought not, at this advanced period of its existence, to have taken up this Franchise

question, which was very faintly, if at all, submitted to the public at the last general election.

By far the most striking utterance of the noble Marquis on this occasion was the citation which he made from a speech of Mr Bright, spoken in 1859, but so applicable to the state of affairs at present, that it cannot be too widely circulated. Mr Bright, as it appears, pronounced thus concerning Extension and Redistribution of the Franchise :—

“Repudiate without mercy any Bill of any Government, whatever its franchise, whatever its seeming concessions may be, if it does not redistribute the seats. The question of redistribution is the very soul of the question. Unless you get that, you will be deceived ; and when the Bill is passed, you may possibly have to lament that you are not in the position that you would wish to find yourselves in.”

Mr Bright has thus, by anticipation, fully justified the present attitude of the House of Lords. He has not shown us how he reconciles his doctrine of 1859 with his sentiments and conduct of to-day.

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THE WATERS OF HERCULES.—PART II.

CHAPTER IV.—A VICTIM OF SCIENCE.

“Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.”—1 Cor. x. 12.

ACCIDENTS, together with concerts, balls, births, marriages, adventures, and discoveries, are to the world at large neither more nor less than a newspaper item—a food for daily gossip which stands rather higher in interest than natural death, and rather lower than wilful murder. The column of accidents will scarcely be scanned with as much attention as the column of exchange; and though the habitual newspaper-reader may feel somewhat ill-used if nothing more exciting has occurred than the drowning of a couple of village-boys out bathing, his interest in the accident column is not likely to take any shape but this.

How wonderfully, how selfishly callous we are towards the misfortunes of all except that handful of fellow-creatures with whose features, and voices, and manners, neckties and coats, we happen to be familiar! How little we are touched by the destruction of un-

known men! Oh strange want of imagination! amazing poverty of fancy!

Who loses a night's sleep because some peasant lad has been killed by lightning? Whose appetite suffers because of the list of charred corpses that were dragged from the ruins of a theatre? Whose spirit is dejected because a workman has fallen from his scaffolding and been picked up dead? Workmen falling from scaffoldings is a thing which happens every day, and, according to the average number of houses being built, must continue to happen. If we take the trouble to say, “Poor man!” this certainly is the greatest length to which our good-nature goes. We never stop to follow up the thought, nor picture to ourselves the dead man brought home, his orphans' faces, and his widow's tears. “How fortunate that I did not pass down that street this afternoon!” we perhaps re-

mark; for we think more of the shock that has been spared our nerves than of that unknown individual's death. Next paper most likely brings the account of a more sensational accident,—perhaps a gigantic explosion, or a mysterious murder, which feeds our appetite for romance with higher-seasoned food,—and the workman is forgotten while he still lies unburied.

But the selfishness of youth is a more refined and more perfect form of the general selfishness of humanity; and Gretchen possessed this first bloom of selfishness in a not inconsiderable degree. Moreover, she had a spirit which inclined to the sanguine order. Never once had she contemplated the possibility of misfortune coming her way. She had always felt blindly confident that the train in which *she* travelled would not run against any other train; that the house in which *she* lived would not fall to pieces and bury her. All the more utterly overwhelming was the agony of the moment which had now come.

Never in after-days was she able to recall exactly the details of this terrible evening. There had been a period of suspense—how long she did not know: it might have been hours, or perhaps only minutes, that she had sat rigid in her chair; then there was the darkened bedroom, which to her bewildered eyes seemed to be unaccountably full of people,—the servants in a flutter—her mother in hysterics; hurried whisperings and hushed footsteps; two unknown men with grave faces, whom she guessed to be doctors; a thin fussy gentleman whom she vaguely recognised as Herr Steinwurm, one of her father's scientific friends, and who in a quick *staccato* voice, and with much agitation of

manner, was talking incessantly and excitedly.

On the bed lay a motionless figure bleeding from a wound in the forehead. The hair had been pushed back and drenched with water; the white face was painfully distorted.

This was the father from whom Gretchen had parted so carelessly only two short hours ago.

She was conscious of a strange feeling of unreality as she lay on her knees and held the cold white hand in hers. What she said, or whether she wept, she could not afterwards remember; but she knew that Dr Komers had spoken to her, that the physicians had tried to drag her away, and that even Herr Steinwurm had put in his word of exhortation.

"Dear Fräulein Mohr," he implored, while moving about restlessly on his thin legs, which, together with his face and general frame, bore an appearance of mustiness and mildew, as if he himself had been recently dug out of some dark and gloomy catacomb,—
"dear Fräulein Mohr, avoid agitation, and try and resign yourself to Providence. No one can be more distressed than I am; these are the sacrifices which Science demands. I was within an ace of being smashed myself. I can still see it hovering,—all over in a minute—man and stone disappearing together; but," he added with a touch of pride, "I insisted on the man being attended to before the stone. Science may suffer; but humanity first, I say. Dear Fräulein Mohr, these sacrifices are unavoidable. You must have heard of the destruction of twenty-seven workmen last year,—just in the same way—only on a larger scale, that is all; but the same, radically the same. Science—yes, Science is cruel. Think of Provi-

dence, think of Science, Fräulein Mohr." Thus Herr Steinwurm prattled on, unheeded and unchecked.

There was much whispering and consultation round the bed; the two doctors contradicted each other in a polite undertone, and refuted each other's opinions with due regard to professional etiquette.

"Is there any hope?" Gretchen managed at last to inquire with apparent calmness.

The whispering began again; the doctors cleared their throats, hesitated, glanced irresolutely around them; finally, the least evasive of the two admitted grudgingly that there existed a certain conditional possibility of hope—"for his life," he added, after a second's pause.

Gretchen drew a long breath. "The wound has almost stopped bleeding," she remarked in a more hopeful whisper.

The doctor who had spoken looked at his learned friend, and his learned friend looked back at him, and then bent over the patient. The first doctor cleared his throat again and stared at Gretchen.

"The wound in the head? Ah yes, it has stopped bleeding," he said, doubtfully. "So it is that which frightened you?"

"Yes," she said, with a shudder.

"That is not the mischief, though."

"Is there anything else the matter?"

The doctor coughed again, and looked down at his knees, then towards the bed; and, following his glance, Gretchen for the first time perceived the unnatural twisted attitude in which her father lay: the line of the coverlet showed that the legs were half drawn up in a way which suggested some horrible mutilation.

Now Gretchen understood why the doctor had said that he hoped—for his life. Her heart sickened at the thought of the future.

"But broken legs can be set again," she resolutely suggested.

The doctor, who was bending over the bed, observed, without looking up, "Knee-cap splintered, compound fracture of the hip-bone, both ankles severely injured."

It was all the more appalling for being incomprehensible. Hitherto Gretchen had always believed that a thing was either broken or it was not; and, once broken, you had only got to mend it again and it would be all right. These nice definitions, these ghastly *nuances*, were strange to her.

"Can I be of any use?" inquired Herr Steinwurm, tripping about the room, addressing himself to the company collectively. "Shall I be required to stay? Somebody ought to take charge—ah, I perceive—Dr Komers; I am forestalled,"—and the thin antiquarian breathed a sigh of undisguised relief. His very breath seemed to bring with it a whiff of underground air. "Do you intend to stay, Dr Komers?"

Vincenz bowed.

"Ah—exactly; a man without family ties can always dispose of his time. Now I am a family man; my wife must have waited supper for me during the last hour. I scarcely feel justified in staying longer. Domestic duties—you know. If it had been cold supper, I might possibly—(we have cold supper twice a-week," he explained parenthetically,) "but this is not the day; I am *so* distressed! Good-night, Dr Komers. Try and keep up your spirits, Fräulein Mohr; I am *so* distressed!" and Herr Steinwurm sidled out of the sick-room, home—and supper—wards, feeling very clear in his

conscience. What could a man be expected to do for his mutilated friend, beyond bringing him home in a cab and sending for a doctor?

It was not long after Herr Steinwurm's departure that one of the doctors took his leave; and then, when another half-hour of unbroken silence had trailed away, the second physician drew on his gloves.

"Are you going also?" asked Gretchen, wistfully.

"I must; a more pressing case awaits me. I may be back to-morrow morning, and I shall bring a nurse. Can you sit up till then?" He looked towards Vincenz.

"I will sit up," answered Gretchen.

"There is no need," said Vincenz from across the bed; "I know how these bandages are put on." He had one in his hand as he spoke, and bent forward to lay it right, but Gretchen snatched it away.

"Leave that to me," she said, hotly. "It is I who must sit up."

Vincenz made no answer, but walked to the farther end of the room, out of the feeble circle of light.

"Yes, yes; a woman's hand is lighter," agreed the doctor, as he took his departure.

Every ten minutes the bandages were to be changed, and with the scrupulous over-exactitude of a novice, Gretchen counted the seconds of each interval. She thought she knew the watch that lay beside her, but she did not recognise it as Dr Komers's.

The faint ticking of the watch was the only sound in the room; it throbbed like the heart of some living thing; only now and then the trickle of water broke the silence, as, with her white fingers, Gretchen wrung out a bandage.

The shutters were closed and

the curtains drawn, she noticed, and vaguely wondered who had done it, for no servant had been in the room.

After a time she felt her knees aching, and sat down on a chair. Dr Komers was still at the far end of the room; he had not again offered to help her.

Could it really be possible that within these same twenty-four hours Gretchen had been dancing in a lighted ball-room, wreathed in garlands of apple-blossoms? It seemed like yesterday, it seemed like a week ago.

She closed her eyes for an instant, and then opened them again at a sound. Dr Komers was standing beside her.

"I think you had better drink this," he was saying, holding a glass of wine towards her.

She took it mechanically; and the first taste of wine on her lips made her feel how weak and hungry she had been till then. She held out the empty glass towards Vincenz without looking at him, and he went and sat down again on his distant chair.

The wine had made her feel quite strong again, thought Gretchen, and strangely wide awake. She sat with her eyes on the watch, counting the seconds. Still three minutes, still two minutes, before the bandage must be changed; and then her head sank back, her eyelids closed, and she was fast asleep, with the wet linen in her hand.

The scene of her dream was the vault of the Frauenkirche; and pictures conjured up by Herr Steinwurm's broken phrases passed busily through her brain; but, like most dreams, these pictures were false and fantastical, for Gretchen still ignored the facts of the case, which in reality were as follows:—

In the vault of the Frauenkirche, an old and somewhat dilapidated edifice, some repairs, recently begun, had been the source of an interesting discovery. An inner opening had been found leading to a small and hitherto unknown crypt, which, judging by the inscriptions and the half-effaced ciphers on some of the stones, appeared to be of an older date than the body of the church. A few lines in a local paper calling attention to this fact had been enough to bring a swarm of historians and antiquarians buzzing round the Frauenkirche. Correspondences were started, in which learned men said sarcastic things to each other, and commissions were organised to ascertain the truth and settle knotty points. Adalbert Mohr, as a well-known authority, was among the first who were asked for their support; and he lent his help with all the energy and eager love of discovery, which had not grown weaker but stronger with years.

There were eight men who descended together to the vault; a queer assembly of withered faces and grey heads, keen eyes and parchment complexions—men who had spent their lives in digging in dark corners, and grubbing the secrets of the past out of deep holes. Adalbert Mohr, with the slight sprinkling of silver on his hair, was the youngest, and at the same time the keenest, among them.

A question arose about the date of a large flat tombstone, which had sunk rather lower than its neighbours into the irregular floor. The Roman ciphers, carved deep into the soft stone, had been partially eaten away by damp.

"I should advise caution," Professor Nagelrost, the eldest and coolest of the antiquarians, had

said warningly, as six of his colleagues crowded excitedly round the tombstone, crouching painfully in the low space, and all but setting fire to each other's hair with the candles they held. "You know the state of the foundations;" and he pointed with an experienced finger to the low and threatening ceiling against which the head of even the smallest man among them was perforce pressed.

"Ah, but Science—remember the interests of Science," exhorted Herr Steinwurm, who, with his candle held so that it could drop wax only on other people's clothes and not on his own, was hopping about on the outskirts of the company, keeping well out of reach of the treacherous spot in the ceiling.

"It will not do Science much good even if you do succeed in ruining my coat with grease-spots," said Assessor Feuchtkeller, with a little temper. "I wish you would not stand behind me; there is room enough in front."

"Grease-spots! Is it possible? I am so distressed! Much obliged, very much obliged," as the Assessor stood aside to make room for him; "but I really do not feel justified. I have no right to forget that I am a family man. Infinitely obliged;" and the two men stood opposite each other, each with a dripping candle held at a slanting angle, and each gracefully waving the other into the honourable but perilous place, quite willing to forego the prestige of standing exactly below the critical spot in the ceiling.

"Give me another candle," said Adalbert Mohr, kneeling down on the edge of the stone whose date stood in dispute. He was a family man too, but in moments like this he was somewhat apt to forget it. More than one candle was held forward, and he took the nearest

and bent down, passing it slowly along the worn inscription, and striving to connect the surviving fragments.

He was still bending, and the others still crowded round him, when in the silence a slowly grating sound jarred on their ears.

The ceiling! they thought instinctively of the ceiling; all their eyes turned towards it in terror. And while they stared up stupidly, the catastrophe was accomplished, for danger never comes from the point we anticipate. It is an enemy which clutches us in the rear while we are guarding our front.

To seven of the antiquarians the ground seemed to heave for a moment, and the flickering light of their candle-flames to blind them. The slow grating swelled gradually, until there burst forth a crash, and then followed a sweep as of slipping sand, and then there was silence again.

The central light, on which all their eyes had been fixed, had vanished, and the eighth antiquarian, Adalbert Mohr, who had been kneeling on the disputed stone, had vanished too. There was a black hole, irregularly square, in their midst; for more than one stone had been dragged down by the centre one.

A universal destruction and a common grave threatening, was the first thought of the seven terror-stricken men. Herr Steinwurm, being the nearest to the entrance, reached it with two quick little strides, and then turned to see what more was going to follow. But nothing followed, except a little more ominous rattling of what sounded like tiny stones and an invisible avalanche of dry mortar.

"Where is the stone gone to?" gasped an open-mouthed historian.

Then it was that Herr Steinwurm, standing well out of the vault, displayed his lofty fellow-feeling by exhorting his companions to rescue the vanished man.

"Humanity first, I say. Drag him out of that hole; it is a tomb—a larger tomb than we guessed at. A sacrifice to Science—but humanity first!"

In what precise condition Adalbert Mohr was dragged out of that hole has already, in the attending doctor's words, been told.

The hole itself was, as the sharp-witted Steinwurm surmised, an unusually deep and ancient tomb, the resting-place of some long-dead man; but of whom exactly, would now never be known. Perhaps it was the grave of some peace-loving mortal who in his lifetime would have shrunk from injuring a fly, but whose tombstone now, against his own will, was destined to cost the life of a fellow-creature; or perhaps some bloodthirsty warrior slept there, whose span of breath had been too short for all the destruction he brooded, and who must needs carry on his murderous practices, and strike another blow with his fleshless arm, centuries after his weapons had rusted away and crumbled into dust.

But of all this as yet Gretchen knew nothing. In her dream the vault was a ball-room, where the venerable Professor Nagelrost sat astride on a tombstone and drummed dance-music on a skull, while Herr Steinwurm offered her bouquets of petrified flowers, which, flying from her hand, came showering back upon her head; and at last, as they rattled past her ears, she awoke with a start.

Everything was unchanged, the bandage in its place; only Dr Komers had left his distant chair, and was sitting at the other side of the bed. She looked down, and

saw that there was a rug thrown over her knees, and felt that there was a pillow behind her head. Dr Komers was sitting quite motionless in his chair, and did not look towards her. His spectacles and beard were as expressionless as ever.

"Have I been asleep long?" she asked in alarm.

"Not very long."

"How long? Ten minutes?"

"Rather more than that,—an hour and a half."

"How could you not wake me? You knew that the bandages must be changed."

"I changed them," said Vincenz.

She leant back again, relieved.

"What o'clock is it?" she asked, after a pause. The watch was no longer beside her.

"A few minutes past one."

"So late! Why are you staying so late, Dr Komers? Why do you not go home?"

"I am not wanted at home," said Vincenz, rather coldly.

"But I really can do without you," said Gretchen, sincerely.

"I daresay," was the short answer.

"Will your sister not be waiting for you—for supper?" she asked, with a mechanical remembrance of the warm supper to which Herr Steinwurm had been forced to hurry back.

"I don't know—I daresay," said Vincenz indifferently, and again a long silence fell over the room.

Gretchen was beginning to collect her bewildered thoughts. After all, it was rather good-natured of Dr Komers to make himself so useful as a sick-nurse. Of course he was the family lawyer; but a family lawyer's duties do not include dipping bandages in water, and losing his supper, whether warm or cold.

Now that she thought of it, it was he who had charged himself with the solving of all difficulties: he had calmed her mother's tragical agitation, and had insisted on the hysterical woman's removal from the sick-room; he had restored some degree of self-possession to the terrified servants; it was he who had procured the second doctor and written the directions for the apothecary. The family lawyer had done everything, and nobody had thanked him for it. And now, like a thing forgotten and far away, the scene of the afternoon rose again before Gretchen's mind. She had wounded this man most sorely, and had said no word to heal the wound. Could she not say it now? She glanced furtively towards him; but at once she felt conscious that the apology would not be such a simple thing now as it would have been at first. Neither his expression nor his manner afforded her any point of attack. He was no longer the lover, he was again the sober family friend. He spoke only what was strictly necessary, he never looked towards her; the business of the moment seemed to be his only thought, as, peering through his spectacles, he bent over the bandages. Was it indeed possible that that look of wounded pride had ever been in his eyes? Was it really this same man who a little while ago had been wooing her with such passionate eloquence?

The night was beginning to wane when Vincenz quitted his post at last, and, leaving the patient in the hands of the hired nurse, turned his face homewards. The clock of the Frauenkirche had struck three before he reached his own door.

He started as it flew open in his face; and his sister, with

weary eyes, and her rolled-up knitting in her hand, stood before him. He had scarcely thought of his sister all these hours.

"Anna, why are you not in bed?"

"I knew I should have to sit up late," she cried, between alarm and a sort of breathless inquiry; "but I did not think it would be as late as this. Well, Vincenz, am I to get no news for my pains?" and the lean old maid

hung on his arm, and gazed up with mingled pride and burning curiosity into his face.

"No news of that sort," said Vincenz, looking straight before him; "she will not have me." But in the next minute he stooped and kissed the withered cheek.

"Anna, we must go on being satisfied with each other. I was a fool to think that I could ever win her."

CHAPTER V.—A GLIMMER OF FORTUNE.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

—King Henry IV.

After the events last recorded, the Frauenkirche was more talked about but rather less visited than usual. The principal Schleppeheim paper had a *feuilleton* article upon the subject, with a double title: "The Sacrifices of Science; or, A Noble Life nobly lost." The article was published anonymously, but certain peculiarities of style and expression pointed towards Herr Steinwurm as the probable author. It was much read and commented on, and Herr Mohr's personal qualities were discussed with a freedom and frankness hitherto unknown. When, however, a few days had passed, the literary production suddenly dwindled in interest, and the charm of the style was robbed of its principal point; for it became generally understood that the sacrifice to Science was not quite as absolute as had been supposed, and that the life, although it might be noble, was not yet on the point of being lost.

Adalbert Mohr was pronounced out of immediate danger: one of the doctors attending him was reported to give fair hopes of his recovery; the other would not do more than admit the possibility of

his living. There was also understood to be something wrong beyond the question of life and death; but the reports which circulated were uncertain, and would probably remain so until the consultation of doctors which had been called should have pronounced their verdict.

It was in the forenoon of the day destined for the medical consultation that Dr Komers received an agitated note from Madame Mohr, summoning him to a business interview. "Business," as Vincenz well knew, was synonymous with "Draskócs"; and so, with a business-like but unenthusiastic punctuality, the family lawyer obeyed the summons.

It must be explained that, during the last ten years, the Damianovics cause had been lingering through one of its most sleepy periods—consisting, in fact, of little else than conversations and unanswered letters. Dr Komers had received it in this state of coma from the hands of his dying principal, old Zanderer, and had been satisfied to use it as a pretext for visiting the Mohr house, without feeling specially inspired to accomplish the work

which had trailed on for over forty years. Dr Komers was received by Madame Mohr and her daughter in a retired sitting-room, and the lawyer immediately became aware that there was a certain excitement pervading the manner of both ladies. The daughter, though outwardly calm, betrayed an unwonted exultation in the lustre of her grey eyes; and as for Ascelinde, she made no attempt whatever to mask the joyful agitation which glowed within her.

During the painful week that had passed, Madame Mohr had played a passive though lachrymose part. Hysterics and tears were more congenial to her dramatically inclined nature than the commonplace duties of a sick-nurse. If Adalbert's hurt had been the wound of a poisoned arrow, instead of the more prosaic blow of a stone, Ascelinde would not have hesitated to suck the venom from his arm. She would have wept and torn her hair at his funeral, and sprinkled the holy water on his grave, with all the gestures of a despairing widow; but it was not in her nature to sit in a darkened chamber for hours, with nothing more heroic to do than to put his pillows straight or drop out his medicine in a glass. Her ideas were too large to be satisfied with such puny services.

Therefore, after a week of inaction, she hailed the revival of a more sympathetic subject.

"I have heard from Alexius," were the words with which she opened the interview.

"Hearing from Alexius" usually meant the petition for the loan of a few hundred florins; and Vincenz, with some impatience, inquired, "Is your brother in debt again?"

"The Count is in difficulties," corrected Ascelinde.

"And he wants more money?"

"He applies for pecuniary assistance; but——"

"But," broke in Gretchen, "he makes a proposal in return. There, Dr Komers, read that!" and she placed a letter in his hand.

In this letter Alexius Damianovics, in plain if somewhat ungrammatical terms, offered to resign all claim upon the estate of Draskócs in favour of his sister, in return for the payment of ten thousand florins immediately and in hard cash. The Count likewise hinted that the modest sum he had named would enable him to live in a manner more suitable to his august constitution, and to enjoy some of the small comforts which his precarious state of health required. The precarious state of health meant, as Vincenz was aware, an inclination to *delirium tremens*; and the small comforts implied an unlimited quantity of Magyar wine, diversified by spirits.

This letter and the proposal it contained were the source of Ascelinde's exultation. For twenty years she had held faithfully to the vow required of her by her dying mother; she had fought the battle for her brother, feeling glorified enough by the reflected light which fell upon her. But the task had been hard. She had grown subdued in speech and action, and somewhat melancholy in expression, as it became one on whose hands rested so heavy a work. Like a dethroned queen, she sat on the ruins of her grandeur, mourning over the splendour that had departed. To-day there was new life in her veins: she was offered the possibility of gaining for herself that which she had been striving to win for Alexius; and the light thus suddenly presented to her, blinded her with delight.

Two pairs of eyes were fixed on Vincenz while he read; and when he laid the letter down, the mother said, "Well?" and then the daughter said, "Well?" and then they both paused for his answer.

"Well," said Vincenz, with unaccountable calmness, "do you think of accepting the proposal?"

"Can you imagine me blind enough to my own interests to hesitate for a moment?" asked Ascelinde in amazement.

"But there is a question as to which way your interests lie."

She smiled a broad smile of pity. "You talk like a blind man, Dr Komers, for you have never seen the home of my ancestors. I almost feel as if I were taking an unfair advantage of my brother in accepting his thoughtless offer; for ten thousand florins cannot be the half—what am I saying? not the quarter of the value of Draskócs. But poor Alexius will never marry; his unfortunate health forbids him to contract family ties. It is upon me alone that the weight falls;" and Ascelinde bowed her head as though the crown which pressed it were too heavy to bear.

"How long is it since you last saw the place?" inquired Vincenz, coolly.

"I was seven years old when we left it."

"That is scarcely the age at which we form correct ideas as to the value of land."

But Ascelinde was losing herself in visions of the past. The scene of departure was rising before her eyes. A great house, many-windowed and many-chimneyed; a flight of lofty steps, on which her uncle's tall figure stood bowing them farewell; the family coach; the avenue down which they had rolled,—all these things rose up again before the eye of her inner soul.

"Ah, Dr Komers!" she cried, "it grows more distinct in my mind every year."

"Really!" said Dr Komers, drily.

"How well I remember the entrance-hall—I think there were pillars that supported it—and the open colonnade that ran round the house on three sides!"

"With a dark-red pavement," supplemented Gretchen: "was it not red, mamma? It must have been marble, I think."

"And my father's books, my mother's jewels," flowed on Ascelinde; "her wardrobe,—it was all left there; even my toys remained behind, in our big nursery up-stairs. Ah, what a panorama we viewed from our nursery window!"

"It must have been a fine house," remarked Vincenz; "but the value of the land is a separate question."

"Oh, I remember the land as well as the house, of course. There was the courtyard and the fountain, and there were stables for ten horses, and a high park-wall all round. I remember the fields too, and the lake."

"Yes," said Dr Komers, stifling a yawn, "so you have told me."

"The fields and the lake," repeated Gretchen, impatiently; "are you listening, Dr Komers?"

"Ah—yes, the fields and the lake," he re-echoed; and, strangely enough, though the words had conveyed no special meaning to him before, the Draskócs fields now suddenly became invested with a wonderful fruitfulness, and the Draskócs lake assumed an abnormal charm of aspect, in his fancy.

"And then there was the garden," pursued Ascelinde. "Ah, if you had seen the garden! The trees bent under the weight of the

fruit. And the roses!" Ascelinde paused here, apparently overcome by the impossibility of describing the Draskócs roses. "Even the Emperor has not got such roses here; they had to be carried away in cartloads."

"In cartloads!" emphasised Gretchen, forcibly.

"In cartloads—yes," said Dr Komers, beginning to think, as he watched her, that Draskócs must be a fine place after all. "But," he added, "the finest places are sometimes the most encumbered. If your uncle has not been a careful manager, you might find the value of the estate much diminished—in the event of its coming into your hands."

"My guardian," corrected Ascelinde, who always scrupulously clung to this designation of her unscrupulous relative. Anybody could have an uncle, but a guardian implied a certain degree of social importance, even though it happened that this particular guardian had appropriated to himself the worldly goods of his wards. Ascelinde had felt the first shadow of this social importance when, a few weeks after her father's death, Jósika had kindly but firmly removed from her small fingers the golden watch which she had found on a shelf of her deceased parent's room. "I will take care of it for you, my dear; I am your guardian," Jósika had said, patting her on the head; and the deprivation of the watch, bitter in itself, had been sweetened by the accompanying circumstances. It had seemed a greater thing to have had a gold watch taken away by a guardian than to have received the present of one from an uncle. From that day to this Ascelinde had never again set eyes on the watch; but the feeling of importance had survived. She knew him to be a

scoundrel, and she had devoted her life to unmasking him as a traitor, yet for all that he remained her "guardian"; for Ascelinde, at fifty, had retained many childish characteristics beyond the mere incompleteness of geographical and historical knowledge. She had never for a moment felt disgraced at the thought of being related to this man. In her secret heart of hearts she even cherished a lurking and unspoken admiration for this bold usurper, whose audacious robbery had deprived her brother of his birthright. It would have been shame unbearable to be related to a thief who had stolen a purse or a ring, but no one need disown an uncle whose crime was accomplished on so large and royal a scale.

"Your guardian," repeated Dr Komers; "but that reminds me that my last letter down there has remained unanswered. We really have no reason to suppose that your guardian is still alive. There seems to be a sort of death-like stillness settling over Draskócs; I cannot awaken a single answer. Let me see, what would his age be now?"

"He was ninety-eight when we heard from him last," said Gretchen.

"And that was three years ago, when the decision of the Landesgericht was reversed in his favour."

"Why, that would make him a hundred and one," exclaimed Ascelinde, whose arithmetic fortunately reached as far. "My guardian always said that he had a long life before him, and the Damianovics are a long-lived race."

"There was a shoemaker died near here the other day at the age of a hundred and five," remarked Vincenz; "so there is, after all, no reason why your uncle—your guardian—should not still be alive."

"Oh, indeed!" said Ascelinde

coldly, and she immediately dropped the subject of the Damianovics being a long-lived race, not caring to divide the privilege of high age with anything so low as a shoemaker. She began to think that her guardian must be dead after all.

"And even if he is dead," said Gretchen, "it does not really alter the case. It is evident, then, that he has long ago carried out his threat of marrying his housekeeper—probably he has left heirs, and we shall have several enemies instead of one."

"Very likely," agreed Vincenz; "and this uncertainty makes it all the more advisable to decline the Count's proposition."

"Decline—the—pro—proposition!" stammered Ascelinde, staring at Vincenz as if he had suddenly become transformed into a monster before her eyes. "Decline the possibility of possessing Draskócs, the home of my ancestors, Dr Komers!"

"The question is," said Vincenz, "what is Draskócs worth?"

"No, the question is not that," broke in Gretchen all at once; "the question is quite different. Neither you, mamma, nor you, Dr Komers, are looking at the case from a logical point of view. Mamma is much too quick, as you are much too slow, in the matter. It stands to reason that a house such as mamma has described, with fields, lakes, stabling, avenues, and—and roses, must be worth much more than ten thousand florins; therefore the question of the worth of Draskócs is settled—the real question is, can it ever be ours? Shall we survive the end of the lawsuit?"

"I hope so," said Vincenz, somewhat absently.

The fair orator bit her lip, and a rather threatening glance shot towards the lawyer.

"You hope so," she repeated. "Tell me the truth, Dr Komers; do you see any chance of a conclusion?"

"No very immediate chance, I fear."

Gretchen could contain herself no longer. "You fear," she burst out in a voice which vibrated with anger—"you fear, and you hope, and you reflect, and write letters, and hold conversations, but when do you act? When has anybody acted in this long-trailed-out, this unfortunate cause? How much paper and ink and words have been wasted on the Draskócs case, and how little energy! Oh that during forty years and among fifteen legal advisers there should not have been found *one* man who would put his heart into the work instead of only his pen! We are just as near the recovery of our fortune now as at the moment when my grandmother left Jósika in possession; and, at this rate, my brother's grandchildren and my own may use the same words half a century hence. What is the use of being a lawyer if you can do no more than hope and fear, and express doubtful opinions? Neither your hopes nor your fears, Dr Komers, will end the cause which has dragged on for forty years. Oh that I were only a man!"

Gretchen had risen in her excitement, and, in the warmth of her harangue, her fair cheek began to glow. Like Portia addressing the senate, she stood before the two admiring auditors, dropping her logical arguments from lips that seemed made only to speak the softest poetry or to breathe the most tender love; alluding to her grandchildren in a voice that carried the spirit of the enraptured lawyer to dreams of nightingales and musical fountains, although it certainly did not move him to

second the wish which formed the climax of her speech. And with her last words, she unveiled her eyes before him.

She did not mean it, nor had she calculated any effect in this sudden uplifting of those eyes, of whose full power she was not even aware. All memory of what had passed between her and Dr Komers scarcely ten days ago, was blotted out for the moment; she forgot that he had ever been anything but the family lawyer and counsellor. That uplifting of the eyes was an impulse of the moment, done in the heat of her earnestness; but the most refined coquetry, the most subtle management, could not have worked a more telling effect. From the reproach, the fire, the brilliancy of that gaze, Vincenz drank an inspiration which made his pulses flutter. With a sudden subtle flash, he felt all his ambition fired. Why should he not do what so many others had failed to do? Why should he not end the cause which had dragged on for forty years?—if only to earn her gratitude, if only to belie her reproach?

There was silence in the room. Gretchen had sat down again, trembling still a little from the vehemence of her speech. Ascelinde, with clasped hands, was gazing at her daughter in speechless admiration. Dr Komers had risen and had taken a turn down the room. Suddenly he stopped before Madame Mohr's chair.

"I have a new idea," he said, abruptly. "I do not ask you absolutely to decline the Count's proposition, but only to defer your decision."

"To defer it? And till when?"

"Until we have got out of the dark."

"I do not understand. What do you propose?"

"I propose that I should go down to Draskócs myself, and look at the land with my own eyes—ascertain whether your guardian is alive—judge of the value of the estate."

"Go down to Draskócs!" broke in Ascelinde, clasping her large hands in small feminine bewilderment, and staring at Dr Komers as if he had just announced his intention of going straight to heaven. "Do you mean really? Are you sure? When will you start?"

"Not quite yet—I have work on hand; in May perhaps, or June. It is no use starting until all necessary information has been collected. I shall need some references and directions."

References and directions! Ascelinde could supply him with any amount, as she eagerly explained; for she was all fire in a moment, sanguine and voluble, as she gazed with wistful eyes at the enviable mortal who was so soon to behold the home of her ancestors. "There are some addresses written down in that old desk of my mother's," she explained; "perhaps they may help you to find people. I shall look them out. There is one of Pater Dionysius, the priest, who baptised us all; but he must be dead long ago. If he had lived, he might have convinced my guardian of the sinfulness of his conduct—for he was very pious, and attended my grandfather on his deathbed; and my mother said that he preached remarkably well."

All this time Gretchen had not spoken, for surprise had locked her lips. She felt more startled than triumphant at the unexpected result of her words. Her mother could not guess the motive of this new-born energy; but Gretchen could guess it only too easily, and something like remorse smote her

heart. Had Fate decreed that she should always and ever be in the debt of this man? Was he to sacrifice himself to every wish of hers, and she in return do nothing but wound his feelings and mortify his pride? This was not justice, this was not logic. She rose, and going up to him, put out her hand.

"Thank you, Dr Komers," was all she said; but Vincenz felt rewarded above his deserts. If the resolution had brought him this, what would the accomplishment bring him?

It was from that moment forward that his resolve was sealed.

CHAPTER VI.—WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

"I am no such pil'd cynique to believe
That beggary is the onely happinesse,
Or, with a number of these patient foolcs,
To sing: 'My minde to me a kingdom is!'"

—BEN JONSON.

On the afternoon of that same day three doctors sat in conclave to pronounce the verdict on Adalbert Mohr. After two hours passed in examination, and consultation, and wordy discourses much adorned with Latin, they all heartily agreed that a watering-place and a course of powerful baths was the patient's best chance of furthering the cure of those local injuries which still remained unhealed, as well as of re-establishing his shattered constitution; and all as heartily disagreed as to which watering-place was to be selected, and what species of powerful baths were to be taken. Each of the medical authorities had a pet scheme of his own. Doctor No. 1 spoke for Baden-Baden; No. 2 defended Teplitz, in Bohemia; No. 3 advised Aix-la-Chapelle.

"Aix-la-Chapelle!" laughed the first doctor, who was of a sarcastic turn of mind. "Is my learned friend serious in advising our patient to traverse some hundred and odd miles in search of sulphur-baths, which he can have almost at his door?"

"And which, according to my humble opinion," put in the second doctor, "would be as effectual

as ditch-water. It is not a case of sulphur at all; it is clearly a case of iron."

"If travelling be an object," remarked the first speaker, still sarcastically, "why not send him to Iceland at once? There are sulphur-springs at the extremity of Northern Europe, and so there are on the confines of Southern Hungary. If travelling be an object, send him there, by all means."

Up to this moment the patient himself had taken no part in the discussion around him.

"Let me die where I am," he had said once or twice, with a fretful impatience; but now he turned his head sharply on the pillow.

"The south of Hungary?" he repeated. "What baths do you mean?"

"Sulphur-baths," said the second doctor; "but as I said before, sulphur is, in my humble opinion——"

"What is the name of those baths?" asked Adalbert, fixing his eyes on the doctor.

"The baths of Hercules."

"The baths of Hercules!" echoed the sick man, speaking as if in a dream. "The baths of Hercules! Yes, I remember them; I have been there."

But the war between sulphur and iron, between Baden-Baden and Aix-la-Chapelle, was raging so hotly round the patient's bed, that no one had time to attend to his words.

"I remember—yes, I remember," the sick man repeated, with eyes that were shining and fixed, as though he were looking at the memories, so far off, which were crowding back on his mind. "Let me go there. I think that there I should get well."

That night in his sleep Adalbert Mohr moved restlessly, and in his dreams a black hole yawned, and ivy crept around it.

From that day forward the house and the sick-room became alive with discussion, and the family entered on a period of restless indecision. The centre of discussion, and the cause of indecision, was the choice of the watering-place which was to restore to Adalbert the use of his crippled limbs. Opinions were as numerous as the friends consulted. Personal experiences poured in on all sides, unfortunately of a perplexingly conflicting nature. One old gentleman asserted with savage persistence that he had known another old gentleman who, in the April of the last year, had been carried to Pystian, forty miles, in a litter, speechless with pain, and crippled in all his joints, and who, in the June of the same year, had without the slightest inconvenience walked up a mountain, 5000 feet above the level of the sea; and on the same day that he came down again, put all men over twenty to the blush in the ball-room.

"Think of what I was last year, and look at me now!" said a bachelor acquaintance of the family, sounding the trumpet for Rohitsch, in Styria. As none of the family had happened to see him last year, and as there was nothing

very striking to notice about him now except a decided limp in the left leg, this argument somewhat missed its effect.

Gräfenberg was, by several enthusiastic ladies, declared to have cured hundreds, and, by one sceptical gentleman, hinted to have killed as many thousands. Whenever Doctor No. 1 mentioned Baden, Doctor No. 2 laughed; when No. 2 talked of Teplitz, No. 1 smiled: both, however, agreed that Aix-la-Chapelle, as suggested by No. 3, was not to be thought of for a moment; and he, in return, raised his eminent shoulders at both Teplitz and Baden. The only point on which 1, 2, and 3 were unanimous and unshaken, was the absurdity, not to say the insanity, of the patient's whim concerning the far-off Hercules Waters.

For throughout all these contradictory opinions, counsels, testimonials, and anecdotes, Adalbert Mohr persistently held to his first inspiration. No one recounted anecdotes about the Hercules Baths, for no one had ever been there. The few acquaintances who were aware of the existence of the place, believed in a general way that it was beautiful, but were of opinion that nobody in their senses would go to the confines of civilisation to see a beautiful place. Better-informed people declared that it was a nest of robbers, and exposed to every possible bodily peril, and more particularly so in the present disorganised state of the Roumanian and Servian armies. "If you escape the robbers, you will be eaten by bears," somebody said by way of dissuasion. But Adalbert reflected that if he could only be well enough to get within reach of a bear, he would be satisfied to run the risk of the eating. "I will either go to the Hercules Waters, or I will die where I am,"

he repeated with morbid persistence.

It was a sick man's fancy, everybody said; and they soothed and humoured him, as one would humour a child with the measles who cried for his playthings. But no child had ever cried for his playthings with this perseverance. Adalbert, usually so practical and so sober-minded, could not be made to understand the difficulties and the risk of this long and troublesome journey. After a time the family began reluctantly to consider that sick men's fancies sometimes work their cure. Men on their deathbeds have been known to ask for a bottle of champagne, and to come back to life as soon as they have swallowed it. Might not the Hercules Waters, considered as a bottle of champagne, accomplish this same miracle?

While matters were still in this undecided state, there occurred one day a short and stormy scene, a sort of verbal duel, between Gretchen and Anna Komers, the subject of which was one destined apparently to embitter the peace of Gretchen's days—to wit, the family lawyer.

Anna possessed a fair amount of average intellect, and yet her mind was incapable of grasping the simple fact that her brother Vincenz was a man with failings and virtues crossing each other,—in all respects a man like his fellow-creatures. She loved to scold him, adoring him all the time; but if any one had ventured to hold up to him a reproving finger, the old maid would have turned into a catamountain and flown at the enemy's throat. As to the contingency of a woman who had the chance of marrying him refusing to avail herself of that chance, the idea was pure madness to her. She had assured

her brother to his face that a refusal was her most devout hope; but when this hope was fulfilled, a sort of stupefied disbelief took the place of the expected satisfaction, while upon the disbelief there followed a fever of burning indignation. The severest self-restraint was necessary to keep her silent, even during the first weeks of the Mohrs' affliction; and it was with all the bitterness of a long-pent-up grievance, that, finding herself alone with Gretchen one day, she burst out at last without preface or preamble.

"Ah, Fräulein Mohr, have you no remorse for what you have done? Have you no feeling at all for my noble brother?"

"What have I done?" asked Gretchen coldly, but turning rather pale.

"What have you done? Why, you have ruined his existence,—is that nothing to have done? And such a life to have ruined! Such a man to have lost!"

But Gretchen was already recovering from the sudden attack.

"Fräulein Komers," she said, straightening her slight figure, and knitting her finely pencilled eyebrows in displeasure, "I really do not see what right you have to call me to account?"

"And I daresay you did not see either what right he had to propose to you? I told him he was a fool to do it. It was the narrowest escape he ever had in his life; and I thank heaven for it!"

"Then," said Gretchen, seizing her advantage, "you should thank me too; for it stands to reason that——"

"Thankful? Did I ever say I was thankful?" cried Anna Komers, beginning dimly to see that her arguments were not convertible, and that she could not both run with the hare and hunt with

the hounds. "It is you who should be thankful for the love of such a man! Oh, you may shrug your shoulders now, but you will find out his value some day, when it is too late perhaps. I daresay you have heard me talk of Barbara Bitterfreund. *She* would not make such a mistake as you have made."

Gretchen had heard of Barbara Bitterfreund as of an unprepossessing old maid, and she smiled a little at an unconscious comparison between herself and that middle-aged female.

"She has written a very superior pamphlet upon the prospects of lady-dentists," Anna was saying triumphantly, "and has translated some works from the Greek—*several* works; just the sort of woman to be an intelligent companion to my brother."

"Then if your brother thinks so, what prevents his marrying her?"

"What prevents him?" broke out Anna anew; "why, it is you who prevent him. Have you ever come across a man who knows what is good for him? Ah, Fräulein Mohr, what have you done? And how could you do it? What possible reasons could move you to such—such folly?"

"Enough that I had my reasons."

"And not difficult to guess either. But what, after all, is the difference of a few years, when such a man is in the question? He is not old at all, though he may be double your age; I defy you to find a single grey hair in his beard."

"I see that you misunderstand both me and my motives entirely," said Gretchen, with rising temper. "It is not because your brother happens to be double my age that I refused him. A man might be

three times my age, and have all the hairs in his beard grey, if only he had also——"

"Also what?" asked Anna, breathlessly.

"The—necessary qualifications for a husband."

"And what may those be?" was the sneering question.

"You would not like to hear them."

"Oh, pray, do not spare me!"

"Position and fortune," said Gretchen, shortly.

Anna gave a rather hysterical laugh. "Worldly advantages, you mean!" she cried, raising her thin hands in consternation.

"Yes, worldly advantages," repeated Gretchen, with the most exasperating calmness. "Do you not see the case, Fräulein Komers? It is simply that I am poor and ambitious."

"Mercenary, that is to say."

Gretchen smiled an enraging smile. "Well," she said, with a great distinctness of utterance and a wicked pleasure in the horror she was provoking, "call it mercenary if you like; *I* call it practical. But we need not quarrel about names; the fact remains the same: I am poor, and I mean to make my fortune."

"That is, sell yourself to Mammon!" nearly shrieked Anna Komers. "You have the—the unblushingness to say it!"

"I have the courage to say it—yes;" and Gretchen gracefully inclined her fair head in acquiescence. The almost terror-stricken expression of Anna's features was only an additional inducement to paint herself far blacker than she really was. There was no shrinking in the fearless glance of the clear grey eyes, no wavering in the steadiness of the smile which parted the rose-tinted lips.

"So young and so untender!"

thought poor Anna, staring at the lovely face before her, with feelings that baffle all description.

"Ah," she broke out, after a minute of stupefied silence, "if those are your sentiments, if those are your thoughts, I do not wonder any longer at the cruelty which broke my brother's heart; for his heart is broken,—he will never recover it, never! Oh, poor Vincenz, my poor Vincenz!"

"Fräulein Komers," said Gretchen, calmly, "we are neither of us children, and so we can neither of us seriously believe in broken hearts. Such romantic fancies can surely only belong to the very earliest and most foolish period of youth."

"In which you now stand," retorted Anna, with sudden excitement, "or you would not talk of things about which you know nothing as yet."

"And never wish to know anything either. Tell me the truth, Fräulein Komers; have you ever seen a broken heart, except set in verses and bound in morocco leather?"

"I have," said Anna, becoming all at once very quiet, and her shrill voice dropping into a lower key.

"What! do you mean to say that you believe in broken hearts?"

"And you mean to say you do not?"

A disdainful gesture was the only answer.

"Not even," faltered Anna—"not even when I tell you that I—that my own heart has been broken?" She was trembling, and her eyes had grown dim.

The smile on Gretchen's lips faded; and for more than a minute these two women sat and faced each other in silence. So this, thought Gretchen, was a woman with a broken heart; here was a

living specimen of that which poets talked of in verses, and which she had never thought to come across in real life. She did not choose to display this new-born curiosity in an open gaze, but from under the shelter of her eyelashes Gretchen was contemplating Anna Komers with a quite new attention. She examined the woman with the broken heart, as she might have examined some fabulous creation—a unicorn or a sea-serpent, for instance—which had suddenly taken shape before her eyes. It struck her that, after all, a woman with a broken heart does not look so very different from a woman with a whole heart; but nevertheless, there was a question rising to her lips—"How did it happen? What broke your heart?" Fortunately she checked herself in time. As she did not believe in broken hearts, it stood to reason that she could take no interest in the recording of so preposterous a history. Her own curiosity provoked her; and for fear of another such impulse, she hastened to end this painful pause.

"I know very well," she began, in a voice much more subdued than her former tone,—“I know very well that there is a great deal of such talk in the world, and that people often make themselves unhappy about—about these sort of things; but I am not afraid for myself,—I am not the sort of girl who will ever fall in love and break her heart.”

"Because you have no heart to break," flared up Anna, with a double return of bitterness after that soft moment. She had not read anything of what had passed in Gretchen's mind. She knew only that she had been on the verge of a confidence, and that her confidence had been tacitly rejected. "Oh, I never understood

you before, but I understand you now. I thank heaven again that poor Vincenz is free. He is a thousand times too good for you."

"Then he is better without me."

"Of course he is better without you, and he will come to see it soon enough. I daresay he will have quite got over it by this day year; and then Barbara Bitter——"

Anna's phrase never got beyond this; a timely interruption had intervened, and the baffled sister had beaten her retreat. Neither did the weeks that followed bring her a second such opportunity, for it was a time of disturbance and business. Every one's thoughts were occupied, and every one's hands were full; and it was only on a late day in April that Gretchen could snatch a spare hour wherein to answer at last that long-unanswered letter of Belita's. There were two pages devoted to Adalbert's illness, and one to the new aspect of the Draskócs affair. "My turn of fortune may be coming too," she wrote exultantly, "even if in a different way from yours. Just think of Draskócs becoming ours! for the lawsuit must end some day. How rich we shall be! What splendid for-

tunes we shall have, my brother Kurt and I!" On a further page she wrote:—

"So you have no objection to your *futur* except his height? I don't like short men much; a man can never be too tall. May I ask a question? Is he very fond of you, Belita? Does he tell you so often? Does he say that there is only one woman in the world for him, and that you are that woman?"

"Where are you going for your honeymoon?—I mean wedding tour; honeymoon is a ridiculous expression. Could you not come to—ah! for now I must give you my news. Belita, I am so happy that I can scarcely steady my pen. A tremendous resolution has been arrived at to-day. At last—at last poor papa has borne down all opposition, has wearied out all objections. No dusty streets for us this summer, no dustier public gardens; no barrel-organs, no rattling carriages, no baking pavement. I shall not have to watch the airing of those carpets opposite, of whose very pattern I am sick. What shall I see instead? I hardly know. I have no idea what to expect; for this day week we start for the Hercules Waters!"

CHAPTER VII.—ON THE WING.

"So be it mine (thine equal now)
With thee to see what eagles see,
With thee to know what eagles know,
What eagles feel to feel with thee!"

—LORD LYTTON.

Not since autumn leaves fell had the air been so pure or the sky so blue as in this May mid-day hour; and the eagle on the cliff drank in the air, and gazed at the sun in the blue May sky, and his eagle-heart swelled with the pride of eagle-glory. When last May's sun had shone, the eagle had been a downy fledgling, shar-

ing the nest on the rocky ledge with two brother-fledglings. Where were those brothers now?—the soft eaglets who had huddled together to keep each other warm, who had craned their necks side by side to peep over the rocky ledge at the wonderful world below? Where was the earnest, anxious father-eagle who had

watched for them, and the mother who had crammed such delicate morsels of murdered hare or fresh-killed squirrel down their throats, and who had gorged them lovingly with the legs and wings of tenderer and downier fledglings torn from the nests of weaker birds?

Alas! alas! even an eagle's family history can have its tragic passage. One brother-eaglet had peeped too far over the rocky ledge: the strongest, boldest eaglet, the pride of the parent-birds, he had been; but they could not save him, though they swooped down round him with their sharp despairing cry, as he tumbled from rock to rock, flapping his useless wings; and before he reached the bottom—while the two surviving fledglings were spreading themselves more comfortably in the now roomy nest above—the useless wings had ceased to flap. The other brother-eaglet had flown out into the world long since—soft down had stiffened into strong feathered pinions; and this young king now loosens his hold on the cliff he grasps, and spreading his giant wings, with a whirr, and a flap, and a rush of the air, sails forth into the May sunshine. What reck he of his brothers, alive or dead, or of the parents who hatched him out of a dull grey shell? The parents are hatching other dull grey eggs now, and have forgotten the very memory of the luckless fledgling who broke his neck through his own rashness.

The eagle, slowly sailing with wide majestic flaps, has shaken off all care. Is he not a king of birds in the first dawn of his beautiful strength? He wants no support but his firm pinions. An eagle's family ties are not of a lasting nature; he would not know his mother if he met her, nor would he hesitate to measure his strength

against that of his father should they chance to fall out over the carcass of a new-born lamb, or if there arose a question of possession regarding a fat carp fresh and dripping from the river. What delight more glorious than to gaze into the sun undazzled, to live on peaks where no human foot can ever tread, to circle in wide curves, with the keen air ruffling his feathers; while far, far below, the great river crawls, and a black speck with a trail of smoke floating from it creeps slowly along? The eagle knows that speck well. Specks like that creep daily down the river, or come up the river, creeping more slowly still. The eagle never sees that speck without feeling thankful that he has been born an eagle and not a man. Pain and toil are the only means by which those poor wingless creatures can work their way from place to place, while he has but to raise his pinions and cleave the air at will.

To the fisherman who lives alone in the hut at the cliff's foot, that speck with the trail of smoke is familiar too—the only link which makes him feel as if he belonged to the outer world; only that to him it is not a speck, but a large black monster, puffing grey smoke from its grimy chimney, and lashing the water to foam with its flanks. In the dusk, when he steps from his hut into his boat to throw out his nets for the night, that monster has rushed past him with fiery eyes; and in the cold dawn, when he goes out with numbed fingers to draw them in, the spirit of that same monster has seemed to flit past him like a ghost. He has stood watching the half-defined phantom through the grey mists of morning, while he pulled at the net on which his livelihood depends. He knows by the first

tug what his luck for the day is going to be. He can tell by the mere weight on his fingers what number of shining Danube trout or sleek carps will presently be drawn in a wriggling silver mass into the boat—so experienced, so unconsciously sensitive have those poor, rugged, work-worn fingers become. Ten fish more or less is a question with the fisherman. It may mean luxury in the shape of an extra pull of *rackin* (brandy), or a fuller pipe of tobacco; or else it may mean deprivation of his usual allowance of black bread, no breakfast, and a meagre supper. The fisherman at the bottom of the cliff has lived so long in his hut built of branches and mud, and has thrown out and drawn in his nets for so many consecutive evenings and mornings, that there is no other interest conceivable for him except the interest of counting his fish. He could have understood no other form of excitement; that, for instance, of gamblers and speculators, whose fingers tremble as they number out the coins they have won. He has never seen gold, except in the heart of a mountain flower, or in the west of the sky when the sun was setting. A pile of ducats would have raised no wish in his breast, for they would have conveyed no impression to his mind; he would much rather have had a pile of fish. Fishing is the one form of gambling which exists for him; fish are his nourishment and his trade. It is a wonder he is not grown into a fish himself. If he was not half a fish, he might love the lonely hut which stood with its back to the straight, precipitous rock, and with its face looking out across the water, its threshold to be reached only from the boat. Had he not built it with his own hands—carrying the fresh branches in his

boat, and standing in his boat as he built, since the spot was not to be reached in any other way? It must have been long ago that the branches were green, for now they are bare, dry wood; but strong enough still to keep out the rain and the wind. The fisherman at the bottom of the cliff may be as happy as any of the people in the steamer; and yet the people in the steamer, getting a fugitive glimpse of him, think him the most lonely of mankind.

Everything depends on the point of view from which we look at it. Now the fisherman never looked at the eagle at all, though they lived in the same wilderness; and the eagle only looked at the fisherman as a usurper who was robbing him of his rightful prey. The fish, if they had any point of view, probably thought it made no difference whether they were caught by the man or by the bird.

To the eagle and to the fisherman the steamer is a familiar thing—a different thing according to their separate points of view, but still familiar. To the people on the steamer—to many of them at least—both the eagles and the fisherman are new.

There are many people on the steamer to-day, and much variety in the contrasts they present—the usual medley to be found on every lower Danube steamer. The most conspicuous, because the most unusual, figure here to-day is a tall, stiff, middle-aged man, who has not spoken to any of his fellow-passengers, but who, as everybody knows, or instinctively feels, is an Englishman.

Nobody but an Englishman could travel with so many different sorts of portmanteaus, and with such an unlimited choice of railway-rugs; nobody but an Englishman would guard that long thin bundle (which

must be a fishing-rod) with such stern yet tender care; and nobody but an Englishman could consult his red guide-book regarding the beauties of the lower Danube, when he might be looking at the beauties themselves. No wonder he is conspicuous when compared with the figures around him, just as any one of those figures would be conspicuous anywhere else,—hook-nosed Jewish merchants, fiery-eyed Hungarians, straight-featured Greeks, white-cloaked Circassians with their long guns slung on their shoulders, a ragged but inexpressibly serene Turk smoking his *chibouk* under an *improvisé* tent of carpets, and keeping an eye upon the harem with which he is travelling. The modest allowance of wives he has found good to take with him are, for the greater safety of the passengers' morals, dressed, or rather smothered, in coarse linen sacks, in which a few slits are cut in order to supply the necessary amount of oxygen, and leaving a passage for the small and fragrantly steaming coffee-cup which repeatedly finds its way to their invisible lips. There is the sound of a plaintive fiddle coming from a corner of the deck, where a gipsy player is plying his bow. Here on the ground lies a bundle, the personal luggage of that fat Greek merchant, who calls it his travelling-rug, and probably considers it a rather shabby rug, but which, in virtue of its fleecy texture and blue-green shades, would create a furor in any English drawing-room. All over the deck there are touches of colour, and slight but unmistakable revelations of habits, which make you wonder whether you are still in Europe. There are amber mouthpieces to long pipes, strings of coral on a woman's neck, sheepskin fur on a peasant's back, as many turbans and fezes as hats and bonnets. At one end of the

deck a perfect hillock of brilliant pillows is stocked, the property of some provident family changing quarters. Behind this brilliant mountain sits ensconced the middle-aged Englishman aforementioned.

The captain of the steamer, walking hurriedly to the front for the purpose of superintending the steering at a dangerous turn of the river, has to pass between the pillows and the Englishman. The Englishman looks up from his guide-book, and asks in very bad German, "Where is the rock they call Babakei?"

The captain, besides being in a hurry, is rather short-tempered, and explains impatiently that Babakei has been passed some time ago—a tall bare stone standing by itself in the water—a very nasty point to pass at night. There is a legend about it, too.

Yes, the Englishman knows all about the legend of the pretty Turkish woman, carried off by an audacious Hungarian, and being recaptured, left exposed on the rock in the river, while her captors, sailing off, called back mockingly, "*Babakei!*"—that is, "Repent." The Englishman knows all this, but he has unfortunately missed seeing the stone while he was occupied in reading about it.

The captain passes on, and the Englishman resumes his reading, being so much engrossed in a description of the Danube cataracts and the perils attendant on their passage, that he scarcely notices a slight swaying in the movement of the steamer. Having completely mastered the subject, he looks up again, and sees the captain returning the same way he came, only in a more leisurely manner, with his hands in his pockets.

The Englishman asks politely whether the captain will kindly point out the cataracts.

"Just got out of them, thank heaven!" says the captain, with less temper this time; "and very nasty they were to-day—have not seen them so rapid for long. It will be all plain sailing after this."

The Englishman is much distressed at having missed the cataracts, and expresses his regret in worse German than he used before.

"We were just getting into the thick of them," says the captain, "at the time you asked me about Babakei."

"And Trajan's Road, which they tell me is about here?"

It appears that the beginning of Trajan's Road has just been missed while the Englishman has been inquiring after the cataracts. After this he comes to the conclusion that it would be better to read the descriptions in the guide-book later, and to look about him in the meantime.

And now it requires all his British calmness to suppress a long-drawn "Ah!" of wonder, so sudden and so vivid is the revelation of the scene around him.

Here is Servia on one side and Hungary on the other; straight cliffs with craggy ledges high up, their points and hollows almost out of eyesight, their sharp-cut sides streaked with broad veins of red-stone. Then, in ever-recurring succession, wooded slopes, which slant down to the water's edge, opening now and then to reveal the glimpse of a narrow creek winding off into a valley, steep-sided, and all clothed with young beech and clustering hazel-nut bushes.

On the Hungarian side there is but little life: now and then, at long intervals, a mass of white with a steeple, which means a village; now and then something alive moving along the road, which means a cart; here and there a

speck at the water's edge, which means a human being. On the Servian side there is less life still. No villages here, not even single houses; nothing in the way of a human habitation, except lonely watch-towers planted on the hills, with wide intervals between; and more rarely still, a fisherman's hut, where the sun catches the light on the wet nets hung out to dry, and where large pieces of roughly cured fish are stuck about upon wooden stakes, bearing at this distance a ghastly resemblance to the heads of murdered men.

With one hand on his fishing-rod and the other on the brim of his flapping wide-awake, the Englishman stood and gazed at the shifting scene; at the woods where the lowest trees dipped their branches in the water, and where the highest rocks seemed to run their heads against the very door of heaven; at the bold outline of some protruding cliff, and at the lonely peaks, so far above, which the wild birds of prey have all to themselves. A few days ago he had believed that there could not be anything more beautiful than the Rhine; but now, as he recalls the trim vineyards, the well-perched ruins (whether real or artificial) smiling down with such perfect self-satisfaction at their own images in the water, at the life and the brightness of picturesque peasants at work, tying up graceful vine tendrils, it all seems prettily weak, amiably conventional, beside this rugged and wild loneliness of the Danube. The endless change which feeds the eye there, the constant succession of neatly framed pictures, falls flat beside the grand monotony here, where each towering rock is like the other, yet each beautiful, and where you only see, perchance, some dark-faced oriental frowning

at you with sullen brow from under his faded turban.

Not one of these things had escaped the eyes of Gretchen Mohr; she had studied the cata-racts, passed judgment on Trajan's Road, catalogued the fishermen, and registered the eagles. But now she was weary of them all, and it was with a heartfelt "At last!" that she greeted the sight of the pier. At last the end of their week-long wanderings was approaching. Tortuous are the paths, and questionable the conveyances, by which alone the Hercules Baths can be reached. The Mohrs had spent quite as much time in waiting-rooms as in railway carriages; had shivered on piers quite as often as they had been suffocated in cabins; they had slept in dirty inns, and had lived on strange and unknown food, had been cheated by railway officials and misguided by railway guides, until Gretchen had begun to think that the Hercules Baths were a myth.

The pier was as crowded and as lively as the steamer itself. A great number of men and boys, scantily dressed in dirty linen, wearing leather belts which almost reached their arm-pits, their feet curiously swaddled in checked flannel rags, stood grouped at the edge: their savage appearance and ferocious glances were not calculated to reassure an ignorant passenger, who might well be excused if he thought himself in presence of one of the wild robber-bands of this mountain country.

The moment of landing was one of inextricable confusion. The Englishman appeared disturbed in his mind. He asked the person next him whether the "Iron Gates" have been passed or not, and was told that they lay farther down.

"You will see them in your book," said a young Hungarian, jocosely.

The Englishman was not in a humour for jests. He had quickly given up the idea of the Iron Gates, and in very good English was requesting everybody not to press against his fishing-rod, exclaiming at the same time that it was a rod of Farlow's make.

The savage half-naked men and boys suddenly disclosed themselves as porters, by seizing upon every available article of luggage and rushing off headlong in various directions, regardless of proprietorship,—the great object apparently being to disperse the port-manteaus and boxes with the least possible delay. The mountain of pillows on deck was levelled with magical rapidity; the Englishman's fishing-rod was wrenched out of his hand and carried away in triumph through the crowd. There was an interval of uproarious confusion, of jostling and bustling—of hand-to-hand fighting with the porters, and unsuccessful bargaining with the drivers,—and then at last the Mohrs found themselves on their way up the valley, while the confusion of tongues behind them grew fainter every moment.

Here there was peaceful green on all sides, and a giant vegetation bordering the very edge of the road. The Djernis river rushed along with much splashing and frothing and musical murmur. Now the road hung over it, and the travellers could plunge their eyes straight into its pools and eddies; now the river was far off, apparently just winding out of sight—but it was always there, a running accompaniment to the drive. Gretchen stared and stared about her,—at the steep hillsides, at the scraps

of sprouting corn planted on such tiny ledges, at the spring-flowers which thickly carpeted every green spot, at the bushes heavy with twining blossoms, at the lights and shadows of the fresh May evening.

The valley was quite silent, except for the bells on the harness of their small team, and the everlasting rushing of the Djernis. At every turn they seemed to be leaving all signs of human life farther and farther behind them; only at long intervals a solitary peasant-woman would trudge past them, with coins glittering on her neck, her red-fringe apron giving her the appearance of some wandering flower of tropical size and brilliancy.

They had been driving for three hours, but the sun was not yet set; for the mountain-tops still bore a yellow flush, though down in the deep valley the air was chill with the breath of evening.

Was it in this wilderness that they were seeking the Hercules Baths? Would not the ever-deepening and ever-narrowing valley close at last before them and block their passage?

Some such question was rising to Gretchen's lips, when the carriage rattled over a bridge, and in another minute she saw houses on both sides, as with a jerk they drew up in the centre of the Hercules Baths.

Three or four gigantic white buildings loomed chill and monstrous through the dusk. Any European capital might have been proud of possessing them. How, then, had these giants of civilisation been dropped into this wild valley? The rampart of the hills rose straight behind them, and below, a fountain splashed, and the stone Hercules leant motionless on his club.

"The Hercules Baths at last!" said Adalbert, with a sigh of mingled bitterness and hope. The bitterness was for the past, the hope was for the future. When last he had looked upon these mountains he had had both youth and strength.

The Waters of Hercules, which have cured so many crippled men, why should they not give back to him some of his lost strength?—but his lost youth nothing can evermore restore.

THREE YOUNG NOVELISTS.

WE have had of late to lament the loss of several of our best entertainers in the realm of fiction. Two of the most notable of those to whom, for many years, we have been indebted for wholesome amusement and good company, have gone from us almost together. Anthony Trollope had scarcely done telling that story of his own honest life, which was, in part at least, more interesting than that of any of his heroes, when Charles Reade, whose hand upon the lyre was more fiery and often more potent, departed after him into the country where all is silent to our ears. We have not wept for either of them as they deserved, especially not for the last—the eccentric, the wayward, the combative—whose great gifts and admirable easy power and fine creative genius we have enjoyed and forgotten with an ingratitude happily not always characteristic of humanity. For there is good luck and ill luck in the matter of reputation, as well as in other chances of mankind. These two brethren have gone, and it is impossible to deny that we have fallen upon a lower level in the art which they practised so long and so well. With a few exceptions, which the reader, as he pleases, will make for himself, we have but a very second-rate circle of story-tellers: which, to people who are sometimes sick and sometimes sorry, and often tired and out of sorts, is a great deprivation. We do not perhaps entertain the elevated ideas concerning fiction as an art which have lately been put forth by Mr Besant, but we do not think it can be overestimated as one of the alleviations of life. He who can obtain for us in the midst of

our cares half a day's, nay, half an hour's, oblivion of them, and who can introduce us in times of solitude to excellent company—to men and women more characteristic perhaps than any we are likely to meet with in the flesh—is a public benefactor of no small importance. If, as is very likely, Mr Besant is right in saying that the story-teller has but small social importance, that, we are aware, is an injury which he shares with the highest of teachers, and which is not likely to do him much harm. Those who secure more glory than falls to his share,—the actor, for instance, who has at the present lucky moment, at least for that craft, an enormous advantage over the romancer—for what reason that is reasonable it would be difficult to tell,—has probably a larger price to pay for it. But if the story-teller is little regarded, the story is despised by none, at least by no one who is worth counting. Though we are told by certain fine artists, chiefly American, that all the stories are told, we are as little disposed to believe these gentlemen, who go on telling stories all the same, as we were to believe the late Dr Cumming when he announced that the world was coming to an end, yet renewed the lease of the house which, if he was right, must have been fated to tumble about his ears long before he had got his money's worth. If there is anything that could permanently alarm us for the art, it would be the note-book which Mr Besant recommends, in which his students of fiction are to take down whatever strikes them of the humours of society. But these students, it is to be hoped, are

scarcely yet breeched, and there will be peace in our day.

It is, however, alarming to see how many of our old entertainers have disappeared, and how few, as yet, have risen who are likely to take their place. A blind confidence in Mr Mudie, one of the modern developments of that astonishing indolence of mind which is, by the side of so much activity, a characteristic of the English public—was never very safe at any time, and is less safe now than ever, in our recollection, it was. With the best intentions in the world, it is most frequently a mere batch of absurdities which our messenger brings back to us when the temporary retirement from the world made necessary by a cold or trifling ailment, affords a justifiable reason for plunging into novel-reading. We can remember when a small malady of this description was an evil of which we scarcely felt disposed to complain, so pleasant was the sensation of seeing ranged before us the set of three volumes (or shall we say perhaps, being a person of inordinate appetite, the two or three sets of three volumes each?) which, under the circumstances, no man could blame our indulgence in. But this pleasure, alas! is much more doubtful now than it once was. An armful of nauseous, or silly, or vulgar novels is as great an affliction as a number of happy, reasonable, and wholesome stories are a delight. Love is the legitimate object of Romance. We are no longer young; but a novel without a love-story is an abomination to us. Nevertheless, there are many other things in life—a great many—besides love; and he or she is a poor practitioner who can do nothing but ring the changes upon that one episode of existence, whether in the form of the strictly

virtuous but highly unreasonable quarrellings which keep two lovers apart for two volumes, the misunderstandings which any reasonable person could clear up with half-a-dozen words, or in the more questionable shape of uneasy and hairbreadth balancings upon the edge of Vice. We have a great deal too much of this in contemporary fiction. Our brethren of the weekly press who lay down the law upon the subject, and part of whose capital and stock-in-trade, when they begin the exercise of their profession, is a series of short essays upon the Female Novelist, would have us believe that she is the sinner, and that the inherent viciousness which makes women desire to read Greek and study medicine is at the bottom of this degradation of the art. Fortunately we are not now called upon to emulate the journalist by any discussion of this side of the subject. Our present object leads us in an entirely opposite direction. The reader perhaps has read separately, without connecting together by any generic link, the works of the three gentlemen to whom we mean to call his attention. They form, however, a sort of new departure in the art—the beginning, perhaps, of a new school—an irruption of new life such as is always pleasant to contemplate. Three lively, vigorous, young male novelists, happily above all discussion of sex—educated persons, men of their generation, full of all the latest theories and ideas on the subjects of our present hopes and regards: this is such a present as is seldom sent us by the Fates. According to the doctrines that sway the age, such a new evolution of life and genius ought to show many marked improvements upon the past. And without committing ourselves to

that scientific view, it is always interesting to note the methods of the newest agents, and observe wherein they have improved upon the ways of their fathers. Let us therefore look at what Providence has sent us with the respectful interest which an arrival so consolatory to our impoverished state, and so enlivening to our hopes, deserves.

One of these young gentlemen¹ made his *début* in an exceedingly striking and powerful romance; another² by a curious and clever farce; the third,³ whose rapid reputation is perhaps the most remarkable of the three, by a piece of melodrama. Mr Crawford and Mr Anstey have both borne more or less successfully the ordeal of a second appearance, and may be supposed to be fully launched upon the world. Mr Fergus is still illuminated by the Bengal lights of his first performance. They are quite various and distinct in their gifts, and each original in his way. What this victorious beginning may lead to, whether it means something more than a mere accidental triumph, is perhaps a question which, at the present date, the most acute critic could scarcely answer, for nothing is more remarkable in literature than the mistakes of contemporary criticism; but we may at least do our best to show how far the rapid blaze of reputation is deserved.

Mr Crawford belongs to that curious sept of the Continental American which has become a feature of our time—a sort of nomad tribe upon earth, with numerous advantages and disadvantages peculiarly its own. For

a full understanding of it, we refer the curious reader to the works of Mr Henry James, who has made various studies, very subtle and delicate, after his peculiar manner, of this singular and hybrid people, which is greatly distinguished, among other things, by its love of rank, by its devotion to the old *régime*, and by a horror and hatred of all modern improvements, national developments, and other fallings off from the models of the past, humorously traversed by the underlying consciousness—half shame, half disgust, half pride—of belonging to the newest and least historical of all nationalities. The race, however, are not humorous in themselves; their self-consciousness is too strong, and a little angry,—feelings which rob the ludicrous of its charms. They have this privilege, however, that they understand foreign life with almost the completeness of native understanding, quickened by that subtle sense of spectatorship which is never wholly absent from the mind of the dweller, however familiar and accustomed, in a country which is not his own. And as in a great many cases art is the reason or excuse for their expatriation, they know about art thoroughly, or at least familiarly, with that acquaintance of habit and jargon which simulates real knowledge in those cases where knowledge does not really exist. There is in Mr Crawford's books a certain cosmopolitanism which serves to make this explanation necessary, and a something which is perhaps the real result of cosmopolitanism, though not what is generally understood by it—a slight embarrassing

¹ Mr Isaacs. Dr Claudius. To Leeward. A Roman Singer.—By F. Marion Crawford.

² Vice-Versa. The Giant's Robe.—By F. Anstey.

³ Called Back. Bound Together.—By J. F. Fergus.

and confusing sense that he "does not belong" anywhere, which no doubt has caused many questions among the readers of his books. In none, perhaps, is this so evident as in his first production—as yet by far the most original and striking of his novels—'Mr Isaacs': where the mixture of apparent familiarity and knowledge of a life much more out of the way than anything existing in Europe—the life of the East, both in its oriental aspect and in that, perhaps still more difficult to fathom, of the Anglo-Indian—with an ignorance either real or assumed of the boundary between the two, is most curiously apparent. Here the effect is spoiled (or aggravated—we will not say enhanced) by the irritating impossibility, enough to make any Englishman in India foam at the mouth, which is part of the construction of the story. Probability is by no means necessary indeed in a romance, especially one of which the hero is so much out of the general knowledge: but yet there is an amount of daring incomprehension, or else, which is more likely, wilful ignoring of everything that can and cannot be, in the supposition that a young English lady of position and education could marry, or be allowed by her friends to marry, a Mohammedan with a harem already existing, which is beyond the licence allowed to the romancer. A young writer may defy prejudices, and will probably enjoy his work all the more in so far as he can throw his glove in the face of the world, and show his scorn of conventional laws. But an error of this kind shows either an inability to enter into what is fundamental in other men's minds, or the utmost contempt for their inherent principles, neither of which is good, either in humanity or art. Whether actuated

by the one feeling or the other, only a man without a country, so to speak, could, we think, have done this; and so much understanding mingled with an obtuseness so remarkable, is one of the most curious features of the hybrid American. He knows almost as much of how Englishmen, Italians, Frenchmen, and even Easterns think as they do themselves; but this *almost* is defective just in the point which is essential: and his own nationality is so far from genuine that it does not help him to define what there is in national character which is inalienable. A man cannot gain so much without losing something.

But this fault acknowledged, 'Mr Isaacs' thoroughly deserved the reputation it made. As a romance of Eastern life, open, by its very nature, to those encounters of the magical which are foreign to our colder prose—belonging still, notwithstanding modern habits and Western culture, to the period of the Thousand and One Nights—the attractions of mystery, wonder, passion, and romance, the latter all modern, the former all antique, which united in this book, were very great. The hero himself in his complicated personality was so real, although so improbable, that there was nothing to be said against him. The writer who has made a man has an unanswerable reply to the carpings of any critic. Many of the men whom we see about us in the world are impossible beings: the real is superior to all rules. And what is true of flesh and blood, is also true of the creations of the imagination. Their right of existence is in the fact that they do exist. We need not at this time of day enter further into the strange story which took the English reader by surprise, and was something like a new revelation to him, of elements and in-

terests unthought of in the wonderful existence which we approach so nearly and yet fathom so little. Not forgetting Mr Allardyce's admirable story, 'The City of Sunshine,' which treats of a different class, and leaves out the mysterious side, it was new and untrodden ground which the young novelist broke so boldly and with such marked success. His second work, 'Dr Claudius,' was inferior to the first; and yet it was good enough to confirm the reputation which Mr Crawford had gained. It was a love-story of that good old-fashioned order which it requires some courage to adopt in these days of mental analysis, where the hero falls in love at first sight, and is in himself an embodiment of everything that is most heroic in man—a giant in strength and stature, a lion in courage, a lamb in gentleness. 'Dr Claudius' was scarcely more probable than 'Mr Isaacs'; but the mystery was not so novel, was indeed one of the old and familiar mysteries which we accept as permissible in Romance not yet grown too old to enjoy the perennial delight, dear to the primitive imagination of a prince in disguise. The hero bearing this fairy character, his friend and confidant was naturally an English duke—that being the condition of man which is most popular in the race to which Mr Crawford belongs. But his Grace was so pleasant a fellow, and Dr Claudius himself, with all his perfections, so delightfully heroic, *naïf*, as if brought into being in the days of the Admirable Crichton, that to the simple reader the story will always be popular—more popular, probably, than its predecessor, which was not so easy to understand. The strange feature in it is the American—the only American Mr Crawford has as yet contributed to our knowledge—the

sybarite and millionaire banker, who is presented to us in the most genial light, only to turn in the most unexpected and unaccountable way into a villain—a step which it is evident only occurred to the author as necessary, after he had conceived the character in a totally different aspect. It is a very inexpedient thing to alter the scope of a character in the course of development, and shows a want of reality in the novelist's intention, as well as something like a contempt for the discrimination of the public; but it is very likely that no such motive, nothing more grave than a careless employment of the privileges of a creator, was in Mr Crawford's mind.

With the two later works of this young writer there is more serious exception to be taken. We will not say he has written too much, for this is the most easy of all fault-finding, and in the heyday of youth and impulse it is by no means certain that a writer will mend his work by confining himself within artificial limits. But it is a fact that he has written a great deal and published very quickly. Perhaps this is the cause: perhaps he has presumed a little upon the rapidity of success which he scarcely could have hoped for—or perhaps been tempted to believe that those foreign models with which, no doubt, he is largely acquainted, will serve him in the sobriety of the English language. But, at all events, his last two books are inferior in everything—in simplicity, in interest, as well as in morals and in truth to life. 'To Leeward' might be a translation from the French; and, to a considerable degree, the same might be said of the 'Roman Singer.' The hero and heroine of the former book both belong to the class to which we have attributed Mr

Crawford himself, with this difference, that they are nominally half English instead of being half American. The young lady who drifts "to leewards" so easily and completely is the daughter of an English father and a Russian mother, brought up in Rome. Her lover is a *dilettante* Englishman of unmingled race, but who has spent his life in roaming about the Continent, writing articles for magazines, and making love to whomsoever may offer. He is her lover, but not in the wholesome English sense. The whole *mise en scène* is that, we have said, of a French novel—a thing which, fortunately, has never been adopted or adapted into English. Leonora marries, in the beginning of the book, a natural, genial, simple-minded Italian; so primitive a character, that there is little of the knowledge of the race which Mr Crawford possesses necessary to describe to us the kind simple fellow, who is quite satisfied with his wife's very moderate affection for him, and who is utterly indisposed to poke under the surface, or make analytical investigations into her heart and thoughts. She marries him for no particular reason except that he asks her, being herself rich, and in the enjoyment of all that society (in Rome) and the higher education can give. Evil fortune, however, throws in her way, when she begins to find her husband tiresome, a certain Julius Batiscombe, whom she had known and felt some interest in before—the English literary man *à bonnes fortunes*. "He was known to be an Englishman or Irishman by birth," we are informed: but in all ways he resembles much more the American of whom we have much previous knowledge in recent fiction. He is tall and strong, with a small head set upon a strong neck, black

hair, blue eyes, and a brilliant complexion. As for his position, here it is:—

"Of good family, and brought up in luxury and refinement, he had been left at twenty years of age without parents, without much money, and without a profession. He knew some half-dozen languages, ancient and modern, and he had a certain premature knowledge of the world. But that was his whole stock-in-trade, excepting an indomitable will and perseverance, combined with exceedingly good health, and a great desire for the luxuries of life. He had lived in all sorts of ways and places, getting his pen under control by endless literary hackwork. By-and-by he tried his hand at journalism, and was successively addicted to three or four papers, published in three or four languages, in three or four countries. Last of all he wrote a book which unexpectedly succeeded. Since then the aspect of life had changed for him, and though he still wandered, from force of habit, so to say, he no longer wandered in search of a fortune. A pen and a few sheets of paper can be got anywhere, and Julius Batiscombe set up his itinerary literary forge wherever it best pleased him to work."

Ill luck sends this elegant vagabond to Sorrento, where the Marchesa Carantoni is beginning to weary of life *à deux*. The gentleman has no desire to lead her astray—it is his fate, a destiny which he cannot escape. He was "everlastingly falling in love with some woman, and making mischief which he bitterly repented afterwards,"—with "a dreary consciousness," all the time, "of his own insincerity in love-making." So strongly aware is he of this fatality, that when he feels himself going he makes an effort to escape: but allows himself to be very easily defeated, and remains, with the foreseen result. The marriage takes place in April, the Marchese and his bride come to Sorrento in July. It is still

only August when, after a long period of clandestine meetings and love-makings, this bride of a few months goes off with her lover with the lightest heart, and without a compunction. The man has a tremor or two, but the woman has none. There has been no harm in her or her life up to this time. Her only illegitimate indulgence has been in philosophy—chiefly the works of Mr Herbert Spencer,—yet in a few weeks she is brought, with all the ease in life, to an elopement, and goes off as if upon a holiday expedition. Here is a new version of the tremendous event, which even the least strait-laced of writers think it necessary to expend what tragic powers they may possess in describing—the abandonment by a young wife of her home and life, her honour and name, everything, in short, which she has been taught to think worth preserving:—

“As soon as Leonora had dismissed her maid for the night she began to make her preparations. She had a large silk bag of many colours, made like an old-fashioned purse, with heavy silver rings. She used it for carrying her work, her books, or anything she needed when she went out into the garden to spend the morning. It seemed the best thing to take with her now, for it would hold a great deal, and was convenient. She filled it with handkerchiefs, bottles of eau-de-Cologne, and hairpins; and she put in a tiny looking-glass in a silver case that she had used all her life. It was of no use to think of taking anything else, she thought, since she must carry it all in her hand. Then she went over her jewels and took her own, carefully setting aside all that her husband had given her. She tied them up in a handkerchief with two hard knots, the best she knew how to make, and she put them into the bag with the rest of the things. Then she found her purse, and put into it all the money she had, for it was her own, and she thought she might as

well have it—and there was her cheque-book in the drawer of the writing-table. Of course she could draw her own money just as well when—she did not finish the sentence to herself. . . .

“It did not take long, though she put the candle before her glass, and dallied a little with a ribbon and a pin. The dress was soft and dark, fitting close to her figure. In reality she had chosen it because it had a pocket—that would be such a convenient thing for the journey. A hat—yes, she must have a hat, for of course they would land somewhere, though a veil would be more convenient in the wind. There was a great vase of carnations gathered that day that stood on a little table by the window. At the last minute Leonora stopped and took one. She went back to the glass with the candle in her hand and pinned the flower in her dress, eyeing the effort critically. They were the flowers he loved best—it was an after-thought, and would please him.”

The little episode about the white kitten which follows her, and the dogs that worry the kitten and are then seized “in the mighty grasp of the strong man,” is the only tragic portion of the tale.

“Julius went back upon the path, and the terriers growled, still scenting their vanquished prey. But he moved quickly and softly, speaking gently to them in a low voice, and holding out his hand to them. He had a sort of influence over animals, and they let him come close, pricking their ears and sniffing about his legs. Suddenly, as they smelled at his boots, he caught them by their necks in an iron grip, one in each hand, and held them up at arm’s length, struggling frantically, but utterly incapable of making a sound. ‘You killed her cat, did you, you brutes?’ he muttered, savagely; ‘I will kill you.’ He broke their necks one after the other, and threw their quivering bodies under the orange-trees. Leonora had watched him from the archway. She shuddered. ‘They will not bark any more,’ said Julius, as he came to her. ‘What strong hands you have!’ she said.”

This is an entirely novel way of adding excitement to the incident of the flight, which all previous narrators of such catastrophes have invested in sufficiently gloomy colouring of its own. Perhaps it is more true to nature to represent a woman capable of such a step as incapable of other feeling; but it is a treatment too bold to have any precedent as far as we can recollect. "She was frightened and very happy," as her lover took her up in his arms and carried her to the waiting boat; nor has she a thought either of the guilt, or possible misery, or of what she has given up, or of the appalling prospects before her. The pair go away as on their wedding tour, as if their union was the most halloved in the world—the man, it is true, with a certain thrill in him, when he recollects that one of those days he will have to stand for his life before the husband whose simple-minded confidence he has had no hesitation in betraying, but the woman entirely insensible, and enjoying herself with all her heart. Here Mr Crawford has outdone even his French models, whose instinct of art at least keeps them from the great mistake of thus denuding their heroine of all human interest. A woman must not only be heartless but soulless who can step across the boundary between the possible and impossible in life, without a perception of the awful character of that step. And whether this young man of the day means us to understand that a young woman of his generation, aiming to be better than "the rest," and fluctuating between Hegel and Mr Herbert Spencer, is likely to be so entirely without modesty and decency as to carry on a shameless intrigue under her husband's roof within three months of her marriage, and to abandon everything—

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name and fame, even supposing the absolute want of a conscience, which is taken for granted—and accept ruin, shame, and degradation with no more sense of what is implied than if she had no intellect at all,—it is certainly one of the most extraordinary and miserable of conclusions. So far as we can make out, the author, though regarding his creation with great impartiality of mind, does not mean us to think badly of Leonora. He wants more or less our sympathy for her, not as a perfect being, but yet as one in whom, through all her mistakes, it is possible to take an interest. If this is his conception of the woman to whom much is to be forgiven, because she has loved much, it is the most wonderful one we have ever met with through a long experience.

The picture of the simple, superficial, but most amiable and kind Italian, who has the misfortune to be this young lady's husband, has evidently been the subject of the author's most careful work. It is, on the whole, an excellent study of a character not usually realised by foreign readers, but which those who are acquainted with Italy will recognise the truth of. We are long past the days in which the conventional image of the Italian was that of the half brigand, half troubadour, with long hair, glaring dark eyes, a guitar, and a dagger—the tragical ruined noble, who knew no sentiment milder than a passion, and loved and raved in operatic despair. The Marchese Marcantonio Carantoni (by the way, a name ill chosen, with a perplexing monotony, amid the choice of so many well-sounding names) is rich, mildly good, full of good-humour and kindness, incapable of passion. He surrounds his young wife with every

care, and supplies her every caprice which he can understand—nay, like many men of other nations, likes her to have caprices as a pretty accompaniment of her womanhood, and asks no more from her than the mild affection which she seems able to give. It is very hard to move him to suspicion or jealousy—a work which is attempted, in what Mr Crawford means to be a very noble way, by his sister Donna Diana, whose lover Julius Batiscombe has also been. Diana, who is intended to embody the highest ideal of womankind, does not impress the reader as she is intended to do, and strikes us as a very elaborate failure; but the good-humoured, simple Marchese, is very good and natural. That a man of so primitive a character might have gone mad when he made the discovery of his wife's falsehood and flight is possible enough: but would any amount of insanity so change the honourable simple young man as to make him steal upon the seducer and avenge himself by a cowardly shot behind? This seems to us so strange a travesty that it is scarcely credible, even taking into consideration the Italian conception of revenge, and the right of execution which every Continental nation at least, awards to a man so injured. The workings of the mild insanity which gradually confuses his mind, are very carefully, and, to some degree, successfully portrayed; but we pause at this last step. The instinct of honour must have come back, even to a madman, at such a crisis. The cunning of his arrangements to defeat the observation of his guardians, and get away to the rendezvous which his enemy has given him, are quite within nature. It is even comprehensible that in the confusion of his soul he might

think of Batiscombe as Leonora's enemy too, and say to himself how happy she would be when he delivered her and took her home: but all this is very different from murder. The conclusion is as follows: Leonora is talking to her lover of her love in the midst of a picturesque and solitary scene, after a morning of enjoyment, when a slight sound catches her ear and she looks up.

"There stood her husband, not ten paces from her, with an expression in his face which would have frozen the marrow in the bones of a wild beast. The clear polished barrel of the pistol was pointed full at Batiscombe. Leonora saw that, and saw that Marcantonio's eyes were fixed on her lover and not on herself. Batiscombe saw it all, as well as she, one second later. But that one second was enough.

"With a spring and a clutching turn, as a tigress will cover her young with herself and turn glaring on her pursuers, Leonora threw her strong lithe body upon Julius, forcing him back to his seat, and she turned and looked Marcantonio in the face. Their eyes met for one moment. But it was too late; the finger had pulled the trigger and the ball sped true. Without a sound, without a cry, she fell upon her lover's breast. There she fell, there she died. From the death-wound the heart's blood fell in great drops: it fell down to the ground. She died for his sake whom she loved; she died, she gave for him her life, the joy and the woe and the love of it, for his sake."

"Do you ask," says the author, "what is the moral of this?" And we do. What is the moral? If it is that unlawful love must end in sorrow, it is a moral which we have been taught till we are sick of the repetition. What new thing is brought to our knowledge by the description of the heart's blood falling down in great drops—by the solemnity of the above repetitions?

"Ask it of yourselves," Mr Craw-

ford adds ; "ask it of that quiet man, with delicate features and snow-white hair, who drives in the Villa Borghese. He is well known in Rome for his honesty, his honour, and his unaffected good sense. He is the Marchese Carantoni, he is Marcantonio, and he is not yet forty years of age. Ask it of that magnificent ambassadress, queen of women, &c. &c. &c. . . . There is a streak of grey even in her fair hair, and a line of sorrow in her forehead, the masterly handwriting of a mastering grief ; and her grey eyes are softer and sadder than they were two years ago.

"Ask it of Julius Batiscombe—but of him you will ask in vain. He has the mark of a bullet in his throat, Marcantonio's second shot that was so nearly fatal to him. He stood aside from the world for a while and lived for a year or two among the monks of Subiaco : he manifested some devotion for her sake who had died for him. And now he is writing novels again, and smoking cigarettes between the phrases to help his ideas and to stimulate his imagination."

Will anybody tell us what this means ? Is it irony too subtle for a simple apprehension, showing how the most guilty suffers the least ? or is it intended to make the fact apparent—that fact which is so often made apparent—that nothing matters particularly, and that the little episode of Leonora has done no one but herself any great harm ? We can see no logical connection whatever between the Marchese's reputation in Rome for honour, honesty, &c., and the cowardly madman's shot which killed his wife, or the superficial frivolous miserable story of the young wife altogether, whose fault had no justification, as her end has no result. There have been tales of passion and guilt and remorse, which have moved the heart to its depths ; but this is not one of them. If Mr Crawford means that a young lady should not marry without consideration,

that when she is married she should not allow another man to make love to her, nor run away with him—these are lessons that we have learnt from a great many more powerful teachers. But he has not had the skill to make us sorry for her from beginning to end of his unpleasant tale, nor to put us in sympathy with her, nor to persuade us that there is anything real in the whole matter—except, perhaps, the necessity of a young author, somewhat intoxicated by success, for a subject for his new tale.

The 'Roman Singer' is better than 'To Leeward.' It does not confound all limits of good and evil, nor is it meant to illustrate the theory that nothing, as Mr Toots used to say, is of any consequence. On the contrary, it sets forth, as a matter of the most overwhelming consequence, the necessity that Nino Cardegna—a young tenor of tremendous gifts and accomplishments—should marry the daughter of a German count of any number of quarterings, to whom, like one of Shakespeare's lovers, he has played the part of tutor in order to see and woo her. This seems an unlikely achievement enough, and involves improbabilities sufficient to drive the critic to despair ; but we need not say it is accomplished triumphantly by ways and means highly unlike the nineteenth century : yet—which, after all, is the chief thing in a novel—with quite enough of interest and spirit to carry the reader agreeably to the end of the spare volumes in which it is set forth. Nino Cardegna (as has been already said of Dr Claudius), is something like the ideal hero who has been for so long lost to fiction. He is not beautiful, indeed, but he has "great square jaws like Napoleon," which he sets

in every emergency, and which are at the bottom of all his good fortune. "He would have been great in anything," says the adoring old foster-father who tells his tale, "for he has such a square jaw, and he looks so fierce when anything needs to be overcome. Our forefathers must have looked like that with their broad eagle noses and fierce mouths." It even strikes the kind Sor Cornelio that it is a little inappropriate to waste all this wealth of power upon a singer: but there are hopes held out that, as a singer has the easiest and most rapid chance of making a fortune of any man, there still may be in after-days a career for Nino which will bring out his strength of character better than the rôle of a lover on the stage; and in the meantime he has the Countess Hedwig to win, which is no small undertaking. How romantically he manages that, and how the most modern of narratives may pleasantly recall the Mysteries of Udolpho to the old-fashioned reader, we leave the book itself to show forth—which book, though it is not nearly so good a book as Mr Crawford ought to have written, is a godsend among the inanities of fiction. We take the less agreeable part of indicating what is impossible in it, completely antagonistic to the genius of the language in which the young author chooses to write, and the literature in which it must, we suppose, be his ambition to find a place. The episode of the wicked baroness who falls in love with young Nino and attempts to win him from his love, has nothing to do in an English book. We are glad to think that, though Italian story-telling at the present day is not spotless, it has little to do with Italian. We have no doubt that Mr Crawford is quite capable,

like his unsavoury hero Batiscombe, of writing in two or three different languages. Let him then accept a word of friendly advice, and when there next comes into his mind a wicked baroness, put her in French. There she will flourish as in her native air. We are not so deeply read in American literature as to be able to pronounce upon her fitness for that acclimatisation, but, so far as we know, she would be as much out of place there as here; nor has she any influence on the story which is worth taking into account. She does not even succeed in making Hedwig jealous, and on at least one occasion she makes Nino ridiculous. Why is she introduced into a story which, happily, is a tale of young and pure love of which nobody needs to be ashamed? Is it, perchance, a result of that education of the young novelist on which Mr Besant insists so strongly, which has induced him to import this figure out of the Frenchmen, out—a nobler model—of Tourguéneff? If so, let us contradict, on the spot, Mr Besant's theories, and implore the young novelist to study no models; to write his tale, for the love of heaven, out of his own heart, and never mind Tourguéneff. That great and potent writer had different materials and very different powers. His tragic hand converted vice at least into an awful mystery, desolating life; and never used it as padding to afford a conventional discord in a lighter tale.

The Baron Benoni—the unnatural old-young man, the wandering Jew or monomaniac of the story—is a different matter. There is no reason in heaven or earth why the Wandering Jew should not figure again in fiction; and his introduction, his talk, his music, his marvellous knowledge and ex-

periences are very good, and promise much. But when he turns out to be merely a rival to the young lover, and a candidate unnaturally favoured by her father for the hand of Hedwig, not only reason but imagination, which is more to the purpose, revolts. It is so far original that we have no recollection hitherto of the Wandering Jew in the capacity of a lover. But had he been so, and had he been shut up with the young lady in the Castle of Udolpho, we are ready to take any odds that he would have done his wooing far more cleverly, far more persuasively, than Baron Benoni. He would not have revolted the heroine or driven her to the somewhat flippant and very ill-bred replies which Mr Crawford puts into her mouth, and which detract sadly from the dignity of the young Countess (Emily in *our* Castle of Udolpho, dear old reader, would never have forgotten herself so); nor would he have shown the cloven foot and disclosed himself—a vulgar Jew, a make-believe gentleman—as he does. We can imagine, with all his long accumulated experiences, how he might have troubled the soul of the inexperienced girl—how he might have made the worse appear the better cause, and so represented himself and his claims that the young creature's heart should have been wrung, and her mind almost persuaded that to sacrifice herself was her duty. In this scene, which should have been the greatest in the book, Mr Crawford fails signally; he fails because he has not taken the trouble to try to succeed. Three volumes may be a bad thing, but to hurry the development of a character, and turn what should have been an imposing representation into a scribble-scrabble, is a dear price to pay for the originality of a shorter

publication. Besides, our young novelist might have given himself space enough for Benoni, by adding a line to each of his scanty pages, or indeed, for that matter, by a little compression otherwise, without the addition of a line at all.

We have said so much because it seems to us that it still remains to be proved whether Mr Crawford is going to fulfil his promise. His later books (with the exception of 'To Leeward,' which never ought to have been written, and which shows a want of artistic as well as moral perception which, but for the better inspiration of the 'Roman Singer,' we should have thought a fatal symptom) are clever, infinitely superior to the ordinary level of novels. But they are not so good as 'Mr Isaacs.' We are compelled to say of them that if these are the best of the new school, it is scarcely worth while having a new school. When the old jog on in their old ways, it is natural, and we know what we have to look to; but when the young delude us with a show of originality, and then drop into the beaten path, we feel all the force of a deception.

We may add that Mr Crawford's backgrounds are extremely pleasant. It is an awkward way to tell a story by the lips of a spectator who cannot by any possibility have seen the half of what he narrates, and whose explanation that he has it from the lips of the immediate actors, is tedious in the repetition. But old Sor Cornelio is a very lovable person, and the touches of Italian manners and Italian landscapes are, as might be expected, very true to nature, and in perfect taste; neither too much nor too little—certainly not too much. Old Grandi is perhaps a little too careful in never omitting

an opportunity of bringing in his own special characteristics — especially when there is no occasion for such vanities; but all the indications of the still life about him, including Marianina, his old maid, are prettily done, and with a tender hand. But is it not an odd way of describing that (in Italy) very ordinary salutation, to say, "He touched his lips to her hand"? We do not remember any Italian idiom of which it can be a translation. Is it American?

Mr Anstey is a writer of an entirely different character from Mr Crawford. His *début* in literature was triumphant; 'Vice-Versa' carried the popular applause with it in a sudden rush. Those who ventured to object were floored by the unanswerable hint that there are some people who do not know a joke when they see it. The wit of so droll a suggestion as the transformation of a middle-aged heavy father into the semblance of a schoolboy, was so exquisite that all England shrieked with laughter. We admit with great candour that this is the kind of wit of which Sydney Smith uttered the unforgettable and finely discriminated verdict, that it needed a surgical operation to get it into a Scotch brain; and 'Maga,' thank heaven, is still Scotch, and may stand upon her national character. The wit which consists in a ludicrous combination of incongruities, laughable perhaps on the outside and for the moment, but containing no higher element of humour; a hard and painful jest touching, without perceiving it, the skirts of that cold matter-of-fact tragedy which is the most horrible of all things, is not a form of human faculty which can sustain a lengthened effort. Father and son in this *jeu d'esprit* were types of the worst kind of their respective

classes; and though we don't deny that the transformation of a respectable city man, of something more than middle age—a pompous personage, very confident of his own virtue and of the inferiority of everybody else—into the external appearance of a small schoolboy, and his exposure to all the accidents and incidents of a child's life, is very ludicrous, the pain which is in the suggestion, to our mind, far overbalances the short-lived mirth. We can imagine that a finer genius might find, in the adventures of a genial soul placed in such an extraordinary position, occasion for laughter in which there would be the sweetness of sympathy and true human nature. But the worried, astounded, indignant, middle-aged soul conceived by Mr Anstey has not a grain of sympathy in him; and the contortions of his rage present a cruel spectacle, which it is not much to our credit to be amused by—which is like the miserable pranks of a drunkard, gloated over by a malicious crowd, rather than any more human performance. The subject of this practical joke does not even work out his deliverance, as in a fairy tale, by any softening of his nature, or repent of his hardness when he feels its effects, but is just as pompous, heartless, and selfish at the end of his strange experiences as at the beginning. He is like a cat with a tin kettle tied to its tail, irresistibly comic to those who appreciate that kind of fun, but rousing other sentiments in those who don't; while the leer of the little boy, ludicrously enclosed in the big person of a man, and carrying with him the nasty little tastes of a bad child, is preternaturally disagreeable — a sight which we loathe to look at.

But this was not the opinion of the British public, which held both

its sides with laughter at so funny a sight. Youth is a kind of excuse for this sort of hard cynicism, in so far that a certain cruelty is involved in inexperience, and that the sympathetic faculties are awakened but slowly, and have not force at first to resist the *éclat* of laughter which is called forth by a sudden perception of the ludicrous. And to do Mr Anstey justice, he did not mean to record an opinion that all are base, and life a bad joke. There was no moral in his performance. He meant nothing but the laugh, and he had the laugh, and such a success as has fallen to no humorist in our recollection. Thackeray was a long time making his reputation, and even Dickens, who struck more quickly "the way that takes the town," began but modestly in comparison with the author of 'Vice-Versa,' whose work was in heaven knows how many editions before he had time to draw breath. But such a wonderful triumph is not entirely advantageous, and has its inevitable recoil: it makes the next step a much harder one—a step from which any neophyte may shrink.

This step, however, has been taken, and the result now lies before us. The practical joker has appeared before the world as a serious novelist. He has not attempted to continue the farcical method by which he earned his easy laurels, and it is a great deal more trying a matter to construct a feasible picture of human existence than to raise a laugh by a fortunate concurrence of incongruities. The 'Giant's Robe' has been running its course somewhat flatly through the pages of a popular magazine for the last year, and if we may believe what is told us in the newspapers, the

public has been so little disappointed by it as to exhaust immediately a first and even a second edition—which is a circumstance that will give the author good heart to encounter inevitable criticism. One thing Mr Anstey has not done, is to attempt to be funny, and carry out the tradition of his first essay in literature, for which we are grateful to him. He seems at first indeed to have wavered, and almost fallen into this snare; for we remember somewhere in the early part of the book an elaborate piece of comicality in the description of an intoxicated gander, which was very laborious fooling. But the book has eventually turned out a very serious novel indeed, full of complications and deceptions, and a guilty secret, with all the inevitable miseries that follow. By this time everybody, it is to be supposed, knows the story. Mark Ashburn, the hero, is a writer of novels, which, by a malignant conspiracy against him of those fiends in human shape known as publishers, never get into print. But he has a friend who possesses the genius in which he is wanting, and who leaves a manuscript in his hands, on the eve of a long voyage, which Mark is to dispose of, and see through the press. Having done this, the friend, Vincent Holroyd by name, goes off, and to all appearance gets drowned promptly, his ship being wrecked—though of course every experienced reader knows better. Mark, who has no opinion of the story left in his charge, fulfils the directions given him, and to his amazement and mortification, finds that the same publishers who have rejected his own works, are eager to publish this. The way in which these publishers thrust its authorship upon him, taking no denial—his refusal of the title—then the irri-

tation, the confusion of his mind, the temptation, since it can hurt no one, to allow them to believe this, and thus make the way easier for the true productions of his fancy,—is done with considerable skill: and so is Mark's scornful contempt all through for the book which makes his fortune—the spiteful feeling which he entertains towards it, as though it were a concealed enemy, and his incapacity to see any excellence in it. All this is cleverly done, and is no doubt true to the workings of a mean nature; and had Mark been the villain of the story, to throw up the higher light of a magnanimous hero, or even to contrast with the simple power of honesty and honour, all would have been legitimate enough, though, even in the capacity of a villain, we should have found him no great thing. But this is not Mr Anstey's intention by any means. The villain of the piece is another and more futile rogue than Mark, and that strange hero is evidently intended to represent the ordinary sort of man, the kind of character intended by Thackeray when he wrote his novel without a hero, and presented Mr Arthur Pendennis to the world. We fear we have come a long way down in both morals and manners, when the young lord of ordinary life, the unheroic actuality of man, such as is compatible with love and friendship, but not a being without faults like him of the old standard, finds expression not in the faulty, fickle, vain, thoughtless and easily-taken-in Pen, with all his generousities and compunctions, but in the vulgar and selfish person of Mr Mark Ashburn. It is always possible to understand the shortcomings of the one, and to perceive how, without very much evil purpose, they have come about; but with the other the charity of the imagina-

tion is much more severely tasked. And it might perhaps be possible to believe that a man greatly tempted should succumb in the first instance, and consent to take to himself the honour and glory belonging to another who was dead and could never be the better of them, especially as he thought that glory to be a mere freak of public opinion, and his own real productions better than the one which was not his. It might have been a fine plan enough, to show how love awakened the sleeping conscience, and how the young man, not utterly false, came to feel it impossible to drag the woman he loved with him into the pit, and himself incapable of securing happiness by false pretences. But this is no part of our young author's scheme. He thinks it natural, apparently, that a high and pure emotion should make no difference, and that to secure his bride at any cost, though it may be to make her life miserable as well as his own, in the face of a catastrophe which must come, is what a man not altogether lost to better feelings would do. This low conception of human nature, and incapability of perceiving where the good, if it exists at all, *must* come in, is as bad in art as it is in morals. Mr Anstey might reply that he does not intend to represent in Mark an elevated type of being. No; but he means him to be an ordinary man; he had no intention of representing him as a villain. He has evidently a conviction that at bottom he is not such a bad fellow after all, and that his sins are hurried upon him by circumstances, or by passion, or by the mere impossibility of escape.

And the worst is that there is no one in the book to better Mark. Such interest as there is is entirely with him. Mabel, indeed, appears in a vague halo of beauty and

sweetness, naturally somewhat indefinite,—a young man's ideal of what is charming and delightful in a young woman; but when she finally discovers the truth, there is as little relenting or pity in her gentle bosom as if she were the conventional stony matron of ancient fiction. The injured friend is a sulky fellow, with no true magnanimity in him, and no interest for the reader; and the villain, as has been said, is one of the foolishhest and most futile schemers ever invented, which is saying a great deal. The tortures of the imagination to which this latter personage subjects little Dolly, persuading the child that she will be apprehended and put into prison because she has torn a stamp from an unopened letter, are too ridiculous to be credible, especially when they are repeated. Dolly herself, though she is a very pert little person, is occasionally amusing; and the good-humoured Trixie, Mark's sister, and the only one in his family who believes in him, is natural and pleasant enough, if not very refined: but all the rest of the unfortunate young man's surroundings—father, mother, and uncle—are vulgar and repellent to the last degree; a sort of Dickensish group of the lower middle-class—sordid, small, and ignorant. Mabel's family, who are ladies and gentlemen, are vulgar too, in another way; and there is not a high light in the whole picture—nothing but neutral tints deepening into darkness on every side. A hard materialism, unconscious that it is not the best that humanity can require, is in every line. The pursuit of the ideal sometimes carries the imagination out of the sphere of reason; but even this is not so unfortunate as to have no ideal at all.

Of all the errors which the artist or author can fall into, this is

the greatest. It is the commonest of mistakes, and a great one, we think, though very great artists are sometimes guilty of it, to enhance the nobleness of the principal figures by dwarfing and vulgarising all those on the secondary level. But in the 'Giant's Robe' nobody is at all good or great, but all are secondary; nobody has our approval, nobody has our sympathy. At the end we are somewhat sorry for Mark, when he begins to show a little pluck at last. But, as a matter of fact, we close the book without the least desire to see the face of any individual in it again.

We feel inclined to commit ourselves, with the great Scotch Reviewer in the days when criticism was heroic, and say: This will never do; it is not worth while being young and famous, and hailed by all the scouts of literature as one of the new brethren from whom everything is to be hoped, and accomplish no more than this. Let us hope that posterity will prove us as wrong as Lord Jeffrey, and yet receive from Mr Anstey's hands works that will entitle him to a place among its demigods. But in that case he will have to change his mode of procedure altogether, and look into human nature a little more deeply, and understand that art cannot exist any more than nature without heights and depths, which seem as yet unknown to his philosophy. It is a (comparatively) easy thing to make the world grin at a practical joke. It is a very different thing to enlist its attention, to rouse its sympathy, to transport it into genial laughter and tears. Neither tear nor laugh is to be got out of the 'Giant's Robe.' We find no giant, but only various commonplace men of rather contemptible stature—no one any better than his neighbour. There is in it neither art nor heart.

Mr Hugh Conway (or Mr J. F.

Fergus: why these quickly dropped assumptions of a fictitious name?) breaks ground in Mr Wilkie Collins's domain—or rather, in a way which reminds us of Mr Wilkie Collins at his best, when the 'Woman in White' gained him a legitimate and not unworthy triumph. 'Called Back,' too, is one of those first works which have met with a success quite unusual, and not entirely justified by its intrinsic value. It is, however, an exciting story, which is a thing that has failed of late; and we are very willing to welcome the possessor of the old-fashioned faculty of narrative, without waiting to inquire whether he is the possessor of genius as well. The tale is very weird, and striking, and singular. It has been already adapted for the stage, where its powerful effects will tell. There is originality, too, in the first extraordinary situation. The blind man, depressed and despairing—though why he should have been so, knowing, as he did, that his blindness was produced by cataract, and removable, we do not very clearly see—goes out of his rooms on a summer night to take a walk, mistakes the turning, and lets himself in by his latch-key to what turns out to be a strange house, where suddenly he is made the ear-though not eye-witness of a murder. To walk into such a scene out of one's quiet lodging, in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, is wonderful enough; but it is still more wonderful that the hero, on recovering his sight, should meet and fall in love with the girl whose shriek had rung through the house at the moment when the tragedy was accomplished, whom of course he does not recognise, but by whose means he is enabled to clear up the mystery. The reader will not expect to find much exhibition of character or delicate

pictures from the life in the midst of circumstances so unusual; and we may allow at once that these higher attractions of fiction are not to be found here. Mr Gilbert Vaughan, who tells his own story, is a well-recognised type of a hero, an indomitable young man with plenty of money, and a determination to succeed in everything he takes up. We wish there were more of him in life; and it is refreshing to meet him even in fiction, knowing so exactly what he wants, and so ready to find out the means of attaining it. The picture of Pauline is more difficult; but yet, as her tale, too, is so extraordinary, and the mental condition in which her young husband gradually discovers her to be, is in itself wonderful enough to make further pains unnecessary, we can very well do without any character, save the ordinary feminine sweetness, in her case coupled with that remarkable beauty which it is so very easy for a writer of fiction to bestow. One result, indeed, of the temporary eclipse of the female novelist, and ascendancy of the superior sex, is a whimsical one. The heroine sinks into unimportance, and we find again that sweet symbol of womankind without any particular or individual flavour to which we were accustomed in the old days. Mr Crawford, indeed, being of an advanced school and American, as well as more potent in literary power than either of the gentlemen whom we have ventured to name along with him, endows his ladies with as much individuality as can be expected; but in the hands of Mr Anstey and Mr Fergus these young women fall into their proper subordinate place. They are worshipped, but they do nothing to deserve it, as is the time-honoured way.

The object of the story in this case is to "call back" to reason

and consciousness the stunned intelligence of Pauline, which has been totally obscured by the sight of the murder which her future lover, while still a blind man, heard. He marries her, unaware of the state of her mind, and begins his energetic researches after something that may restore her, before he has any conception of her story. He discovers the former tragic connection between that story and the one extraordinary experience of his own life by means which are, it is true, quite improbable, as was his adventure, but yet permissible enough to an artist with Mr Fergus's faculty for pure narrative, and amply justified by the effect they produce. The villain is a poor one, as so many villains are; but the adventures of the narrator never fail to command our interest. And when he follows Ceneri, the secondary villain, to Siberia, we have a most forcible and lifelike picture, entirely new to us, added to the strength of the narrative. Very few persons can be qualified to pronounce upon its truth to fact, but it looks most genuine, and adds a pang of pity and horror to the excitement of the tale. The young Englishman, furnished with all sorts of letters of recommendation, follows, for thousands of miles, the convoys of convicts on their march to the mines, and at last comes up with the one he seeks. The description he gives of the horrible resting-place to which these poor wretches are conducted at the end of their day's march—"a gloomy square building surrounded by a tall palisade," which is to be found at the entrance of every village—is almost too terrible to quote. "Light another cigarette, — you will want it," says the Russian officer significantly, as he leads him to this den—"a pestilential cavern, at the bottom of which all the im-

purities of the world were rotting and putrefying," and which was crowded with men, miserable, foot-sore, degraded, without even space enough to afford their tired bodies any rest.

"The only thing I could think of, was this: Why did not these men rush out, overpower the guards, and escape from this reeking den? I put the question to Varlómolf. 'They never attempt to escape while on the march,' he said. 'It is a point of honour among them. If one escapes, those left are treated with much greater severity.'

"Do none ever get away?"

"Yes, many do when they are sent to the works. But it does them no good. They must pass through the towns on their flight, or they would starve; and they are always caught and sent back.' . . .

"All along the wall was a slanting platform upon which men lay in various attitudes. Being the most comfortable station, every inch of it was covered by recumbent forms. In the angle formed by the prison wall I saw a man reclining as if utterly worn out. . . . 'This is the person I was looking for,' I said to the officer who stood at my side, mitigating to some extent the noxiousness of the atmosphere by the cigarette he puffed vigorously.

"I am glad you have found him," he said politely. "Now the sooner we get outside the better. The air here is unhealthy."

"Unhealthy! it was fetid. I was filled with wonder, as I looked at the bland French-speaking captain at my side, at the state of mind to which a man must bring himself before he could calmly stand in the midst of his fellow-creatures and see such misery unconcernedly, could even think he was but doing his duty."

Ceneri, whom he finds here, who is the uncle of Pauline, an accessory, however unwilling, to the murder, which was extremely convenient to him, affords the young man all the necessary information, and he hurries home full of hope. The restoration of Pauline to full

consciousness and love, belongs to the region of the ordinary love-story, and is kept back unnecessarily by certain expedients very well known to us, but which will interest the reader who has a wholesome interest in all love-stories, though inferior to the other portions of the tale.

It is, no doubt, the singular success of 'Called Back' which has induced Mr Fergus to reprint and present to the world in haste the handful of detached stories, published in periodicals, which he ingeniously entitles 'Bound Together.' The best of these stories, we make bold to say, were first introduced to the public in the pages of this magazine, which nevertheless does not sufficiently bias our judgment as to induce us to consent that he has done well in the outset of his career by setting at once a basket of fragments upon the literary table. This, which looks like an economy of the said fragments, is in reality a niggardly performance, unbecoming a young writer at the beginning of his career. Such collections should be left until the fountain of invention runs low, and a return upon the sources of youth is invigorating. It is an expedient which has indeed been very generally adopted of recent years, but it is neither desirable nor gracious. "The Secret of the Stradivarius," with which the volume opens, is by much the best of these stories. It is weird and thrilling in its strange tragedy, entirely unexplained and inexplicable—carrying us into those regions of pure impossibility which are so much more satisfactory, at once for the romancer and for the reader, than those in which the bewildering suggestions of pseudoscience can come in. No unconscious cerebration can account for the mysterious drama which has got into the strings of the violin,

and transports the player into the very scenes and external surroundings amid which the fatal story works itself out. The other tales are average examples of this kind of literature, essays in fiction with no particular purpose, and inspired by no principle of art. Some of them belong to the old and well-known type of the 'Keepsake' and other annual miscellanies—well enough for the entertainment of a moment, but not likely to contribute to any established reputation. In two at least, "My First Client" and "The Bandsman's Story," the leading incident is not original. The ghostly client who comes at the moment of his death to sign a will upon which the fortunes of a favourite child depend, is but a dim *bourgeois* repetition of a much more effective French story, 'Le Serment d'un Joueur,' the author of which we have unfortunately forgotten, though we think it belongs to the elder Dumas. M. le Comte or M. le Chevalier in the former tale dies in Versailles, while making one of the card-party of his Majesty Louis XV., and at the same hour is seen, to the amazement of all beholders, unexpectedly, and without communication with any who sees him, to walk across his own park, into his own country-house, where afterwards his will is found, freshly signed. Whether the French law dispenses with witnesses to the signature of a will, or whether there is some provision made for this, we forget. Mr Fergus's ten witnesses (also, by the way, a card-party) settle this question with overwhelming effect, and perhaps the vulgar modern surroundings make the story almost more ghostly than when dressed in the costume and adapted to the more picturesque incidents of last century. The story of the music which leads to the discovery of a murder—an airy tune, the favourite

of the murdered man, which brings at once his avengers and his murderer to the scene of the crime—recalls a tale of similar character, though without, so far as we can recollect, either murder or vengeance in it, which is told in a collection of stories by Miss Edwards, published a number of years ago. Probably in both cases the incident has descended from a common source; for, so far as ghost-stories of this primitive character are concerned, it is probably true, as our American instructor informs us, that all the tales have been told.

There is one of Mr Fargus's tales, however, which is, so far as we are aware, quite original and highly successful. It is the concluding story, called "*A Speculative Spirit*," and is worth three-parts of the others put together. It does not, however, owe its success to the kind of power which we are willing to acknowledge in '*Called Back*.' There is no thrilling power of narrative, no weird combination of mysteries. All is quite simple, ordinary, and prosaic, even a little vulgar, in the circumstances, and the effect is produced by one of the most truly humorous suggestions which we remember to have met in what may be called the comic ghost-story. The "*Speculative Spirit*" is not, as might be supposed at the first glance, a visionary philosopher, but a stockbroker, with that wonderful prescience of the falls and risings again of stock which is so common to the speculator in novels, and at the same time not unknown in real life. Bobbett is the most keen and knowing, but at the same time the least showy, of operators. "He gave all his time to it, and had the most marvellous way of picking up information before other people;" and the confidence in him of his partner

was boundless. When, accordingly, this partner (Bobbett having started on a journey) receives a telegram directing him to "sell thirty thousand Marthas," meaning Manchester and Dundee railway shares, his astonishment is boundless; but his faith stands the test, and he obeys, though against his judgment, the inexplicable injunction—the explanation of which comes a little later in the news that there has been a tremendous railway accident, in which Bobbett has been killed instantaneously. The sharp practice of the ghostly swindler, who rushes hot (or cold) from his mangled body to the nearest telegraph office, and contrives to net so many thousands by the catastrophe which kills him, is delightful. The story is concise, and thoroughly effective; and we decline to believe the suggestion thrown in at the end, that his partner Hopkins, who tells it, and whose veracity is vouched for on the ground that he has no imagination, may probably turn out not so dull as he looks, and that Bobbett died peacefully in his bed. It is much too good to be dashed by any such hypothesis. This *genre* of the supernatural has not been sufficiently worked out. Warnings sent by dead hands have almost invariably been of a solemn character. But as we have no evidence, after all, that the mere fact of death operates as great a change upon the spirit as upon the body, there seems no reason why the imagination should confine itself to this serious view: and no better or more purely comic instance of the ruling passion strong in death could be imagined. All the accessories, too, are good,—the telegraph clerk who feels a blast of cold air enter, and hears his needles clicking; the consternation and astonishment of the partner, whose faith in "*Marthas*" was only not

so strong as his faith in Bobbett; the perfect, matter-of-fact, unscrupulousness of ghost and man. It is perhaps a natural human sentiment which prefers to preserve an atmosphere of solemnity around the conclusion of human affairs, and to make the message always an important one which is brought by a visitor from beyond the grave; but it is only a sentiment, and so far as fact and reason can be spoken of as applying to the supernatural, in no way founded upon anything that can be deduced from them. A ghostly freak like this is very different from the mystic-sublime (or ridiculous) of the "Daughter of the Stars," which is simply nonsense; and as simple nonsense, has run the round of all the old-fashioned Books of Beauty (with appropriate illustration in the form of a copperplate Houri) and Christmas numbers in all time.

It is very curious, however, and characteristic of the time, that all the young authors whose *début* we have here noted, employ in their different ways that element of the occult which has apparently, after a long interval of prose, begun again to count among the favourite agencies in literature at least, and probably also in the world. Mr Crawford employs it in its most remarkable traditional form in the magic of the East, which nobody has fathomed. Mr Anstey brings it into his broad farce characteristically and cynically, in that simple and matter-of-fact manner peculiar to him, with which mind and spirit have nothing to do. Mr Fergus is perhaps the boldest of all in his adoption of those powers which so many people begin to believe in, and which it is fashionable to say are not supernatural at all, but depend upon some inexplicable action of the mind—as if

that explained the mystery. When Pauline, roused by the sight of the murderer, suddenly makes her way, in the trouble of her awakening consciousness, to the house in which the tragedy took place, and which her lover, too, vaguely recognised as the scene of his strange adventure, the touch of her hand brings before him the whole scene, as he did not see but heard it, but as she both heard and saw. Seated in the fated room, he beholds over again the horrible occurrence, while she, groping in the depths of her bewildered memory, recalls it. We are not perhaps sufficiently of our generation to receive this scene with the same interest as those which are pure narrative, but none of the recognised censors of public opinion have, so far as we know, objected to it, or marked it as illegitimate. The young age, the age of these young writers, has received once more this science of prodigy into its mind, along with all the other sciences that are supposed to bear so different a meaning. This fact is as curious as anything that we have met with in contemporary history. The age of Huxley and Darwin has become again the age of magic, and the unseen and unknowable record another victory in their perennial struggle with fact and the certainties of the natural philosopher. These fluctuations of the human mind are not amenable to reason. When they are stopped in the legitimate way, they resort to the unlawful; and men who cannot persuade themselves to believe in a God, question the nearest table, and woo its supposed tenant to give them arguments for their own immortality. What a thing is man!—and to what strange vagaries is subject this curious capricious being, this quintessence of dust!

THE PEOPLE AND THE ARMY.

THE readers of the 'Times' have been startled of late by the appearance in its columns of two long essays bearing the ominous title, "Discontent in the Army." To the first of these we turned in fear and trembling. We knew that the army was little satisfied with the treatment it had of late received, and the inference to be drawn from the text of the coming sermon seemed to be that discontent had culminated in mutiny. Great was therefore our relief when, on reading further, we discovered that the object of the writer was, not to give us news, good or bad, but only to show to the officers of the army that for the complaints of ill-usage in which they indulge there is no foundation in fact. It is a mistake to suppose that recent changes have in any degree interfered mischievously with their condition or prospects. The abolition of purchase, so far from operating to their hurt, has proved eminently advantageous to them. To be sure, a captain is now compulsorily retired when he completes the fortieth year of his age. But the country has provided for him a pension—£200 a-year for life,—which is infinitely better for him, whether he can see it or not, than being allowed to spend a fortune in buying himself forward—only that as a colonel, or perhaps a major, he might sell out again. Starting from this point, the essayist goes on to argue that lesser grievances, of which he enumerates seven, are all of them imaginary. Thus much for the officers. And now, only the other day, comes forth a supplemental paper, in which the grievances of the rank and file are considered and discussed with an

originality which takes our very breath away. To this we shall advert very shortly, but not till after we have dealt with our author's well-intentioned endeavour to satisfy the class to whom his observations are specially addressed, that he knows much better what is really for their good than they know themselves.

We are sorry to say that however benevolent his intentions may be, he has not carried his point. The great body of officers, as well those actually serving as those shelved, refuse to be convinced by his reasoning. This was soon made manifest by the rapidity with which letter after letter appeared, flatly contradicting both his premisses and his conclusions. The officer sent about his business in the prime of life, so far from expressing gratitude for the liberality with which he has been treated, speaks with bitterness of prospects blighted and faith not kept with him. His junior, still in the ranks, complains that his profession opens for him no career. And gentlemen of greater experience than he, point out that recent changes, incident on abolition, have dislocated if not destroyed the good old regimental system, of which the leading characteristic was an abiding jealousy of the honour of his corps, such as rendered it next to impossible for any member of the mess glaringly to misconduct himself. In every one of the objections thus raised to the well-intentioned arguments of the 'Times' contributor, we are bound to acknowledge that we recognise a large measure of truth. To nine out of ten of the cadets now at

Sandhurst and Woolwich, the army offers no settled career. By spurts and starts individuals among them may be hoisted over the barriers which time alone puts in their way. But the great bulk have nothing better to look forward to than twenty or thirty years' knocking about the world in subordinate situations, and then dismissal, with perhaps a step of honorary rank and an annuity calculated on a scale which compels the person receiving it to live like a gentleman, yet fails adequately to supply him with the means of doing so. Nor are the lamentations of those who remember what regiments and regimental life used to be forty years ago by any means to be disregarded. A long peace may have made the officers of that day less conversant than their fathers were with both the principles and practice of their profession. But their regiment was to them their home; the colonel was their father; and their brother officers, from the major down to the youngest ensign just joined, were truly their brothers. Now no man, even if he succeed to the command of a regiment in which his best days have been spent, can be expected to take the same interest in its wellbeing that he would have done but for the rule which limits his tenure of office to three or four years. And if the further rule be strictly acted upon which throws the command of regiments on selection, what motive will the new-comer have to regard either the officers or the men committed to his charge in any other light than as persons among whom it is his business to enforce for a given time attention to their military duties? The writer in the 'Times' denounces, not perhaps without justice,

the extravagance of mess expenses and regimental entertainments; and one at least of those who reply to him, suggests that these and other abuses are not to be corrected, except by the exercise of parental authority over young men by commanding officers. But what commanding officer, who knows that in three or four years he will have seen the last of his regiment, will give himself the trouble to conciliate his young men, and thus qualify himself to become their adviser? And what regard are the young men likely to pay to other than the professional orders of a chief with whom they are perfectly well aware that their connection must cease before it can grow into anything like mutual respect and confidence? It appears, then, to us, that excellent as his intentions may be, the military critic of the 'Times' has said little to allay the discontent in the army of which he complains, and nothing at all to prove that either individuals or the public have been the gainers by that one particular act which confessedly lies at the root of the great bulk of the grievances which he has undertaken to explain away.

The truth is that the writer whose paper we are noticing, like every other out-and-out supporter of the new order of things, rides off from a statesman-like consideration of what the system has done for the country on points of detail, as these affect or are held to affect the fortunes of individuals.

To the consideration of officers' grievances he accordingly devotes in his first paper rather more than two closely printed columns, while his defence of army organisation, of short service, and so forth, is suppressed into four brief sentences. This is not surprising. From the standpoint taken up in

dealing with the former subject, there might a good deal be said that was plausible. Into the discussion of the latter no sophistry could be introduced; and hence one or two bold assumptions, not one of which will bear a moment's serious examination, are all that he has judged it expedient to put forth. To these, as well as the more elaborate details of his second essay, we may advert by-and-by. Meanwhile the care with which he has reduced to eight distinct headings, the wrongs of which officers are supposed to complain, at once enables and compels us to put in a proper light the question really at issue between the Government and the nation. It is this. Has the abolition of purchase among officers, followed up by the introduction of short service as now practised, proved to be for both officers and men the beneficent measures which their author expected them to be? In other words, did an exercise of the Royal prerogative, such as had not been heard of for centuries, bring relief to the tax-payer, while at the same time it brightened the prospects of those classes in society from among which the bulk of our recruits are drawn, and must always be drawn? For these, after all, are the points which it most deeply concerns the people at large to understand. Whatever lies beyond them may be open to dispute; but whether the democracy has gained or lost, by an act not voluntarily perpetrated—of that we may be sure—but forced upon a Liberal Government by its Radical supporters, that is a question which the 'Times' writer keeps steadily in the background, and that is therefore the question which we now propose at some length to discuss.

Two reasons were assigned for the abolition of purchase—one be-

fore, the other after, the issue of the Royal Warrant. The latter came from the Minister more immediately connected with the service, and therefore assumed to be a prominent adviser of the Crown in that instance. The former was advanced by the bulk of his Radical supporters in and outside the House of Commons. We may as well deal with the Ministerial apology in the first place, both because it was spoken, so to say, in a whisper at the time, and because it has never, as far as we know, been publicly enlarged upon since. It was this—that without doing away with purchase in the line, it would be impossible to accomplish the end which the Government had in view,—i. e., “to weld”—such were his own words—“into one harmonious whole, the discordant elements of which the military force of the country was composed.” This somewhat grandiloquent expression meant, when reduced to common English, that the militia must no longer be treated as a semi-civil force, but being brought under the absolute control of the War Minister, must henceforth regard itself, and be regarded by the country, as an integral portion of the regular army. Now, for the life of us, we could not understand at the moment, and we are still unable to comprehend, what possible connection there could be between abolition of purchase in the line, and the transference of militia business from the Home to the War Office. If, indeed, the Minister had intended, either by Act of Parliament or by a second arbitrary exercise of the prerogative, to convert militiamen bodily into linesmen, then some glimmering of light might have fallen upon his declaration. Purchase in the militia has ever been a thing unknown; and to

sanction exchanges from non-purchase into purchase regiments, would have opened the door to all manner of abuses. But we doubt whether the Government ever seriously entertained such an idea; and we know, that whether entertained or not, it was never acted upon. Militia regiments have no doubt so far lost their identity, that they stand in the Army List as supplemental battalions to regiments of the line. But neither may an officer in a militia regiment exchange with an officer in a line regiment, nor can a non-commissioned officer or private in a militia battalion be transferred without his own free choice to one or other of the line battalions with which his own happens to be connected. The excuse, therefore, offered by Lord Cardwell for a measure concerning the policy of which we suspect he entertains serious doubts, may safely be relegated to a place among those high-sounding phrases with which men in power usually endeavour to hide from others, if not from themselves, the mistakes they have made or are meditating. We accordingly leave it where it stands, a striking example of the shifts to which wise and good men are often reduced when driven to assign reasons for acts in themselves unreasonable, while we deal more at large with the point raised by the Radicals, and over and over again, we regret to say, reiterated and enlarged upon by gentlemen high in office, of whom better things might have been expected.

The popular notion of purchase in the army ten or twelve years ago was, as we believe it still is, something like this. The Crown, instead of dealing fairly by the people, and appointing the best men, whether of noble or humble birth, to military trusts—put up

commissions in the army for sale, and thus provided good incomes for the sons of the aristocracy at the public expense. In acting thus, it not only abused the constitutional rights of the sovereign, but it handed over to the persons with whom it dealt, the absolute control of the armed force of the country. For gentlemen who paid down hard cash in exchange for appointments acquired a vested interest in such appointments, and were placed in a position towards both their superiors and inferiors incompatible with the maintenance of proper discipline. Moreover, the injustice done to all who contrived, through interest or otherwise, to obtain commissions without purchase, was crying. These might be few or many in number; but whether brought in from civil life, or, as occasionally happened, promoted from the ranks, their condition in either case was pitiable. They found themselves purchased over, time after time, by boys whose sole claim to advancement was a well-filled purse, and had no brighter prospect to look forward to than long years of service as subalterns, to be followed by reduction to half-pay when they became old and worn out. Such a system could be regarded only as a glaring wrong done to the democracy, the members of which body endure all the hardships of military life without being allowed any adequate share in its advantages. Our readers will doubtless recollect how often a soldier so distinguished as De Lacy Evans used to indulge, from his place in the House of Commons, in rhodomontades of this sort—apparently forgetting that he was himself a living witness to their hollowness, inasmuch as promotion from a lieutenancy to a lieutenant-colonelcy had come to him, with-

out purchase, in the brief interval of two years. But if we look back with surprise at inconsistencies of this sort, still greater is our astonishment to find that there are public men, and among them Ministers of the Queen, who continue to encourage an unthinking crowd in harbouring these delusions. Thus, in a remarkable speech, delivered not very long ago in Reading, Mr Shaw Lefevre repeated, by unmistakable insinuations, all that Sir De Lacy Evans had been in the habit of asserting twenty years ago. After enumerating a long list of favours conferred upon the country by a Liberal Administration, he wound up by saying,—“Lastly, outside the line of legislation, great administrative changes have been effected. The purchase system in the army has been abolished. Competition for the whole public service has been substituted for patronage. The army has been reorganised.” And the crowd assembled to listen applauded these statements to the echo, believing that a substantial boon had been conferred upon the taxpayer, and the people’s right asserted to see that the army should hereafter be so managed as to throw open to poor as well as to rich men the honours and the emoluments of a noble profession. When we mention, in reference to the substitution of competition for patronage in the Civil Service, that there are, while we write, four vacancies in the Government offices, for which more than fifty young men are competing, some idea may be formed of the chances of success for him whose parents or guardians are not rich enough to give him the best education which money can procure. But this by the way, as a point for the aspiring democracy to consider, after they shall have taken in

what we are about to tell them about purchase in the army and its abolition.

With the true history of purchase in the British army, we are inclined to suspect that not many of those who either regret or rejoice over its abolition, are very well acquainted. It will be our business, before bringing this article to a close, to enlighten both parties on that head; but before entering upon that subject, it may not be amiss to satisfy ourselves as to what either the taxpayer or the people—using that term as it is used by Mr Bradlaugh and orators of his stamp—or the public service, has gained by the administrative changes, for effecting which the Chief Commissioner of Works desires his party to get credit. As far as concerns the taxpayer, we find that the immediate cost to him of the realisation of a Radical crotchet was something more than six millions sterling, that being the amount advanced for purchasing up saleable commissions. There is, however, a farther and not less serious demand upon our pockets. The sum paid last year in the shape of pensions to officers compulsorily retired, appears to have been between three and four hundred thousand pounds; and there is every prospect of its becoming, as time rolls on, continually greater. And not the least curious part of the matter is, that while the Government which has laid these burdens on the people takes immense credit to itself for the liberality with which it treated, and continues to treat, army officers, the credulous people are hoodwinked into believing that, in some mysterious way or another, they, too, have benefited by the proceeding. Now, how stand the facts of the case? The reorganisation of the army,—in other words,

the introduction of short service, with its well-considered result—the cutting off from the rank and file of all reasonable hope of a pension,—had been settled before the Bill for the Abolition of Purchase among the officers came into the House of Commons. There was no mistaking the object of that move. The admirers of the Prussian system told us, and told us truly, that only thus could a reliable reserve be created. The civilian portion of the Ministry took a wider view of the subject. They had long been cudgelling their brains to discover some means whereby the Army Estimates might be relieved from some portion of the dead weight; and now a scheme came before them which held out something like a certainty that in the course of a generation or two it might be well-nigh extinguished altogether. The 80,000 or 90,000 old soldiers whose names crowded the pension-list would gradually die out; and, thanks to the ingenious device of three years with the colours and nine in the reserve, there would be none except the maimed—even in war comparatively few in number—to succeed them. But economies of this sort could not well be practised without throwing dust in the eyes of the classes on whom they were meant to bear hard. A convenient method of attaining that end was presented by taking up the Radical cry against purchase; and the steady opposition offered to it by a considerable minority in the House of Commons, composed mainly of country gentlemen, and by a majority in the House of Lords, confirmed the people in the belief that Ministers were in this, as well as in other directions, fighting their battle against a proud aristocracy.

We are inclined to believe that

the delusion under which the Radicals laboured on that occasion will soon pass, if it be not already passing, away. How their champions in the House of Commons sat mute when the Minister declared his intention of making good to every officer whatever his commission might have cost him, we never could understand. It was hard enough upon the taxpayer to compel him to become the purchaser, at what was understood to be regulation price, of some hundreds, or it might be thousands, of bits of parchment which could no longer be of use to anybody. But to insist upon his going further, and becoming thereby a participant in transactions every one of which violated the moral law, was really too bad.

For reasons hereafter to be explained, the military authorities had fixed a scale beyond which officers seeking promotion by purchase were not to go; and both parties to the bargain gave their word of honour that, neither directly nor indirectly, was the regulation violated. Yet violated it was every day—latterly, we believe, with the full knowledge of the Horse Guards—and sums exceeding the regulation price three or four times over were continually paid, in order to facilitate an arrangement which must have otherwise hung fire. Was there no successor to Joseph Hume in the House bold enough to protest against a waste of public money so scandalous as the Minister proposed to incur, nor any so far-sighted as to point out that he was sowing a seed which must in due time grow up into a financial upstart? Under the old system, the great bulk of British officers served their country virtually for nothing. Their pay, while present with their regiments or employed apart from

them, scarcely covered the interest of the money they had laid out on their commissions; and when they retired—after, perhaps, six or eight years spent in harness—they did so without putting in any claim to half-pay, or to pension except in the case of wounds. From the hour in which purchase was abolished, every youth gazetted to a lieutenancy, whether in the cavalry, the artillery, the engineers, or the infantry, becomes entitled, at the end of a certain period of service, to a pension for life, and is compelled, after attaining a regulation age, to retire upon it, whether he will or not.

These are curious incidents in the rise and progress of a movement which began and was consummated under the plea of at once diminishing the cost of the army to the State, and placing the democracy on a level in military life with the aristocracy. But the absurdity of the manœuvre does not end even there. Commissions in the army, like clerkships in the public offices, are thrown open to public competition. The son of the village baker, equally with the son of the squire, is eligible to become a candidate; and if at the examination conducted by the representatives of the Civil Service Commissioners, he succeed in winning a greater number of marks, he will make his way into Woolwich or Sandhurst over the head of his aristocratic rival. This sounds very fine, and is well calculated to stir the blood of the aspiring democratic tradesman, but it has its dark side too. The preliminary examinations for Woolwich and Sandhurst are no trifling matters. The lad who means to come successfully out of either, must acquire at least a smattering in many branches of knowledge; and all who have sons to educate, know

that such smattering costs money. Can the village baker afford to send his son to a good school, and supplement the instruction received there by committing him for three, or six, or any number of months, to the care of a crammer? We suspect not; and therefore the assurance that both the civil and military services are accessible to men of all classes is the merest fallacy. Under the new order of things the lowly bred have a much less chance of raising themselves, through the army, to the rank of gentlemen, than they had under the old. Formerly the successful confectioner, especially if he were a Liberal in politics, could purchase a commission for his son whenever he chose. Now his son may be too stupid or too idle to face an examination—in which case, if a gentleman he is determined to become, the youth must make his way to that position through some other channel. And what to the poor baker is the offer of an open competition in which he and his son are too poor to take a part? Hence, so far from the door of advancement to honours and emoluments being thrown open to the poor and lowly, recent changes in the army have more effectually closed it against them than ever.

No doubt promotion from the ranks is still possible, and let us be just to the Government wherever we can. The Liberals have done a good deal in bettering the condition of non-commissioned officers; and with the new rank which they have thought fit to make—that of warrant officers—we have no fault to find. But we are much mistaken if the effect of these changes be not rather to diminish than increase among enlisted men the number of aspirants for commissions. The sergeant-major—whose pay is equal to his

wants, who has no appearances to keep up, and is assured of a good pension, and probably civil employment under the Crown, after he takes his discharge—will think twice before he consents, at middle life, to exchange his position for that of a subaltern. And as to the rank and file, their prospects, under existing circumstances, are as little brilliant as can well be. They enlist for three years. Whether they will be allowed to prolong their services must depend upon circumstances over which they have little control. But one or other of two consequences will certainly follow. If all or the bulk of them turn out to be sturdy fellows, whom their officers desire to retain, and who are retained accordingly, then the pension-list, already heavily weighted by the provision made for officers compulsorily retired, will become intolerable. If all or the bulk of them prefer passing into the reserve, then they have little else to anticipate than a sum of money down, which they may spend as they choose, a retaining-fee of sixpence a-day for a few years, and then—probably the workhouse. No grosser deceit could therefore be practised, on both the tax-payer and the democracy, than was sanctioned if not originated by the Ministers, who led them to believe—and still, as we see, try to convince them—that short service and the abolition of purchase give to them substantial advantages.

But of all the misrepresentations put forward in justification of the latter of these measures, perhaps the most outrageous was that which described the purchase system as an arrangement devised for the purpose of handing over the people's army to the unchecked control of its officers.

There never was the slightest ground for so flagrant a fallacy. The purchase officer had just as much and just as little to say to the discipline of his regiment as his non-purchase comrade; and in his commission he established no more of a vested interest than if it had come to him gratuitously. There was, indeed, this difference in the conditions of the two gentlemen, that the one was bound to good conduct in a much heavier penalty than the other. For if the non-purchase officer so 'misconducted himself that it was judged expedient to remove him from the service, he lost his commission, and that was all; whereas the purchase officer, under like circumstances, lost not only his commission, but whatever money he might have paid for it. Nor let it be supposed for a moment that the penalty was never exacted. He must be very imperfectly versed in history who does not know that in the reigns of William and Anne, and under the Georges, officers who had offended the Court, whether by adverse voting in Parliament, or otherwise giving umbrage to the sovereign, were summarily, and without so much as going through the form of a trial, deprived of their commissions. And down even to our own time, numerous instances might be quoted of purchase officers removed from the service, some in consequence of the decisions of courts-martial, others by the mere exercise of the prerogative. It may suffice for our present purpose to specify three cases, all of them occurring within the memory of living men. The unlucky general who capitulated at Buenos Ayres had spent a fortune in mounting to field rank. He was a personal favourite of the Duke of York, and as a parade officer stood deservedly high. He showed

himself to be a brave man, no doubt, but incompetent as a commander in the field; and for this he was tried, found guilty, and cashiered. The same fate overtook the officer who commanded a regiment, to the misconduct of which our failure in front of New Orleans was mainly attributed. And the army still mourns the loss of one of its most brilliant cavalry officers—like the others just referred to, a purchase officer—whom an exercise of the prerogative, of which we do not presume to question the propriety, however we may lament its exercise, deprived of his commission in consequence of a serious offence, for which he had been arraigned before a civil tribunal and justly punished. If any one, with these facts staring him in the face, whether he be a First Commissioner of Works or a private person, is so unwise as to boast hereafter of the beneficence of the measure which bought up the vested rights of officers to lord it over the men, we make him heartily welcome to the good opinion of all whom he can persuade to follow him.

But granting all this to be so, will it be seriously contended, we shall be asked, that without the abolition of purchase there would have been the slightest chance of effecting those improvements in more than one important branch of military administration, of which the country is reaping the benefit? Consider, for example, the arrangements which have been made for ensuring that aspirants for commissions shall give proof, before being admitted into the service, that they have received a liberal education; and that subalterns shall become captains, and captains field-officers, only after satisfying a competent tribunal of their ability to discharge, in a cred-

itable manner, the new duties to be imposed upon them. We all know that in the good old times there were numbers of subalterns and captains, and even field-officers, who had never learned to spell, and from whom a common guard report, grammatically written, could not be expected. Yet these, by dint of money and interest, rose to command regiments, and were appointed to places on the staff to which the gravest responsibility attached. There is an end of all this now; and surely the stupidest of *laudatores temporis acti* will allow both that present arrangements are a vast improvement on the past, and that, except by the abolition of purchase, they never could have been brought about.

Our readers will observe that the controversialist with whom we are supposed to be dealing has here changed his ground. It is no longer of the wrong once done—but now redressed—to the tax-payer and the un-moneyed classes that he is thinking, but of the good of the service. If that be ensured, he is quite willing to let the claims of the democracy, as well as considerations of public economy, fall into abeyance. Far be it from us to stand apart from him on these grounds. The good of the service, in preference to all other considerations, has been the object of every military article which has appeared in this magazine; and if that end could not be attained except by throwing overboard the most cherished traditions of the British army, those traditions must needs go. But with the utmost respect for the authority of civilian War Ministers and Chief Commissioners of Works, we must venture to express the opinion that no such sacrifice was necessary. Observe how facts

stand in connection with the special administrative improvements just enumerated. Not in 1872 were means for ensuring that the army should become an educated army for the first time thought of. So long ago as 1847, a movement began which, had it been wisely directed, must have brought about in course of time results at least as satisfactory, perhaps more so, than those with which we are familiar. That the movement met with no encouragement from the Headquarter Staff of that day, is indeed perfectly true. The great mind of the Duke was already beginning to give way under the numbing influence of age, and his official advisers were all veterans of a school which contemplated with horror every proposal to deviate, be it for ever so good a purpose, from old customs. Nevertheless the Government so managed matters, that in spite of the Duke's opposition a beginning was made; and they were quite strong enough, had they been really in earnest, to complete the work subsequently to his demise. For it is an open secret now, that in 1847 the Secretary at War had in his desk a well-digested plan for the professional education of the officers of the British army, based upon a careful study of what was done in this respect in all the great military States of the Continent. Moreover, it was evident, from the order which the Duke himself issued, that he was neither ignorant of this fact nor prepared to treat it with indifference. For the first time in the military history of the country, public notice was given that young gentlemen applying for commissions must satisfy the authorities that their education had not been neglected, and that

subalterns should be examined before being promoted to captaincies. The prescribed qualifications were, it is true, in both instances slight. But not a voice was raised against them, nor would have been, had the Commander-in-Chief judged it expedient to enlarge their scope fourfold.

On this ground alone, it appears to us, we are justified in believing that the fear of a preliminary examination would have deterred no man from lodging his money for a first commission had the system of purchase remained in force. But the evidence in favour of our view of the case is infinitely stronger. In all the deliberations that went on between 1847 and 1866, not a word was said or written indicating an intention on the part of the Government to interfere with purchase in either the cavalry or the infantry, much less implying a doubt that applications for leave to purchase would come in less regularly after their plan had been acted upon, than while it was yet in a state of incubation. And the result fully justified the anticipations which preceded it. The educational machine, including preliminary examinations, came into play before the Radicals succeeded in carrying their point, and commissions continued to be as eagerly sought after, and promotion paid for at as high a figure as of yore. These are curious facts, incontestably proving that for the honour of bearing the Queen's commission, young aristocrats were ready, not alone to pay a good price in money, but to go through the drudgery, if so it must be described, of a liberal education in order to qualify for holding it. Is there anything in the present condition of the army to show that we draw false conclusions from mistaken premisses? Surely not. The army is just as

largely officered by the sons of moneyed men now as it ever was; and can any rational man suppose that youths whom an honourable ambition has impelled to work their way into the service by dint of hard reading, would have been deterred by considerations of economy from following the same course? The statement, therefore, that nothing short of the abolition of purchase could have brought within practical distance the good customs now in force, is neither more nor less than a form of speech intended to keep in the background the humiliating fact that a practice as old as the rise of standing armies in England, under which our greatness has been achieved, and which, looked at from an economical point of view, worked well for the taxpayer, was, in a manner inconsistent with the spirit of the constitution, abandoned at the bidding of the Radical supporters of a so-called Liberal Administration.

But surely, we shall be told, you are not going to deny that full justice has been done, as well to the officers who declined as to those who accepted the terms of retirement offered to them? For the reasons elsewhere stated, we consider the payment of over-regulation prices to have been a piece of culpable extravagance on the part of the Government; but we give them no credit for any voluntary determination to deal liberally, or even justly, in any part of the arrangement. Their original design went no further than to get rid, as soon as possible, of what had long been an eyesore to their Radical supporters. For that they were ready to lay down a large sum of money. But it was not till their great measure had caused a deadlock in promotion that they sought for advice from the Committee

over which Lord Penzance presided. To Lord Penzance's Committee, therefore, and not to the Government, belongs all the merit of devising a scheme which, while it made a still further demand upon the Treasury, justifies the 'Times' essayist in believing that the flow of promotion has, on the whole, been accelerated by the abolition of purchase. The case may be so—we are by no means prepared to admit it—up to the rank of captain, and even of major, now that majors have become with us as plentiful as blackberries. But when we look above that level, we see numberless cases of hardship, especially among general officers. On them the regulation which shelves all for whom, during five consecutive years, active employment could not be found, operates with marked severity. Here is a case in point; and it is only one that might be adduced out of many.

A gentleman well born and a brilliant soldier, spends £8000 in purchasing his advancement from an ensigncy to a lieutenant-colonelcy. He commands his regiment—which is in the highest order—throughout the Crimean War and in the Indian Mutiny, and takes his full turn of colonial duty in all parts of the world. He is still in the prime of life when he becomes a major-general, and applies over and over again for employment at home or abroad. He had been offered the full price of his commission to retire, but declined the offer. Devoted to his profession he cares nothing for money, but seeks what others less distinguished than he receive, as it were, by accumulation. For him neither a command nor a place on the Staff can be found; and the consequence is, that at the end of five years his career comes to an end, his very name being removed from the Army

List, except as that of the honorary colonel of his regiment—a distinction which it would have been impossible to refuse him. We abstain, for obvious reasons, from giving the name of this officer; but the moral to be drawn from his case lies on the surface. It is impossible but that, under existing regulations, favouritism should abound.

And now, having pretty well disposed of the compensation argument as it is brought to bear upon abolition, we proceed to fulfil the promise given in the opening of this paper, by giving a brief historical account of the rise and progress of a system which, once set aside, can never be revived.

Till the breaking out of the great Civil War, the only soldiers kept permanently on foot by the kings of England were his yeomen of the guard, and a handful of mercenaries barely sufficient to garrison a few fortresses at various points within the realm. The expense of raising, clothing, and otherwise providing for these troops, fell upon the hereditary revenues of the Crown. It was only on the breaking out of war that Parliament voted subsidies whereby the Crown was enabled to add to their numbers, and to keep them together till hostilities came to an end. The Protector Cromwell was the first to innovate upon these customs; and the standing army which he created, became, after the Restoration, one of the established institutions of the country. But many generations went and came before the nation could be reconciled to its existence, or learned to regard it as anything less serious than a standing menace to public liberty. In the end, however, the necessity of the case was recognised; and Parliament, not without fencing it round with endless safeguards,

conceded the point and gave the king what he required. But Parliaments were by no means so liberal either before or after the accession of William III. as they are now. The sums voted for raising regiments as they were wanted proved so inadequate, that the Crown was continually put to its shifts in order to keep the army effective. Among other expedients, the following was adopted. Contracts were entered into between the Crown and its subjects, whereby influential noblemen or gentlemen undertook, on certain conditions, to levy, clothe, and bring to appointed places of muster regiments of horse or foot, each of a given strength. The conditions were, that the person contracting with the Crown should supplement out of his own resources whatever might be lacking in the sums advanced by the Treasury, in consideration of which he should be appointed colonel of the regiment, and be allowed, whenever military service became distasteful to him, to sell his commission to somebody else. But, forasmuch as in numerous instances no advance whatever from the Treasury was forthcoming, the contractor further claimed and obtained the privilege of naming his own officers. And all of these, from the major down to the subaltern, as they paid for their commissions, by raising each his appointed quota of men, so the right was assured to them of retiring, as the colonel might retire, by the sale of their commission to the best bidders. One and only one restriction was imposed on this right of free sale. The party proposing to sell was required to satisfy the military authorities that the person proposing to purchase was a gentleman; and as he seldom failed to prove his case, bargains were

rarely interfered with. Hence it came to pass that, while the raising of regiments cost the public comparatively little, the hardships under which, for many long years, individuals suffered in particular regiments, were scandalous. The colonel or the captain chaffered with whomsoever he chose, and veterans of long standing were continually purchased over by rich men, or the sons of rich men, slipping at once from civil life into the vacancies thus created for them. Let us not forget, however, to add, that money was not, in the times of which we are now speaking, the sole engine of corruption. Down to the middle of the last century, "influence," as it was called, wrought as much wrong to the poor officer as wealth. What Fielding tells of the process by which a sergeant of the Guards found himself unexpectedly advanced to the rank of captain, is not wholly a romance; the minister's *protégé* was as often pitchforked into a majority or a lieutenant-colonelcy, as the nobleman's valet, who had been useful to his master, was pensioned off on a pair of colours.

We have not a word to say in defence of these transactions, on the unsavoury traditions of which the popular outcry against purchase mainly rested. Neither are we prepared to defend the minor abuses which, after reforms were introduced into the system, continued to disfigure it. But let us see exactly what these were and what they were not. They were not such as necessarily to keep the poor subaltern a subaltern all his days. They tended, on the contrary, in at least as many instances as the reverse, to facilitate his promotion, by confining the right of barter to gentlemen already in the service, and standing towards each

other in the relation of ranks immediately contiguous. Thus the ensign was at liberty to purchase a lieutenantcy, the lieutenant a captaincy, and so on. But not only was he debarred from effecting more, but he must have served a given time as a subaltern before he could become a captain, and a certain number of years before he could become a major. The one abuse with which the system was justly chargeable grew up by degrees, in consequence, first, of the ignorance of the authorities as to the extent to which their orders were disregarded, and by-and-by of their culpable connivance at the proceeding. To bring back purchase to the conditions laid down for it during the Duke of York's command of the army, nothing more was necessary than to enforce obedience to regulations by removing from the service every officer against whom the charge of violating his word of honour could be brought home. Unfortunately, the Horse Guards, instead of adopting this straightforward course, cancelled their own rules, and thus sanctioned a practice, the unwise continuance of which has cost both the service and the country dear. And this is positively all that can be pointed to as an abuse of the purchase system, because the absence of an inquiry respecting his intellectual and even physical condition extended to every applicant for a commission, whether by purchase or otherwise; while advancement from step to step went forward equally with both classes, subject to no other restriction than the confidential report of a commanding officer might imply.

There are yet two more indictments brought against the officers which we are bound to notice, though to enter into an elaborate review of them would be sheer

waste of time. They are accused of complaining unfairly of the examinations to which they are subjected preparatory to promotion, and of being discontented with the state of the home army, only because they are required to give a good deal of their time to the professional instruction of their regiments and companies. Now, looking at the accuser's case and his manner of putting it, we arrive at the conclusion, either that he is very indifferently informed on the subjects which he handles, or that, for party purposes, he advances statements in which he has himself no settled belief. As far, indeed, as the education question is concerned, we need no better authority than his own, that the complaints which he affects to censure are perfectly justifiable.

"The statement," he says, "that the examinations for promotion are of a theoretical character, illusory as a test of real fitness, and therefore vexatious, we are inclined to think has some foundation. That the authorities themselves are of this opinion may be inferred from the fact that the standard of qualification has been lowered. But the mere lowering of the standard does not seem to be an altogether satisfactory way of meeting the case. What is wanted, in the interests not only of the officers but of efficiency, is a revision of the curriculum, so that the test shall be real and practical. In short, the examination should be a fair means of ascertaining the candidate's fitness for his business. If he satisfies this requirement, and is fit in other respects, his promotion should not be interfered with."

This is fairly put; and we may venture to add to it, that, in our opinion, the officer who has passed well for a company should have no more Board examinations to go through.

But what is to be said to the graver charge, that officers attached to battalions at home are dissatisfied because they, having a good many young soldiers to instruct, cannot spend their own time in idleness? Only this, that it is a libel on the service which never ought to have found its way into the columns of the 'Times.' The officers of the home army complain that the men whom they drill are not left long enough in their hands to become efficient soldiers, and that, both on that account and because of the low establishment on which most battalions are kept, the home army is, to all intents and purposes, nothing more than a large school of recruits. Give them back the Duke's system, and, by whatever title their regiment is known, they will do their best, and do it cheerfully, to bring their own battalion to perfection—for the home battalion needs no depot. It can fill its ranks wherever it may be. And if the foreign battalion will only establish a depot for itself at the county town, and attach to it competent instructors, it likewise will succeed in keeping its establishment complete with men of mature age and thoroughly initiated into the regimental system. By the adoption of an arrangement so simple as this, the new order of things will get, what it has never yet had, a fair trial; and reserve men, undisturbed except on great occasions, may succeed in finding, what most of them fail to find, permanent employment in civil life.

And now, having exposed the costly trick that was played on the country thirteen years ago, and showing how it works, we shall certainly not tax the reader's patience by discussing at any length what its advocate in the 'Times' says on

cognate subjects. The endeavour to prove that the present organisation of regiments is a mere expansion of what prevailed during both the great French war and the long peace that followed, confutes itself. No two organisations could be more widely different, and which is the better of the two a bitter experience has taught us. And if, by thus reasoning, he puts himself out of court as a critic, as a proposer of remedies for the grievances of which the rank and file complain, he is simply ridiculous. The young soldier, it appears, is underfed, is cheated in being compelled to provide his own underclothing, and leads a miserable life in consequence of the tyranny of non-commissioned officers. Not content to suggest that the Government should keep faith with the lad and protect him from outrage by the presence of a commissioned officer at every drill parade, his guardian in the 'Times' recommends that all barracks be converted into open lodging-houses; that there shall be no more tattoo, or closed gates, or need for passes, but that the soldier, like the artisan, after the performance of his professional day's work, shall strike off at a given hour in the afternoon, and spend the rest of the day and all the night, or whatever portion of it suits him, wherever he pleases. Is it possible that advice like this can be given in sober earnest, or is the sly dog poking fun at us? And yet, in the debate on the Army Estimates, which followed close upon the publication of this curious essay, there were speakers who seemed evidently to believe that there was a good deal worth attending to in it. The truth is that all who deal in Parliament with the question of army organisation are at their wits' end.

Conservatives, not less than Liberals, feel that they have lost their way, yet rather than try to get out of the difficulty by retracing their steps, they are ready to consider almost any scheme, be it ever so wild, which may give them a chance of avoiding the humiliating necessity of admitting their mistakes. What was Colonel Stanley about that he did not request Lord Hartington to separate the Life Guards, the cavalry, the artillery, and the engineers from the line, when boasting of the aggregate measurement in height and breadth of chest of the home army? Subtract these giants from the throng—and they number something like 34,000 or 35,000—and the pigmies that remain will cut but a sorry figure. Why was Mr Tottenham silent when Lord Hartington reminded the House that every Continental Power had adopted short service, and kept its regiments in peace time on low establishments? Could he not have reminded the Secretary of State for War that Continental Powers have no India to garrison, nor foreign dependencies to hold—that they raise their armies by conscription—and that, therefore, arrangements which answer admirably with them are quite out of place when applied to us? Was there no one on either side of the House sufficiently interested in the subject to ask for a categorical answer to the question, How is India henceforth to be safeguarded,—whether, as now, exclusively by general service troops, enlisted on the short-service principle, and therefore not always to be depended upon; or, partially at least, by a local European army, organised as it used to be during the Company's *raj*? And finally, why did it not occur to Lord Eustace Cecil to suggest that young men, when

first enlisted, should be encouraged to look upon the army as one of the most desirable of trades, by ensuring to them periodical increments to their service-pay, instead of holding out inducements to retire as soon as possible, with reserved pay in their pockets? Had this been done, and the proposition accepted, short service might have been easily reconciled with efficiency; because an addition, say, of threepence a-day to their pay at the end of three years, of sixpence after nine, and a shilling after twelve, would keep as many men in the ranks as could be required. Then might have, safely and wisely, been submitted to the *élite* of our soldiers a choice between a pension for life on the completion of fifteen years' good service, and the right to pass into the reserve for six years, or even more, with retiring fee raised to a shilling. Nor, in this case, could there be the slightest objection to that free trade in the army of which Sir Frederick Roberts

speaks. In every case where his unfitness for military life was made manifest, or some weighty reasons adduced for granting the indulgence, a free discharge could be given the soldier without incurring the slightest risk of depleting too much either the home or the foreign army. But why pursue the subject further? The attention of public men is too much engrossed by matters of far inferior importance to leave them leisure to think seriously of the honour, or even of the integrity, of the empire. Some great disaster by sea or land may perhaps convince them that, necessary as it may be for party purposes to draw all political power into the hands of one class and that the lowest, it is still more essential that the armies and navies of a country so rich as this, should be at all times in a state of efficiency. That anything else will have this effect, we cease to hope. *Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.* May God avert the omen!

M. MAYOR.

"Poor Mayor has paid the debt of Nature : or rather, of 'le petit vin blanc.'"—*Letter to the Author*, 3d July 1871.

"Choirs of angels dedicate
Me to nectar suction :
To this toper Heaven show grace !
Save him from destruction !"

—BÜRGER, *Zechlied*.

1.

MAYOR is dead. A jolly man,
Whom erst I held in high account ;
Brave comrade of the cup and can,
The jolly man of Jolly Mount.¹
To him, what chronicles belong !—
"*Le petit vin, comme il est bon !*"

2.

Within his cellar's cool resort,
His *bon accueil* seems yet to sound ;
His lays of love, of war, of sport,
Still, as of old, to vibrate round :—
His simple chorus—clear and strong—
"*Mais, comme ce petit vin est bon !*"

3.

While visions of "la Cave" and cask
With vinous flavours softly blend,
Still, still I hear his Spirit ask,—
"*Will mon cher Monsieur not descend ?*
Un petit-verre ?—Monsieur, allons !
Le petit vin est toujours bon !"

4.

We shot with rifle at "Le Tir" ;
And, when he missed the mark, he'd say :—
"*Le petit vin doth banish fear :*
I have not drunk enough to-day :
Cela donne courage :—Chopine, garçon !
Vîte, vîte !—Ici, le vin est bon !"

5.

We floated on Lake Leman's deeps :
We trolled beneath old Chillon's walls :
We clomb Les Pleiades' airy steep :
We passed by hoar Helvetian halls :—
He breathed, those golden scenes among,
His fond refrain, "*Le vin est bon !*"

¹ La Campagne de Jolimont, Vevey, Pays de Vaud ; of which M. Mayor was for many years the kind-hearted, upright, and very convivial *Villicus*.

6.

"Clarens, sweet Clarens" (magic scene!)—
 Blushed deep with Hesper's rosy light;
 Then slowly faded. Stars serene
 Marshalled the deep-blue dawn of Night.
 "*Le temps fait beau,*" quoth he, "*et, donc,*
Cet an, le raisin sera bon!"

7.

Biordaz' streams beheld us try,
 He for the cray-fish, we for trout;
 If cray were scarce, or trout rose shy,
 His temper never was put out:—
 "*Belles truites! Belles écrivisses! Buons,*
Messieurs! Ce petit vin est bon!"

8.

We tracked the chamois on the snow;
 The *coq-des-bois* amid the pines;
 We sought the haunts the marmots know,
 Far above lakes and vales and vines:
 The cliffs and crags we sped along
 Echoed:—" *En haut, le vin est bon!*"

9.

On Alps, in dells, o'er rocks, by rills,
 Bloomed fairest flowers that Nature yields:
 Anemones gemmed lonely hills;
 Fragrant narcissus flecked far fields:
 One cultured plant he loved:—" *Voyons*
La fleur des vignes!—Quel beau bourgeon!"

10.

We revelled in glad vintage toil:
 We greatly gorged the ripe raceme,
 Where grapes, refulgent, tricked the soil
 With beryl, ruby, topaz gleam:—
 "*Il y a des raisins,*" was his song;
 "*Et, pour le vin,—il sera bon!*"

11.

The winter came, with brilliant air,
 Peaks, forests, silvered with pure snow;
 The panorama, ever fair,
 Shone brighter than in summer's glow:—
 "*Fait frais!*" he said. "*Dans cette saison,*
Surtout, je trouve, le vin est bon!"

12.

Where lurked the bittern, teal, and crake,
 By ancient channels of the Rhone,
 We skated on the frozen lake:
 The ice like very sapphire shone.
"La glace," he said, *"me donne frisson.*
Mais, c'est égal.—Le vin est bon!"

13.

He ruled a Seigneur's lordly feast;
 Kind Seneschal, he crowned the bowls:
 One hundred flagons (at the least),
 Drowned the deep thirst of—twenty souls!
 Soliloquised he, 'mid that throng:—
"J'en suis content.—Et c'est du bon!"

14.

True, manly, patriotic Swiss,
 He loathed all baseness, scorned all fear.
 He worshipped Freedom. Frown and hiss
 Reserved he *"pour le Bas-Empire."*
 Dared Gauls arraign his creed as wrong?
 They only said:—*"Son vin est bon!"*

15.

So, Mayor! round thy Bacchic tomb
 May flexile wreaths eternal twine;
 Whose clustered grapes, of mellow bloom,
 Shall hymn the praise of thee and wine;
 And still thy liquid dirge prolong:—
"Mon Dieu! Ce petit vin est bon!"

16.

What though thy rustic ditties cease
 To haunt thy native vine-clad hill;
 In brighter realms, of Love and Peace,
 May hosts supernal hail them still:—
Là, où les Anges chantent le chanson,
"Le vin celeste, comme il est bon!"

J. P. M.

THE WORLD'S OIL-SUPPLY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"AND there is nothing new under the sun!" So spake the wisest man of his day, at a time when steam and electricity, and all that of them is, were, as yet, undreamt-of revelations,—at least we of this nineteenth century, craving credit for greater knowledge than the sages of old, are fain to think so.

Nevertheless, as children oft-times mislay their possessions, and after weeks or months find them again, and resume their use with all the zest due to newly acquired treasures, so do the nations of the great family of Mother Earth, from age to age, forget the knowledge painfully acquired by their predecessors, so that it is a commonplace truism to talk of "lost arts." It may be, that if the Sages of prehistoric China, or the Magi of Chaldea and other ancient civilisations, could return to enlighten our ignorance, they might prove to have possessed far more scientific knowledge than we give them credit for, with some points of practical application which we marvel to think could ever have been forgotten.

Among many such subjects which from time to time call forth our wonder, one of deep interest at the present moment is that old, old subject of pouring oil on rough waves—a subject which (save by a very few practical seamen who happen to have tested the matter for their own preservation) has only within the last three or four years been recognised as a real thing, of most serious importance to all seafaring folk. Hitherto it has been generally deemed merely a poetic metaphor, with no practical foundation. Isolated facts

concerning its use were known, as were also allusions to its properties by such sages as Aristotle, Plutarch, Pliny, and in later days, Erasmus of Rotterdam, Linnæus, or Benjamin Franklin.

When saintly men such as St Cuthbert or Adamnanus soothed the angry waves by the outpouring of a little oil, this natural result was of course attributed to their own holiness, and the miraculous efficacy of consecrated oil. And even when in A.D. 1776 Lelyveld, a practical Dutchman, published at Amsterdam his "*Essay upon the means of diminishing the dangers of the sea by pouring out tar-oil or other floating matter*," an essay followed in A.D. 1798 by a more elaborate statement of "*Evidence on the Oil question*," published by Otto at Weimar, the interest temporarily awakened soon subsided, and generation after generation of seafaring men have continued wholly to neglect the use of this simple precaution; and lamentable indeed is it to peruse the appalling record of each winter's wrecks on our own shores, and to note in how many instances life might probably have been saved, had the strong, brave men, so ready to hazard their lives in order to succour others, bethought them of lightening their task by the use of a few gallons of oil.

A very painful case in point is that of the loss of the *Juno*, a large vessel which, only a few months ago, was lost with all hands at the mouth of the Mersey. The captain, with his wife and child, had been washed overboard, but twenty-five men were clinging to the rigging, when a steam-tug, with two lifeboats, started to their

assistance. The sea was, however, so heavy that the attempt had to be abandoned, and the unhappy men, who saw their deliverers approaching to their rescue, had the anguish of finding themselves abandoned to their fate. Those who have studied the practical use of oil most thoroughly say that, if that steam-tug had taken on board fifty gallons of mineral oil at sixpence a gallon, and hove to, fifty yards to windward of the wreck, and then poured out the oil, it would have so effectually smoothed the surface of the sea between the tug and the wreck, that it could have approached with perfect safety, and thus saved twenty-five lives at a cost of one shilling per head!

Well may we ask, How many years will it take before those in authority can be induced to move in such a small matter as this? Were it a question of expending half a million on a granite breakwater, there would be every prospect of its being authorised; but when it comes to so simple a matter as an oil breakwater, they will not give it a trial, but set aside the remedy as ridiculous.

And yet, the time is fast approaching when the now rising generation will wonder at the folly of having ever neglected such a means of salvation; for the mass of evidence on this subject which has recently accumulated, has now compelled attention from the most sceptical, and the experiments so successfully carried out on the stormy coast of Aberdeenshire, at the harbour of Peterhead, have borne fruit far and near. Sad to say, at Aberdeen itself the experiments were abandoned almost as soon as commenced, because no one was found willing to defray the expenses, which, at Peterhead, have so generously been borne by a citizen of Perth, Mr John Shields

—a name which will, I believe, be held in honour when many now far more prominent have been long forgotten.

Zealous in his philanthropic work, Mr Shields strove to stir up the authorities of Aberdeen to lay the oil apparatus, so as to guard the mouth of their most dangerous harbour, where so many good ships have been wrecked, either on the bar, or by being dashed against the pier-head, while trying to make the entrance—(pitiful indeed have been the oft-recurring cases—notably that of the Duke of Sutherland steamship—in which nearly the whole ship's company has perished, when actually within speaking distance of their agonised friends assembled on the pier)—surely here was a case in which such a safeguard would at least receive a fair trial. But all Mr Shields could obtain from the Harbour Commission was a miserable vote of £20! Nothing daunted, he proceeded to lay down the pipes at his own expense, and sent a large stock of oil to enable the authorities to judge of its efficacy. The Harbour Commission found it necessary in the course of the experiments to supply five barrels more, for which the bill was duly forwarded to Mr Shields! The latter, deeming the Granite City able to provide in future for its own harbour, presented his apparatus to the city, and wrote to the authorities, pointing out how its efficacy might, at a small cost, be greatly enhanced by being laid outside the bar, and offering his services gratis in superintending the work. His generous letter failed even to elicit a reply!!

Nevertheless these test experiments were not altogether fruitless. Some of the fishers who had witnessed them, remembered them to good purpose when trying to enter the harbour at Stonehaven, and

warned of their danger by the white-crested waves raging on the bar. They had with them only a little colza-oil and a little paraffin for their lamps (*vegetable* and *mineral* oils)—so little that most men would have deemed it mere folly to cast such upon tempestuous waves. But these men had profited by their lesson. One man stood on either bow, and just as the boat approached the raging surf, they slowly poured out their offering to the waves, which, as if by magic, ceased to break, and rolled on in harmless green billows, which carried the boat safe into port. I have also just heard from Cornwall, that a party of Cornish fishers who chanced to be at Aberdeen at the time of the experiments, and there witnessed the stilling of the waves, returned to their own granite-bound coast with the conviction that they had seen something which hereafter it may be well for them to practise. Whether they will actually do so is another matter, for fishers and sailors are proverbially careless in providing beforehand against danger, and very slow to adopt any new idea.

But now, thanks to the same large-hearted and energetic Scotchman who planned and brought into practical working the oil-breakwater at Peterhead, the men of Kent can tell with wonder of its application to their own harbour of Folkestone, and are eye-witnesses of how quickly, on a very stormy day, a few gallons of oil have calmed the breaking waves, and made the harbour smooth and safe. The London papers in reporting on these experiments, have stated the general belief that by this simple use of oil, entrance and egress to Folkestone harbour may henceforth be made absolutely secure in the severest storms.

In this relation, therefore, apart from all interests of the non-sea-going population, the question of the world's oil-supply assumes a new and enlarged interest. Here it would appear that nature herself desires to illustrate the question in a most practical manner, and as the field of her demonstration she selects the Gulf of Mexico. About ten miles to the south of the Sabine river, which forms the boundary between Texas and Louisiana, and about a mile from the shore, there exists a natural phenomenon known to sailors as THE OIL SPOT. In fine weather there is nothing remarkable to attract the attention of a stranger; but when an angry gale from the north-east sweeps the ocean, and great crested waves rise in battle array, this charmed natural harbour reveals itself. No visible boundary divides it from the tempestuous ocean around; but within a space two miles in length, *the waters remain perfectly calm*, their only change being that they become turbid and red, as though the oil-bearing mud were stirred up from below. A broad belt of white foam and towering breakers, marks where the mighty waves, rolling shoreward in their might, with all the force gathered in an unbroken sweep of 700 miles across the Gulf, are suddenly arrested, and sink down, conquered and powerless, so soon as they come within the mysterious influence of this gentlest of rulers.

Unfortunately this peaceful haven is very shallow; its depth is variously stated at 12 and 18 feet, so that only vessels of light burden can here take shelter. But to these, blessed indeed is the change of passing suddenly from the wild tossing of the outer ocean to the wonderful calm of this strange harbour, where the weary crew may rest as securely as though

within an encompassing coral-reef. Indeed the stranger approaching this wall of breakers would naturally assume it to be caused by a dangerous reef, and would, as a matter of course, seek safety by steering away from it.

We believe that no scientific examination of this so-called Oil Spot has yet been made. Sailors who have here found refuge state that the bottom is of a soft soapy mud, into which they can easily push a pole to a considerable depth—a mud which, when applied to deck-scrubbing, is found to be exceedingly cleansing. The chief grievance of the storm-driven mariners is, that the brooding calm seems to have special attractions for the mosquitoes, which haunt the neighbouring shore in bloodthirsty myriads.

That the existence of this little haven is due to a submarine oil-spring, there can, we think, be little or no doubt, though we have no positive information of discovery of oil-springs on the seaboard of Louisiana or Texas. We know, however, there are many points around the Gulf where petroleum, asphalt, or naphtha in some form, are found in immense quantities, chiefly in the three eastern States of Mexico—Tamaulipas, Vera Cruz, and Tabasco. In the first of these, inexhaustible beds of asphaltum lie on both banks of the river Thamesi. It oozes in an almost pure state through the sedgy borders of the river, and is collected in boats of light draught, which convey it sixty miles down the stream to the port of Tampico.

In the State of Vera Cruz, asphaltum, naphtha, petroleum, stone-coal, and kindred bituminous substances, are found abundantly along the whole coast-range. Six counties are specified, one being especially rich in these deposits,

which are sometimes found pure, sometimes mixed with rock-salt and saltpetre. Dr Hechler, a scientific German traveller, has described the great asphalt-beds near the village of Moloacan. "The salt-mine," as it is there called, is an isolated conical mountain about 1200 feet in height, cracked by earthquakes. On its slopes are a number of pits, some of which are cold and still, others seething and bubbling with much noise and a stifling odour. Some of these seething pits eject masses of liquid asphaltum, which the Indians call *chapopote*. The whole adjacent surface consists of asphalt, partly liquid and partly solid, mingled with rock-salt. External heat and subterranean noises tell of the fires still smouldering within the mountain. Dr Hechler hazards a suggestion that possibly some day the mountain-crust will subside, and its site be occupied by a bituminous lake, like the Dead Sea of Palestine.

Masses of this *chapopote* are found floating on the rivers and lagoons, or cast up by the waves all along the Gulf coast, when it is collected for sale, and is of excellent quality—clean, hard, and brilliant. Great beds of this substance are found along the upper waters of the Grijalva river, in the State of Tabasco. The deposits of petroleum are specially noted at El Chapopotito, in the county of Ozuama, in Vera Cruz.

Though no trace of mineral oil has yet been detected in the rocky regions of Central America, its presence has been abundantly proved on the north of the southern continent, where, among the most important of recent discoveries, rank the oil-springs on the shore of Lake Maracaibo, in Venezuela, which, together with the great undeveloped coal-mines and other sources of mineral wealth, promise

so rich a future to that now waste and desert country.

It may not be out of place to note, that the town of Maracaibo is the capital of Zulia, one of the independent States in the Republic of Venezuela. It is an old Spanish town, with about thirty thousand inhabitants of Spanish descent. It is built in old Spanish style, with fine public buildings, and low flat-roofed houses—the flat roofs devoted to cisterns wherein to store the precious rain-water which is the only drinking supply, for the waters of the lake are brackish and affected by the tide, the lake being connected with the sea. The city stands twenty miles from the sea on the shores of the lake, which is fringed with dense cocoa-nut groves, and carefully cultivated gardens. But low barren hills rise on every side, their yellow soil only relieved by thorny brushwood, and stunted herbage which affords scanty pasture for a multitude of goats. After every shower the rain rushes in torrents down the steep hillside and sweeps the sandy streets, which, at other times, are so dry that every breath of air carries sand-clouds into every crevice of the houses. What with drifting sand, innumerable musquitoes, enormous centipedes, scorpions and poisonous snakes, Maracaibo is not an altogether eligible home, though the lovely blue of the lake is a redeeming feature. It is a beautiful sheet of water, 120 English miles in length, and 50 in width, and being navigable throughout, would form a perfect harbour for trading-vessels, were it not for a dangerous bar at the sea-mouth, which only allows small vessels to enter. This, however, may probably be remedied when the petroleum and coal are worked in earnest.

The country near the sea is very

flat, and a broad belt of mangrove-swamp blends lake and land, and stretches away into great forests haunted by strange creatures which flourish in the miasmas so fatal to human life, and so inseparable from the masses of decaying vegetation—huge iguanas, sea and land turtle, armadillos and suchlike. Tigers abound in the more remote mountains, and make havoc among the cattle. To brighten the picture, I should add that deer and rabbits, wild-fowl, duck, and pigeon are also abundant.

The chief features of the country between the Cordilleras and the Rio Zulia (which gives its name to the State) are the numerous asphalt-mines and petroleum-fountains which abound all around the base of a chain of low hills which lie between the Rio Zulia and Rio Tara. Two other rivers water this country, the Rio Catatumbo and the Rio Sardinarte, which probably accounts for the luxuriance of the cool dark forest, that contrives to flourish in a region known to the people of Maracaibo as *El Infierno*, by reason of the multitude of fountains and deposits of petroleum and asphalt.

At one point a raised sandbank is honeycombed with circular holes, from which gush impetuous streams of boiling water and petroleum. Columns of white steam are also ejected with deafening roar. A careful observer estimated that the flow from one of these streams equalled 5760 gallons per diem. At present all this good petroleum is soon lost again in the earth, and an immense quantity of inflammable gas also escapes, and ignites, playing in weird flashes among the dark tree-tops. This earth-born lightning is seen by vessels lying off the bar, and is known as *El farol de Maracaibo*. This group of springs lies near the con-

fluence of the Tara and Sardinarte rivers; which are navigable for small craft of under fifty tons. But petroleum-fountains, deposits of bitumen, asphalt, and other resinous minerals lie scattered in all directions; and there is abundant proof of the existence of rich coal-seams, which ere long must certainly create a revolution in Venezuelan commerce.

Near San Timoleo the accumulation of asphalt and petroleum is so extensive as to form a large lake, somewhat resembling the celebrated Pitch Lake on the isle of Trinidad, where a strange, thick, flexible crust of black bituminous matter is said to float on the surface of a fresh-water lake. But as no one has yet arrived at even estimating the depth of the crust, it is difficult to see how the existence of the said lake can be proven. All that meets the eye is a level plain of pitch about three miles in circumference, dotted over with patches of vegetation and bushes, and pools of rain-water, wherein women wash and bleach their linen, while men with pickaxes dig out large fragments of hard, resinous pitch, which are carried off in carts, all on the surface of the so-called lake. Though only about a hundred acres of pitch are thus exposed to view, the deposit crops up at several points five or six miles to the north and to the south, and appears to be only covered by a thin layer of soil or sand. The lake lies about eighty feet above the sea. As the place of the Pitch Lake, in these notes on the world's oil-supply, may not be self-evident, I may venture to remind my readers that the definition of petroleum (*petri oleum*, "rock-oil") is "a native liquid bitumen, which is essentially asphalt dissolved in naphtha. So perhaps we shall some day see

the people of Trinidad start their own oil-factories. (The neighbouring isle of Barbadoes also contributes its quota to the world's supply of bituminous asphalt.)

There are numerous petroleum-wells actually within the town of Columbia, and though the oil is of inferior quality, and not abundant, the poor collect it in cloths, which absorb the oil, and are then wrung out into jars, and thus they obtain sufficient to light their houses. So long ago as 1824, samples of this "oil of Columbia" were sent to England, France, and the United States, as a remarkable new discovery; but the secret of distillation had not then been discovered, and kerosene and benzin were unknown products, so this South American oil failed to attract attention. In like manner we learn that in remote ages the citizens of Genoa obtained their oil-supply from the wells on the banks of the Taro. And in the days of Pliny, Sicilian lamps were fed from the oil-springs of Agrigentum; and long before the Christian era, the old Romans knew how to turn to account the oil-wells of Zante. Yet no systematic working of any of these wells seems to have been attempted.

Here petroleum in some of its varied forms has long been known to exist in many different parts of Europe. In Galicia, Moldavia, and Roumania, it is found in a semi-solidified form, which led to its being named mineral fat or tallow—as in the so-called "tallow-wells." The ozokerite or earth-wax of Galicia is found in great abundance, and of so pure a quality as quite to take the place of bees'-wax in the manufacture of candles, &c. A considerable number of the population are employed in mining for

it, and also in working the industry in all its branches.

So far back as 1873, the annual return of burning oil and paraffin was valued at a sum equal to £500,000. This was chiefly obtained from the Boryslaw district.

In 1879 an American oil-refiner from Ohio determined to commence work in Galicia on more scientific principles than any hitherto attempted. He imported first-class machinery and skilled workmen; but the Poles combined against the interloper, and refused to supply his refinery with crude oil, so for a while he actually was driven to import crude petroleum from America. The people finding that he could not be crushed, desisted from their opposition, and the American refiner now works in peace. He estimates the annual production of Galicia at a hundred thousand barrels, but its quality is generally very inferior to that of Pennsylvania; the sinking of the wells is attended with far greater difficulty, owing to the loose character of the soil, and the singular manner in which the rock strata are found tossed about at every conceivable angle. It is also necessary to bore to a far greater depth than in America. But the chief disadvantage of Galician oil is its liability to explosion, owing to the extreme difficulty of separating the benzine and other explosive elements from the illuminating oil. Altogether Galician oil does not sound very desirable.

In Roumania, in the districts of Bacan, Serata, Buzen, and Dambovitza, petroleum has recently been discovered in such large quantities that there is every prospect of its developing into a very important industry. Prussian Saxony has already established exten-

sive bituminous shale-works, for the supply of shale-oil, in the neighbourhood of Weissenfels. Wallachia, Sweden, and Switzerland also possess deposits of bituminous asphalt, which, when systematically worked, will doubtless be turned to good account.

Before glancing at the extraordinary development of the world's mineral oils within the last thirty years, it may be interesting to look back and see what were the principal sources of oil-supply prior to the year 1850. Now, when the clear bright light of the paraffin-lamp not only enlivens the long dark winter evenings and mornings of our own European or American homes (not only the homes of the wealthy, but of the poor, to whom this cheap substitute for the dim rushlight of thirty years ago must be doubly precious), but has even found its way to the palm-leaf hut of almost every chief and native teacher in the most remote of the myriad Pacific Isles—superseding the home-made palm-oil—it is really difficult to realise how few years have elapsed since even the well-to-do cottages and farms of North Britain were dependent for light on the scantily doled modicum of oil in the dim, and often dirty “crusie” (now only to be seen among the antiquarian treasures of our museum), or on the fitful blaze of the oft-renewed splinters of bog-firwood, either held in the hand of some poor hanger-on of the house, or supported by an iron stand, which, being the substitute for the aforesaid poor relation, was suggestively known as “the peer man.” I have myself seen such in use in the Highlands.

We, who have grown up in the enjoyment of abundant light, find it hard to realise what must have

been the darkness and dreariness of our great cities, when the streets and shops were dependent on the dull light of coarse fish-oil, probably burning in very dirty lamps, and supplemented by the fitful glare of torches. (We all remember the stock anecdote of the Russian sailors who swarmed up the London street-lamps to drink the train-oil!) There are men still living amongst us who have personal recollection of what seems to us such a remote past, and can remember when, in 1810, the first Gas Company was formed, to introduce the newly discovered light into London!

The possibility of utilising coal-gas as an artificial light had, indeed, been proved in 1792, when Mr Murdoch devised an apparatus for thus lighting his own house and offices at Redruth in Cornwall, and subsequently he had applied it to manufactories at Soho and Salford. But the notion of thus illuminating cities was not mooted till 1802, when M. le Bon suggested its use in Paris, and in the following year Mr Winsor lectured on the subject in London. Of course many more years elapsed ere this new discovery was generally adopted in minor towns; and the inhabitants of rural districts continued, as heretofore, chiefly dependent on tallow or train-oil.

For a moment let us glance at the principal sources of animal and vegetable oil-supply, ere the fountains of mineral oil were revealed for the use and comfort of the human family.

First and foremost, of course, ranked the fish-oils—the well-known train (or *drain*) oil, which drained from the blubber of the great Greenland whale (a large whale sometimes yielding fully thirty tons of blubber—each ton

representing nearly two hundred gallons of oil). Though the cachalot, or sperm whale, could never rival the Greenland whale in the quantity of its contribution, it had, at least the advantage of quality and variety, since, besides ordinary blubber, it yields a large amount of sperm-oil, and also of spermaceti. Of the latter valuable product, the head alone often yields ten barrels.

Next among oil-yielding fish come the grampus, or dolphin, the porpoise, the shark, the seal, the cod, the herring, and others.

Of animal-fats are butter, tallow, lard, goose-grease, neat's-foot oil (prepared from the feet of oxen, and used by curriers in dressing leather), and mare's grease (imported from Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, where a multitude of horses are annually slaughtered for the sake of their hides, tallow, and bones!) In Russia, especially at Moscow, yolk-of-egg oil is in great repute for making soap and pomatum.

Vegetable oils form a very important item in our supplies, inasmuch as oil-seeds to the value of £5,500,000 are annually imported into Britain for crushing purposes, and our exports of oil are roughly valued at £1,600,000. The export of seed-oil from London, Hull, and Liverpool, in 1880, was 14,508,000 gallons.

Under the head of seed-oils rank linseed, cotton-seed, and castor-oil. Colza-oil, also, is made from mustard, hemp, radish, rape, turnip, and other seeds. Then we have olive-oil and almond-oil. From India comes poppy-seed oil; from the Black Sea, oil of sunflower-seeds. From Ceylon and the Pacific Isles comes cocoa-nut oil. From Western Africa the palm-nut oil of the oil-palm, and oil of ground-nuts, for use in fine

machinery. From Singapore and China we receive kokum-oil and vegetable tallow. About fourteen thousand tons of croton-oil are annually imported for the use of the wool-dressers of Britain.

Besides these, so familiar to ourselves, almost every country has some speciality in oils. Thus, in Southern Russia, tobacco-oil is largely used; in Italy, oil of grape-stones; in China, oil of tea-seed; in India, oil of nutmegs, of seeds of the gamboge-tree, of custard-apple-seed, of cashew-nut, of cardamom, of neam, of margoza, and many others. Brazil, too, has a large number of oils, both animal and vegetable, peculiar to itself.

In this connection, and bearing in mind Lelyveld's essay on smoothing the waves with tar-oil, we note that Great Britain annually imports five million gallons of wood-tar, and that about an equal quantity is made in the country from coal, at the charcoal-works, the gas-works, and the bone-factories.

From a very much shorter list of materials than those here enumerated, our grandparents derived all their artificial light. We, their fortunate descendants, have not only added to these, but are now in the enjoyment of such vastly developed resources, that in this respect, at all events, the nineteenth century may claim to be an Age of Light. Strange indeed is it to remember, that for its first quarter the cumbersome flint and steel still held their place in every household, and good housewives rejoiced when rude brimstone matches, six inches long, with point dipped in sulphur, were invented to receive the spark thus obtained. How would they have marvelled to learn that within fifty years many factories in various parts of Britain would each be

turning out their ten million *per diem* of neat matches, warranted to ignite at a touch! And yet that development of the light-bearing lucifer is but a trifle compared with the materials on which it has to act.

To M. du Buisson, a Frenchman, is due the credit of first attempting to distil oil fit for burning from the bituminous shales hitherto deemed worthless. He succeeded in his experiment, but the shales of France were not found to yield oil in paying quantities. An effort was then made to apply the same process to the bituminous shales of Dorsetshire, and "Kimmeridge coal" was found to yield a much larger proportion of oily matter. It was, however, found impossible to overcome the noxious smell of the various products; so that this enterprise did not command large success.

About the year 1847 Sir Lyon Playfair discovered a petroleum-spring at Riddings, in Derbyshire, to which he called the attention of Mr James Young, a Manchester chemist, who proceeded to distil it, thereby obtaining a clear thin burning oil, and also a thick lubricating oil. Certain solid crystals floating in the petroleum suggested the presence of paraffin, and the possibility of obtaining a candle-making substance. This resulted in the manufacture of the two first paraffin-candles, and these were lighted by Dr Playfair, to illustrate the novel subject at a lecture to the Royal Institution, when he foretold that ere long they would become the common light of the country—a prophecy which was very quickly realised, but not from the Derbyshire springs, as these were soon exhausted.

Mr Young's attention was next attracted by seeing oil dripping from the roof of a coal-mine, which

led to further experiments, with the result that cannel-coal was found to be essentially oleiferous. The discovery near Bathgate, in Linlithgowshire, of a very rich gas-coal, like the celebrated Boghead coal, led to the establishment of a distillery in its neighbourhood, the coal being broken up into fragments like road-metal, and heated to a red-heat in cast-iron retorts. A ton of this coal was found to yield about 120 gallons of crude oil. This, being subjected to a second distillation, resolved itself into certain proportions of light oil for burning, thick oil for machinery, a small quantity of naphtha, and a large residuum of paraffin, which, when purified with animal charcoal, is transformed into a substance like beautifully white wax.

Great was the interest excited by this discovery; but difficulties were thrown in the way of Dr Young's obtaining a patent for his invention, as it was proved that many years previously Reichenbach had tried a similar experiment, and, by distilling 100 lb. of coal, had obtained 2 oz. of an oil resembling naphtha. Young, however, carried the day, and his now celebrated patent was granted in 1850.

It was not till six years later that any fresh attempt was made thus to utilise the great beds of bituminous shale which are so extensively found in carboniferous districts, but which had hitherto been totally neglected. These have been found to yield from 30 to 50 gallons of crude oil per ton; and great works for the manufacture of mineral oil have been established at many places in England, Wales, and Scotland. In the latter alone it is stated that upwards of 800,000 tons of bituminous shale are annually distilled, yielding

25,000 gallons of oil.
5,800 tons of paraffin.
9,800 „ of lubricating oil.
2,350 „ of sulphate of ammonia.

“Greater Britain” was not slow to adopt the new industry started in the mother country. In 1865 New South Wales discovered among its hid treasures a shale similar to the Boghead coal of Scotland, but considerably richer in oil, and less sulphurous. A sample was brought to Sydney for distillation, and one ton yielded 160 gallons of oil. Thereupon the New South Wales Shale and Oil Company was established, and seems to have developed into a very important industry.

America had taken up the subject earlier. In 1854 the Kerosene Oil Company and several other companies were started, to distil oil from coal, and by 1860 upwards of fifty factories for this work had been established in various parts of the States.

Then came the discovery of real mineral-oil wells, which so quickly revolutionised the oil traffic of the world. Here, as in most other cases, we have evidence of the “nothing-new” theory; for since King Petroleum has asserted his power, men marvel to find traces of ancient workings, proving that bygone generations had discovered the native oil—so long ago, that very old trees of several centuries' growth have been found growing in the excavated ground. From some strange cause unknown, these oil-seekers had abandoned their work, and (although mineral oils were known to exist in Asia) their presence in America had been altogether forgotten, when, in 1826, salt-workers who were engaged in boring brine-shafts in Ohio were amazed to find that they had struck oil as well as brine.

Certainly it was known to the

Senecca Indians of Pennsylvania that oil flowed from the rocks at various points in the Alleghany mountains; and a French traveller has recorded a curious incident which he witnessed in 1750, when the tribe assembled for a religious ceremony, at the junction of a small stream with the Alleghany river. The stream was covered with a thick oily scum, to which, after a solemn oration, the chief applied a lighted torch. Immediately the flames spread over the surface of the water, amid shouts of the red warriors.

In the same district, at the spot now known as Titusville, was a well, on the surface of which, oil habitually floated; and the Indians, who had long known its healing properties (now so fully recognised in its refined form as vaseline), were in the habit of collecting it, by laying their blankets on the glassy surface of both well and stream, thus absorbing the oil, which they then wrung out, and stored for the use of the tribe. So early as 1833 an account was published in 'The American Journal of Science' describing how certain persons made a living by skimming this dirty-looking and most unfragrant grease with their boards, and then purified it by heating, and straining it through flannel, when it was sold under the name of Senecca Oil, as an excellent specific for healing sores of man and beast, and curing sprains and rheumatism.

In 1853 it occurred to Dr Brewer that this natural oil might be turned to account for lamps, and the Pennsylvania Rock Oil Company was formed to develop the idea, with very small result, however, till, in the year 1859, Colonel Drake's attention was attracted by the oil which oozed from fissures of the rock all along the stream now known as Oil Creek.

He bethought him that since the rock was apparently saturated with this oil, there must surely be a reservoir, which, if it could be found and tapped, would yield a far larger supply than that which was so carefully collected by the Company. Little, however, did he dream, when he first communicated to them his idea, and was by them empowered to work it on their account, what amazing results would attend his experiment.

He commenced sinking a shaft on the artesian-well principle, and had bored to a depth of 600 feet, when, to his unspeakable delight, he found that he had indeed reached the main supply, and oil was henceforth pumped up at the rate of from 400 to 1000 gallons daily. Very soon he was able to rejoice his employers with about 2000 barrels of crude petroleum. New shafts were quickly sunk in every direction, and in the following year 500,000 barrels rewarded the lucky borers. This strike proved magical in another sense, for at once the price of crude petroleum fell from twenty-three cents per gallon to twelve cents, and that of refined oil fell from forty-five to thirty-two cents. Very soon this was further reduced to nine cents for crude oil and nineteen for refined! Already this precious "earth-oil" asserted its privilege of being a special boon to the poor.

Of course this news spread like wildfire, and from far and near men came crowding to the wonderful oil-yielding region, and the land was riddled with borings varying from 600 to 1600 feet in depth, of which it was estimated that not more than one in six yielded profitable returns. Nevertheless, two years after Colonel Drake had sunk his first shaft, the oil-yield had increased to upwards of

2,000,000 barrels, and in the following year it reached 3,000,000 ! As the yield of some wells decreased, new ones were struck in other isolated spots. The dark hemlock-pine forests re-echoed the voices of a multitude of camping-parties—"wild-catters," as such men are called, resolved to risk their last dollar in the purchase of some site which they deem hopeful, and then to expend weeks or months of toil in patiently drilling what, after all, might prove to be a dry hole, where never a drop of oil would reward their toil. For of all speculative labour, none could exceed the risk incurred by the oil-borer,—a risk of total loss on the one hand, or of enormous gain, should fortune favour him. An instance of the extraordinary uncertainty attending this work, was that of a well which had been bored to a considerable depth without any sign of oil. The boring instrument was of the usual size, but on this being removed and a larger tool substituted in order to widen the hole, an oil-vein was struck in the side, which the smaller centre-bit had just missed ; so that but for this trifling enlargement, the well would have been abandoned as "dry." In other cases oil was struck and flowed freely, but ere the owners could build tanks wherein to store their treasure, it was all run off, and the supply ceased.

More attractive to gambling speculators than any mining business was this new industry, which, to the workers, offered a chance of more rapid fortune than any other known enterprise. The investment of a few thousand dollars on working expenses might yield incalculable profits. Thus "The Noble" well yielded no less than 500,000 barrels of oil in a year ; and "The Sherman" in about two

years flowed 450,000 barrels (a barrel being equal to forty gallons).

As there is no certainty at what point the oil-fountain may lie buried, and as no diviner's wand has yet been found to indicate this, much time and trouble are expended on chance boring in what appear to be likely spots, but which frequently yield no oil. But when once a lucky man does "strike ile," then his neighbours rally around him, notwithstanding all his efforts to keep his luck secret. They pierce the long-suffering earth in every direction where the oil-artery may possibly flow, and great is the rejoicing when it responds with a sudden rush and spout.

Then follows the swift destruction of the groves. The graceful birches and tall hemlock-pines which have so long reigned in the silent forest are felled to supply fuel for engines, and timber for sheds, and huts, and derricks. The latter are tall wooden scaffoldings (which in the distance look like obelisk-shaped manufacturing chimneys), to support the drive-pipe and the drill. In a wooden shed hard by are the steam-engine and other machinery which works them, as also the sand-pump, which is set in action as often as the drill has worked to a depth of about six feet, to clear out all the pounded rock and water. When the boring has been accomplished to a depth of about three hundred feet, an iron pipe is inserted to prevent water draining in from the rock-fissures. Within this pipe is then run the tubing, through which the oil is pumped, or spouts, as the case may be. Sometimes the oil spouts in a majestic column to the height of a hundred feet or more. Some eye-witnesses declare that they have seen oil-geysers rise to a height of four hundred feet ; and as we know that the boiling waters of

the Yellowstone geysers do throw up jets to a height of several hundred feet, with steam columns rising to perhaps two thousand feet, there seems no reason to disbelieve the statement.

Sometimes after thus playing for several days in a gigantic but most unattractive fountain of dark-green greasy fluid, the supply runs short, and it ceases altogether. Then its dormant energies are re-awakened by feeding it with an encouraging torpedo, which is a tin cylinder containing several quarts of nitro-glycerine. This is lowered down the hole, and a weight is then dropped in order to explode it. Thereupon follows a miniature earthquake, and the internal commotion is such as to rend the rock and so loosen the oil and gas, which straightway rush up the tube in a renewed geyser. These destructive torpedoes are the monopoly of a company, whose agents drive about the country in the most random manner, carrying their dangerous goods in light carts, which go jogging along over the roughest of tracks, where they are subjected to such an amount of shaking as makes it appear miraculous that the nitro-glycerine cans do not at once explode.

Though many of the oil-seekers toiled in vain, and others who had begun prosperously found their supply worked out, still the general yield increased, and in 1874 the total return for the whole oil-region was found to amount to ten million barrels of crude petroleum. Then came the discovery of the amazing wealth of the 'Bradford oil-fields,' which alone in the year 1880 yielded twenty-two million barrels!

From year to year the field of special attraction varies, as the oil-supply fluctuates with the pressure of gas. When a very successful well has been struck in a new dis-

trict, and the fountain of oil has gushed forth in such a spouting geyser as to betray itself to outsiders, notwithstanding all jealous precautions, it is perfectly certain that, like eagles to the carcass, so will the army of resolute oil-seekers assemble, bringing with them the requisite machinery for sinking new shafts with all possible expedition, and also bringing all necessities of life to enable them to exist in the forest; and in less than no time a new settlement is made, trees are felled, houses built, and boring started in every direction.

Thus in the case of the celebrated Cherry Grove well, in Warren County (New York), which was "struck" in the spring of 1882 in the heart of a lonely forest, its original owners were allowed short time to profit by their good fortune. Vainly did they keep sentinels on watch night and day to shoot any rash spy who, in his eager interest, might venture too near their derrick. The secret was discovered almost immediately. Within one month two busy towns had taken form as if by enchantment. Wooden towns, indeed, but none the less towns (the wonder is that they were not at once called cities), where not only were the necessities of life provided for, in the matter of hotels and drinking-bars, but even recreation in the form of a theatre! Within six months of the day when the first oil-geyser spouted in Cherry Grove, upwards of three hundred wells had been sunk (involving an expenditure estimated at a million of dollars), and all were hard at work. But it stood to reason that so many means of escape being thus provided for the gas, it could no longer exert much pressure on the reservoir—so the outflow, which in August had reached 40,000 barrels

a-day, gradually diminished, and soon became so comparatively poor, that a very large number of disheartened men abandoned their wells, sacrificing all their outlay of time, labour, and money, and carried their machinery away with them, in search of more profitable fields.

Thus it is that the oil-region is all dotted over with the traces of what once were, for a little season, busy towns, with thousands of inhabitants—now utterly deserted. Most of the houses have been pulled down, and their materials carried off for use elsewhere, so that only the unsightly tall derricks of rotting timber remain to warn off careless steps from too near an approach to the deep abandoned well.

Some towns of this mushroom origin have, however, developed into a second stage, and have become permanent, the wooden shanties being replaced by brick houses, wherein are to be found abundant evidences of wealth, though all surroundings are begrimed with oil. Such are Bradford, Oil City, Titusville, and several others, which now own thousands of regular inhabitants, and have daily newspapers, and fine buildings, including their Opera-house and Exchange. There is no difficulty about lighting these towns, for in many cases handsome houses actually cluster close round the derricks; and so gas flows freely, and is lavishly burnt, both in the towns and at roughly constructed pipes scattered throughout the neighbourhood, illuminating the dark pine-forest.

One of the most recent cases of rapid growth is that of Richburg, New York, which, in the summer of 1883, was a rural village of two hundred inhabitants, only remark-

able as being a religious community, known as Seventh Day Baptists. No dream of oil, or of competing in the world's race for gold, disturbed these placid contemplative lives. But one memorable day, one of the brethren chanced to strike an oil-spring near the village, and immediately the spirit of gambling was awakened. Land rose from ten dollars an acre to three hundred dollars. Within three months, 550 oil-wells were started, producing an average of 10,000 barrels a-day. The Seventh Day Baptists deemed it well to secure certain profits, so they sold their land at an enormous increase, and now the once sleepy and peaceful village of Richburg has upwards of five thousand energetic money-craving inhabitants, with a full complement of hotels, "rum-holes," banks, Chinese laundries, an Opera-house, and whatever else goes to prove it a full-blown city, including one notable proof of its rapid progress—namely, that it has had three murders in six weeks!

No less than four lines of railroad have been laid and opened in these three months; and speaking of railroads in the oil-districts, I may note a novelty in the possibilities of railway disasters, quite peculiar to themselves—namely, that in January 1884, a passenger train running across the oil-region near Bradford in Pennsylvania, came to a spot where a well had suddenly spouted and overflowed, and the oil-stream flowed across the line. Some sparks falling from the engine ignited the highly inflammable oil, which at once blazed up, and set fire to the train; and before it could be stopped and the passengers extricated, thirty persons were frightfully injured, and three women had been burned to death.

Of course fire is the danger most

to be dreaded by all oil-communities. Nowhere, unless in a powder-magazine, does the chance spark carry with it such probability of doing mischief as in this gas-laden atmosphere, where everything seems to be inflammable. Sometimes through grievous negligence, but more often by the action of lightning, a tank containing perhaps three or four thousand barrels of oil is struck, and then all efforts to extinguish the flames are known to be futile—the owners can only stand afar off and watch this magnificent bonfire, which must blaze on till it has utterly consumed all that feeds it. Sometimes the gas escaping from a flowing well ignites while the oil-jet is in full play, and then grand indeed, but most awful, is the spectacle of that genuine “fire-fountain”—a column of living fire tossed far above the dark tree-tops, and falling in a beautiful but scathing rain, with a roar more deafening even than that of its ordinary condition.

Nor do the dread possibilities of fire as connected with the petroleum trade end here. In all the pages of marine disaster, none are more terrible than those which record how on several occasions (sometimes when in harbour in the midst of crowded shipping) vessels laden with petroleum have taken fire, and their cargo has overspread the sea in a film of inextinguishable floating fire, carrying death and destruction wheresoever it penetrated. This, I think, brings us to the climax of possible horrors in connection with this subject.

The “earth-oil” is found in various parts of North America; but Pennsylvania is said to yield about seven times as much as all the others collectively. Canada has springs of her own to the north of Lake Ontario; but the great petro-

leum region of the States lies partly in New York, but chiefly in Pennsylvania near the shores of Lake Erie. The oil-bearing sandstone underlies a tract of heavily timbered hill-country watered by the Alleghany river. Here the principal oil-springs have been struck in isolated patches, dotting a belt of territory which is roughly estimated at about 150 miles in length by about 30 in maximum breadth, covering an area of less than 200,000 acres. Ohio and West Virginia also contributes something to the general oil-supply.

To whatever cause the formation of petroleum is due (and it is generally attributed to the decomposition under enormous pressure of vast deposits of animal and vegetable matter), it is now ascertained that it exists in rocks of nearly all geological ages. Upper and Lower Devonian, Silurian, and Tertiary, have all been proved to be oleiferous. One thing worthy of note is, that the springs are generally found near the base of great hills. We have already seen that those of Venezuela lie among the spurs of the Cordilleras. Those of Pennsylvania lie chiefly near the Alleghanies, and the great oil-region of the Caspian is overshadowed by the Caucasus.

In the year 1876 (seventeen years after Colonel Drake had bored his first well) it was estimated that 20,000 wells had been sunk in Pennsylvania and West Virginia at a cost of 190,000,000 dollars, the oil produced being valued at 300,000,000 dollars at the wells—cost of carriage to the seaboard adding one-fourth to the value of an oil-cargo. In 1879 the production of oil in the United States was estimated at about 15,000,000 barrels, equal to 600,000,000 gallons. In 1880 upwards of 400,000,000 gallons, valued at 46,000,000 dollars, were

exported from the States, irrespective of the enormous home consumption.

Very remarkable is the organisation whereby an elaborate system of iron pipes connects all the wells in the most remote districts of Petrolea with enormous tanks, wherein the oil from many wells is stored, and is thence conveyed by main pipes to the nearest railway station, where it runs into another series of great reservoirs, thence to be transferred to the locomotive tanks or oil-waggons. These are cylinders resembling great steamboat-funnels laid lengthwise on the waggon. From the centre of each cylinder rises a large iron cupola, constructed to allow for the expansion of the oil should it become heated. Such waggon-trains are about as dirty and greasy looking concerns as can well be imagined.

In many cases their services are dispensed with, and the main pipes—which have a diameter of from four to six inches—are carried direct to the great refineries. One of these at Cleveland is 107 miles distant from the wells which feed it; another at Buffalo is distant 78 miles, and that at Pittsburg is 38 miles from its source of supply. Two great main pumps are led 300 miles to Bayonne on the seaboard of New York bay, and there deliver their cargo ready for shipping. Pumping-engines working at intervals of 25 miles give an impetus to the flow of these oil-streams.

This pipe business is all in the hands of two great companies; and some idea may be formed of the vast scale on which they work, from the fact that the principal company—distinguished as “The United Pipe Lines Co.”—owns 3000 miles of pipes, and provides in its 500 great iron tanks storage

for upwards of 30,000,000 barrels! The company receive all the oil yielded by the wells of certain districts, and account to the owners of each for the amount received.

The oil thus obtained is not all alike in quality. There are a few wells at Mecca in Ohio, some in Illinois, and others near Franklin in Pennsylvania, where it is of extraordinary thickness, and can be used as grease without further preparation. It fetches about five times the price of ordinary crude petroleum, and at the present moment sells at £4 per barrel. At Mecca this lubricating oil is found in an area fifteen miles in length by five in width. It is estimated that 500,000 barrels have already been taken out, by pumping wells at an average of forty feet in depth. A company is now being formed in New York, which has obtained possession of two square miles in the heart of this region, through which it is about to drive a tunnel, six feet by three, and four miles in length, cutting through strata of shale and oil-bearing sandstone, from which the yield is expected to prove highly remunerative.

Happily for Canada, the United States do not monopolise the whole of the natural oil-supply.

Passing north across Lake Erie to the “Dominion,” we find four distinct oil-bearing areas. They lie in Tilsonburg, Enniskillen, Mosa, and Oxford townships. As in the States, so in Canada, the oil-region has been suggestively named Petrolea—a name, however, which applies especially to this principal city.

It is just about twenty years since Mr Murray, geological surveyor, in riding through the dense untrodden forests of oak and hickory, observed here and there beds of bituminous matter, and on

closer examination he became convinced that these were deposits where oil-springs had overflowed and evaporated. At a place now known as Thamesville (the counterpart of the Titusville of Philadelphia) he perceived oil floating on a stream, and found that there, too, the people were in the habit of gathering up this scum in flannel, and using it as ointment for wounds on horses.

He called official attention to the subject, and soon the silence of the forests was a thing of the past, and the district was overrun by crowds of busy men.

Now oil-cities "spring up" with mushroom speed, wherever productive springs are struck in new districts. With oil, as with all else in the States and the Dominion, there is a constant movement towards the north-west; and every one who finds his oil-supply failing, as a matter of course moves to the north-west, taking with him his pump and derrick, and all the casing of the well, and sets up his drilling apparatus wherever the ground appears most promising.

Two distinct classes of oil-bearing rock are recognised—the spongy and the hard. In the latter, most of the large wells have been struck, but also many dry holes tell of labour in vain, where men have spent their strength for naught; whereas in the spongy rock, the borer is almost certain to be rewarded with a moderate return, but in no case has a copious spring been struck. On rock of this class a dozen wells to the acre are not uncommon—the work of poor men, content to secure a moderate return for their labour and capital. Six men combine to work each drilling apparatus, and bore on an average through fifty feet of rock in a day. The wells are generally

sunk to a depth of about 470 feet, for though oil is found in all the strata, it is only in the lower limestone that it is obtained in paying quantities. The following table shows the alternation of strata in one oil-field at Petrolea:—

	Feet.
Clay	125
Upper limestone	20
Soapstone	70
Middle limestone	30
Soapstone	125
Lower limestone	107
	477

The sand-pump has to be worked every hour to clear the hole of the accumulations from the boring. Some wells have been sunk to a depth of a thousand feet, but as yet the results have not been encouraging. The yield of oil is not to be compared with that of the Pennsylvania springs, and two years ago it was estimated that the sixteen hundred wells then in active operation did not collectively yield on an average more than 2400 barrels *per diem*. The richest well at present is "The Lawyer," near Marthaville, which has an average flow of eighty barrels a day; but, on the other hand, many only yield one barrel. The oil here is generally a greenish-black fluid of the consistency of syrup, and is mixed with much water and some gas.

Much of the latter escapes, and serves to perfume the atmosphere; but a considerable portion is conveyed in pipes to act as fuel for the boring-engines, as it is found that gas and wood combined produce much greater heat than wood alone. The expense of working these steam-engines is considerably reduced by the use of "jerkers," which pass over the pumps of several wells; and thus one engine can be made to "run" as many as

twenty wells, when situated very near together.

The oil from many of the outlying parts of the district is collected and brought to the railways or to the refineries at Petrolea, in strongly built oil-waggons, on which are placed boiler-shaped iron tanks, capable of containing sixty barrels. These bring their contributions to the great reservoirs which are sunk in the ground in and around the oil-city. They are simply great excavations of perhaps thirty feet in diameter and fifty in depth, with a capacity of about five thousand barrels. The blue clay in which they are dug is impervious to oil, so the cost of construction is not great.

These reservoirs, which are the property of the Petrolea Tanking Company, are only partially supplied by the waggon delivery, all the principal oil-lots being directly connected with them by large oil-pipes, which ramify in all directions over a radius of six or eight miles from the city. Most of the crude petroleum brought to the city is here refined; but at least one oil-train of from ten to thirty cars is daily despatched to some further point—Ottawa, Montreal, Wyoming, or even London. The car-tanks are similar to those in use in the States—namely, large cylindrical boilers laid longitudinally on strong waggons. Into these the oil is emptied by taps from small elevated tanks, to which it has been pumped from the main reservoirs.

Many and varied are the uses to which human ingenuity has already contrived to turn this precious gift of dirty-green earth-oil. At first its value was only recognised as a lubricating oil for machinery, and a somewhat dangerous burning oil for illuminating, commonly called kerosene. Now it has been discov-

ered that, by careful refining, all the highly inflammable naphtha, which is the dangerous ingredient, can be separated, and made valuable to painters and chemists, while the oil, thus purified, becomes absolutely safe for domestic use. Another valuable product of petroleum is gasolene—a form of gas most convenient for use in country houses. Then comes precious paraffin, in the form of beautiful wax-like candles, and vaseline, for healing broken skin or bruises. For medical use we have an anæsthetic called rhigolene, and for cleansing we have benzin. Various volatile ethers have been obtained, amongst others, a petroleum spirit, which acts as a substitute for turpentine, and which will dissolve lacquer. And after all these good things have been separated, there still remains a residuum of tar, which yields anthracene, benzole, and naphthaline, from which are obtained a madder-red, mauve, magenta, and indigo-blue dyes, which bid fair to supersede those already known to commerce, and even seriously to affect the interests of our indigo-planters, as they have already injured the madder-cultivators of Turkey and Holland.

America has devised various furnaces, of which petroleum is the only fuel. These are chiefly used by metal-workers, as it is found that in such labour as bending armour-plates, and iron-work generally, mineral oil raises the required heat in half the time required by iron. Of the use of oil-fuel for locomotive engines I will not speak here, as it forms such a very important feature in the Russian oil question, where it already occupies a place as important politically as commercially.

From America, then, we turn to Asia, which, in more senses than one, may be called *The Cradle of*

Light; for there is good reason to believe that, upwards of four thousand years ago, the people of Nineveh and Babylon had found out this use for the mineral oil which flowed from the Fountains of Is, on the Euphrates. It was collected in great pits, and the more solid deposits formed the asphalt (or, in Biblical phrase, "slime") which was used by the builders of Babylon to cement their sun-dried bricks.

Whether the petroleum-springs and asphalt-shores of the Dead Sea—the Lake Asphaltites—were ever turned to equally practical purpose, does not appear; but Burmah has long recognised the value of her home supplies of earth-oil, derived from wells near the river Irawaddy; and Burmese naphtha and Rangoon tar find their way even to British markets. These Burmese wells are sunk to a depth of about sixty feet, and yield an oil of the consistency of treacle.

I am told that Hindostan and Siberia have alike received their share in this distribution of the earth-mother's gifts, and that both in China and Japan native naphtha has long been employed in certain districts for burning in lamps. I infer, however, that the production cannot be very great, as the consumption of American kerosene in those countries is already enormous, and it has found its way to small villages in remote districts of Japan, to which no less than 5600 tons were last year imported from America. China generally welcomes such foreign boons less readily; but even the Celestial Empire does not disdain to accept cheap oil, and 82,000 tons were there disposed of last year, while India consumed 94,000 tons.

The Ghebres of Persia have ever recognised a sacred fire-symbol in the flame of the native naphtha

which flows from the soil in various parts of Persia in so pure a form as to burn without rectification—in fact, the name, though now applied to various artificially produced fluids, is derived from the Persian word *nafata*, "to exude." In its purest natural form it is a light colourless fluid, consisting of carbon and hydrogen, without any oxygen. In Persia, fire-temples were erected near the naphtha-springs, and reverent pilgrims came from afar to worship at the temple of Surukhani, on the western shore of the Caspian, where, for at least two thousand years, the sacred earth-fed flame burnt unceasingly.

In the American Consul's report for 1880, he mentioned that this temple was still frequented, that priests came from India to conduct the services, and that inexhaustible supplies of gas to feed the sacred flame were obtained by merely inserting pipes into the earth. A later report, however, states that since this spot has become so important a centre of busy trade, and the springs have been desecrated by the imprisonment of the oil and gas in vulgar commercial tanks and pipes, the ancient fire-temple has been abandoned, and in place of reverent worshippers, wondering travellers go for an evening row on the Caspian, to visit the submarine oil-springs to the south of the town of Baku, whence petroleum and naphtha rise to the surface, forming little eddies on the shallow waters (the depth of the sea at this point being only about 14 feet). On to each eddy they throw a handful of blazing straw, to ignite the naphtha; and thus, on a still calm night, the sea itself appears to be in flames at a dozen spots—a truly fairy-like illumination.

Besides these submarine springs,

the naphtha which exudes from the ground on every side of the old Persian seaport town of Baku, is so exceedingly inflammable that the light naphtha-gas was often known to ignite spontaneously, and play in pale lurid flames above fissures in the rock. On stormy nights, fanned by the wind, these flames blazed up, and this led to the town being considered by the Ghebres a place of great sanctity. Arabian chroniclers likewise tell of a great volcanic mountain, now extinct, but which, eight centuries ago, was in full action, and doubtless contributed to inspire the fire-worshippers with reverence for the neighbourhood.

Great, however, is the change that has come over the sleepy Persian town, with its limited trade in silk and opium, salt, naphtha, and perfumes, since the genius of commerce here established itself, and commenced working so thoroughly in earnest that Baku, which ten years ago was the peaceful home of some 12,000 persons, has now developed into a great commercial centre, and a place of daily increasing political importance. It already numbers 30,000 inhabitants, and has very large shipping interests. And this transformation is wholly and solely due to Petroleum.

The town which has acquired a new celebrity with such strange rapidity, is situated on the Apsheron Peninsula, which is a high sandy plain, about fifteen miles in width, and projecting thirty miles into the Caspian, from the point where the Caucasus (the mighty boundary which divides European Russia from Asia, Circassia from Georgia) terminates on its shores. It certainly cannot be described as an inviting place of residence, for the dry and desert sand is only varied by patches of clay, through

which here and there crops up a blue greystone.

On every side the ground is black with waste petroleum; indeed the whole surface of the soil is as a sodden crust, into which, in hot sunshine, the foot sinks to a depth of two or three inches, while in cold weather it hardens to the consistency of asphalt. Every breath of wind raises blinding clouds of parched sand; and water is so scarce that the streets are watered with coarse black naphtha, which lays the dust effectually for about a fortnight, and then forms a thick, brown, bituminous dust, that engrains clothes indelibly, but over which carriages glide noiselessly, so that the inhabitants are at least spared one item of torture. On the other hand, they have to breathe an atmosphere poisoned by the dense smoke pouring from the chimneys of about 250 refining factories, and the whole air is redolent of all-pervading petroleum.

Equally desolate and dreary is the surrounding country, which by nature is totally unproductive. Some morsels are carefully cultivated, but there is no natural vegetation, nothing but great dismal flats saturated with the naphtha, which lies on the surface in pools and lakes.

Though Russia possesses groups of oil-springs in various parts of the empire—from the Sea of Asoff to the provinces of Archangel and of Kokand, in various parts of Turkestan, and along the course of the Volga and Soka rivers—none are so rich as these at Baku, the commercial value of which was so fully foreseen by Peter the Great, that he seems to have undertaken the conquest of this district in 1723, chiefly in order to secure so precious a possession; and the wise Czar made special provision for

working it systematically. But on his death it was again ceded to Persia, and was only recovered by Russia early in the present century, when a monopoly was granted to a Russian merchant, by name Meerzoeff, whose descendants retained it till 1872, during which time the work was carried on in a most slovenly and unsatisfactory manner. No boring was attempted. The oil was only collected in shallow pits, and the very limited quantity thus obtained was sold at prohibitive prices. So when America began to export good petroleum at a moderate price, it soon carried the Russian market, even to the detriment of native tallow. Thus it came to pass that, in the year 1872, the Russian Government, (finding the country flooded with the overflow of America's produce of one hundred million gallons of crude petroleum—while Baku, with unbounded stores at the very gates of Russia, could only produce two million gallons) deemed it time to interfere, and so at length the monopoly was abolished.

Such ground as gave surface indications of the presence of oil was then divided into plots of twenty-five acres, and these were sold to the highest bidders. The matter having by this time attracted considerable attention, all sorts of speculative buyers assembled to compete for the land, which, in some cases, realised enormous prices. But most of these purchasers being wholly inexperienced in oil-working, the industry continued to be carried on in the most crude style; and as every man's hand was against his neighbour, and none would combine for the common weal, improvements progressed comparatively slowly. Nevertheless, from this date the industry took an entirely fresh start. Hitherto there have been only about two hundred shallow

wells. Now, upwards of four hundred were started, and, as might have been expected, the produce was doubled the first year. In 1871 the first well was *bored*. By 1875 there were sixty-five bored wells in action. By the close of 1880 these had increased to about four hundred.

At first everything was done in the most primitive style, and most lamentable waste resulted from inadequate provision for storing the oil which flowed so copiously on the smallest provocation. Consequently the oil-geysers played in vain, and oil-streams flowed onward unheeded, to lose themselves in sand or sea. Sometimes when oil has been newly struck it spouts up in a column of perhaps forty feet in height, and continues playing thus for several days. Even less active fountains sometimes flood the surrounding ground to a depth of six inches, forming pools of oil, and channels have to be dug in order to lead it off to the sea, to avoid the danger of explosion ere tanks can be made ready. Sometimes the rushing fountain has such impetus that it forms a broad shallow river, and of its own accord hurries to the sea.

The principal oil-wells of the Baku district lie at Balaxame or Balakhani, about six miles to the north-east of the town: this is an oil-field about three and a half miles in length by one and a half in breadth. To the south lies a smaller field called Bēbeabat. One fountain at Balakhani, ninety-eight feet in depth, is noted as having been flowing steadily for upwards of two years, and still continuing to yield 800 barrels a-day. Another well not far off, 490 feet deep, commenced its career by throwing up a jet thirty feet in the air, and then flooding the land with oil for a considerable distance all around, overflowing

other wells and several small refineries, so as effectually to stop their work. The roar of the rushing oil and gas could be heard a mile from the spot.

Various flowing wells are said to yield 6000 barrels a-day, and some far more; but from the fact that these quantities are generally stated in the Russian measure of poods, it is not very easy to realise what is meant. One pood, we learn, is equal to 36 lb. English. Hence one thousand poods represent somewhere about sixteen tons. Accounts have just reached England of an oil-fountain which was struck last December, and flows at the rate of from fifty to sixty thousand poods daily, gushing forth with such force as to break in pieces a three-inch cast-iron plate which had been fastened over the well in order to divert the flow in a particular direction. In the same district a huge heap of sand marks the spot where an oil-spring, on being tapped, straightway threw up a column of petroleum to twice the height and size of the Great Geyser in Iceland, forming a huge black fountain two hundred feet in height; a fountain, however, due solely to the removal of the pressure on the confined gas, for there is no trace of volcanic heat. The fountain was visible for many miles round, and on the first day it poured forth about two million gallons, equal to fifty thousand barrels.

An enterprising photographer who was on the spot secured a photograph which places this matter beyond cavil. The fountain continued to play for five months, gradually decreasing week by week, till it finally ceased to play, leaving its unfortunate owners (an Armenian company) well-nigh ruined by the claims brought against them by neighbours whose lands were destroyed by the flood

of oil. A house near the spring now lies buried beneath the great sand-hill which alone marks the site of this short-lived, too prodigal fount.

Even after the monopoly had ceased, years elapsed ere anything approaching to economic working was arrived at. It was entirely in the hands of Russians and Armenians, and everything was done in the most slovenly fashion. The oil drawn from the wells was collected in shallow pits, whence it was ladled into barrels or skins, and then transported eight or ten miles on quaint native carts to the refineries at the town. The purified oil was afterwards rebarrelled, sent by steamer to the mouth of the Volga, transferred to river-boats, and then again transferred to carts, to be thus conveyed to the railway, and so transported to all parts of Russia. But the labour this involved was great, and the expense of carriage was consequently exorbitant. And all this was greatly in favour of America, which could still contrive to pay freight from Pennsylvania, and yet undersell the Baku oil-merchants in their own Russian markets.

The beginning of a new commercial and political era (of which we as yet see only the dawn) dates from the year 1875, when Ludwig Nöbel (one of two Swedish brothers, engineers, whose father had settled in St Petersburg as a gunsmith) sent his brother Robert to the Caucasus to purchase walnut-wood suitable for making gun-stocks. On his journey Robert Nöbel chanced to visit Baku, and was so struck with the wonderful capabilities of the oil-region, that on relating his impression to Ludwig, the latter sent him back to make further investigations, and soon afterwards followed in person, when he found that the reality far exceeded all that he had heard.

At once perceiving the enormous advantages to be derived from systematic working, with the aid of iron cisterns and pipes, the brothers sought to interest others in the matter, and induce them to co-operate with them. This, however, they found to be quite in vain. Their theories were all denounced as utter folly. The oil-producers, the land transport corps of carriers, the steamboat and railway companies, all refused to aid their schemes, so there was nothing for it but to start unaided in their own fashion.

They calculated that to do so would involve an outlay of about £1,380,000, and to obtain the needful capital it was necessary to fire others with something of their own enthusiasm. The energetic Swedes were not to be daunted. Difficulties of every sort were thrown in their way, but one by one each was fought and conquered. First they imported a body of wise and steady Swedes whom they could trust to work faithfully for them. They then established great refineries at Baku, laid down oil-pipes thence to the oil-fields of Balakhani (distant upwards of six miles), and there commenced scientific boring to a depth greater than had yet been attempted. When their borers struck oil there was no waste, as at the other wells, for the pipes were ready to carry the oil direct to the refineries. As a matter of course the Swedes were at first subjected to many annoyances. The oil-carriers, seeing their profession endangered, frequently endeavoured to pull up the pipes, and it was found necessary to build watch-towers, and keep armed sentinels always on guard to defend the pipes, till at length this opposition was abandoned as useless.

The first step having thus been

taken, the next was to avoid the great cost of barrels (and here we must note that the total absence of timber from all this region is a very serious item in working expenses, as all the wood required for the derricks and other erections must be imported from afar).

In order to dispense with barrels, the Nobel Brothers resolved to carry pipes from their refineries to the sea-coast, so as to pump the oil direct into great iron tanks on board the steamers, whence it might at the end of its voyage be pumped into tanks on the railway, and so carried to great reservoirs in all parts of Russia. As the railway and steamboat companies persisted in their refusal to co-operate, the Nöbels were compelled to take every department of their business entirely into their own hands. So they sent to Stockholm and to Russia to have steamers built specially for their own trade, fitted with great cisterns capable of containing 750 tons of oil, and constructed to burn only oil-fuel. They now own upwards of a dozen large steamers on the Caspian, and thirty specially adapted for traffic on the Volga; and besides these, they charter fully twoscore more steamers to carry their naphtha-refuse to various ports for sale.

They have also built for themselves 1400 locomotive oil-cars—*i.e.*, cylindrical tanks on railway waggons—besides innumerable great iron reservoirs at the wells, at the refineries, and at all the chief railway stations, one of the largest being in St Petersburg. So now the petroleum shipped at Baku is carried direct to Tzaritzin on the Volga, whence it is despatched by rail to every part of the empire in trains, each numbering twenty-five oil-cars. Thus it is conveyed even to the shores of the Baltic, whence it passes on to Sweden, to Germany, and wher-

ever else it can effect an entrance, in determined rivalry to the petroleum of America, which it has already wellnigh expelled from the vast Russian market. The great drawback to the Russian and Baltic trade is, that, owing to the ice on the Volga during the long winter, it can only be carried on during six months of the year. This, however, of course presses equally on the American importers.

In every direction is the Caspian oil now spreading. In 1883, about a thousand tons were sent to England to try the British market. A somewhat larger quantity was sold in France, and extensive orders were taken for Austria. But it must have required the inventive genius of a Swede to think of sending coals to Newcastle, in the form of sending lubricating oil for machinery to America, and even this has been successfully done! And now that the railway has been completed from Baku to Tiflis, and to Poti and Batoum on the Black Sea, the market of the whole world is open to receive the inexhaustible supplies of the Caucasian oil-fields. Turkey, and all lands on the shores of the Mediterranean, with all that may be reached *via* the Suez Canal and Red Sea, Southern India, China, and Japan—all are open markets for whoever can supply the best oil at the cheapest rate. It is therefore evident that America has now a formidable rival in the field.

Of the relative merits of Pennsylvanian and Caspian oil, it may be said generally that the former yields on an average 70 per cent of kerosene, with a large residuum of lubricating oil. The latter yields only from 25 to 35 per cent of pure oil, and from 20 to 30 per cent is refuse, only fit for fuel. But here nature seems to adapt her gifts to the need of the recipients, since the American oils flow in the heart of the forests,

while in Central Asia the oil-fuel makes existence and travel possible. The Caspian wells are found to yield the following percentage:—

	Best.	Ordinary.
Petroleum .	40	to 30
Oil and grease .	35	„ 40
Benzin .	5	„ 1
Refuse .	20	„ 29
	100	100

As regards quantity, in the year 1872 only 212,000 barrels were saved from the waste at the Caspian wells. In 1881 the amount rescued was 4,000,000 barrels, equal to 160,000,000 gallons. In the same year America produced 1,450,000,000 gallons. Commenting on these figures, Ludwig Nobel says that the same amount could annually be produced at Baku without the slightest difficulty, but that at present it would be useless to do so, owing to difficulties of cheap transport. As it is, great stores lie waste for lack of purchasers, and the amount wasted is fully equal to that which is exported.

As regards price, which in America has varied from 10d. to 1d. per gallon, it has at Baku fluctuated from 1s. 8d. to 1d. In like manner, the barrel of forty gallons of crude petroleum, which in the days of monopoly sold at Baku for 8s., has latterly fetched 4d., and by the latest accounts was further reduced to 3½d. per ton on the spot! This is due to the enormous increase in the supply. Thus last November a steady-going old well, which for the past ten years has been quietly yielding a fair amount of oil, suddenly commenced to play, and thenceforth threw up a daily average of five hundred tons! In order, if possible, to utilise this abundant flow, Messrs Nobel have capped and temporarily closed fourteen of their spouting wells, finding it cheaper

at present to buy from other well-owners.

The supply is apparently altogether inexhaustible, for already twelve thousand square miles in this region have been proved to be oleiferous, and of this vast surface, only six miles are as yet being developed. The oil-bearing stratum is found to extend beneath the Caspian Sea, where it crops up in Teheliken, a true isle of oil, which literally streams into the sea from hills and cliffs which are entirely formed of ozokerite—in other words, of crude paraffin.

On the eastern shore of the Caspian it reappears at Krasnovodsk and elsewhere. A hundred miles inland lies the Neft, or Naphtha Hill, whose deposits are officially valued at £35,000,000 sterling—oleo-napht, as this particular material is called, being found especially valuable for lubricating machinery; so it promises to become an important article of export.

The oil-bearing stratum also reappears in the opposite direction; for as Baku lies at the eastern extremity of the Caucasus range, so at its western extremity, on the shores of the Black Sea, lies another great petroleum-region in the river-basin of the Kouban river, in the province of the same name. This oil-field, extending over about 250 miles, terminates in the peninsula of Taman, between the Black Sea and the Sea of Asoff—a strange region, abounding in mud-volcanoes, some extinct, others still active, which, combined with strong outflows of gas and occasional earthquakes, prove subterranean action to be only quiescent.

The natural petroleum-pits are scattered in all directions; some lie in deep valleys, others nearly 900 feet above the sea-level. In some places the gas bubbles up through pools and lakes, which are covered with a rainbow-tinted

seum; in others, the thick oil oozes from rock-crevices or bubbles up in mud-volcanoes. In some valleys there are regular terraces of a thick paste resembling asphalt, and smelling of petroleum. Rich deposits of ozokerite, and flowing wells of petroleum, have been partly worked, and it is noted that the oil here is of a yellowish-green colour, while that at Baku varies from very dark green to transparent lilac. These Kouban deposits are as yet quite undeveloped, but it is evident that from their local position on the shores of the Black Sea, they must soon attain to considerable importance. In all this region the character of the soil differs essentially from that of the oil-region of the States; here layers of solid limestone are comparatively rare, and the general formation consists of thick layers of clay, sand, quicksand, and sea-shells, telling of a period when the whole formed the ocean-bed. The methods of drilling and pumping have, of course, been adapted to suit these different conditions.

While Ludwig Nobel continues to be the acknowledged Oil-King of the Caspian, his marvellous success has given a tremendous impetus to the whole life of the oil-trade, and numerous capitalists have pressed forward to follow in his footsteps; so that Baku has rapidly developed into a large city, having a coast-line of about six miles sweeping round a well-protected harbour, crowded with shipping. At the close of 1882 the Russian papers noted this increase of shipping as altogether marvellous, 7000 vessels having cleared the port within the previous six months, and of those 1500 were actually Caspian vessels, chiefly hailing from Baku itself. Of course many of these were merely small sailing-vessels; but no less than 700 steamers are

now employed on the regular passenger and freight service of the Caspian and Volga, and some of these are splendid vessels, one at least being lighted throughout with Edison's electric lamps.

These are quite apart from the large and rapidly increasing oil-fleet. In addition to those belonging to Messrs Nöbel, a Russian company (the Caucasus and Mercury Co.) owns nineteen steamers, and other firms possess many, and are rapidly importing more and more from Finland and elsewhere. Forty new steel steamers, specially fitted with great tanks, were to be delivered to various firms before the close of 1883, and several hundred sailing-vessels have been constructed for the same purpose.

For the accommodation of all these, twenty-five piers have been run into the harbour, many of them fitted with pumps and pipes, in order to fill the great cistern-steamers with the least possible delay. Sixty miles of pipes connect these piers and refineries with the wells.

The most notable feature of all these steamers is that they are worked entirely with oil-fuel. Newcastle coal will soon cease to find a market on the Black Sea or the Mediterranean—it may even be driven out of the Red Sea, as the use of petroleum-refuse in engines becomes better understood. Already it is the only fuel in use on the Caspian, either in the mercantile marine, in the Russian gunboat flotilla, or on the railways. Even in domestic stoves it is in favour throughout the Caucasus—all Government offices in the neighbourhood are thus heated—and the people are greatly encouraged in its use, with a view to saving the fast-decreasing forests of the Caucasus.

At present much oil-refuse is poured into the sea, as the only

way to dispose of it, and yet its value as fuel is fully established; for whereas ordinary coal-burning steamers require to devote nearly half their carrying capacity to stowing fuel, those burning oil-refuse find that petroleum gives out twice as much heat as an equal weight of coal, so that they only require to carry half the quantity. The petroleum also requires far less constant attention from stokers than ordinary fuel. No stoking is required, no banking of fires,—the whole thing is simple as a gas-stove, and one man can easily manage the simple apparatus composed of two tubes, through one of which trickles the petroleum, while through the other passes a jet of steam, which converts the oil into a spray so inflammable that it ignites, forming a great sheet of flame, which can be regulated at will—and thus steam is always ready at the exact pressure required, and labour and expense are reduced to the minimum. The advocates of coal declare that this fuel produces much heavy smoke and a tarry deposit, and also that it is liable to explosion. All this, however, depends on the refining, which will become more and more perfect as the value of each separate ingredient is more fully realised.

For instance, it is found that the dark waste fluid left after distillation contains four times as much gas as common coal. This has therefore been turned to account, and Messrs Nöbel, having obtained a Government monopoly in the lighting of the town for forty-nine years, have already established 2000 gas lamps. They have also devised a new process for making candles of kerosene, and solid oil for exportation. Soon they purpose turning their attention to the beautiful dyes to be obtained from the refuse tars,

which they hope to turn to such good account that Baku shall be known throughout the world for the excellence and cheapness of its colours. Nöbel prophesies that it will become the world's emporium for cheap and beautiful paint, in addition to all its other products.

Although the completion of the railway from Baku on the Caspian to Batoum on the Black Sea has made trade in that direction possible, the very heavy gradients cause this cargo to be much shunned by the railway authorities, so various plans are on foot to remedy the difficulty, by a system of oil-pipes to be carried right across the Caucasus—a distance of 560 miles. It is an expensive undertaking, but one which seems likely to be carried out by Mr Tweedie, a wealthy American. Probably before it is finished the Kouban fields will be developed; and moreover, a French company is now boring for new oil-springs between Baku and Tiflis, and both these fields are independent of heavy mountain gradients. Another company purposes establishing a fleet of cistern-steamers to carry petroleum direct to Marseilles, where great refineries have already been erected for its reception. A third new company has been formed at Moscow to establish another fleet for carrying oil up the Volga. Thus the shipping of the Caspian continues to multiply.

One of the most important bearings of the great oil development regards railway extension across Central Asia, more especially in the direction of India. Hitherto, the possibility of making such a line has appeared fraught with innumerable difficulties; now, everything seems combining to make the construction of Russia's highway to India a mere question of will. The mountain-barriers which

were supposed so effectually to bar an entrance *viâ* Herat have been proved to be no obstacle, Mr Lessar, a Russian surveyor, having found a pass by which a line may be carried across at an elevation of only 900 feet above the surrounding country, and at a very moderate cost for construction. Mr Marvin tells us that the estimate for a line from Kizil Arvat *viâ* Herat to Sibi, which is our present Indian terminus—a distance of 1122 miles—is equal to about £6,000,000.

An almost equally serious drawback was the supposed total lack of fuel in the great treeless region, where coal-mines, if they exist, are as yet undeveloped. Even when, about three years ago, the first stage of the Trans-Caspian railway, as far as Kizil Arvat, was actually constructed and opened, oil-fuel for the engines had to be brought thither across the Caspian from Baku. Now it is found that ready to hand lie apparently inexhaustible supplies of petroleum, and a branch line has been constructed to furnish the railway with stores of this fuel, which gives greater heat, for a smaller bulk, than any other. The same oil-bearing strata have been traced for 300 miles across Turkestan to the foot of the Himalayas. So that this difficulty is effectually removed, and there seems no reason why, ere long, a railway from the Caspian to the Indus may not be worked by locomotives fed with oil-fuel, and carrying freights of the same to cheer the tribes of the Great Desert, the Afghans, and people of Cabul and Candahar, and all other regions where fuel is now scarce. Thus too may this "Light of Asia" be carried to illuminate the homes of millions in Northern India, and so a vast peaceful commerce may be established.

FIDDLERS THREE.

I.

"DIAMINE! but we have been as near a quarrel as any three men could be, and yet escape it," said Pio, with some contentment of manner, though the flush in his face, and glitter in his eyes, told how excited he had been.

"That's true; but an argument is a glorious thing. Of all the means of chasing weariness, or getting over ground, that is the best, the truest, the safest—get well into an argument, and, *per Bacco!* the very dust that rises from your feet, as you stamp your feeling on the dry ground, takes form, and witnesses to the *truth*, or the *difficulty*, or the *absurdity* of the question you discuss; and so, instead of dulness wearying you, delight cheers you on, and by the time you have won your point, you have gained a league, or even more."

"That's right enough," said Benedetto, "if you don't lose your friend. But for my part, I always say, *prove* what you say. That's the best way. Don't talk and talk till you bring the heavens themselves on a level with the valleys, and so lose where you started from, and where you are going to; but say what you mean in *three words*, and then—silence! Stand like a stone pillar, with scales balancing on either side, and *prove* what you say; then, whichever way the balance goes, you are just the same—friends."

"*Sapristi!* you have reason, and yet are as without reason as the pillar you advocate. And I bless God that all men are not cast in that mould. Night and Day never shake hands, except in the presence

of the stars (who are bound ever to keep the peace between them), but they *never meet or travel together*. Would you have all men black—or gold? No, no—no, no! Heaven forbid! An argument is *life*—especially when it is between such men as we three, who understand each other, and can give and take a hard word; and are bound together—*necessary* to each other, so secure from parting!"

"So we say, and yet but ten minutes ago it seemed as if each of us thought himself quite independent."

"True, my friend—that is the point of union. *I* am free from *you*—can exist without *you*—*you* without *me*—Benedetto without either; three independent men, each responsible only to himself. Together we work, eat, sleep, travel, each for his own personal plan; yet united." Henri gave a glance of admiration at his companions, and took to himself, mentally, the admiration which he felt ought to be given to him by both.

"Union means *concession*," said Pio.

"Undoubtedly," said Henri; "that is what I started with. I know that if you see that I am right, you will agree to do as I wish, and leave the long, difficult, passionate music for fit audiences at the theatre, and keep to the light music, which, you know, always pleases, and brings more pence than any other."

"Except marches," said Benedetto.

"Or melodies," said Pio. "I do not see the least reason to make it a personal question, or again

risk a quarrel. It is not whether you, or I, or Benedetto play best, but which sort of music appeals to the largest public, and finds quickest sympathy. I am convinced that some melodies speak straight to the heart and soul. They are divine. It cannot be right to lay them aside, and only play things which amuse without wakening a thought, or at best make people's feet long to move."

"Heaven and earth, what a result! Why do folks long to dance? Because their hearts are light; and I say that these tragic dirges are not fit for most people in ordinary life. Look at men, as they work—what are their faces? *Sad!* Then you play a pathetic, heart-breaking aria; and, from sadness, you either rouse them to tears, or sink them to apathy. But—a waltz! Why, a waltz has sentiment, lightness, brightness; drives away grief, and invites cheerfulness and gaiety to fill the soul—till there is no room for even the shadow of grief or weariness."

"Try it," said Benedetto; that is all I say,—try it!"

"So we will," said Pio. "But by that I do not give in entirely. I would put it to the plain, practical test of money. We will try the three kinds of music, and each time go round with the hat. Then—"

"Then," broke in Henri, "I already see the result—the end I proposed is gained. No doubt, no doubt! Men have sorrow, and do not invite more; but gaiety, or any one who can bring gaiety, is welcome—welcome as the sun in the morning."

Benedetto seemed amused at Henri's eagerness to prove himself right. Pio smiled, as he listened to all the young man said with careful attention; then, after walking some steps in silence, he drew

his violin from its green baize bag, and, holding it guitar-fashion, let his long fingers stray over it, and make an accompaniment to melodies he had in his head, and hummed a few bars occasionally.

"Well, here is an opportunity of proving what we argued," said Benedetto, as a turn in the road brought them within sight of a hill, at the top of which roofs of houses crowded in confusion above a range of dark trees, that showed how high the ground rose suddenly, lifting this village out of the way of passers-by, or of other towns.

"*That?*" said Pio—his dark eyes flashing, as if lighted from a fierce memory in his soul—his hand striking a deep, full chord that had defiance in it, though he let it die away into a wailing tremulous vibration before he stopped all sound—"that is a pig's town! Their commerce is fattening pigs and washing dirty linen! What would you expect *there?* Their *amusement* is gambling—for the first chance of indulging in vice. And warning men that their dirty coarse bodies are the only barriers between them and the torments of the hell which they now *make* and *enjoy*, is the duty of the devoted priest who lives in that tower, with the cypress beside it to filter the breeze as it sweeps up over their dens, so that the poison may not stifle him as he beseeches his guardian angel to stay, and not be terrified at the sights and sounds below. What can *they* judge of music?"

"It is an opportunity for an extreme triumph, and an unprejudiced judgment," said Benedetto, who had much stolid opposition in him.

"No," said Pio, decidedly. "I never again wish to set my foot inside their gates. Beyond that set of trees we shall come to the be-

ginning of St Antonio. It begins with the ruins of the Amphitheatre (where our forefathers displayed their courage), and the chapel built of seven stones to contain a crucifix of mysterious veneration. Then the house of a man, who had a heart so big"—Pio began again to make his violin sing its sympathy with his feeling and his voice; and he went on, in a kind of recitative, as if an unseen audience was listening at the end of the avenue of trees which lapped their branches overhead—"a heart so big—so big—a heart so big as to take in all the poor of the place; and give—give—give of his worldly substance, till he had nothing left for himself, and then wandered away, bowed beneath the load of grief, mortification, and disdain that came with poverty. And then he proved—that certain words are true—It is more blessed—*more blessed—to give*—than to receive! . . . and then—he died!"

"Not so bad," said Benedetto, decidedly, when Pio ended.

Henri looked at Pio, but did not speak, as he paused, both in singing and accompaniment; and a dog, in the distance, gave a whine, as if the brute still held the legend of the baron's goodness amongst them, and would join in the dirge-like "memoria."

"There is his house," said Pio, putting his violin under his arm, and pressing his hat lower over his brows, as they came into the sunshine. "It is always clean and fresh; and has flowers about it, and a fountain sparkling near it. Everything that makes life pleasant; and the remembrance of him to beautify all. Into that town we will go, and there find people neither too bad nor too good—just the world as it is."

"That is well," said Benedetto, as they came near the railed-in

garden, where the flowers were as luxuriant as the neat gardener permitted them to be. "What roses! One does not often see such profusion. I wonder what makes them bloom like that?"

"Who can tell?" said Pio, as they halted before the rails to look in. "They do say that the blessings of the poor he relieved still cling to the trees, though he is gone. But, of course, that's fancy."

"*Diamine!*" said Benedetto, pulling off a leaf that came through the rails, and biting it, as thoughts jerked through his mind; squaring his shoulders, as he proposed problems, and answered them in silence. He would not have wished either of his companions to see what he thought, for he was questioning how far it was well to give way to fancy, and what fancy was, and whether they had not often lost many advantages by following whims; and whether he should take this opportunity for breaking away, and settling into a steadier, more useful, and respectable life than that he now led—one of a set of travelling musicians.

Pio had always loved independence, and said that music spoke to the heart and soul, and did as much good as preaching.

Henri was Pio's shadow, in a certain way, though not in his theory of music and its mission. Pio was his hero and his friend. He had been sick to death, far away from home, when Pio (visiting Benedetto in the hospital in Florence) had seen him, felt sympathy for him, and made friends with him. When he left the hospital, it was to Pio's room that he was taken; and Pio even took an engagement in the orchestra of a theatre, on purpose to support them both, while Henri was too weak to do anything for himself.

Henri was just over twenty. Pio was thirty—a tall, grave Italian, whose history came out in fragments, and seemed to be in the experience of emotion, not in family events. Benedetto had served with him in the same regiment—music bound them together. Pio relied on Benedetto's common-sense and good honest heart. Benedetto revered the feeling that gave him sympathy, and which somehow made him feel unworthy, and hungry after good at the same moment. He often said to himself that he and Pio were comrades, equal and independent. Pio never claimed superiority, but it was his unasked; and there was no question as to which should lead or decide or take responsibility. Henri, a true Frenchman, delighted in picturing himself as independent—liberty, equality, and fraternity meaning to him companionship with men who kept him out of trouble, and gave him time to gain experience and grow, before he had to put in practice ideas which were pure and beautiful enough to make his life happy, and give him inclinations to good.

Shops soon began; then the houses crowded together, and shut out the view of the plain, with the mountains beyond, and clouds that repeated the mountains in fleecy softness against the sky. It was a simple city, in the form of a cross, with a church at each point, and the cathedral in the centre; as if

the folks in the olden times would nail their religion to their town by a vivid remembrance and repetition of Him who founded the religion.

A long street, starting from the river (beyond which stood the church of the Carmine, ever solemnly ready to bless the dead before they were carried on to the cemetery), was the great upright of the cross; the arms of the cross at either side stretched out till they reached the Amphitheatre and the chapel of the Crucifix on one side, the prison and the church of the Santissima Annunziata on the other; then the upright was lost, until again its true place was marked at the top of the mountain, by the grand old monastery of St Benedict, where learned men still live, and wonderful books and manuscripts are stored, and truth, in art and religion, is kept as in an ark. There, too, a glorious church, rich not only in marble and painting, but in memories of saintly men (proclaiming, like an aureole, the presence of true sanctity), stands as a beacon, attracting men of all nations and degrees of learning and virtue to rest awhile in her presence, and take tokens of her treasures to the rest of the world.

It was an assize town, and it happened to be a Court day; so many people were in the town. Still, as the three fiddlers passed down the principal street, they were looked at, and noticed as strangers.

II.

"As you know the place so well," said Benedetto, "perhaps you have friends here?"

"No, not friends; unless memories are friends," said Pio. "But I met a man here, who, without knowing it, decided for me what I

should *admire*; and I think that wherever one first finds a hero, is, as it were, hallowed ground. So I think of this place as beautiful. And yet I have known people call it a hole, a fever-den."

"Where shall we go to play?"

"Here," said Pio.

It was the evening; the three friends had rested; and "*here*" was the court into which the back of their inn opened. As it happened, they could not easily have found a better place; for though the *locanda* in which they had rested was a very humble one, it formed only a part of the square, and the high buildings all round were filled by persons of all degrees—from wine-sellers and cobblers to the highest gentry of the place; for a part of the Palazzo belonging to the Deputato for the district came to one corner, between the back of a fine hotel and the remains of a prison.

Several of the old stone staircases were outside the houses, with strange square landings covered with little roofs, so that the families might bring out stools, and sit there in the air to work, and exchange greetings and gossips with others, in the balconies, or at the windows near.

Henri first struck a chord,—a simple fifth, with a note of interrogation—and admiration too—in its twang.

Benedetto quietly harmonised his strings, without a glance to either right or left.

Pio came forward turning back his shirt-cuff, to leave full play to his long wrist and fingers. He had his hat slouched forward over his forehead, so that only his bright eyes could be seen. He was difficult to satisfy, tuned and tuned, and settled himself on the top of a wine-barrel to screw and screw at the wretched strings, till one broke; and then his heart smote him for his unkindness to his friend, and he lovingly put on another, and, with the very tenderness of patience, lured it into harmony.

"They *must* stare," said he to Benedetto, when he remonstrated

with him for taking so much time. "We want all their attention and their ears; let them, then, have time to satisfy their eyes first."

"Does that water always run and splash?" asked Henri, pointing to a stream of water falling fast from the lion's mouth of a fountain, then lost beneath stones, to reappear gurgling in eddies in a square tank, over which a plank had been carelessly thrown to save passers-by from accidents.

"Yes, yes," said Pio; "these houses have been here for centuries, built here, over the spring. It was a bold thing to do. Men in those days married Art to Nature, instead of stamping her down, and standing upon her. So, you see, they made passages for the water to run in, and an honourable vase from which it could be brought to sparkle and get life from the air; and it thus joins in everything, and carries away the story of all that it sees and hears."

"I was wondering if it would drown the music," said Benedetto; "that was all."

"No," said Antonio, who was standing by; and he stooped and picked up a little trough, which he placed at the mouth of the lion, so that the stream might rush on uninterruptedly, yet in peace.

To please Henri, they began with a waltz.

Up in the highest balcony, or rather, on the leads, the sounds wakened echoes,—not merely in the arches near, but in the hearts of five poor women, who sat there at work. Two of these women were knitting (for the light was scarcely strong enough for fine embroidery), two who had keen sight were still sewing at a long seam, and the fifth was spinning. Three were young, and two were old; but in such monotony of industry and seclusion they were all much of

an age, unless some outside event sent them to the standpoint Time had assigned them. Their simple thoughts dwelt on much the same subjects, the old remembering what the young hoped for and dreamed about, as they sat working, working, for a few centesimi, sewing all the experience of life into plain stitches—which none but the angels could see any meaning in, beyond the two facts that they kept cloth together and earned bread.

It was a waltz they heard, a real waltz, a beat that sent sensations into the very thread—and one moment stopped the work and the next drove it on, as if the stitches were the echoes of the sound that had delighted.

Oh the sweeping deliciousness of that moving life! One—two—three! one—two—three! No one counted; but they felt it—steps gliding rapturously, wafting the body, while yet it was still, into an imaginative giddiness of exultation, by the variety it brought into the common world.

Several young men joined hands in couples, and danced with ease, and a certain grace, in the paved courtyard.

Looking up, all round, brown faces could be seen—faces of men and women of all ages and ranks in life; but, with scarcely an exception, with one genuine expression, *pleasure*. For in that city Music was a passion, and held the wills of all the classes in its mighty grasp; and the soft lilt of the dance wakened an answering lilt in the men, till the smiles and abandonment of the faces were nothing more than the shadows of forms which the melody took, as it gladly tripped on through its graceful varieties, till it reached an ecstasy and died away. Then people began to think, and their faces again became various; but when Henri

stepped forward with his hat, the action was unanimous. Every one felt in his pocket for some coin to give.

The self-denying sisters, from their toil-earned money, gave a whole penny. Two centesimi from each—not to be despised. All those who know the cost of labour, and what those two centesimi had cost, would feel that.

That was a triumph. Henri knew it, and his companions were willing to acknowledge it. Ten minutes of ease, happiness, dreams of beauty, and pulsations of youth, to a great number of toil-worn human beings; ten minutes' absolute forgetfulness of the pain and anxiety of life.

It was indeed a triumph!

But they did not know of something else. The Signorina Marietta was there,—a Signorina, beautiful, rich, clever, of good family—but with a broken heart.

With the Signorina was her unclè—a tall, grave man, with a poetic face, grey hair that curled back off his temples, and a soft moustache which hid the emotional mouth, that had a traitorish habit of deserting his eyes when they reproved or looked severe. Through this moustache he had gained the character of being hard; and, indeed, he frightened culprits when he was in his official chair as Sindaco, or in private life as the head of the family.

"Duty is never hard to do," he said, severely, to Marietta, as they sat together in the darkness of closed *persiani*, after dinner.

"That may be true, *zio mio*; but it is painful. And it is only saints who like to scourge themselves."

"And do you think *I—like—to scourge you?*" asked Don Orazio.

"No, indeed, indeed! But——"

"*I do it!* Yes, my dear, I do

it. Very few women know what is best or right for themselves; and therefore it needs those who care for them, and the honour of the family in them, to guard them, and . . . *per Bacco!* but that is well played! One would not expect to hear such spirit and style *here!*" said Don Orazio, rising and going to the window that he might throw back the *persiani* and look out.

Marietta kept her seat on a corner of the broad divan that went round two sides of the room. A heap of pillows had been piled by her uncle at one end, that she might recline, and, if possible, sleep away her distress.

He had been to fetch her home from Rome, where, whilst visiting a friend, she had fallen in love with a handsome young sculptor, a man of good birth and poetic temperament, who had been taken by her lovely face, made a sketch of her as Innocence, and, whilst doing so, brought before her a golden future, bright as the scene from the terraced garden on a summer day, till—the light faded, and she found that the prospect before her contained only the outline of his face, and that in black crayon, softened only into delicacy when she looked at it through her tears.

"Give him up!" was the universal cry of the family.

"Then I will go into a convent," said Marietta.

In the end, her uncle, Don Orazio, who, though a bachelor, had an equal temper and a warm heart, came over to fetch her away, and try if absence could dim the glowing fervour of the fancy.

This city was half-way; and they stayed here on purpose, that some few events or scenes should come in her mind, between Rome and her lover, and Naples and her home.

Her face had the stain of tears

upon it; her hair was rough; her delicate hands were cut by the bright stones in her rings, from twining her restless fingers together convulsively—permitting them to express the torture that her heart endured, and her tongue dared not reveal.

Henri was leading, and his body almost trembled in his desire to excel. He was fond of dancing, and felt the fascination of the quick, easy measure.

Don Orazio threw back the *persiani*, and the sound came uninterruptedly into the room. At first Marietta would not listen or care; but the sounds kept on—that beat of dancing feet—that minor tenderness—that champagne of laughter, frothing to the last.

Don Orazio turned from the window. Yes; Marietta was there, her hands clasped intently, and her eyes bright. The past and the future were joined in the tones of that waltz, and gave her the present—to enjoy, not to waste. She had no memories of common sensations, no thought of whirling round the room in her lover's arms, no mere fact to recall and give her pleasure. It was the new life that was awakened; the youth that has an instinct for justice and independence, and that rebels against control. She rose above her old beaten self, with her bruised pride and love. No convent for her, no escape into clandestine marriage (had such a thing been possible), but a swift throwing of herself on the waves of life, to float carelessly, happily, trustingly (if God pleased it) to her lover's feet; and if not—still to *float on*, and on, face upwards, looking to the sky and sun!

Don Orazio pushed his delicately perfumed hair from his temples, and wiped his brow, on which the beads of perspiration stood; delib-

erately he seated himself, looking at Marietta, and within reach of her hand.

"My love!" he said, and then he paused.

"Dear uncle!" said Marietta, looking up, the light in her eyes still speaking of her excitement.

"My child," he said, speaking very low, "youth is a very pleasant thing; one enjoys everything when one is young. It is sad that it passes so soon—so very soon. I could swear to you that, hearing that music, listening to that fairy-like undulation of sound, it requires all my common-sense to make me believe that I am old; that already the colour has gone from my hair, the lightness from my step. And yet it makes me recall that we each have but one draught to drink of that magic fountain, and so should try not to make it bitter with tears."

Marietta looked into his face—watched the pain that flitted over it, and in her own mind added for him the words he did *not* speak—"as I did!"

"You are young—you have the cup to your lips—and—the tears are ready to drop into the draught as you drink—unless——"

"No," said Marietta, interrupting him firmly, "that is over, uncle dear! I will wait. I will not cry or fret."

"Child!" said Don Orazio, almost solemnly, "you did not make your own heart; and tears do not wait for our bidding. What a thing it is to be young—young!" The old gentleman sat, still dreaming, it seemed, of days long since gone by; he had Marietta's hand in his, and passed his fingers over it gently, as if he were blind, and was reading, by signs, mysteries he could not see. At length he said, beating the tips of her fingers against the palm of his other hand,

"Tears must cease, and hearts must not be broken. My tough old hand must hold thy heart till the wound is healed. Patience, little child, patience! Scourge thee, indeed! Did I say so? It is Time who holds the scourge, not I. Scourge thee, my pretty one! Nay, I will give thee my hand to console thee, while Patience brings the rest to pass."

Marietta knew what that meant. Patience, with Don Orazio, was another name for Fortune, and she was well content to be consoled, knowing that he would faithfully keep his word, and try to his utmost to make her love successful, and help her to wait, and then to marry. She it was who got up to kiss his forehead, but her kiss had sadness in it; it was of consolation, not hope: the knowledge that no help of hers could take from his past any record of pain, or bring into his life (except in sympathy or remembrance) any of the joys of which he had spoken.

Together, this time, they went to the window to look out. Henri had collected the money, and was putting it into his pocket, a smile of satisfaction on his face; he was sure that no other collection that night would bring as much.

"Hist!" said Don Orazio, feeling in his waistcoat-pocket for some coin that should express his appreciation—at last being forced into selecting a piece of paper, worth ten francs, to wrap a penny in, that it might fall safely to the court below.

"To thee, and to me, they have been worth much, my child," he said gently—"yes, to each, to both of us, worth more than words can define, or than money can express."

Again the fiddlers began to play. It was Benedetto's trial. Melo-

dies—one or two *canzone popolari*—one or two cheerful melodies from operas. Pio led; but Benedetto at times had to change, and take the lead; and then it was Pio, who, with ready skill, filled in the harmonies: for, though they were wanderers, they were all good musicians.

High up, in the very *locanda* where the three friends lodged, was a room—square and bare. In it were two rush-chairs, a table, and a bed. A towel hung on a peg, a basin and small jug of water stood on the floor. The walls were white-washed; the window was in a black frame, high up, and deep-set in a sloping projection. From it one could see the mountain, with the monastery at the top, which reminded one of St Christopher bending beneath the weight of the Divine Child.

In this room were a woman, a child, and a baby.

The floor was strewn with wild flowers; and a great bunch had been put in water in one of the common earthen jars with four lips, suitable to many drinkers from one vessel, and graceful in its usefulness.

The child, though only four years old, had the square, sleeveless, blue cotton bodice of the Neapolitan *contadina* to her long frock; her chemise was fastened in front with its bright button; her apron, and band round the waist, and white handkerchief on her head, even the plaits of hair beneath, were a copy of her mother. Already the sun had tanned her skin, and playing at hard work had marked the small hands, which now beat against the door, to insist that some one should let her out.

The mother seemed not to hear. The baby, swathed tight, like a bundle, was on her knee, and she

fed it, almost mechanically, with sopped bread.

There was music below in the court—music which, at other times, would have brought her to the window, or kept her running across fields, to get within its sound. Now she was deaf—stunned by grief. No tears were in her eyes—no gentleness in her heart. The hard facts of life were about her—in her ears echoed the calm voice of the President of the Court of Assize—

“Ten years’ labour—at the galleys!”

Ten years! It was widowhood, without hope. Ten years at Ischia, or other Government prison. Ten years—ten long years! That is what the waltz time had repeated to her—till she closed the door, and began to feed her baby.

Elisabetta had been asleep then—it was the crying of the baby that had awakened her: that, and the despairing groan with which poor Francesca realised that even her milk was gone, and that though the baby clamoured to be put to her breast, it was no longer from her that it could take life.

He, her husband, was condemned—disgraced! What was there left to her and her children but condemnation and disgrace? How could she bear it?

Ten long years!

“Open!” said Elisabetta, pulling her mother’s sleeve. “Open! I want to go to the music!”

Francesca got up, laid the infant in its cradle, and opened the door. Elisabetta went into the long broad balcony, or open space on the roof, which was spread with rushes, and had evidently been used for men to lie and sleep on during the great cattle fair and *fiesta*. The air came in, and touched Francesca’s brow. The sounds came in, and beat sharply on her brain, and her heart groaned the refrain—

Ten long years !

All the way over the hills she had come to hear the trial ; had sold her necklaces and ear-rings, and almost all her finery, to pay the best *avvocato* that was known in those parts to plead for him ; and she had had pleasure—poor soul!—in the sacrifice, and had blindly felt that the dearer it cost her the more sure was she to save him—save him, who lay in such peril.

It was the work of ten minutes that this husband of hers had to expiate.

The old story—an angry word—an angry retort. Two fiery young men with knives. A blow that meant to kill, but did not—a blow intended to defend, but that killed. And then—a great black shadow—Death himself standing between heaven and hell, with two men clasping his knees and grovelling on the earth, each willing to exchange places with the other, in the agitation of that instantaneous but fleeting repentance that comes with the realisation of disaster, when passion is hot, and there has been no time for pride or revenge to change it into a crushing relentless engine—dead to everything but itself.

Three days had Francesca been waiting there, for the case before her Ferdinando's had been a long one—a dispute as to the ownership of land, with many mortgages on it. Three days had used up her money. There was still a piece of bread upon the table—her lodging was paid for the night: next morning, by break of day, she would be up—to go home.

Home !

That home was a small cottage in the midst of an olive-orchard and vineyard, with a view of mountains and a breath from the sea, though it was some miles away.

Cypresses stood here and there near it, and there were pigeons and poultry. The family were well-to-do for their class, but in that home were three young children and a tall young woman, a widow ; and these children had been made fatherless, and this girl a widow, by Francesca's husband. For it was her brother with whom he had had a dispute, and who, in the quarrel, had lost his life.

So, home was a place without men (except the poor old grandfather), until a discharge could be got for a younger brother, now a soldier, or until the widow married again.

Yes, she might marry again—she was not crushed as Francesca had been.

Ten long years !

Benedetto played a fair selection of melodies from "*Il segreto per esser felice*;" he passed to the simple little air that children sing—"Santa Lucia." Elisabetta knew it, and sang it up in the roof—not very well in tune, though loud enough to have an echo ; and the sound seemed to tumble down again, and had much the same effect that a child's zigzag in pencil has on mamma's letter to papa—it does not make it clearer, but still is the child's, and has a wish in it.

Francesca took her in her arms and lifted her, to look over into the courtyard and see the fiddlers. It was a low, broad wall ; an old box was close to it : she seated herself upon it, and rocked Elisabetta backwards and forwards, clasped close to her—so very close, the child did not like it, and struggled. Francesca put her down, and, passing into the back room, threw herself upon the floor in the corner.

No escape—no chance—no hope ! Wherever she went, people would

whisper and pity her. Her children would be pointed at as the children of a galley-slave!

"Il segreto per esser felice!" How often had Francesca heard it played by the band—sung by the young men at the *festa*! For it suited youth. "Despise the sorrow that threatens clouds for to-morrow!" *They* might be able to do so; but how despise shame, or how laugh at the grief which hid those she loved from her sight and threatened certain suffering? What "secret of happiness" could there be for her?"

Ferdinando had never looked so handsome, so tender, so to be looked up to and admired, as when he had leaned forward to take Elisabetta in his arms to kiss good-bye. Even the Signor Presidente was sorry for them, and had a tremble in his voice as he delivered sentence, and warned all the young men who crowded the court not to allow themselves to be placed in a like position.

Elisabetta had been tired of the court, had been taken out and fed by some kindly woman who was waiting there, and then had gone with some children to the high-road, coming back to the court with her apron full of wild poppies, eye-brights, snake-flowers, and the deadly nightshade: for the children's sympathy had shown itself in gathering great bunches of the brightest flowers for her; and these were the flowers that now stood in the jug and strewed the floor.

The fiddlers played on. They were finishing "Mariannina Capricciosa."

That had been one of Ferdinando's favourites. Elisabetta could sing that too.

Ah, Elisabetta! She sang it then, and clambered down to find her mother and make her sing too. But the tune stopped: again Henri

was going round with the hat. Many new persons had come in to listen, and they gave kindly; but perhaps their greatest admirer had been that small child up in the balcony, little Elisabetta.

They waited, and rested. Some one invited them to have wine—in which a great many joined—so there was a long interval.

Henri counted his money. He was triumphant—certainly he far outdid Benedetto—though it was not usual for so many to give after the first performance.

Francesca still lay, her head on her arm. That cold, hard floor suited her. A widow—and no widow! Work was not appalling to her; for, in truth, neither she nor her sister-in-law was unused to hard work, and many a time had they together dug a field, while the husbands laughed, smoked, talked, and looked on. But there had been no shame—no parting.

It was a hot evening, the room was close, the odour of the poppies grew every moment more strong. She did not notice it—she felt numbed with her grief. He would never come back! No, she was sure he would die! And perhaps it was her fault.

The *avvocato's* eyes, when he turned upon her, had said—"Yes, it is your fault!" Yet she had only spoken the truth—the bare truth.

"Who struck the first blow?" asked the Presidente.

"Camillo," said Francesca.

"Did it wound Ferdinando?"

"Only a scratch. He saw it, and was quick."

"Were your brother and husband good friends?" asked the *avvocato* for the Crown.

"Not very," said Francesca.

"In fact, they did not like each other—they quarrelled—there was bad blood between them?"

"Sometimes," said Francesca.

Then it was, that the *avvocato* sat down; and with his eyes wrote on Francesca's heart—"It is *you* who have condemned him!"

"Oh to be dead instead of him! Oh to work with him! Oh never to have had these children, whose only knowledge of their father would be—that he was a convict—in prison!"

"*Babbo* can't hear—no—*Babbo* cannot hear,—for *il Babbo* is gone to prison!" sang Elisabetta, with no thought in her heart of what it meant.

Francesca heard it, and started with distress. The child came in, and seeing Francesca lying on the floor, came to her, still singing—

"*Il povero Babbo, il Babbo* is *always* in prison!"

The mother looked up to reprove her, hatred getting into her soul, from what she thought was the little one's carelessness and want of love; but, looking into her face she saw wonder, and innocent regret; wonder that she should lie on the floor, regret that "*il Babbo*" was not there with them.

"And is this the purpose of life?" said Francesca, passionately. "Grow up, and marry, have children, and then wish them dead! Better that they *should* die! I—what do I want with life? only for them! That is what Ferdinando said. For *me*, there is no more hope—with me, no more joy! Think of me as dead—live for *them*!"

The open door brought a draught of air into the room. The odour of the poppies was strong: this time Francesca noticed it, and rose slowly, thoughts coming by degrees to her mind, as she tried to associate what she now experienced with past facts in her life.

Yes, there was nightshade there

—the flower of Death! with black berries, green berries, and flowers with golden centres.

How often had she known her mother warn her not to eat them! How often had she herself warned other children to be careful! How often had she carried poppies out of her room when the little ones brought them home to play with! because she knew that they would make her sleep late, and she had to be up with the sunrise to work!

These scarlet poppies were wisely placed amongst the grasses—they showed bravely in the hedges, and by the common road; and each held a secret in its fragile cup—perhaps a blessing for the weary, longing for sleep.

Francesca felt what she could not define—a certain relief at the presence of the flowers.

She looked at her baby—what a glorious child he was! so round and healthy, so heavy, so content, and peaceful! A forehead like his father's, eyes like his; and even now, strong hands that could give mighty thrusts; as she had often laughingly said to Ferdinando himself.

She was nursing him, caring for him, for what? Perhaps to follow in his father's steps, and grow into full strength to walk into the blight of shame! Why not? who could say?

Francesca's heart beat violently. She began to feel, not exhausted, but excited, from the fever that comes from exertion, agitation, and want of food. She had not thought of eating, except a piece of water-melon at the door of the court, during that time of waiting when the Presidente rose for half an hour's refreshment at mid-day.

Her throat was dry; her breath could scarcely pass without pain

and effort. She must drink. She looked round for water, and saw, for the first time, that there was none, except that in the vase, from which Elisabetta's flowers were already drinking the life and freshness. She stretched out her hand and took them out of the vase. The water was still bright. She cared little, but, tasting it, found it bitter.

Slowly she drank a few drops, with satisfaction in the taste,—the involuntary ease one feels in recognising a guide who will lead one out of a strange country, back home, when one is lost in strange lanes. Her mind was too full of giant fears and dreads to allow her to make a plan. The only feeling was that of standing at the edge of a precipice, where some one she loved had fallen; and the struggle between the natural instinct for preserving life, and the natural yearning to find again, at all costs, the love that had never seemed so precious as in the losing.

"Ten long years! years of exposure to weather, heat and cold in extremes, scanty food, bad air, bad companions, bad treatment of all kinds! Antonietta's husband came back—yes, that was true—and sat all the day in the sunshine, and had grey hair and long stiff limbs, and a face that one could not help looking at, it had such a wild nothingness in it. *That* was after ten years. Don Carlo said that the work was so hard it was indeed twenty years. My Ferdinando will be like that, and it will be through me!"

Francesca hid her face in her hands to shut out the sight, as if it had already been before her. Oh the payment for one blow! the long death of each separate power for the expiation of one sin! There was no escape, no refuge in hope,

and only the rest of blankness in despair. The real suffering was too appalling to that loving heart. Blindly she stretched out her hands to call sleep to wrap her round, and let her sink lower, lower, lower, anywhere, away from the present pain.

The strange bitter taste lingered long in her mouth. The kind flowers lay before her on the table. They, too, were dying, their fading, languishing blossoms giving forth their parting greetings to the air that travelled back to the sun, to the river, to the bank where they grew.

She took some of the flowers in her hands, and caressed them as well as her hard toil-hardened fingers would allow her. The bunches of berries were hardly ripe: she crushed one or two; she bit one—it was acid, and bitter too.

And little Elisabetta sang as she peeped over at the fiddlers,—"*Il povero Babbo* cannot see; for *il Babbo* is *always* in prison!"

Just then the slow sweet tones of Pio's violin broke the stillness. He began playing a favourite of his, "*Il balen del suo sorriso*," Benedetto giving the accompaniment with sympathetic harmony.

Francesca heard it, knew it well, but did not associate it with any words. To her, at that moment, it sounded solemn—a sort of death-chant, almost like a litany, speaking of heaven and the angels, and the life beyond.

"Yes," she said to herself, looking at her boy and little Elisabetta, "it will be better for them. Our Lord loves little children. Better for them to be angels in Paradise, free from all chance of sin, than left here to suffer like him and me."

She had a dagger in her hair, a

dagger with a strange handle, like a twisted serpent, the tail in its mouth, after coiling in strange contortions to make a firm cross at the hilt. It had belonged to her mother (and who could say how many other women of the family?) Its very possession had been a protection, associated as it was with a motto, which has been the text of many grand stories, "Death before Dishonour!"

But the idea of the wounding or stabbing, or carrying out her purpose in a cruel way, was repulsive to her. She could not have endured the sight of blood. It was quite another thing to let the little ones sink to sleep, and wake in Paradise.

With determination she took the flowers, and broke their pretty blooms into the rough plate which had held the baby's supper.

"How many would be enough?" she murmured to herself. "How many—berries—are they really poison, till they become quite black?"

She laid her dagger on the table. The tiny sheath had once been lacquered with gold; now it was plain, but bright from constant use. It seemed fitting to use it to press the flowers, but it did not lend itself kindly to dealing death at second-hand. She put it aside, and took the common iron spoon with which she had fed the child.

How anxiously she looked at them and pressed them! How the odour rose as she mashed and pounded them down in water with fierce haste and force! She took them all; so now nothing remained but pale pink snake-flowers amongst the grasses.

The brightest signs of life had gone to make Death.

How Pio played! It was the ending tumult of passion now—quicker, louder, with full, deep

tones; and then the long delicate *cadenza*, that sounded like the last appeal of a soul to heaven before it sank in despair.

Francesca poured the fluid she had made so roughly into the vase.

The baby still slept. Elisabetta looked over her shoulder, back to her mother. "Come," she said, "*mamma mia*; there is a beautiful signorina looking and listening—and she pointed to me—and a great signore is there too."

Francesca looked up, and saw how the child had reached over, till she was in imminent danger of falling, when she certainly must have been killed. Instinctively she crossed quickly to her side and drew her back. No; not that! She could not think of that! She felt thankful to Marietta for having noticed the child, and enabled her to save her from so sad an end. She took her in her arms and kissed her—kissed her passionately; but Elisabetta was not willing to have her amusement taken from her, and soon scrambled down, and again peeped over, only more cautiously than before, standing firmly on the box.

Pio now was playing a very simple direct melody which Francesca had never heard; but she was forced to listen. It was "Orfeo's lament for Euridice."

It seemed to make her taller—she was exalted—that simple appeal of love to love! How small the present seemed, and how grand the future opening before her! She and her children in heaven praying for the father—watching by him, may be!

A sleep—yes, a deep sleep! A freezing of the heart . . . then a gentle thawing in divine sunshine; an awakening by the loving hands of angels; voices of children; safe

from any more pain, any more possibility of sin or shame!

That trembling, wailing sound! How involuntarily it brought before her the awakening, so full of beauty and love! But—what was that? It seemed to say—Lost!

Lost!

The courtyard was still: not a breath but the steady strong tones of the violin. The very flowers seemed bending low in silence to listen. Surely that descending cadence, that pathetic phrase, said—Lost!

Pio played on. Francesca stopped pouring water upon her flowers that she might listen.

"Oh, if one could end life without dying!" she thought to herself—"without taking these little ones into the dark—the dark! But their angels will be with them," she said to herself; "they will be safe. Our Lord loves little children. It is only to make them sleep!"

"Dost thou *know*?" sang Pio's violin, with almost the pathos of a human voice; "*dost thou know?*" It was a question that touched her heart. What was she doing? *Did* she know—could she tell? Even if angels did rescue the souls of her children from the bodies that she destroyed—if they carried them lovingly from the deep river into which she plunged them, could she be sure that they could find her? Where would *she* be? Alone—lost—lost! Perhaps beyond the reach of angel-voices, hidden in despair, deep, deep beneath the reach of light, or life, or hope!

There was a few minutes' stillness, then the last phrase of the melody was repeated.

Francesca felt as if on a plank, crossing a torrent. She had not the courage to go on nor the courage to go back.

The tones of the violin came again to her soul, low—like a friend talking—the modulations from frenzied despair to the appealing resignation expressed in Gounod's "Meditation" (the Ave Maria).

Her thoughts went to the past—to her hopes, her intentions to live a good life and win heaven. Had she not had her children baptised on purpose that they might begin life with consecration, and go on, on to merit Paradise? Must they needs sin because a tempest had shipwrecked their father?

Suffering and the sublime effect of that life-giving music lifted her, as it were, out of herself. She was no longer a peasant woman, with little hopes and wishes, and a careless, purposeless mind. Her soul was wakened to emotion—emotion that blotted out all facts of life, and placed her so near the edge of this world's experience, that she seemed able to hear the voices of angels; not singing hymns of praise or rejoicing, but whispering the truths that should guide her on her way, and save her from stumbling in the dark.

"Their angels behold the Father's face."

Their tiny hands and helpless cries lead their parents in this world the road of patience, forbearance, and thankfulness.

Why should a mother turn from such guidance, and stain herself worse than Ferdinando himself was stained?

Ferdinando's hand—that well-loved, hard-working, honest hand—was stained with blood!

Yes; say what she could, the fact remained—stained with blood!

Francesca paused. Pio was now at the second phrase of the "Meditation," Benedetto playing the accompaniment as if it were the wind

sighing—so tenderly, yet with such strength.

“Pray for mercy now—not sin again—not sink him deeper with a heavier guilt,—but bear—bear—endure!”

Yes, that is what the strain said to her.

“Endure—hope—fly—fly where only the sore-distressed and tempted can find shelter—to the Divine Consoler! Pray!”

The tears flowed from Francesca's eyes; she put her hand into her bodice to find her handkerchief, and taking it out, pulled out also her rosary, with a silver crucifix at the end of it. It had been her mother's. It fell upon the table. She seized it, kissed it, threw herself on her knees by the bed in too great an agony to find words, appalled at the necessity of approaching the Author and Giver of Life hand in hand with Death.

The music seemed to be praying for her—seemed to bear on and away, above the clouds, those sobbing whispers of that divine prayer which meets all needs, appealing, as it does, to the Great Father of All in humble submission and loving confidence.

“Deliver us from evil!”

Yes; Francesca could pray it now. She would not attempt to deliver herself or turn away. On she would go—be all that she had strength or courage to be. Take Ferdinando's place till his return, pray for him during his absence, be father to his children, son as well as daughter to their father, and protector to Camillo's little ones.

The music had been like lightning, rending the cloud and showing her not only the abyss she had escaped, but a glimpse of heaven itself!

It had been stronger than Death.

What a life was before her—how full of opportunities for good! And she would have sought death! She was heartily ashamed of herself and her sin. She looked at the vase, and the death which she had believed and hoped it contained was now hateful to her. She took the vase with both her hands, and threw it into the corner with all her might. Of course it was broken and the contents spilt. The crash awoke the baby.

How thankful she was to hear him cry! So real had been her thought, that against her knowledge her heart rejoiced to find that he lived. She almost dreaded rocking him to sleep again, lest death should have obeyed her summons, and, standing too close, chill her darling with his shadow.

Her Camillo—her own boy—with Ferdinando's eyes and brow!

Joy and thankfulness—very unreasonable but very real—came into her heart, forcing despair to make room for them, that she might have courage to live.

“The music's gone,” said Elisabetta's clear little voice.

Francesca looked at her, and then at Camillo. The anguish of the intended parting was still wounding her—she was hungry for proofs of their life and love, longed to feel them both in her arms, warm and happy. She lifted her boy from the cradle, and seated herself on the box, beside Elisabetta, exhausted and weary.

Elisabetta turned, and put her arms round her mother's neck, then patted her cheeks.

“Ah, *mamma mia!* *Ti voglio tanto bene! ti voglio tanto bene!*” she said: “*anche Camillo,*” she added, laying her rosy little cheek upon Francesca's shoulder, that she might look over at the baby.

“And I should have lost them,

and myself too," said Francesca to herself, passionately; "oh that music, that music! If that man could only know what he has done for me and for them!"

Looking into the court she could see Henri and Benedetto—Henri leaning against the wall, and putting his violin into its baize cover, his face very solemn, his manner quiet, as though in church.

Benedetto had a smile upon his face, and was looking up at Marietta.

Marietta, with Don Orazio at her side, stood in the window, her face calm, but looking transparent, as if lighted by spiritual enthusiasm rather than material life.

She was no longer floating—she had reached a shore; she was at the foot of a mountain, nerved to make a brave attempt to reach the summit.

"Shall I give them something?" whispered Don Orazio. "*Per Bacco!* that fellow played like Orfeo himself!"

"Send for him," whispered Marietta back again, for she felt hushed. "You can't give him money; he stopped the other man from asking more. Did you see

his face when he was playing? He might have stood for John the Baptist—wild, but spiritual, and pure, and . . . oh, what was that, *zio mio?*"

They both looked down, and saw that Henri had a rosary, with a silver crucifix attached, in his hand, and was looking up.

They, too, looked up, and saw a bright-eyed *contadina*, with two children clasped in her strong arms, in the broad balcony, just below the roof.

"Why did she give that?" said Marietta.

"Because she had nothing else to give," said Don Orazio.

"Nothing else—and part with that! Oh, *zio mio*, let us go to her! She *must* want help!"

"Likely enough, *carina!* We will care for her, as we are cared for. For, you see, we all want help, some time or other—*all!*—the strongest as well as the weakest—help, in soul and body, heart and mind. And when we are perilously near falling, falling down beyond all help or remedy—*ecco!* we are lovingly saved in time, by just a thought—a feeling—a voice from the Divine—if we only heed it!"

THE MAHDI OF MID-LOTHIAN—1880 AND 1884.

For some time past the troubled melodrama of British politics has been dominated by two typical heroes. In our domestic affairs the commanding figure has been Mr Gladstone. In our foreign politics the centre of interest has been that mysterious being the Mahdi. To a superficial eye these two distinguished personages have little or nothing in common. They may seem to be as widely separated in mental and moral characteristics as they are by geographical distance. Their political surroundings and relationships appear to be as far apart as the sandy wastes of the Soudan are from the trim flower-beds and the fountains in St James's Park. Yet between them they are shaping the political future of this country as directly and effectively as human hand can determine the course of national history. Since his raid on Mid-Lothian in 1880, Mr Gladstone has held our political destinies in his absolute and almost undisputed grasp. It is his personal will that has directed the administration of the empire in all its branches. It is his decrees that have been registered by a sycophantic majority in the House of Commons. If he was right in holding Lord Beaconsfield responsible for the condition of the country in 1880, he himself must be even more responsible for the state of affairs at home and abroad which he has substituted. He has been and still is an emphatic type in British politics of what the Americans call "one-man power"—the autocracy of popular favour—which is far more dangerous to sound government than the autocracy of birth or caste.

Mr Gladstone posing as the

champion of constitutional law and order is an anachronism, for no constitution, however strong, could maintain its just balance when the powers of his rhetorical legerdemain are set in motion to disturb it. The exuberance of his "sophisticated verbosity" is of itself such a power, that throwing it into one scale or the other puts an end, for a section of the community, to calm rational reflection. To thousands of his countrymen Mr Gladstone has for some years past been far more than a political leader. Even hero-worship does not adequately express their slavish attitude of mind toward him. He has been to them a divinity who feels for them, thinks for them, speaks for them, acts for them, and, in a word, holds their proxies for all the most important functions of public life. He has been their prophet, their saint, their Mahdi. The grandest of impostors, however, has but his day, and Mr Gladstone's is evidently drawing toward its moral as well as its physical sunset.

Mr Gladstone is no doubt gifted with special qualifications for the peculiar position he holds as a political demigod. In his hands clap-trap has been raised to a gospel, and statesmanship has been degraded into trickery of the tongue. He is absurdly out of place in a community making any pretence to the power of intelligent self-control. He might have been admired without reservation as a new Mohammed kindling the enthusiasm of Arab tribes whose minds had never been crossed by ideas of a constitution or a parliament, much less of a caucus. As a Mahdi, raising the standard of the Prophet anew in some trackless desert

where self-government is as foreign a thought as the concert of Europe, he might have been an unqualified success. The vice of his great qualities as exercised in this country is that they confound the methods and principles of two entirely different states of society. Over an order of civilisation which demands reasoning and a cultivated sense of justice, he casts the glamour of a subtle eloquence more appropriate to a twelfth-century crusade than to a nineteenth-century Legislature. The spell he practises is a witchery of words and phrases rather than of ideas. Like the orators and prophets of the Arcadian age to which he naturally belongs, his charms are verbal merely. They fail as soon as he attempts to proceed from words to action. The moment he exchanges the mantle of the preacher for that of the statesman, our Mahdi is "found out." He is as powerless and fatuous in administration as he is domineering in debate.

As a rule, Mahdis, civilised and uncivilised, are a very mushroom growth. They spring up from no one knows where, and after a course of violent vicissitudes, they disappear no one knows whither. The present prophet of the Soudan has had his ups and downs like the rest of them. One day he bursts forth in a blaze of triumph, and the next he suffers an eclipse which seems to be fatal. Now he is advancing victoriously on Upper Egypt, and the next we hear of him is that a rival Mahdi has fallen on him and scattered his forces. The political organisation of the Soudan is so very elastic and accommodating, that those monthly or bi-monthly revolutions do no serious harm to anybody. One prophet more or less does not seem to matter to the comprehensive fanaticism of the children of the desert. Every new pretender car-

ries under his own turban his entire political system—his Privy Council, his House of Commons, and his Home Office. He is only one Mahdi the more, and he will be poor indeed if he does not find some discontented faithful to do him honour. Our British fanatics are less privileged, for they have but one Mahdi. Mr Gladstone has his ups and downs, after the manner of all popular idols; but when he is up he brooks no rival near his throne. The wildest ambition in the Radical ranks has never ventured into competition with him. His rule might have been less absolute, and its influence on political thought might have been less pernicious, had it been tempered with a dash of wholesome rivalry in the Liberal ranks; but there is none—not even a suggestion of it. Apart from him, Liberalism is nothing. Whatever it has done has proceeded direct from him. It had never a wish to do anything but what he had marked out for it. For whatever it has left undone or done badly the responsibility is also his. He held it in his hand as the most obedient, the most pliable of tools. When he struck, it threw its whole force into the blow. When he found it expedient to retire, it had always a golden bridge ready for him to escape by. Mohammed himself could not have wished for more fervid or better disciplined devotees.

Once more the Liberals of Mid-Lothian are promised a sight of their Mahdi. They have so frequently been disappointed by him, that it is to be hoped no eleventh-hour mishap will again upset his ostentatiously paraded programme. Their longing eyes have for the past four years been turned in vain toward the south. They have heard dim and mythical ac-

counts of the exploits of their prophet-hero in the distant Soudan of Westminster, but intermingled with those came rumours of reverses and misfortunes. Through the chairman of his committee they have received now and again an epistle from the prophet himself, adjuring them to be of good courage, and to hold their faith unbroken in the success of the grand old cause. But if they were to speak the truth, they would confess that often during the past four years their hearts have sunk within them. They have looked back sadly on their high expectations, and compared them regretfully with the natural results. They have called to mind the wild enthusiasm with which they helped to usher in the new dispensation of humanity and justice, and they ask themselves in despair what has it all come to. No one can explain that to them so well as Mr Gladstone himself. He should remember best what he undertook to do. He should know best what he really has done. In returning to Mid-Lothian to give an account of his stewardship to those long-suffering and often disappointed idolaters of his, it is absurd to imagine that he can have any other object in view. He holds their suffrages on distinct conditions announced to them at the time, and religiously preserved in the published volume of his Mid-Lothian speeches. Can he possibly be coming back to Mid-Lothian with any other object than to show them how honourably these conditions have been observed, and how completely the expectations on which they elected him have been realised?

Rumour has it that he is coming on a totally different mission; that he is to say nothing about the rancid programme of 1880, but, on the contrary, is to be as reso-

lute against looking back as Lot's wife ought to have been when she quitted the city of Sodom. We decline to believe that Mr Gladstone can intend to act so unheroic, so unprophetic a part. No Mahdi, political or spiritual, could survive such an act of self-stultification. It would be moral suicide. To impose such a strain on the gullibility of Mid-Lothian, would be asking more from it than even a Moslem Mahdi would expect from the most infatuated followers of the Prophet. The faith on which fanaticism prospers must be simple, self-consistent, and independent of casual disturbances. Its Koran dare not be interfered with; and for Mr Gladstone at this time of day to start new issues in Mid-Lothian, wholly ignoring the unsettled issues of 1880, would be to impose on his worshippers a new and strange Koran. Their patience and docility may be great, but that would be a little too much even for them. In real life, men do not revisit the graves of their buried hopes and their broken pledges merely to discharge fireworks over them. They go to do reverence to the dead, and to shed a tear over the melancholy memories of the past. Mr Gladstone will, so far, have to conform to the ordinary practice of humanity. It surely will not be permitted to him to dismiss the perturbed spirits of 1880 with an imperious wave of the hand, telling them that this time he has other business to attend to! What other business? Is it a discovery that he has made since 1880?—an omission that should have been included in the original Mid-Lothian programme? That were an unfortunate and damaging confession for a prophet to have to make. The green flag which Mr Gladstone brings with him to brandish in

Mid-Lothian on the present occasion was little thought of in 1880. There is not the slightest reference to the county franchise as now put before the country in the Mid-Lothian speeches of that date. The two millions of "our unenfranchised brethren," who are to be the stalking-horse of the new campaign, never had their existence acknowledged in the diatribes which drove Lord Beaconsfield from office four and a half years ago. Their help was not needed then; but for reasons quite apart from themselves, it is wanted now, and they are brought to the front accordingly. Their first duty is to screen the skeletons of 1880 which crowd the background.

Let us pause a moment to review these skeletons, and to watch their gaunt bony fingers pointing at the man whose sinister imagination gave them life and being. Mr Gladstone has voluntarily deprived himself of the right to object to such a retrospect. When he appeared before the electors of Mid-Lothian as their actual candidate — namely, on the 17th March 1880 — he admitted, and even boasted of having made allegations against the Government "of the most serious character." "If they are unfounded," he said, "then my responsibility—nay, my culpability — before my country cannot be exaggerated."¹ The best test of whether they were unfounded or not, is the history of the four years which have since elapsed. In that period Mr Gladstone has had every possible opportunity of proving his charges. As the head of a powerful administration, backed by an omnipotent majority in the House of Commons, he has had the means of exposing in practice all the alleged misdeeds of his

predecessors. He has had ample liberty and scope to reverse them where he thought fit to do so; to neutralise their effects, and, above all, to substitute for them more commendable methods. The sum of his indictment against the late Government was that they had introduced new and unheard-of practices, both in legislation and in administration. Let us take the charges one by one, as they were advanced in the Mid-Lothian speeches, and submit them to the light of the fuller and more perfect knowledge that Mr Gladstone himself has supplied us with since then.

At the end of 1879 Lord Beaconsfield's crowning offence, which appropriately rounded off a long catalogue of political sins, was that he would not give Mr Gladstone an immediate dissolution. Mr Gladstone, of course, had a constitutional maxim which fitted exactly into the circumstances, and demonstrated Lord Beaconsfield's illegality. Even after he got a dissolution he was hardly satisfied. In his opening speech at the Music Hall, Edinburgh, he said: "I have always found that it was considered to be the business of the Opposition to challenge and criticise the Government, *and of the country to try the criticisms.* But the Government appear to think that that process had better be reversed, and among the long list of innovations which they have introduced, perhaps the latest is this, that it is to be the demerits of the Opposition, not the merits of the Government, which the country is invited to try."² What was an innovation to be denounced in 1880 has become in 1884 a constitutional precedent to be followed, and as occasion serves, to be developed a step or two farther! Mr

¹ Political Speeches in Scotland. Second Series, p. 4.
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² Idem, p. 5.
2 B

Gladstone's own Government has been "challenged and criticised" on a question of vital importance to the political liberties of the country. The Opposition in both Houses has performed its constitutional duty, as laid down by Mr Gladstone in his own case. His policy has been criticised fairly, fully, and effectively—so effectively that at last the farce of pretending to defend it was given up; challenges were met by quibbles, and motions of censure were evaded by transparent manœuvres. The country is now waiting "to try the criticisms," and Mr Gladstone hastens, of course, to give it the opportunity, as laid down in his *vade mecum* of constitutional law. Oh no! He laughs to scorn the right of the Opposition to appeal to the country, because, forsooth, it is indorsed and supported by the House of Lords! Had the Opposition pressed their case in the House of Commons, where they are powerless, they would simply have been stamped out as obstructives. They raised their demand where it could be raised with effect; but still the country is not to be invited "to try their criticisms." It is called upon to lynch the House of Lords for exercising its constitutional functions.

After this glimpse of Mr Gladstone as a purveyor of constitutional maxims to suit his own occasions, we pass on to admire him in his still more popular character of humanitarian statesman. Still speaking at the Music Hall, he pronounced a panegyric on the Manchester School, which will be found to have acquired a slight flavour of satire from certain events that have since transpired.

"Abhorring all selfishness of policy,

friendly to freedom in every country of the earth, attached to the modes of reason, and detesting the ways of force, this Manchester School—this Peace party—has sprung prematurely to the conclusion that wars may be considered as having closed their melancholy and miserable history, and that the affairs of the world may henceforth be conducted by methods more adapted to the dignity of man, more suited both to his strength and to his weakness, less likely to lead him out of the ways of duty, to stimulate his evil passions, and to make him guilty before God of inflicting misery on his fellow-creatures."¹

In all sadness and gravity, it must be confessed that the Peace party came to a very premature conclusion when they assumed that putting Mr Gladstone in power was the shortest cut they could take to the goal of their hopes. Let the dead be buried and abandoned on Majuba Hill, the cowardly rabble that his pet general hunted down at Tel-el-Kebir, and the garrisons that are being massacred one after the other with his tacit approval in the Soudan, answer for Mr Gladstone, if his methods are "more adapted to the dignity of man," and "have made him less guilty before God of inflicting misery on his fellow-creatures" than were those of his predecessors. The challenge is of his own framing. We only indicate its latest application.

Next, we have to contemplate Mr Gladstone as a master of foreign policy. He has graduated in this branch of statecraft by disparaging it, and on all occasions making it ridiculous. His diplomacy, from the days of the Crimean war to his latest Egyptian fiasco, has been a long series of national humiliations and pitiful self-deceptions. His

¹ Political Speeches in Scotland. Second Series, p. 9.

conferences have either been self-confessed bumbles, or they have saved themselves from shipwreck by the sacrifice of interests which they professed to safeguard. His conventions have been fearful and wonderful examples of the art of making the worst possible bargains for one'sself. His "demonstrations" *à la* Dulcigno have exposed the Powers of Europe to the laughter of their subjects; and his three new rules, framed on purpose to facilitate American black-mail on the British Treasury, have shaken confidence in the law of nations. One of Mr Gladstone's colleagues, the one, too, who should know best, has expressed an opinion that the less we hear of foreign politics the better. It is pre-eminently true of such foreign politics as his. Earl Granville's special function seems to be to continually reassert and establish that proposition. He has done it so successfully of late that the next Liberal Cabinet which has to be formed will perhaps dispense altogether with a Foreign Secretary. But the fault is less Lord Granville's than his chief's. The ablest diplomatist in the world could not reduce to practice the clap-trap sentimental maxims which Mr Gladstone mistakes for foreign policy, and which his idolaters swallow whole as the quintessence of cosmopolitan wisdom. Only the most parochial of Liberals, who has passed through a severe course of Mr Cobden's early pamphlets and become saturated with the delusion which pervades them, that the universe revolves round Manchester, could ever have been misled by that crudest of all shams, "the united voice of Europe."

The "concert of Europe" is, we have heard, a standing joke at Prince Bismarck's smoking symposia in the Wilhelm's Strasse. The Chancellor himself is often

severe on it; and one of the illustrations of the absurdity which is fathered on him has a touch of congenial humour. The six Powers, he is reported to have said on one occasion, are like six old maids shut up on an island with a single man. The burning question of the day is, Who shall have the one man? "I fear it would not be decided by a conference," drily observed the Chancellor; and his knowledge of human nature is rather larger than Mr Gladstone's.

What with his tags of morality and his rhetorical apostrophes to freedom and fraternity in the abstract, Mr Gladstone can never be at home in foreign affairs. It is a misnomer to talk of foreign policy in connection with the name of a man who avowedly detests it, and who has never missed an opportunity of showing how little he understands it. Mr Gladstone's "record," as the Americans say, in diplomacy, is a most curious blending of Don Quixote and Mr Pecksniff. In his youth he performed a generous work when he attacked King Bomba and his Neapolitan prisons; but that episode left such an impression on his mind, that apparently he cannot look at a Continental question without seeing King Bomba and his filthy dungeons reflected in it. Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians, Montenegrins, and all other "oppressed races"—save, for the present, the Egyptians—were to his fervid fancy political prisoners, who had to be released from hard-hearted jailors like Turkey and Austria. Whatever oppression there may have been, it was an entirely false and misleading idea that Eastern Europe could be reconstructed in a day or in a year, on principles of abstract philanthropy. Mr Gladstone discovered his mistake when he committed the unheard-of

blunder of addressing the Emperor of Austria in language such as he had applied to the miserable King of Naples thirty years before. That incident, more than anything else in the Mid-Lothian campaign, exposed its recklessness and its hollowness.

Mr Gladstone's friends have probably forgotten all about his attack on Austria in the Music Hall, and the nauseating leek he had to eat soon after. It belongs to the "ancient history" of 1880, which they are most willing to forget. But it has not disappeared by any means from the history of our own time. A State which has been publicly and gratuitously insulted by describing it as "the steady unflinching foe of freedom in every country of Europe,"¹ will have a tenacious memory for such a wrong. It was a personal affront to every Austrian subject, and a slander on the Emperor, whose life has been devoted to the welfare of his people of every race. How deeply he resented it was shown in the peremptory demand made for an apology the moment that the offender came within reach of reprisals by becoming the responsible Minister of England. The public archives of no other country can parallel the act of self-abasement which Mr Gladstone had then to perform. There was no choice for him. The insult was indisputable and inexcusable. Austria would have been quite justified in breaking off diplomatic relations with this country had a satisfactory *amende* been refused. So Mr Gladstone had to begin his career of penance for the rhetorical excesses of Mid-Lothian by humiliating his country and himself in the eyes of Europe. But Austria's satisfaction did not end

there. She has since had the nobler and more practical revenge of seeing how Mr Gladstone himself emancipates and elevates the "subject races," of whom he is so eloquent a champion. On the Nile and in the Soudan he has applied his philanthropic talisman—with what result? For language fit to describe the Egypt of to-day, we have to resort to his picture of the British Empire as it was when he rescued it from the hands of Lord Beaconsfield in 1880. "Neglected and stagnant legislation, confused and broken-down finances. . . . So in our foreign relations we are menaced with new dangers, loaded with impracticable engagements, our hands full of quarrels and war, and of the prospect of war."² Contrast with this what the "steady unflinching foe of freedom" has accomplished in Bosnia, another Turkish province, about which Mr Gladstone had a good deal to say when he was last in Mid-Lothian. Austria had there a really difficult task before her, far more so than Mr Gladstone's in Egypt. Without any apostrophes to freedom and fraternity, she has achieved it to the satisfaction of Europe and to her own lasting credit. In Bosnia she reigns over a contented and peaceful people, while in Egypt Mr Gladstone has earned the execrations of the Egyptians and the contempt of Europe. In the one case men of practical sense and judgment have made the best of circumstances as they found them. In the other case a Mahdi has been set to catch a Mahdi, and both are hunting after their own fantastic fancies.

If Mr Gladstone is unfortunate as a liberator of the oppressed, he is still less lucky in his treaties. He invented a capital charge

¹ Political Speeches in Scotland. Second Series, p. 14.

² Idem, p. 49.

against the late Government, "that by their use of the treaty-making and war-making powers of the Crown, they have abridged the just rights of Parliament, and have presented the prerogative to the nation under an unconstitutional aspect, which tends to make it insecure."¹ On this theme he expatiated again and again with great fervour, returning to it in almost every speech he delivered in Mid-Lothian. Speaking at Corstorphine of the Anglo-Turkish Convention, he coolly avowed that "there was no instance known to him of a treaty, concluded earlier than the year 1878, which was not in conformity or general conformity with the known and ascertained wishes of the people."² He took it for granted that for a Government to ascertain the wishes of the people on the most abstruse and complicated questions of diplomacy, was one of the easiest things in the world. What has been his own success in that elementary department of statecraft? During his present administration he has negotiated a Suez Canal convention which the House of Commons would not listen to; a treaty of commerce with Spain which the Spanish Cortes repudiated; a treaty with Portugal giving that Power jurisdiction over the finest part of Central Africa, which has fallen still-born, at a word of sardonic dissent from Prince Bismarck; and a shameful convention with France, binding this country to scuttle out of Egypt within three years, which the House of Commons has not been allowed to express an opinion upon. To cap his fiascoes he has, by his indecision and vacillation regarding the Angra Pequena settlement,

provoked the temper of the German people, which is loudly finding expression in terms more characterised by contempt than even by indignation.

These are the choice fruits of Mr Gladstone's ideal diplomacy, not entered into, as the Anglo-Turkish Convention was, under the pressure of a great crisis, but undertaken calmly, deliberately, and in cold blood. Their subject-matter was very simple, compared with the urgent motive which Lord Beaconsfield had for acquiring Cyprus. Most of them related to everyday concerns of trade which such a Cabinet as Mr Gladstone's might be assumed to be specially familiar with. "The known and ascertained wishes" of the commercial classes, whose interests should have been considered in framing them, were not far to seek. But in no single instance was Mr Gladstone right, or nearly right, in his anticipation of them. His "use of the treaty-making powers of the Crown," so far from harmonising with the wishes of the people, have outraged their common-sense and self-respect. He has contrived to muddle such an elementary affair as the making of a bargain with a canal company about the remission of its dues. Such a very bad bargain did he saddle on the British shipowners that they rejected it without a dissenting voice, and then proceeded to make a much better one with M. de Lesseps for themselves. His concessions to the Portuguese on the Congo were a gratuitous sacrifice of British trade and British enterprise in one of the richest fields of colonisation that remained to be opened up. He committed the interests of freedom and civilisation in Central

¹ Address to the Electors of Mid-Lothian. 1880.

² Political Speeches in Scotland. Second Series, p. 23.

Africa to the care of a people whose antecedents do not prove them to have ever been very scrupulous about either. Such is Mr Gladstone as a practical diplomatist; and if his theories be weighed against his own performances, where are the apothecaries' scales that will do justice to the minute value of his criticism?

In declaiming against "the insanity of that convention"—the Treaty of Cyprus—Mr Gladstone declared that "it did not contain one single provision of which the nation had ever before heard."¹ Of his master-stroke, the Anglo-French Convention, it may now be said with equal truth that it did not contain one single provision of which the nation could wish ever to hear again. "It did not contain a single provision for which the nation was prepared"²—much more true of his own convention than of Lord Beaconsfield's. "It burst upon them just with as much novelty as the explosion of dynamite in the Winter Palace of St Petersburg burst a few weeks ago on the gallant but unhappy soldiers of the Imperial Guard."³ That cannot, indeed, be retorted on Mr Gladstone's convention, for its absurd terms had been exposed and denounced in every newspaper in the three kingdoms before they were submitted to Parliament. Before it came to Lord Randolph Churchill's turn to smite and slay them, there was very little left to kill. Even Mr Gladstone himself does not dispute that the Anglo-French Convention is dead now. On the other hand, he cannot deny that there is still such a thing as the Anglo-Turkish Convention of 1878. He will concede further, we trust, that

there is still such an island as Cyprus. It might be asking too much from him to grant that Cyprus—the much sneered at and despised "place of arms" of 1880—has been of some service to the British army in recent years—notably during the Egyptian campaign of 1882. When he was last in Mid-Lothian, Mr Gladstone predicted all manner of evil of Cyprus. The climate was pestiferous; to talk of converting any part of it into a naval arsenal was ridiculous, for it would cost millions of money, and be untenable after all; it would be of no use to guard the road to India; and the more that we did for the Greeks of Cyprus the more anxious they would be to unite themselves with their mother-country.⁴ Such prophecy as Mr Gladstone's often tends to fulfil itself; but in this case fulfilment has not begun to show itself yet. If, however, Mr Gladstone's Greek *protégés* in Cyprus have been less prompt than were his Dutch *protégés* in the Transvaal to break the bonds which he denounced for them in Mid-Lothian, we may have to thank for that result, not any defect of his incendiary zeal, but their superior caution. They are a sagacious people, the Greeks of Cyprus, and the example of the Ionian Islands has, no doubt, been a warning to them. The modern Hellene is shrewd enough to know how to choose between solid government, with a Saxon name, and anarchy, spelt in the language of Plato and Sophocles.

But if it is surprising that after the encouragement they received from Mr Gladstone in 1880, the Cypriotes should have shown no desire "to be united with the free Greeks of the rest of the world,"

¹ Political Speeches in Scotland. Second Series, p. 25.

² *Idem*, p. 25.

³ *Idem*, p. 25.

⁴ *Idem*, p. 25.

it is more than surprising—it is astounding—that Mr Gladstone, after what he said of the Cyprus Convention in 1880, should have allowed them to remain British subjects for a single day after he came into office. Lord Beaconsfield's acquisition of the island he branded as an act of international theft which "nothing could have induced him to acquiesce in." Speaking at Penicuik on the 24th March 1880, he used these words, the most calumnious and insulting ever applied by one British statesman to another.

"Let me remind you, gentlemen, what took place with regard to the island of Cyprus. I have already spoken in the face of the people of Mid-Lothian of the means by which possession of that island was obtained; and if the possession had been the most precious and the most important in the world, these means are in themselves so dishonouring to the character of this country, and were in such flat violation of the law of Europe—namely, the Treaty of Paris, which was an essential part of the international law of Europe—that *nothing could have induced me to acquiesce in the result on account of its painfulness.* But instead of being painful it is nothing of the kind. That does not excuse our proceeding in the slightest degree. *If a man picks the pocket of his neighbour, believing the purse to be filled with sovereigns, and instead of being filled with sovereigns, he finds it to be filled with forged coin, the act of the man is not one whit less guilty; and it is not to be less severely condemned in a moral point of view than if every sovereign had been true metal. Now that is to us the case of Cyprus.*"¹

Who is now the guardian of this purse of forged coin, and of the national honour which was so outraged in the stealing of it? Who but that impassioned personification of political holiness by whom

the theft was denounced? Need we ask if restitution has been made?—if the shame of so mean a crime has been wiped away?—if the foul act has been repudiated in the face of Europe by the man who publicly declared that nothing could have induced him to acquiesce in it? There is no need to ask. Cyprus remains British property. It is administered by Mr Gladstone's Government, precisely as Lord Beaconsfield's Government administered it. It is utilised for military purposes quite as freely as Lord Beaconsfield's Government could have utilised it. Its domestic condition remains the same as when Mr Gladstone declared in Mid-Lothian that the late Ministers "had gone there, not as the missionaries of freedom, but as the missionaries of absolute and despotic government—of the form of government which is odious to ourselves, and which under no circumstances, amongst civilised Christian races, ought we to be the instruments of imposing upon others."² The tribute for Cyprus which Lord Beaconsfield agreed to pay to Turkey is still being paid to her, though Mr Gladstone held in 1880 that it was the price of a political crime. Turkey is still kept to her bargain, though Mr Gladstone denounced it in 1880 as having been extracted from her by "a most illegitimate pressure."³ England is still "associated in name and character" with what Mr Gladstone loathed in 1880 as "one of the most discreditable transactions of the nineteenth century"⁴ The crime, such as it was, remains on the head of this country. The injustice, such as it was, continues to rest both on Turkey and on Cyprus. No reparation has been offered for the alleged outrage

¹ Political Speeches in Scotland. Second Series, pp. 55, 56.

² Idem, p. 60.

³ Idem, p. 60.

⁴ Idem, p. 60.

on their rights. No attempt, nor even a shadow of an attempt, has been made to vindicate the violated law of nations. No living conscience has been purged of this grievous sin. On the contrary, Mr Gladstone has made himself a party to it, and has taken on his own head a share in it second only to Lord Beaconsfield's. In one respect he is more responsible than his predecessor. Lord Beaconsfield sinned in darkness if he sinned at all, but Mr Gladstone has sinned against the light. He has endorsed and adopted as an act of wickedness what Lord Beaconsfield originated as an act of patriotism.

Nor is that all. To Mr Gladstone the acquisition of Cyprus was not merely a crime, it was a blunder. He could conceive of nothing more ludicrous than the idea that an island, lying 250 miles away from the track of steamers to Alexandria, could guard our highway to India. He derided the thought that even Egypt itself could influence the safety of our Indian empire. Once more shall the Mr Gladstone of 1880 speak for himself on this point:—

"It is not, gentlemen, the possession of land that guards the road to India, it is supremacy at sea. Napoleon, with overwhelming military power, planted himself, at the end of last century, in Egypt. You drove him out of Egypt not by superior military power, not by taking possession of the country in which he was placed, but by defeating and destroying the fleet, gentlemen,—that is to say, by your supremacy at sea. You did that at a time when you did not possess Malta, and he did possess Malta. And having, gentlemen, turned him out of Egypt by your supremacy at sea—although he was there to what was called safeguard the road to India—having done that, you afterwards proceeded to turn him out of Malta by

precisely the same instrument—namely, your supremacy at sea."¹

In 1882 an opportunity offered itself to Mr Gladstone of demonstrating in practice the above eloquently worded doctrines. Compared with the seizure of Egypt by Napoleon, it was a very small occasion, but it sufficed for Mr Gladstone to illustrate the difference between his precept and his practice. Two or three Egyptian colonels, headed by Arabi Pasha, having seduced the army from its allegiance to the Khedive, started a so-called national movement. On the lines laid down in his Mid-Lothian speeches, Mr Gladstone's duty in a case like this was very simple. He had only to assert "our supremacy at sea" in order to prove not only the uselessness of Cyprus, but the insignificance of Egypt itself. To come down as he did with his skeleton battalions, thriftily provendered with bales of mouldy hay, on the terror-stricken Egyptians, was the last thing in the world that they or anybody else had to fear from him. To the Egyptians it was a strangely ironical method of showing his sympathy with oppressed nationalities. To us, his countrymen, the bombardment of a crowded commercial city, the seizure of a water-way recognised as private property, and the invasion of a country with which we had no intelligible quarrel, were paradoxical exploits of "our supremacy at sea."

Mr Gladstone, in 1880, demonstrated to his friends in Mid-Lothian three most consoling propositions: the first, that we had no vital interests in Egypt, because if we lost the Suez Canal, we had still the Cape route to India; the second, that it was the function of British Ministers

¹ Political Speeches in Scotland. Second Series, p. 58.

to be the missionaries of freedom, and not the missionaries of absolute and despotic government in all parts of the world; the third, that if our interests should be anywhere assailed, it was by means of our supremacy at sea that we might best defend them. In his dealings with Egypt in 1882, Mr Gladstone ought to have exemplified all these doctrines of State; he exemplified none of them. He might, at least, have taken care that none of them was openly violated; what he did was to tear them up one and all. He did not, with all his scrupulous respect for international law, resign the Suez Canal to Arabi Pasha and resume communication with India by the Cape route. He sent a British force to seize it, though in doing so, that British force not merely violated the territory of an independent State, but it committed a gross outrage on private property. The Minister who branded the purchase of Cyprus from Turkey as a theft, laid violent hands on the new gateway of India, without any formality of purchase, or any pretence of right but the selfish plea of British interest! Having virtually seized the Suez Canal, and Egypt along with it, did he become a missionary of freedom to the people? His first message of emancipation was the shells with which his ironclads bombarded Alexandria. His latest is the Cabinet Minister whom he is sending to Cairo to report to him on the hopeless muddle to which he has reduced the finances and the administration of the country. .

Mr Gladstone's third cardinal doctrine—the maintenance of British interests by means of British supremacy at sea—finds a grim sequel in two costly and inconclusive campaigns in Egypt

itself. He is about to stultify it anew by an expedition of over 2000 miles to Khartoum; and for those who may not deem that parody of his Exeter Hall creed sufficiently broad, he has provided a mission to the King of Abyssinia, for the noble purpose of offering his sable Majesty the run of the Soudan as a freebooter under the special patronage of Great Britain! No sooner has he with eloquent tongue proclaimed the all-sufficiency of our supremacy at sea, than he finds that an unkind fate has cut out his work for him in a canal he affected to despise, and in a desert where the foot of a British marine has never before trod!

Mr Gladstone prophesies and proposes; but the mysterious Providence in whose counsels he professes to be so deep, seems to take pleasure in disposing events to the confusion of his moral theories. It forces him to repeat and even to exaggerate actions which, in his rhetorical ecstasies, have overwhelmed him with horror. It takes a perverse delight in making him perpetuate in office what he had denounced as crimes when in opposition. It persistently and cruelly thwarts him whenever he would give the world a real example of his own etherealised Christian principles. It upsets his conferences, brings ridicule on his conventions, gives the wicked occasion to laugh at his abortive treaties, and causes Englishmen everywhere to hang their heads with shame at his improvements on the law of nations. Mr Gladstone's foreign policy, taken as a whole, is a labyrinth of hair-splitting—a spider's web of cant phrases—the clue to which has not yet been discovered even by Mr Gladstone himself. It is an airy edifice of scruples made

to order—scruples of the brain and not of the conscience. Its practical value is not worth criticising, for it has none. Of a great deal that he has said or written about our relations with other countries, may be repeated what he said in 1880 of the arguments in favour of the acquisition of Cyprus—“More double-distilled nonsense could not be administered to a set of idiots, gentlemen.”¹

During the past month, the bewildering fantasia of Mr Gladstone's foreign politics has advanced another stage toward its natural and inevitable sequel. It has made a sorry exhibition of itself in a Conference which no Minister but Mr Gladstone would ever have dreamed of convoking—which no one but he, if even he, ever expected any good result from—which no one pretends to regret, now that it has fulfilled the worst predictions ever made respecting it. The Egyptian Conference has been a fiasco, which could only have occurred to a Cabinet drifting without rudder or compass among diplomatic quicksands. It is a shipwreck which could only have happened to a vessel with a wrong-headed pilot. Mere ignorance or inexperience would not account for it. The pilot was warned many a time and oft of the rocks he was running against, but he had his head in the clouds, and would not believe in their existence. The object of the Conference, whatever it may have been, has been missed; but that is the smallest loss. A more serious, though less tangible consequence, is the irreparable harm that has been done to the credit of the country abroad. It has left Great Britain standing alone—absolutely alone—in Europe. With France

we have come as near as possible to an open breach, while Germany and Austria stand by regarding us with scarcely suppressed contempt. The closing scene of the Conference would have been an amusing comedy enough, had not the part of Harlequin been played by a British Minister. The laugh was very much against ourselves; but still we can hardly forbear laughing at the contortions Earl Granville had to go through in order to effect his escape from his dear friends and fellow-labourers in the sacred work of promoting “the concert of Europe.”

All through that last meeting of the Conference Earl Granville had to act an Ishmaelitish rôle, which must have felt strange to him. It is not often that he finds his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him, as on that stormy scene of the diplomatic comedy. First came the gracious Count Munster, and took his revenge for the exclusion of his proposal to consider the sanitary condition of Egypt, in a condescending sneer of regret “that the Conference had not answered as they had desired.” Next M. Waddington joined issue with the president as to how the diplomats might most gracefully back out of an absurd dilemma. Earl Granville had evidently got specific instructions on those points from his colleagues in the Cabinet—the Conference was to be closed peremptorily and forthwith. M. Waddington pleaded earnestly for another meeting on the 20th October—a sarcastic coincidence with the date then proposed for the opening of the autumn session. The other plenipotentiaries, one after another, supported his plea, Germany, Austria, Italy, Russia,

¹ Political Speeches in Scotland, Second Series, p. 58.

and even Turkey, indicated their belief that there should be another meeting. Earl Granville was forced into a disagreeable and not a very dignified corner. Nor did his friend M. Waddington have much mercy on him in his straits. He claimed the right to submit a formal proposition to the Conference on the subject, and of course he would have carried it. Earl Granville had then to fall back on his *non possumus* as president, and decline to put it. Next, the Russian plenipotentiary made bold to inquire what was to be done about his proposition as to the Public Debt Commission. Lord Granville chose to assume here that the adjournment of the Conference had been decided, though only a minute before he had declined to let the plenipotentiaries decide it according to the expressed wishes of the majority—of them all, in fact, but himself. Still his friends and colleagues would not let him off, anxious as they saw he was to be done with them. M. Waddington proposed to discuss the Alexandria indemnities—a very proper subject to raise then, and one which interested all the Powers represented. Lord Granville renewed his despairing protest that the Conference was closed. The French Minister pressed his point, and the British Minister had then no alternative but literally to take to his heels. Rising from his seat, he announced that the plenipotentiaries “were no longer in a position to discuss that question.”

Thus the British Government ran away from their own Conference! Thus they shut the door in the face of the Powers whom they had invited to consult with them on the financial condition of Egypt! Putting aside the too obvious fact that they have

gained nothing for Egypt by their Conference, a far more disquieting consideration is the positive harm they have done to themselves in Europe. Ever since diplomacy became a science, an abortive conference has been regarded as one of the greatest dangers that could happen to the peace and security of Europe. For that reason diplomatists who know their business have been scrupulously careful not to commit themselves to one till they had fair assurance of its success. For that reason, and none other, Lord Salisbury in 1878 entered into a private understanding with the Russian Government on the main points of difference expected to arise in the Congress of Berlin. He did his work in a workmanlike manner, according to the recognised methods of diplomacy. Mr Gladstone hurled at him all the anathemas of a clap-trap and spurious morality, but Joseph Surface has once more been caught in the toils of his own fine sentiments.

Financial criticism did its share of good service in Mid-Lothian in 1880. When caught in the pangs of dissolution, Sir Stafford Northcote was trying to pilot through the House of Commons a bill for the revision of the probate duties. In itself it was a very innocent affair, but it suited Mr Gladstone's purpose to lay hold of it and magnify it into a measure of the most sinister design and highest importance. He got two of his most effective speeches out of it, and even then apparently he had not exhausted its iniquities. When he was discussing the Probate Duty Bill, he made the yokels, who, open-mouthed, drank in his vituperation, believe that there was not such another flagrant abuse under heaven as this which Sir Stafford Northcote was caus-

ing a dying Parliament to perpetuate and aggravate "with the last remains of its breath."¹ Our Parliaments, exclaimed Mr Gladstone, have been too much landlords' Parliaments, and Sir Stafford Northcote was doing the very opposite of what should be done in a matter like this. Instead of adding to the taxation of real property, he was lessening it. Mr Gladstone was utterly shocked at the deathbed iniquity which that condemned and dying Parliament was being made the tool of. "The state of things," he said, "which Sir Stafford Northcote found, was a state of things that ought to have excited in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who never prefers the interest of one class, but always looks straight at the public—it ought to have raised in him what some eloquent writers call the enthusiasm of humanity—namely, a chivalrous desire to rush in on this unjust state of things, and to rectify the balance of the scales as between realty and personalty, which at present is cast with such gross inequality."²

Six weeks later Mr Gladstone was himself Chancellor of the Exchequer. Did he "rush in on this unjust state of things," which no Minister with a spark of the enthusiasm of humanity in his breast would have tolerated for a moment? There is no indication of it in his first Budget speech. Still more strangely, in his second Budget it is barely alluded to, and that not in the spirit of redress, but for the purpose of extracting half a million more revenue out of it. We hurry on to his third Budget, confident of discovering the true "enthusiasm of humanity" at last. But no! There is some enthusiasm about the new beer duties, but none whatever about humanity or the probate

duties. In due time the mantle of the financial prophet is passed on to Mr Childers, and we turn to him with renewed hope, only, however, to meet fresh disappointment. The administration of Mr Childers has not been rich either in remissions or reforms. For that he may be forgiven; but it is impossible to acquit him of having utterly failed—as utterly, indeed, as Mr Gladstone himself—in that highest financial quality, "the enthusiasm of humanity." He has strictly followed Mr Gladstone's example, and acted directly in the teeth of Mr Gladstone's precept. "The chivalrous desire to rush in on this unjust state of things, and to rectify the balance of the scales as between realty and personalty," appears never to have seized him. He may have seen that it was of no use trying, or possibly he took Mid-Lothian "enthusiasm" at its true value, as Mr Joseph Surface's friends did his moral maxims. Whatever the explanation, Sir Stafford Northcote's unequal scale of duties still waits to be rectified. Mr Childers complacently continues to gather in the increased rates on personalty which four and a half years ago were denounced at Dalkeith and Stow as one of the infamies of a landlord Parliament.

If Mr Gladstone has redressed no grievances; if he has not scrupled to rush into shameful wars; if he has not dared to revoke any of Lord Beaconsfield's "insane covenants," but has magnified them by contrast with idiotic covenants of his own; if he has not lightened by the weight of even a straw the heavy taxation under which he found the country labouring,—what, we may ask, has his campaign in Mid-Lothian done either for Mid-Lothian or for the nation at large? It is obviously

¹ Political Speeches in Scotland. Second Series, p. 44.

³ *Idem*, pp. 44, 45.

just and business-like—that a balance-sheet be struck on the old account before we proceed to open a new one. The process need not be tedious or difficult, for there are very few items to enumerate. Nor need it give rise to much discussion, for they are easy to appraise, most of them being absolute blanks. On the imperial page of the account, what do we find but a mirage of broken hopes and rhetorical visions? On the special page appropriated to Scotland there appears, at long intervals, a tit-bit of sentimental legislation, such as a Game Act to allow farmers to shoot hares on their own farms. But Mr Gladstone's greatest boons to Scotland are those which have miscarried in their birth. Of them there is a very respectable category, from the Minister for Scotland Bill down to that latest parliamentary fiasco the Burgh Police Bill. The latter has been a *pièce de résistance* to the Lord Advocate for the past two sessions, and it may serve the same useful purpose for several sessions more. It is a monster measure of nearly five hundred clauses, and it reached committee in the last days of July—more, however, by accident than by any benevolent design of the Government. The Irish members had exhausted themselves at an all-night sitting, and next night they collapsed at an unusually early hour—it was only a little past midnight. The Burgh Police Bill was seized on to fill up the gap, but even Dr Webster and Mr Buchanan turned like the meekest of worms against treatment so contemptuous. At a quarter past two o'clock in the morning the House divided on whether or not it should go into committee. By a small majority it decided to go; and having done so, the Lord Advocate moved to report progress without a single clause having been passed! The

next and last mention of the bill was its inclusion among the massacred innocents.

Let it not be forgotten, too, that last session we had another Minister for Scotland Bill. It was a special part of the price Mr Gladstone was to pay for Mid-Lothian, but there again he is trying to pay in bad coin. That is not our own judgment, which might be challenged as hardly impartial. It is the practical conclusion of a much higher authority, Lord Rosebery. His lordship has indicated very plainly, both by word and deed, what his understanding was of the private compact entered into at Dalmeny on this subject. Scotland was to have restored to her her ancient historic dignity of Secretary of State, and the Earl of Rosebery was to be the first Secretary. In preparation for that post he accepted a subordinate position at the Home Office in order to learn the practical duties of the new department. A measure was drawn up which would have made the so-called Secretary for Scotland a mere aide-de-camp of Sir William Harcourt. Lord Rosebery expressed his opinion of it in the most emphatic manner by retiring from the Government. Nothing disheartened, Sir William, with the sanction of the Prime Minister, drew up another bill. It shuffled names a little differently, but left all the essential facts very much as they were. The Secretary for Scotland was still to be Sir William Harcourt's aide-de-camp, but he was to have a little bit of gold lace round his hat. He was to be as harmless as ever, but a little more ornamental. Mr Childers has been roundly abused for proposing to sweat the half-sovereign, but he would have left a good deal more genuine metal in it than the Government intended to put in the new Secretary for Scot-

land. Mr Gladstone's constituents, taking their cue from his friend Lord Rosebery, have with one consent repudiated the tulchan Minister he offered them. If our distinguished member cannot pay his debts of honour in honest coin, he might at least have the grace to say nothing about them. His idolaters can bear disappointment,—at least, after the past four years' experience, they should be able to do so,—but they do object to being openly cozened. Either Mr Gladstone can give Scotland what she wants, and what he has led her to expect from him in that matter, or there are substantial reasons why he cannot. On the former supposition, he insults them by offering them sham measures which would do more harm than good; on the latter, he had no right to promise, or to appear to promise, what he cannot perform.

The sequel to the Mid-Lothian raid of 1880, as we can now judge it, is one long chapter of disillusion and disappointment. The principles on which it was conducted have condemned themselves beyond excuse, both in their motives and their results. The political offences which it made to call aloud to heaven for punishment have been repeated in worse forms by the Jeremiah who denounced them. The mad factious passions which it excited have burnt themselves out to a mass of sullen embers. The curses it scattered far and wide have come home to roost with their author. The lavish expectations it kindled in sanguine minds have died out, after years of weary waiting and suspense. Mid-Lothian must reverse the boast of Richard the Third. It is not, as in his case, the winter of discontent that has been changed to glorious summer, but the glorious summer that has been transformed into discontented winter. Mid-Lothian has been a

political Soudan, with Mr Gladstone for its Mahdi. As the Mahdi swept across the desert with destroying sword, so Mr Gladstone swept across the metropolitan county of Scotland with a blighting tongue. Both have had their rocket-like explosion, and it has turned out to be empty tantalising noise. Our Mid-Lothian Mahdi pulled down and destroyed; what has he built up instead? He roused "the enthusiasm of humanity" to fever-heat; what fruit has it borne?

The campaign of 1880 was a political frenzy, to be looked back on partly with shame, partly with amusement, but with very little pride. It was not an event of which a self-governing, self-respecting people could have any reason to be proud. Oriental races indulge with impunity in such paroxysms. They are the only wave of spiritual life that passes over the lethargy of their existence. They soon exhaust themselves, and if they do little permanent good, they do little harm. But in a highly organised society, where every man is supposed to have some influence, direct or indirect, over the condition of the whole, "the enthusiasm of humanity" is a dangerous instrument for unscrupulous hands to play on. Mr Gladstone is undoubtedly a master of such demagogic music, and in the course of a few days he may once more be waking up his "Land o' the Leal" with lively tunes. Like the charge of the Guards at Waterloo, the performance may be magnificent; but it will not be rational politics. Or, like Mr O'Donnell's awkward question to the Prime Minister about the House of Lords, it may have a fine "scenic effect," but it will have little else. Conservatives who have lived through it once will know better than to take alarm at its stage thunder or its calcium lights.

HURRAH FOR THE LORDS!

TUNE—*The Roast Beef of Old England.*

1.

MUST we shout for the Franchise? Well, show what you mean—
 As yet there's but half of it, half is unseen;
 We distrust its intention, its scope we can't mark,
 We'll be chary of shouts while you keep all so dark.
 To plain dealing and candour we *may* give our cheers,
 And we know where to find these: Hurrah for the Peers!
 We can find these: Hurrah for the Peers!

2.

The Peers! from their honours and power you'd divorce them,
 Because they won't swallow your dose as you'd force them;
 Your game they perplex, therefore gravel them flat,
 Abolish, extinguish, sweep clean, and all that.
 But to questions of this sort two parties give words,
 We say, "Hang revolution and up with the Lords!"
 Be loyal, and stand by the Lords!

3.

Who told us we ought to do prompt execution
 On a Bill giving Franchise without Distribution?
 The man who said that dare not act as he teaches,
 But others, less sneaking, can winnow his speeches,
 And extract his true thoughts, though he eat his own words:
 Hurrah for John Bright as construed by the Lords!
 John Bright as construed by the Lords!

4.

We must tremble, forsooth, if we look, think, or move,
 Except as the rabble may deign to approve;
 Yet our offer to stand by the poll's arbitration,
 Cannot win a response from you pets of the nation.
 When the people (not mob) its decision records,
 'Twill be, "Thanks for their firmness, and up with the Lords!"
 Bless their firmness, and up with the Lords!

5.

A Cabinet—feebler could never exist—
Seeks to veil its misdeeds and its blunders in mist,
In mist which excitement and falsehood diffuse,
So the Lords and Obstruction you'd have us abuse;
But this clumsy mirage with no sight interferes,
We see clean through the humbug; we side with the Peers!
No humbug; we side with the Peers!

6.

Though the grand old word-spinner, the live paradox,
On his stump seek to lure back the *populi vox*,
Though he promise and palter and misrepresent,
His charms are now powerless, his sleights are all spent;
Four years have enlightened us, burst are our cords,
To his beard we retort our "Hurrah for the Lords!"
We retort our "Hurrah for the Lords!"

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ON SOME OF SHAKESPEARE'S FEMALE CHARACTERS:

BY ONE WHO HAS PERSONATED THEM.

VII.—ROSALIND.

BRYNTYSILIO, *September 1884.*

"But heavenly Rosalind!"

"That gaze

Kept, and shall keep me to the end her own!

[She was above it—but so would not sink

My gaze to earth."

—*Colombe's Birthday*, act ii. sc. 1.

DEAR MR BROWNING,—

In the note in which you thanked me with many kind words for sending you my letter upon Imogen, you said, "And now you must give us Rosalind." I would fain think you wrote this because of some not unpleasing remembrance of the way in which, to use Rosalind's own phrase, "I set her before your eyes, human as she is," in the days when our kindred studies,—yours as a dramatist, mine as an interpreter of the drama,—first drew us into the communion which has ripened into a lifelong friendship. For whom would I try, with more alacrity, to execute a task so difficult, yet so congenial, than for the poet whose Lucy Carlisle, whose Mildred Tres-

ham, and, last not least, whose exquisite Colombe are associated with the most pleasant recollections of my artist life?

With what sweet regret I look back to the time when, with other gifted men,—Talfourd, Bulwer, Marston, Troughton, and the rest,—you made common cause with Mr Macready in raising the drama of our time to a level not unworthy of the country of Shakespeare! How generously you all wrought towards this end! How warmly were your efforts seconded by the public! And yet I use the word "regret," because of the sudden end which came to all our strivings, when Mr Macready threw up the enterprise just when it seemed

surest of success. It was an evil hour for my own art, and not less evil, I venture to think, for the literature of the drama. But for this, we might have looked to you for that fuller development of your dramatic genius, which I can well believe you did not care to put forth, when you were no longer sure of a combination of trained actors and actresses to understand, and to make others understand, the characters you had drawn. Grateful as I am for what you have given to the world in many ways, I have always felt how great a loss the stage has suffered from the diversion into other channels of that creative dramatic power which you, of all our contemporaries, seem to me pre-eminently to possess. You may remember saying at a casual meeting in Hyde Park, when I was expressing my love and admiration for *Pompilia*,—"Ah, if I could have had you for *Pompilia*, I would have made the story into a drama." Your words made me very happy. How gladly would I have done my best to illustrate a character so finely conceived!

"And now you must give us *Rosalind*." Your words lie before me as I take up your letter again, after a long interval of suffering, which, for nearly two years, has made my writing, and even continuous thought, impossible. They are my encouragement to throw myself again into that world, so ideal yet so real, in which, with *Rosalind*, it was so long my delight to sojourn, and to endeavour to put before you something of what was in my heart and my imagination when I essayed to clothe her with life. Ah me! what it will be to me to enter again into that delicious dreamland out of the life in death in which, for so long, I have been "doomed to go in company with pain"!

I need not tell you, poet as you are, that a young girl, as I was when first you saw my *Rosalind*, could not possibly enter into her rich composite nature in such a way as to do full justice to it. This is no more possible than it would have been for Shakespeare to have written, before the maturity of manhood, a play so full of gentle wisdom, so catholic in its humanity, so subtle in the delineation, so abounding in nicely balanced contrasts, of character, so full of happy heart, so sweetly rounded into a harmonious close, as "*As You Like It*." His mind had assuredly worked its way through the conflicts and perplexities of life, within as well as without, and had settled into harmony with itself, before this play was written.

In my girlhood's studies of Shakespeare this play had formed no part. Pathos, heroism, trial, suffering—in these my imagination revelled, and my favourites were the heroines who were put most sorely to the proof. *Juliet*, *Desdemona*, *Cordelia*, *Imogen*, I had brooded over until they had become, as it were, part of my life; and, as you will remember, in the more modern plays, in which I performed the prominent parts, the pathetic or tragic element almost invariably predominated. When, therefore, I was told by Mr Macready that I was to act *Rosalind* for my benefit at the end of a season, I was terrified. I did not know the words, nor had I ever seen the play performed, but I had heard enough of what Mrs Jordan and others had done with the character, to add fresh alarm to my misgivings. Mr Macready, however, was not to be gainsaid; so I took up my Shakespeare, determined to make the best of what had then to me all the aspect of a somewhat irksome task. Of course

I had not time to give to the entire play the study it requires, if *Rosalind* is to be rightly understood.

The night of performance came. Partly because the audience were indulgent to me in everything I did, partly, I suppose, because it was my benefit night, the performance was received with enthusiasm. I went home happy, and thinking how much less difficult my task had been than I had imagined. But there a rude awakening awaited me. I was told that I had been merely playing, not acting, not impersonating a great character. I had not, it seemed to my friends, made out what were traditionally known as the great points in the character. True, I had gained the applause of the audience, but this was to be deemed as nothing. Taken in the mass, they were as ignorant as I was, perhaps more so, as probably, even in my hasty study, I had become better acquainted with the play than most of them. It was very necessary, I have no doubt, and wholesome for me, to be told this. But oh, what a pained and wounded heart I took with me that night to my pillow! I had thought that upon the whole I had not been so very bad,—that I had been true at least to *Shakespeare* in my general conception, though, even as I acted, I felt I had not grasped anything like the full significance of the words I was uttering. Glimpses of the poet's purpose I no doubt had, for I do not think I ever altered the main outlines of my first conception; but of the infinite development of which it was capable I had then no idea. Nor, indeed, was it possible I should. It was only when I came to study the character minutely, and to act it frequently, that this was revealed to me.

As I recall the incidents of this first performance, I am reminded

how little the public knew of the disadvantages under which one used sometimes in those days to be called upon to play important parts. To an artist with a conscience, and a reputation to lose, this was a serious affair. In much the same hurried way I was originally called upon to act *Lady Macbeth*, and this before the Dublin audience, which, I had been told, was then in many respects more critical than that of London. After the close of the Drury Lane season, in June, I acted a few nights in Dublin with Mr Macready. *Macbeth* was one of his chief parts, and to oblige the manager, Mr Calcraft, I had promised to attempt *Lady Macbeth*; but in the busy work of each day, up to the close of the London season, I had had no time to give the character any real thought or preparation. Indeed the alarm I felt at the idea of presuming to go upon the stage in such a character, made me put off grappling with it to the last possible moment. The mere learning of the words took no time. *Shakespeare's* seem to fall into the mind intuitively, and to live there for ever. Mr Macready at our one rehearsal taught me the business of the scene, and I confided to him the absolute terror I was in as the time of performance drew near. He kindly encouraged me, and said, from what he had seen during the rehearsal, he was sure I should get on very well. At night, when it was all over, he sent to my dressing-room to invite me to take the call of the audience along with him. But by this time the poor frightened "Lady" had changed her sleep-walking dress with the extremest haste, and driven away home. I was rather scolded for this the next day by Mr Macready, for he said he had told me to remain, feeling assured the audience

would wish to see me. But this I had quite forgotten, thinking only of the joy of having achieved my fearful task, and desirous of running away from and forgetting it as quickly as possible.

I have no remembrance of what the critics said. But Mr Macready told me that my banquet and sleep-walking scenes were the best. In the latter, he said, I gave the idea of sleep, disturbed by fearful dreams, but still sleep. It was to be seen even in my walk, which was heavy and unelastic, marking the distinction—too often overlooked—between the muffled voice and seeming-mechanical motion of the somnambulist, and the wandering mind and quick fitful gestures of a maniac, whose very violence would wake her from the deepest sleep,—a criticism I never forgot, always endeavouring afterwards to work upon the same principle, which had come to me then by instinct. Another remark of his I remember. Of the sleep-walking scene, he said: "Oh, my child, where did you get that sigh? What can you know of such misery as that sigh speaks of?" He also told me that my first scene was very promising, especially the soliloquy, also my reception of Duncan, but that my after-scenes with him were very tame. I had altogether failed in "chastising with the valour of my tongue."

The only criticism I remember, besides Mr Macready's, on this my first attempt, was that of a most highly cultivated and dear lady friend, who said to me a day or two afterwards: "My dear, I will never see you again in that character. I felt horror-stricken. Lear says of Cordelia, 'So young and so untrue!' I should say of your Lady Macbeth, 'So young and yet so wicked!'"

Her antipathy was equalled by

my own. To the last night of my performing the character I retained my dread of it; so much so, that when I was obliged to act it in the course of my engagements (as others did not seem to dislike seeing me in it so much as I did the acting it), I invariably took this play first, so as not to have it hanging over my head, and thus cleared my mind for my greater favourites. Not that, in the end, I disliked the character so much as a whole. I had no misgivings after reaching the third act, but the first two always filled me with a shrinking horror. I could not but admire the stern grandeur of the indomitable will which could unite itself with "fate and metaphysical aid" to place the crown upon her husband's brow. Something, it seemed to me, was also to be said in extenuation of Lady Macbeth's readiness to fall into his design, and to urge him on to catch that crown "the nearest way." If we throw our minds into the circumstances of the time, we can understand, though we may not sympathise with, the wife who would adventure so much for so great a prize. Deeds of violence were common; succession in the direct line was often disturbed by the doctrine that "might was right"; the moral sense was not over-nice, when a great stake was to be played for. Retribution might come or it might not; the triumph for the moment was everything, and what we should call, and rightly call, murder, often passed in common estimation for an act of valour. Lady Macbeth had been brought up amid such scenes, and one murder more seemed little to her. But she did not know what it was to be personally implicated in one, nor foresee the Nemesis that would pursue her waking, and fill her dreams with visions of the old man's blood

slowly trickling down before her eyes. Think, too, of her agony of anxiety, on the morning after the murder, lest her husband in his wild ravings should betray himself; and of the torture she endured while, no less to her amazement than her horror, he recites to Malcolm and Donalbain, with fearful minuteness of detail, how he found Duncan lying gashed and gory in his chamber! She had faced that sight without blenching, when it was essential to replace the daggers, and even to "smear the sleepy grooms with blood;" but to have it thus vividly brought again before her was too great a strain upon her nerves. No wonder that she faints. It was not Macbeth alone, as we soon see, whose sleep was haunted by the affliction of terrible dreams. She says nothing of them, for hers was the braver, more self-centred nature of the two; but I always felt an involuntary shudder creep over me when he, before the banquet scene, mentions them as afflicting himself. He has no thought of what she, too, is suffering; but that a change has come over her by this time is very clearly indicated by her words at the beginning of the same scene (act iii. sc. 2):—

"Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy,"—

words which must never be lost sight of by the actress, pointing, as they do, to the beginning of that mental unrest brought on by the recurrence of images and thoughts which will not "die with them they think on," and which culminates in the "slumbry agitation" of such troubled nights as we have a glimpse of in the sleep-walking scene, followed quickly by her death.

I acted Lady Macbeth for the second time during Mr Macready's management at Drury Lane, and then also upon an emergency caused by the sudden illness of Mrs Warner, the Lady Macbeth of the theatre. Not long afterwards I had to take this character, among others selected for a series of performances in Paris. This and Ophelia I had consented to play, to oblige Mr Mitchell of Bond Street, whose enterprise it was, upon the understanding that I was to act in other plays, which I selected, more congenial to myself. When I made my engagement with Mr Mitchell, Mr Macready was in America. On his return my plays were put aside, and others of his own substituted. Mr Mitchell came to me in great distress; and had I not felt for him, and given in to his necessity, his whole scheme would have collapsed, and all the labour and expense he had incurred would have been thrown away.

Juliet I had only the opportunity of acting once, and that was on the last night. "Romeo and Juliet" had been, with other plays, cut out of the list by Mr Macready; but Mr Mitchell took it for his benefit, telling me that I should at least have a chance of acting one character of my own selecting. That was a happy night for me, for the audience went with me enthusiastically throughout the performance. The success, indeed, was so great, that Mr Mitchell was most anxious that I should renew my engagement without Mr Macready; but he could not get the use of the theatre for a longer period. I was told at the time that this was because the Parisian actors had appealed to the authorities to prevent the English performances being prolonged—a piece of jealousy so unworthy, that I found it hard to believe it.

Upon the whole, as things turned out, I had no great reason to regret the altered programme. It was a delight to play to audiences so refined and sympathetic, and to learn, from the criticisms of such men as Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Edouard Thierry, and Jules Janin, that I had carried them along with me in my treatment of characters so varied. I remember well how strange it seemed to them that the same actress should play Juliet, Ophelia, and Lady Macbeth—impressing each, as they were indulgent enough to say, with such distinct and marked characteristics, as made them forget the actress in the woman she represented.

In what they said and wrote I had some compensation for the chagrin of being deprived by Mr Macready of the opportunity of personating before a Parisian audience the characters which were considered more peculiarly my own. Mr Macready was a great actor, and a distinguished man in many ways; but you will, I daresay, remember that he would never, if he could help it, allow any one to stand upon the same level with himself. I read once in 'Punch,' that they supposed Mr Macready thought Miss Helen Faucit had a very handsome back, for, when on the stage with her, he always managed that the audience should see it and little else. But I must say that I was never so conscious of this unfairness with him, as with his very inadequate successor Mr Phelps, who always took his stand about two feet behind you, so that no face should be seen, and no voice be distinctly heard, by the audience, but his own. I remember finding this particularly unpleasant on the night I played Lady Macbeth at one of the performances in honour of the Princess Royal's marriage. These per-

formances were given at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, soon afterwards burned down. The stage was the largest in London, and fully one-third of it was occupied by the proscenium. I was then, as was my habit after my marriage, acting very rarely, and at long intervals. From want of practice, therefore, I was not so sure of the carrying power of my voice, especially in a theatre of such unusual size. At one of the rehearsals, kind Sir Julius Benedict warned me against speaking further back than the proscenium. He said no voice, however powerful, could be heard behind it, and that the singers invariably planted themselves well in front. I mentioned this to Mr Phelps, who was the Macbeth, and he seemed to agree to act upon the suggestion. But at night, from his first entry, he took up a position far behind me, and kept it, wherever possible, throughout all my scenes with him. In my subsequent experience with him, I found this was his invariable practice; and, indeed, he was the only really unkind and unfair actor I ever met with. Tricks of this sort are as foolish as they are ungenerous, and could never enter the mind of those who desire to be real artists. When actors have told me, as they often have, that I was always so fair to act with, I could only express my surprise; for how can one hope to represent characters truly upon the stage unless mind is acting upon mind, and face meeting face, so that the words appear to flow in answer to the thoughts one sees depicted there?

Forgive these gossiping details, and return with me to "As You Like It." When I resolved to make a thorough study of the play, I little thought how long, yet how fascinating, a task I had imposed upon

myself. With every fresh perusal new points of interest and of charm revealed themselves to me; while, as for *Rosalind*, "she drew me on to love her" with a warmth of feeling which can only be understood by the artist who has found in the heroine she impersonates that "something never to be wholly known," those suggestions of high qualities answerable to all the contingencies or trials of circumstance, by which we are captivated in real life, and which it is her aim and her triumph to bring home to the hearts and imaginations of her audience as they have come home to her own. Often as I have played *Rosalind* since, I have never done so without a fresh study of the play, nor without finding in it something that had escaped me before. It was ever, therefore, a fresh delight to bring out as best I could in action what had thus flashed upon me in my hours of meditation, and to try to make this exquisite creature as dear and fascinating to my audience as she had become to myself. In the very acting I learned much; for if on the stage you leave your mind open to what is going on around you, even an unskilful actor by your side—and I need not say how much more a gifted one—may, by a gesture or an intonation, open up something fresh to your imagination. So it was I came to love *Rosalind* with my whole heart; and well did she repay me, for I have often thought that in impersonating her I was able to give full expression to what was best in myself as well as in my art.

It was surely a strange perversion which assigned *Rosalind*, as at one time it had assigned *Portia*, to actresses whose strength lay only in comedy. Even the joyous, buoyant side of her nature could hardly have justice done to it in

their hands; for that is so inextricably mingled with deep womanly tenderness, with an active intellect disciplined by fine culture, as well as tempered by a certain native distinction, that a mere comedian could not give the true tone and colouring even to her playfulness and her wit. Those forest scenes between *Orlando* and herself are not, as a comedy actress would be apt to make them, merely pleasant fooling. At the core of all that *Rosalind* says and does, lies a passionate love as pure and all-absorbing as ever swayed a woman's heart. Surely it was the finest and boldest of all devices, one on which only a Shakespeare could have ventured, to put his heroine into such a position that she could, without revealing her own secret, probe the heart of her lover to the very bottom, and so assure herself that the love which possessed her own being was as completely the master of his. Neither could any but Shakespeare have so carried out this daring design, that the woman, thus rarely placed for gratifying the impulses of her own heart, and testing the sincerity of her lover's, should come triumphantly out of the ordeal, charming us, during the time of probation, by wit, by fancy, by her pretty womanly waywardnesses playing like summer lightning over her throbbing tenderness of heart, and never in the gayest sallies of her happiest moods losing one grain of our respect. No one can study this play without seeing that, through the guise of the brilliant-witted boy, Shakespeare meant the charm of the high-hearted woman, strong, tender, delicate, to make itself felt. Hence it is that *Orlando* finds the spell which "heavenly *Rosalind*" had thrown around him, drawn hourly closer and closer, he knows not how, while at the same time

he has himself been winning his way more and more into his mistress's heart. Thus, when at last Rosalind doffs her doublet and hose, and appears arrayed for her bridal, there seems nothing strange or unmeet in this somewhat sudden consummation of what has in truth been a lengthened wooing. The actress will, in my opinion, fail signally in her task, who shall not suggest all this, and who shall not leave upon her audience the impression that, when Rosalind resumes her state at her father's court, she will bring into it as much grace and dignity, as by her bright spirits she had brought of sunshine and cheerfulness into the shades of the forest of Arden.

To me, "As You Like It" seems to be essentially as much a love-poem as "Romeo and Juliet," with this difference — that it deals with happy love, while the Veronese story deals with love crossed by misadventure and crowned with death. It is as full of imagination, of the glad rapture of the tender passion, of its impulsiveness, its generosity, its pathos. No "hearse-like airs," indeed, come wailing by, as in the tale of those "star-crossed lovers," to warn us of their too early tragic "overthrow." All is blended into a rich harmonious music, which makes the heart throb, but never makes it ache. Still the love is not less deep, less capable of proving itself strong as death; neither are the natures of Orlando and Rosalind less touched to all the fine issues of that passion than those of "Juliet and her Romeo."

Is not love, indeed, the pivot on which the action of the play turns — love, too, at first sight? Does it not seem that the text the poet meant to illustrate was that which he puts into Phebe's mouth—

"Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw
of might,—
'Who ever loved, that loved not at
first sight?'"

And this, too, the Phebe who but a few minutes before had smiled with scorn at her suitor's warning—

"If ever (as that ever may be near),
You meet in some fresh cheek the
power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make."

Love at first sight, like that of Juliet and Romeo, is the love of Rosalind and Orlando, of Celia and Oliver, and of Phebe herself for Ganymede. The two latter pairs of lovers are perhaps but of little account; but is not the might of Marlow's saw as fully exemplified in Rosalind and Orlando as in the lovers of Verona?

Happily for them, and for us, there were no ancestral feuds, no unsympathetic parents, to step in and place a bar upon their affections. Whether or not Shakespeare believed his own words ("A Midsummer Night's Dream," act i. sc. 1)—"The course of true love never did run smooth," who may tell? I venture to think he no more held this creed than he did many of what are called his opinions, which, although most apt in the mouths of his characters, were never meant to be taken as universally true. What, for example, can be more absurd than the too common habit of quoting, as if it expressed Shakespeare's personal conviction, the phrase, "What's in a name?" No man, we may be sure, better understood how very much there is in a name. As Juliet uses it, the phrase is apt and true. In the rapture of her love, it was nothing to her that Romeo bore the name of the enemy of her house. What were ancestral feuds to her, who saw in

him "the god of her idolatry"? "His gracious self" was her all in all. What, then, was in his name? But the phrase is not only meaningless, but false, when cited, as it too often is, without regard to person, place, or circumstance. In any case, Shakespeare has given us in this play a supreme instance in disproof of Lysander's sad axiom. The love in it does run smooth all through, with no more check or difficulty than serves to prove how genuine it is, and to bring two "true minds" into that perfect unison which is the only right prelude to marriage. Circumstances, sad enough in themselves, have left both the lovers untrammelled by the ties of kindred. Orlando's father is dead. His elder brother defrauds him of his fortune, stints him of the training due to his rank, and hates him. Rosalind's father has been deposed from his dukedom while she was yet in early girlhood, and she has not known him for years. She owes no allegiance to her uncle, at whose court she has been detained. The wills of both lovers are thus entirely free, and, by the time that each has found out what is in the other's heart, the turn of events makes everything smooth for their marriage, after the intermediate period of probation, which is in itself happiness as nearly perfect as heart could desire.

With what skill does Shakespeare at the outset of the play engage our interest for Orlando! In vain his elder brother has tried to crush in him, by neglect, and by "keeping him rustically at home" without the liberal culture of a gentleman, the natural nobility of his disposition. His father had left him "but a poor thousand crowns." Good old Sir Rowland was no doubt fettered by the usage that makes elder sons rich at the

cost of the younger; but he had charged Oliver "on his blessing" to breed Orlando well, feeling confident that this training only was wanted to enable him to carve out fortune for himself. How had Oliver obeyed the charge? "You have trained me," Orlando tells him, "like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities." But as he has grown into manhood, this state of things has become intolerable:—

"The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes."

Why did Oliver treat him thus? Why was it that, as he says, "he hates nothing more than he, and yet he knows not why"? Was it that Orlando had been his father's favourite, as indeed he seems to have inherited the virtues of that good man? "O my sweet master!" says old Adam (act ii. sc. 3)—

"O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland!
Why are you virtuous? Why do
people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong,
and valiant?
Your virtues, gentle
master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you."

No lack of "inland nurture" was able to spoil a nature so manly, in which the best instincts of "race" were paramount. We picture him handsome, courteous, modest, gallant, with the fresh cheek and the frank cordial eyes that speak of health, of active habits, and a genial nature such as wins men's hearts. Even Oliver is forced to admit that his efforts to spoil him have completely failed. "He's gentle; never

school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised."

But of what avail is this? Orlando has no career before him; all his powers are lying unused. He is in the saddest of all plights—that of a poor gentleman, full of noble aspirations, and without a chance of proving that he is not of the common herd. What wonder, then, that we see him dejected and out of heart, or that his words should vibrate with feeling when he entreats Celia and Rosalind to forgive him for not yielding to their entreaty that he will not risk his life by wrestling with Charles, "the bony prize of the humorous Duke"?—

"I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so! I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

Such words in the mouth of one so young, so obviously at all points a gentleman, could not fail to touch a gentleman's heart; and in Rosalind's case they were all the more likely to do this, because in her own fortunes and her own mood at the moment there was much to beget in her a sympathetic feeling. The world had not gone well with her either. When her father was deposed she was a girl, little likely, perhaps, to appreciate the change between a princess of the reigning

and a princess of the dethroned house. She and her cousin Celia, the daughter of the man who dispossessed her father of his throne, had been "ever from their cradles bred together," and her superior charm and force of character had so won upon the affections of her cousin, that, as Shakespeare is at pains to tell us, through the mouth of Charles the Wrestler (act i. sc. 1), when Rosalind's father was banished—"Celia would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her." The usurping Duke, whose only child Celia was, would not let Rosalind go with her father, for fear of the effect upon his daughter. "We stay'd her," as he says to Celia, "for your sake; else had she with her father ranged along." But the beauty and gentle bearing of Rosalind, as the years went on, made her dear to the people, who probably had by this time found out that they had made a bad exchange in the "humorous Duke" for the amiable and accomplished ruler whom he had supplanted,—just as the retainers of Oliver had found that not in him, but in his youngest brother, "the memory of old Sir Rowland" was perpetuated. Celia's father, holding his place by an uncertain tenure, and therefore jealous of one who must be ever painfully reminding him of his usurpation, did not fail to observe this feeling among his subjects. It was dangerous to let it grow to a head; and so we see that, before the play opens, the thought had been present to his mind that Rosalind must stay no longer at his court. As he tells his daughter—

"Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her."

To a mind like his, full of misgiving as to his own position, the observation of this fact must have

been an hourly torment. But the old difficulty, the affection between Rosalind and his child, was by this time increased rather than diminished. "Never two ladies loved as they do," says Charles; "Their loves," says Le Beau, "are dearer than the natural love of sisters,"—both speaking the common voice of the people. And how united were their lives, we learn from Celia herself—

"We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, ate
together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's
swans,
Still we went coupl'd and inseparable."

But her father's feeling of distrust had of late been growing into one of antipathy. Le Beau, a shrewd observer in spite of all his courtier manner, and with a good heart, which the selfish habits of a court life have not wholly spoiled, sees pretty clearly the fate that is hanging over Rosalind:—

"Of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle
niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her
virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the
lady
Will suddenly break forth."

What the courtly Le Beau had so plainly seen to be the state of the Duke's mind was not likely to have escaped Rosalind's quick sensitive nature. She feels the cloud of her uncle's displeasure hanging over her, and ready to burst at any moment. She will not pain Celia with her forebodings, who is so far from surmising the truth, that the first lines she speaks are a gentle reproach to Rosalind for her want of gaiety; to which Rosalind replies, "I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I

were merrier?" Then, throwing off her present trouble upon an old sorrow, she adds: "Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure." From Celia's reply, it is obvious she has no idea that Rosalind has fallen out of favour with the usurping Duke. "If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine." Too well Rosalind knows that the obstacle to this pretty proposal lies not with herself, but with Celia's father. Still, she will hide from Celia the trouble she sees looming for herself in the not far distance. She will not show her "the darks undream'd of" into which their pleasant sisterly life is running. Why "forestall her date of grief"? Why throw a shade over her cousin's happy spirit, or refuse anything to one so generous in her assurances, that she will atone the wrong done by her father to Rosalind, given in such words as these?—

"You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry."

A sad smile breaks over Rosalind's face as she replies,—“From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports.” “Let me see,” she adds,—little dreaming how near was the reality,—“what think you of falling in love?” To which Celia rejoins in a kindred spirit,—“Marry, pr’ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest;

nor no farther in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again." And so these loving women prattle brightly on upon the lawn before the ducal palace, where presently the incident occurs which is to change the current of their lives. They have just heard from Le Beau of the murderous triumphs of the wrestler Charles, and would fain have escaped from seeing a repetition of his "rib-breaking." But before they can get away, the Duke arrives with his suite upon the ground to see the contest to which Orlando has challenged Charles, with a determination, very clearly shown, to lower the tone of that professional braggart, if skill and good heart can do it.

At once the attention of the ladies is riveted by Orlando's appearance. "Is yonder the man?" are the words that break from Rosalind. "Alas," exclaims her cousin, "he is too young! yet he looks successfully." The Duke, judging from his looks that the odds are all against the young fellow, tells the ladies they will take little delight in the wrestling, and urges them to try to dissuade him from persevering in his challenge. Celia, as the reigning Duke's daughter, and also because she is probably not so much moved as her cousin, does most of the talking; but not a word, either of her entreaties, or of Orlando's refusal, escapes Rosalind. She could not but respect a resolution so manly, yet so modestly expressed, however she may fear the issue. Orlando's heart must have leapt within him when she says, "The little strength that I have, I would it were with you. Fare you well. Pray heaven, I be deceived in you!" Deceived she shall be, he is determined, for her

words have given to his sinews the strength of steel!

No thought now of leaving the ground. The ladies will see the fate of the young hero, and "rain influence" on him with their bright eyes. The wrestling begins,—

"*Ros.* O excellent young man!

"*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down."

Charles is thrown, and carried off insensible. And now they are to learn who the young hero is. In answer to the Duke, he tells his name, adding that he is the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois. Here is the link between Rosalind and Orlando. Sir Rowland has been loyal to the banished Duke—a sin the usurper cannot pardon in the son.

"The world esteemed thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy.
. . . Thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father."

Celia's heart revolts at this injustice. Turning to Rosalind, she says:—

"Were I my father, coz, would I do this?"

And what says Rosalind?

"My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured."

She needs not the prompting of her cousin to "go thank him and encourage him"; but while Celia finds ready words, Rosalind's deeper emotion suggests to her a stronger token of the admiration he has roused. She has taken a chain from her neck, and stealthily kissing it—at

least I always used to do so—she gives it to Orlando, saying :—

“Gentleman,
Wear this for me, one out of suits with
fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand
lacks means.”

Here she pauses, naturally expecting some acknowledgment from Orlando; but finding none come, and not knowing how to break off an interview that has kindled a strange emotion within her, she adds, “Shall we go, coz?” Celia, heart-whole as she is, has no such difficulty. “Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman,” she says, and turns away. Rosalind is going with her. Meanwhile Orlando, overcome by a new feeling, finds himself spell-bound.

“*Orl.* Can I not say I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which
here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.”

It cannot be that he should let them go thus without a word! Rosalind at least will not believe it. What he mutters faintly to himself must surely have been meant for them.

“*Ros.* He calls us back: my pride fell
with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you
call, sir?”

But his heart is too full, his tongue too heavily weighted by passion, to find vent in words. His action is constrained. He makes no answering sign, and with trembling lips she continues :—

“Sir, you have wrestled well, and over-
thrown
More than your enemies.”

This “more than your enemies” is very significant, and speaks plainly enough, though spoken as it would be with great reserve of manner,

of the favourable impression which the young wrestler has made upon her. We may be sure that, but for his modest demeanour, Rosalind would not have allowed herself to confess so much.

Celia, amused, and disposed to rally her cousin about what looks to her rather more than “falling in love in sport,” accosts Rosalind mockingly in the phrase she has used but a few moments before, “Will you go, coz?” “Have with you,” Rosalind rejoins, quite understanding the roguish sparkle in her cousin's eyes, but not deterred by it from giving to Orlando as she goes an earnest “Fare you well!” But she is still slow to leave, hoping and longing for some words from his lips addressed to herself. When Celia takes her hand and is leading her away, Celia bows slightly to Orlando; but Rosalind in a royal and gentle manner curtsies to him, wishing to show her respect for the memory of his father, the dear friend of her father, and also her sympathy with his misfortunes. These she can give him, if nothing else.

This scene, you will agree, needs most delicate touching in the actress. Rosalind has not much to say, but she has to make her audience feel by subtle indications the revolution that is going on in her own heart from the moment her eyes fall upon her future lover, down to the parting glance with which her farewell is accompanied. It is Juliet in the ball-room, but under conditions that demand a far greater variety of expression. There is no avowal of love; but when she lingeringly leaves the stage, the audience must have been made to feel that in her case, as in Juliet's, her heart has made its choice, and that a change has come over her akin to that which has come over Orlando. Only when

she is gone can he find words to tell it.

"What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown?

Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee."

He is in this state of bewildered delight when Le Beau, whom I like much, and who, I am sure, was a favourite with Rosalind, returns, and warns him not to linger near the court. The sympathy of the bystanders for the brave young fellow has alarmed the Duke, and Le Beau's keen eyes have seen signs that bode no good to Sir Rowland's son.

"Such is now the Duke's condition,"

he tells Orlando,

"That he misconstrues all that you have done; "

adding, with a nice sense that a certain reticence is becoming in himself as a member of the ducal court,—

"The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,

More suits you to conceive than I to speak of."

Orlando is in no mood to think much about his own safety. Besides, what is the court to him? The all-important thing in his eyes is to know which of the two gracious ladies "that here were at the wrestling" is daughter of the Duke? He has lived near the court, and must have already known the names of the two princesses. When, therefore, Le Beau replies, "The shorter is his daughter," he knows well that the name of the daughter of the banished Duke who left her chain with him is Rosalind. Only after he is satisfied of

this does he bethink him of what danger may await him.

"Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;

From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother."

But come what may, one image, we see, will ever be present with him,—that of "heavenly Rosalind."

When soon after we see her with her cousin, it is no secret between them that the sweet poison of love is working no less strongly in her. She is surprised at herself, she tells us, because she finds herself unable to resist it. How charmingly is this brought before us!—

"*Cel.* Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No; some of it for my father's child.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. Oh, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. Oh, a good wish upon you! . . . Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? Doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do."

But now the storm bursts, of which Rosalind had lived for some time in apprehension. The Duke enters, his "eyes full of anger," and his "rough and envious disposition" vents its long-pent-up jealousy upon her in the cruel words—

"Within these ten days, if that thou
be'st found
So near our public court as twenty
miles,
Thou diest for it."

At this sentence the spirit of the princess must have grown warm within her. She knows her uncle too well to think of remonstrance. But what has she done to justify or to provoke this sudden outburst of his wrath? Still she controls herself, and asks in a tone of entreaty—

"I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear
with me;
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own
desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not
frantic
(As I do trust I am not), then, dear
uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness."

His reply, "Thus do all traitors," &c., rouses the royal blood within her; gentleness gives place to righteous remonstrance:—

"Your mistrust cannot make me a
traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood de-
pends?"

His reply—

"Thou art thy father's daughter;
there's enough"—

brings the instant answer, in which years of silent endurance find a voice. She can bear any reproach to herself, but her loyalty to her father gives pungency to her answer:—

"So was I when your highness took his
dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish'd
him.

Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? My father was no
traitor."

In speaking this I could never help laying a slight emphasis on the last words. For what but a traitor had the Duke himself been? The sarcasm strikes home; but, recovering herself a little for Celia's sake, she adds more gently—

"Then, good my liege, mistake me not
so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous."

In vain Celia tries to shake her father's resolution, telling him that, when first he had kept back her cousin to be her companion—

"I was too young that time to value
her;
But now I know her: if she be a
traitor,
Why so am I."

Celia heeds not her father when he replies that she suffers in general estimation by the presence of Rosalind:—

"She robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and
seem more virtuous
When she is gone!"

And when he renews his doom of banishment, she proves, by her reply, that the yearning of the child had become the fixed resolution of the woman:—

"Pronounce that sentence, then, on me,
my liege;
I cannot live out of her company."

The angry tyrant, thinking these to be but idle words, and unable to conceive a friendship of this exalted strain, breaks away, saying—

"You are a fool. You, niece, provide
yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon my
honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you
die."

Then comes a passage, than which what prettier picture of more than sisterly devotion was ever painted?

"*Cel.* O my poor Rosalind ! whither wilt thou go ?
Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin :
Pr'ythee, be cheerful. Know'st thou not, the Duke

Hath banish'd me, his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No ? hath not ? Rosalind lacks, then, the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.

Shall we be sunder'd ? Shall we part, sweet girl ?

No : let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us :

And do not seek to take your change upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee."

Rosalind, touched to the heart, and feeling also that she could not live without Celia, accepts the generous offer without remonstrance. It told that Celia's love, never very deep for such a father, had been so completely alienated by his injustice to her cousin, as well as by his late ungenerous treatment of Orlando, that to have remained behind, subject to his "rough and envious disposition," would have been misery. When Rosalind, half despondingly, says—

"Why, whither shall we go?"

her cousin's ready answer—

"To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden,"

opens up, we may conceive, a delightful vision of freedom and independence. But then the danger to them—

"Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !"

Celia is ready with her plan :—

"I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;
The like do you : so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants."

Rosalind was not likely to be behind her friend in courage. Besides, is not Celia sacrificing all for her, and has she not, therefore, a claim upon her for protection ? So she betters Celia's suggestion :—

"Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,"

(How glad I always felt here, that in this, at least, I was akin to the poet's Rosalind !)

"That I did suit me all points like a man ?"

Her fancy quickens at the thought, and with that fine buoyancy of spirit, and play of graceful humour, of which we are anon to see so much, she goes on to complete the picture :—

"A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand ; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside ;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances."

Celia enters with delight into the idea :—

"*Cel.* What shall I call thee, when thou art a man ?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page ;

And therefore look you call me Gany-
mede.

But what will you be call'd ?"

Aliena, Celia says, shall be her name, as having "reference to her state;" and now they have grown so happy at the thought of escaping from the trouble which seemed so terrible at first, that they can jest and play with the anticipation of the life before them. Touchstone, the court fool, shall be their companion—

"He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;"

says Celia. He will be both a comfort and a protection; and so with happy hearts they set about getting their "jewels and their wealth together" for the enterprise, which is to lead them

"To liberty, and not to banishment."

While things have thus come to an extremity with his "heavenly *Rosalind*," a similar fate is overtaking Orlando. His brother, foiled in the hope that he would be killed by Charles, is determined to get rid of him by more desperate means. This Orlando learns from Adam, that ideal pattern of an old retainer, made doubly dear to us by the tradition that this was one of the characters which Shakespeare himself delighted to impersonate. You remember, doubtless, Coleridge's words, as reported by Mr Payne Collier: "Great dramatists make great actors. But, looking at Shakespeare merely as a performer, I am certain that he was greater as Adam in 'As You Like It,' than Burbage as Hamlet or Richard the Third. Think of the scene between him and Orlando, and think again that the actor of that part had to carry the author of it in his arms! Think of having had Shakespeare in one's arms! It is worth having died two hundred years ago to have heard Shakespeare deliver a single line. He must have been a great actor." I love

to think so. Especially does my fancy gladly picture him in this scene, and find in so doing a richer music in the exquisite cadences of the lines in which the devotion and humble piety of that "good old man" are couched. Through his lips we learn how worthy in all ways to be loved is Orlando—a matter of first importance in one who is to be beloved by such a woman as *Rosalind*. The devotion of Celia to the heroine of the play also finds its counterpart in that of Adam to the hero—and the plot derives a fresh interest from the introduction of a character, not only charming in itself, but most skilfully used, both in this scene and the only others in which he appears, to heighten the favourable impression of Orlando's character created by his demeanour in the earlier scenes. The savings of Adam's life enable the old man and his young master to seek better fortunes elsewhere, in hopes to light "upon some settled low content." And so they, too, go forth, to reappear in that wondrous forest of Arden.

Of the little world there we are given a delightful glimpse, before either Celia and *Rosalind*, or Orlando and Adam, become its denizens. The second act opens in it, and shows us in *Rosalind's* father, the banished Duke, a character widely different from her own, with none of her vivacity or force, though with something of her sweetness of disposition. Like Prospero, a scholarly man, his retiring and unostentatious habits have, as in Prospero's case, given scope for an ambitious brother to rob him of his kingdom. Like Prospero, too, in this, "so dear the love his people bore him," they would not have endured any attempt upon his life, so that the worst his brother dared had been to banish him. To one

who had,—again like Prospero,—“neglected worldly aids,” dedicating the time, which ought more fitly to have been devoted to the duties of government, “to closeness, and the bettering of his mind,” banishment has obviously been no great privation. Very soon custom has made the rough forest life “more sweet than that of painted pomp.” Adversity has taught him clearer views of men and more of his own heart than he could have ever learned in “the envious court.” His calm, meditative mind discovers in the scenes around him delightful incidents to remind him by contrast of the turmoil and perils of his former state. He

“Finds tongues in trees, books in the
running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every-
thing,”

and has in fact translated

“The stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style,”

that any regrets for his lost wealth and honours are to all appearance dead. Unlike Prospero, he shows no bitterness against his usurping brother, and has no yearnings for the power of which he has been despoiled. The easy dreamy life of the woods suits his languid temperament. He likes nothing better than an argument with Jaques, whose cynical views of life excite and amuse him, though he has no sympathy with them. Amiable, but weak, separation from his daughter does not seem to have cost him much regret. He believes she is happy where he has left her, in the position and with the surroundings that become her birth, and which, in his banishment, he could not give her. And she, on the other hand, is no doubt aware that her presence is by no means essential to his happiness. Thus she has no temptation to

make herself known to him, when they meet casually in the forest, and when to have done so would have broken up the sweet masking intercourse with her lover, in which she was by that time involved.

When we see Rosalind first on the outskirts of the forest, footsore and weary, we have scarce time to note how she tries to forget her own fatigue, and to comfort “the weaker vessel,” her still more weary cousin, “as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat.” Her thoughts, and ours, are soon carried off in another direction by the dialogue between the shepherd Corin and the young Silvius, in whose passion for the shepherdess Phebe, Rosalind finds the counterpart to her own haunting dreams about Orlando. What these have been her words show : “Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.” In this train of thought Rosalind for the moment forgets weariness and hunger ; but Celia, “faint almost to death,” has to be thought for. Corin comes to their help, and puts them in the way of buying that cottage “by the tuft of olives” on the skirts of the forest, to which lovers of this play will always in their day-dreams find their way, leaving to the right “the rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,” that mingled its music with the songs of the birds and the rustling of the forest-leaves.

In this delightful retreat one loves to picture these two charming women in the full enjoyment of their new-born liberty, made more piquant by their little secret of Rosalind's masquerading attire. For all her mannish dress, there was, of course, something of a feminine character about the youth. “The boy is fair, of female favour,”

we are told later on, and, by contrast with Celia, "bestows himself like a ripe sister;" while Celia is "low, and browner than her brother." Again, Rosalind's picture is drawn for us by Phebe, and what a picture it is!

"It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him:

He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heal it up. He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:

His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well: There was a pretty redness in his lip;

A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask."

This is as she appeared to the rustic Phebe. Orlando, however, has seen something finer and nobler in his "heavenly" Rosalind during their brief meeting. And naturally so, for she is then a lovely woman, and in a woman's sweeping dress her height and carriage would make her look fairer and more majestic. So he ascribes to her

"Helen's cheek, but not her heart;

Cleopatra's majesty;

Atalanta's better part;

Sad Lucretia's modesty."

Add to this fine health, fine spirits, a vivid fancy, the courage of a pure heart and a frank generous nature, together with a voice rich, melodious, resonant, clear, that filled the ear and left its tones lingering there, and the picture will be complete.

To a nature such as hers, the woodland life must have given exquisite pleasure. In her rambles a vision of the young Orlando would often mingle with her thoughts,

and not unpleasantly. His forlorn position, so like her own, his bravery, his modesty, had made a deep impression on her, and yet it was one she must have felt it would be foolish to cherish. They were now separated in such a way, that their paths were not likely to cross each other again. Their worlds were different. Her heart's fancy must therefore be put aside, forgotten. How long this inward struggle had been going on, Shakespeare gives no indication—it could not have been very long, for Orlando must have reached the glades of Arden soon after she did,—when roaming through the forest, she comes across a copy of verses hung (delightful defiance of local truth!) upon a palm-tree. Think of the throb at her heart, as she reads her own name running through every couplet! Still there are many Rosalinds in the world; and how should he, of whom she has been dreaming, even know her name,—or how should he, of all men, be there in Arden? No, no, it must be mere coincidence; and yet the pulse is quickened, the heart-throb felt. Presently she sees Celia coming through the wood, and she, too, is reading verses in praise of this unknown Rosalind. Although she has listened to every word with panting eagerness, Rosalind affects indifference, taxing Celia with inflicting upon her hearers "a tedious homily of love." Before Celia answers, she sends Touchstone away, for she has just seen the author of this homily, and knows enough of her cousin's heart to be sure her tone will alter the moment she learns who he is, and may thus betray her secret to the sharp eyes of "the roynish fool." Untouched by love herself, and so seeing only the humorous side of the passion, Celia begins by tantalising Rosalind with the question, "Trow you

who hath done this?" With the same air of affected indifference Rosalind replies, "Is it a man?" and at first thinks Celia is only teasing her, when she rejoins, "And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck?" The tell-tale blood rushes to Rosalind's cheek, as she exclaims, "I pr'ythee, who?" It may be Orlando then after all, and yet how should it be? Is Celia merely mocking her? "Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is." Celia, unconscious of the torture of suspense in which she is keeping her friend, parries all her questions. At last, after what to Rosalind seems an age, she owns that "It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant." Rosalind will not believe her, but thinks her still mocking. "Nay," she says, "speak sad brow, and true maid." When Celia replies, "I' faith, coz, 'tis he!" not even yet can such happiness be believed. Again the question must be asked; "Orlando?" The name we see by this had been often spoken between them. "Orlando!" Celia answers, and this time gravely, for Rosalind's emotion shows her this is no jesting matter.

Oh happiness beyond belief, oh rapture irrepressible! The tears at this point always welled up to my eyes, and my whole body trembled. If hitherto Rosalind had any doubt as to the state of her own heart, from this moment she can have none. Finding how she is overcome at the bare idea of his being near, the thought flashes upon her—"Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?" but Celia has seen him—he perhaps has seen Celia—and that perplexing thought is put aside in the eagerness to learn full particulars about her lover.

"What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? *Did he ask for me?* Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again?"

These questions, all different, all equally to the purpose, huddled with breathless eagerness one upon another, yet each with different meaning and urged with varying intonation, must all—so ravenous is her curiosity,—be answered "in one word." Well may Celia reply that she must borrow for her Garagantua's mouth first, for "to say ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism." But Rosalind's questions are not even yet exhausted. She must learn whether Orlando knows that she is in the forest, and in man's apparel? And then comes, to sum up all, the sweet little womanly question, "Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?" After some further banter as to the general unreasonableness of lovers, Celia mentions that she saw him under a tree, where he lay "stretched along," evidently having no eyes for her or any one, "like a wounded knight. He was furnished like a hunter."

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on."

At this moment Orlando is seen approaching with Jaques through the trees. A glance assures Rosalind that it is indeed he; but now the woman's natural shyness at being discovered in so strange a suit comes over her. "Slink by, and note him," she says; and withdrawing along with Celia to a point

where she may see and not be seen, she listens,—with what delight we may conceive,—to the colloquy in which her lover more than holds his own, when the misanthrope Jaques rallies him on being in love, and marrying the forest-trees “with writing love-songs in their barks.” On the assurance given by Orlando’s answers that she is the very Rosalind of these songs, her heart leaps with delight. Not for the world would she have Orlando recognise her in her unmaidenly disguise; but now a sudden impulse determines her to risk all, and even to turn it to account as the means of testing his love. Boldness must be her friend, and to avert his suspicion, her only course is to put on a “swashing and a martial outside,” and to speak to him “like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.” He must not be allowed for an instant to surmise the “hidden woman’s fear” that lies in her heart. Besides, it is only by resort to a rough and saucy greeting and manner that she could mask and keep under the trembling of her voice, and the womanly tremor of her limbs. I always gave her “Do you hear, forester?” with a defiant air, as much as to say, What are you, a stranger, doing here, intruding in the forest on those who are “natives of the place”? With such a swagger, too, that Orlando feels inclined to turn round sharply upon the boy, as he had just done upon the cynical Jaques. But despite this swagger, verging almost upon insolence, Orlando at once feels something that interests him in the “pretty youth,” for as he afterwards tells her father—

“My lord, the first time that I ever
saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your
daughter.”

Once fairly launched on her delicate venture, Rosalind does not give Orlando time to examine her appearance too closely or to question himself wherein this attraction lies. She engages him in brilliant talk of a kind such as he had never before heard, but which his natural aptitude and shrewdness enable him thoroughly to appreciate.

How witty it all is, and how directly bearing upon the topic of his love, of which she wishes to bring him to speak more!

Ros. I pray you, what is’t o’clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o’day; there’s no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I’ll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pry’thee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnised. If the interim be but a se’n-night, Time’s pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain. . . . These Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he finds himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.”

Strange that one who gives him-

self out as forest-born, "as the coney that you see dwells where she is kindled," should possess so much knowledge of the world, so much fluency and polish of expression. But when Orlando gives vent to his surprise, by telling Gany-mede that his "accent is something finer" than was to be purchased in so "removed a dwelling," Rosalind is ready with her answer: "I have been told so of many; but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak." She cannot, however, keep off the theme that is uppermost in her heart, as it is in Orlando's, so she continues,— "one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love." And then, to throw Orlando off the scent of her being otherwise than the boy she seems, she adds: "I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal." By this time his attention is thoroughly arrested. The note has been touched that is all music for him—Woman. For him at that moment there was but one in the world, and what "giddy offence" could be truly laid to her charge? He will learn, however, if he can, some of the "principal evils" imputed to her sex. When Rosalind replies with witty promptitude, "There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till its fellow fault came to match it," he entreats her to recount some of them. What an opening here for her to put her lover to the test, to hear him say all that a loving woman most longs to hear from him she loves, and he be all the while ignorant that he is laying bare his heart before her!

"No," she rejoins, "I will not cast

away my physic, but upon those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks"—(she has just heard Jaques say he did so, but obviously says this merely upon his report),—"hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles: all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him."

Poor Orlando, racked by what he believes to be a hopeless passion, would fain be helped to overcome the love-sickness that consumes him. With what secret joy Rosalind hears his avowal! "I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you, tell me your remedy." But she is determined he shall say as much again and again—for what words are so sweet to her ear!—and so she affects to disbelieve him, telling him he has none of her uncle's marks upon him,—the lean cheek, the blue eye and sunken, the neglected beard, the hose ungartered, the bonnet unbanded, the sleeve unbuttoned, the general air of "careless desolation," which are assumed to denote the man in love. "But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other." His earnest protest, "Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love," only provokes the further teasing remark, "Me believe it! you may as soon make her you love believe it;" and then, incapable of resisting the humour of the situation, she adds, "which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in which women still give the lie to their consciences." She sees that Orlando is rather dashed by this sarcastic remark, possibly pained, but she knows she holds the remedy for his pain in her own

hands; and she puts him at his ease again by asking, with a softened voice—

“But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?”

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.”

Oh, how intently has she watched for that answer! with what secret rapture heard it! But he must discern nothing of this. So, turning carelessly away, and, smiling inwardly to think that she is herself an illustration of what she says, she exclaims:—

“Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too.”

But now, coming back to the plan which has sprung up in her heart for riveting still closer *Orlando*’s devotion, she adds:—

“Yet I profess curing it by counsel.
Orl. Did you ever cure any so?”

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, and then forswear him; . . . that I drape my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take

upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep’s heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in’t.”

In the range of Shakespearian comedy there is probably no passage that demands more subtle treatment in the actress than this. *Rosalind*’s every faculty is quickened by delight, and this delight breaks out into a witty picture of all the wayward coquettishness that has ever been imputed to her sex. She rushes into this vein of humorous detraction, in order to keep up the show of curing *Orlando* of his passion by a picture of some of their “giddy offences.” Note the aptness, the exquisite variety of every epithet, which, woman as she is, she is irresistibly moved to illustrate and enforce by suitable changes of intonation and expression. But note also, so ready is her intelligence, that she does not forget to keep up the illusion about herself, by throwing in the phrase, that “boys as well as women are for the most part cattle of this colour.” All the playfulness, the wit, the sarcasm bubble up, sparkle after sparkle, with bewildering rapidity. Can we wonder they should work a charm upon *Orlando*? What, he thinks, might a gifted creature like this not do? What if the boy were indeed able to accomplish what he has said he could? No, that would be to rob life of all that made life worth; so he replies, “I would not be cured, youth!” And yet there is a certain mysterious fascination which draws him on; and when this strangely imperious youth rejoins, with an air of unhesitating confidence, “I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*”—how she would linger on the name!—“and come every day to my cote, and woo me;” he can but answer—“Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.”

She will show it to him at once, and by the way he shall "tell her where in the forest he lives." And when to her invitation, "Will you go?" he replies, "With all my heart, good youth," she begins the remedial lesson by telling him archly, with a playful smile that goes to his heart—"Nay, you must call me Rosalind." And turning to Celia, who must have seen with no small amazement the unexpected development of her cousin's character in this dialogue, calls to her to go home with them.

I need scarcely say how necessary it is for the actress in this scene, while carrying it through with a vivacity and dash that shall divert from Orlando's mind every suspicion of her sex, to preserve a refinement of tone and manner suitable to a woman of Rosalind's high station and cultured intellect; and by occasional tenderness of accent and sweet persuasiveness of look to indicate how it is that, even at the outset, she establishes a hold upon Orlando's feelings, which in their future intercourse in the forest deepens, without his being sensibly conscious of it, his love for the Rosalind of his dreams. I never approached this scene without a sort of pleasing dread, so strongly did I feel the difficulty and the importance of striking the true note in it. Yet, when once engaged in it, I was borne along I knew not how. The situation, in its very strangeness, was so delightful to my imagination, that from the moment when I took the assurance from Orlando's words to Jaques, that his love was as absolute as woman could desire, I seemed to lose myself in a sense of exquisite enjoyment. A thrill passed through me; I felt my pulse beat quicker; my very feet seemed to dance under me. That Rosalind should

forget her first woman's fears about her "doublet and hose" seemed the most natural thing in the world. Speak to Orlando she must at any hazard. But oh, the joy of getting him to pour out all his heart, without knowing that it was his own Rosalind to whom he talked,—of proving if he were indeed worthy of her love, and testing, at the same time, the depth and sincerity of her own devotion! The device to which she resorted seemed to suggest itself irresistibly; and, armed with Shakespeare's words, it was an intense pleasure to try to give expression to the archness, the wit, the quick ready intellect, the ebullient fancy, with the tenderness underlying all, which give to this scene its transcendent charm. Of all the scenes in this exquisite play, while this is the most wonderful, it is for the actress certainly the most difficult.

How mistaken, I think, is the opinion of those who maintain that Shakespeare was governed, in drawing his heroines, by the fact that they were acted by boys, and that this was one of his reasons for choosing stories in which they had to assume male attire! As if Imogen, Viola, and Rosalind were not "pure women" to the very core; as if, indeed, this were not the secret of the way in which they win the hearts of those whom they meet. Their disguise is never surmised, not even by their own sex, for Olivia falls passionately in love with Viola, and Phebe with Rosalind; and how markedly is Shakespeare's genius shown in the difference of the way this circumstance is handled in the case of each! Viola, gentle, self-sacrificing, generous, but with no spark of the heroic in her nature, sees the humorous absurdity of being wooed by a lady; but she is more perplexed than amused by it. She

neither struggles against her own unrequited love, nor makes an effort to win requital for it. But, if placed in Viola's situation, Rosalind's mother-wit and high spirit would, I fancy, have enabled her to extricate herself handsomely. At all events, if, like Viola, she had fallen in love with Orsino, the attractions of Olivia for the dreamy duke would have grown daily fainter before the address, and vivacity, and bright intelligence of such a woman as Rosalind. By the time the discovery of her sex was made, his heart would have gone clean out of him, for he was capable of loving a noble woman nobly. How fine is his phrase, "Heaven walks on earth" (act v. sc. 1), as he sees Olivia approaching! It would have been he, and not Viola, to whose lips words laden with passion would, on discovering her sex, have risen, and he would have clasped her to his breast with irrepressible eagerness, instead of coldly giving her his hand, with the chilling request—

"Give me thy hand,

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds."

Rosalind was not one to care for being loved in this stately fashion, nor indeed for being taken up on any terms at second hand. In her eyes, one of the chief attractions of Orlando was that his love was a first love, unsophisticated by any mixture of personal vanity or of selfish interest. His feeling, as he thinks of her, she sees, is that of Helena in "All's Well that Ends Well"—

"'Twere all one,

That I should love a bright particular star,

And think to wed it, she is so above me."

And this feeling is made more precious to Rosalind by her own con-

sciousness of the complete conquest he has made of her own heart. Very woman as she is, she cannot help showing this in the next scene in which we see her. Orlando has not kept a promise to be with her that morning, and she is "in the very height of heart-heaviness" in consequence. In vain Celia tries to laugh her out of her depression. To Celia his absence is easily to be accounted for. She has learned that he is in attendance on the banished Duke, and being so, he is not master of his own time. But not till she has teased Rosalind by maintaining that "there is no truth in him," that she does not think he is in love, and that, "besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster: they are both the confirmer of false reckonings," does she suggest this explanation. In this Rosalind manifestly finds some ease, and turns from the subject to tell Celia—

"I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?"

What a world of passionate emotion is concentrated in that last sentence, and how important it is to bear this in mind in the subsequent scenes with Orlando!

At this point Rosalind's thoughts are turned into a new channel by the arrival of old Corin, who comes to tell them that "the shepherd that complained of love," after whom they have often inquired, is now with "the proud disdainful shepherdess that was his mistress;" and that if they

"Will see a pageant truly play'd,
Between the pale complexion of true
love
And the red glow of scorn and proud
disdain,"

he will take them to the place.
Rosalind jumps at the suggestion,
for

"The sight of lovers feedeth those in
love.

Bring 'us to this sight, and you shall
say,

I'll prove a busy actor in their play."

Herself loving deeply, and prizing
a good man's love as her best treasure,
she is in no mood to be tolerant
of the scornful cruelty shown
by Phebe to Silvius, of which in
the scene that ensues she is an
unseen witness. At the same time,
his love-sickness, which has taken
all the manhood out of him, inspires
her with something not very far
from contempt. But the poor
fellow pleads his cause well. His
passion is genuine, and his words
are echoes of something in her own
heart :—

"O dear Phebe,

If ever (as that ever may be near)

You meet in some fresh cheek the
power of fancy,

Then shall you know the wounds invisible

That love's keen arrows make."

They merited at least a gentle
answer; and when Phebe heart-
lessly replies—

"But till that time,

Come thou not near me: and when
that time comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me
not;

As, till that time, I shall not pity
thee"—

Rosalind can restrain herself no
longer, and breaks in upon the
speakers. In what ensues she
seems to me to show something
of that quality, characteristic of
princely blood and training, which,
without directly claiming deference,
somehow commands it, and which
is frequently exemplified in the
progress of the play :—

"Ros. And why, I pray you? Who
might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you
have some beauty,

(As, by my faith, I see no more in you,
Than without candle may go dark to
bed,)

Must you be therefore proud and piti-
less?"

How great must have been the
charm of the seeming boy, when
the haughty rustic beauty does not
fire up at such a rebuke as this!
Yet there she stands, breathless,
all eyes, all admiration. Rosalind
continues :—

"Why, what means this? Why do
you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little
life,

I think she means to tangle my eyes
too!

No, faith, proud mistress, hope not
after it:

'Tis not your inky brows, your black
silk hair,

Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of
cream,

That can entame my spirits to your
worship."

With her wonted readiness of wit
she follows up this vivid picture of
commonplace beauty by words that,
while giving encouragement to Sil-
vius, are cleverly designed to take
some of Phebe's conceit out of
her :—

"You foolish shepherd, wherefore do
you follow her? . . .

You are a thousand times a properer
man

Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as
you

That make the world full of ill-favoured
children:

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters
her. . . .

But, mistress, know yourself: down on
your knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good
man's love:

For I must tell you friendly in your
ear,—

Sell when you can: you are not for all
markets."

Then with a softer tone, almost entreatingly—

“Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer: . . .

So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.”

But Phebe has by this time “felt the power of fancy” too strongly to let the interview break off so soon. “Sweet youth,” she exclaims, as she runs after to detain him,

“I pray you, chide a year together; I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.”

The situation is becoming too absurd. The tables have indeed been turned upon Phebe. With all her sense of humour, Rosalind, as a woman, could not but feel some pity for her, as Viola does for Olivia. She must be told at once, and in unmistakable terms, to put all thought of Ganymede out of her head:—

“*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,

For I am falser than vows made in wine.

Besides, I like you not.

Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.

Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,

And be not proud: though all the world could see,

None could be so abused in sight as he.”

I have already called attention to the picture of the boy Ganymede drawn for us by Phebe, after he has left her. It is not merely the beauty of his person that strikes her; she feels the distinction of his bearing,—the unconscious imperiousness of Rosalind, the princess—“Sure, he’s proud; and yet his pride becomes him”—and how it is blended with a strange tenderness, that tempers the severity of his rebuke to herself, for

“Faster than his tongue Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.”

In this scene, as elsewhere, the woman’s heart modifies the keenness of Rosalind’s wit, and the combination makes her ascendancy over all those she cares for more complete.

But when we see her next, at the opening of the fourth act, in colloquy with Jaques, her intellect alone is called into play, and the cynic comes off second-best in the encounter. He, too, feels the attraction of the young Ganymede, and would fain be intimate with him;—“I pr’ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.” To Rosalind this patronising address would be far from agreeable. By a natural instinct she recoils, as we have previously seen Orlando recoil, from the society of a man who has exhausted the zest for life in years of sensual indulgence, and who sees only the dark side of human nature and of the world, because he has squandered his means and used up his sensations. She has heard of him and his morbid moralisings, and so replies—

“They say you are a melancholy fellow.”

Her healthy common-sense is roused by his answer, “that he is so, and that he loves it better than laughing,” and she replies—

“Those that are in the extremity of either are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, ’tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, ’tis good to be a post.”

Jaques then runs off into his famous definition of the varieties of melancholy, winding up—self-complacent egotist as he is, always referring everything to himself and his own perverted experiences—with the

intimation, that "indeed the sundry contemplation of his travels, in which his often rumination wraps him, is a most humorous sadness." This answer in no way increases Rosalind's respect. "A traveller!" she exclaims—

"By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!"

Jaques, unused to be picked to pieces in this way,—for the people about the banished Duke, though amused by this moping philosopher's churlish temper, seem to stand rather in awe of it,—is glad to take the opportunity afforded by Orlando's appearance to escape from "the pretty youth," whom he has found to be so unexpectedly formidable. But Rosalind cannot refrain from sending after him some further shafts from her quiver:—

"Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swum in a gondola."

Not till she has seen Jaques fairly out of hearing, does she turn to Orlando, who has by this time thoroughly learned the first lesson she had set him. He accosts her throughout the scene as "dear Rosalind," "fair Rosalind," and never trips into speaking to her otherwise than as the lady of his love. His visits to her cote, we see, have been frequent, but the

promised cure has clearly made no progress. The feminine waywardness with which she menaced him has served only to establish a sweet, and, to him, mysterious control over his heart and will. Again he has failed in coming to her at the appointed hour. See how she punishes him for the little pang of disappointment he has caused her!

"Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman."

And now we are to see how Rosalind carries out in practice her own suddenly devised fiction of the way she had once cured a lover of his passion — by being effeminate, changeable, "full of tears, full of smiles, would now like him, now loathe him, now entertain, now forswear him." She throws aside her first mood of pouting and banter. Her own heart is brimful of happy love, and only by variety of mood and volubility of utterance can she keep down its emotion. "Come, woo me!" she exclaims. Seeing Orlando taken aback by the suddenness of this invitation, she repeats it: "Woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent." Still he hangs back; but she is not to be foiled in

her determination to make him play the lover, so she adds—"What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?" This brings from him the laughing answer, "I would kiss before I spoke." "Nay," she rejoins, "you were better speak first, and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss." After some more *badinage* on this theme, Rosalind turns suddenly upon Orlando with the question—"Am not I your Rosalind?" and as she does so, her voice, I fancy, vibrates with feeling she finds it hard to conceal. But this vein is dangerous; and when Orlando answers, "I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her," she dashes off again into her playful mocking mood, with the words, "Well, in her person I say I will not have you." This elicits from Orlando the very avowal for which she yearns—"Then in mine own person I die!" But the opening thus offered to her to profess a disbelief, which she does not feel, in the sincerity of all such protestations is not to be lost, and her fancy revels in throwing ridicule upon the model heroes of romantic love:—

"No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men

have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me."

Rosalind's rejoinder, "By this hand, it will not kill a fly," should, I think, be given with a marked change of intonation, sufficient to indicate that, notwithstanding all the wild raillery of her former speech, there is in herself a vein of tenderness that would make it impossible for her to inflict pain deliberately. We should be made to feel the woman just for the moment, —before she passes on to her next words, which, playful as they are, lead her on unawares to what I believe was regarded by her as a very real climax to this sportive wooing:—

"But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I—Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?"

Who does not feel through all this exuberance of sportive raillery the strong emotion which is palpitating at the speaker's heart? She has proved and is assured of Orlando's devotion, and now she will plight her troth to him—irrevocably, as she knows, but as he does not know. Turning to Celia, she says:—

"Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us. . . .

Ros. You must begin,—‘Will you, Orlando——’

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Will now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—‘I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.’

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband.”

It is not merely in pastime, I feel assured, that Rosalind has been made by Shakespeare to put these words into Orlando's mouth. This is for her a marriage, though no priestly formality goes with it; and it seems to me that the actress must show this by a certain tender earnestness of look and voice, as she replies, “I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband.” I could never speak these words without a trembling of the voice, and the involuntary rushing of happy tears to the eyes, which made it necessary for me to turn my head away from Orlando. But, for fear of discovery, this momentary emotion had to be overcome, and turned off by carrying his thoughts into a different channel. Still Rosalind's gravity of look and intonation will not have quite passed away—for has she not taken the most solemn step a woman can take?—as she continues—

“*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would love her, after you have possessed her?”

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.”

Here, however, Rosalind finds herself running into a strain of serious earnest, with too much of the apprehensive woman in it; so she

takes up her former cue of exaggerating the capriciousness of her own sex:—

“I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyena, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.”

Rosalind through all this scene is like the bird “that cannot get out its song” for very joy. She dares not give direct vent to the happiness that fills her heart, and so she seeks relief by letting her fancy run riot in these playful exaggerations. We feel how these flashes of sprightly fancy, that amuse even while they bewilder him, all help to weave a spell of fascination round Orlando's heart. Rosalind sees this, and revelling in her triumph, pursues to the uttermost the course she had told him would cure him of his passion. Observe how this is carried out, when he tells her presently that he must leave her for two hours. Here is an opportunity for showing what Ganymede has formerly told Orlando a woman cannot choose, but must be. She is now to “grieve, be effeminate, changeable.”

“*Ros.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so,—Come, death!"

This is to be "full of tears;" and when she has put a pang into her lover's heart by this semblance of reproachful grief, she suddenly floods it with delight by turning to him, her face radiant with smiles, and saying, "Two o'clock's your hour!" This is to be "full of smiles," and the charm so works upon him, that we see he has lost the consciousness that it is the boy Ganymede, and not his own *Rosalind*, that is before him, as he answers, "*Ay, sweet Rosalind.*" And she too, in her parting adjuration to him, comes nearer than she has ever done before to letting him see what is in her heart:—

"By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetic break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call *Rosalind*, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my *Rosalind*: so, adieu!"

Celia—who, admirable as she is, is by no means of a highly imaginative nature—is no sooner alone with *Rosalind* than she takes her to task for what appears to her the unfavourable light in which her pictures of the waywardness of women in courtship and in marriage have placed her sex. "You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate," she says; but this is a matter *Rosalind* is too full of her own emotions to discuss. Her tongue has run wild in try-

ing to conceal the pressure at her heart; and she has talked herself out of breath only to get deeper in love.

"O coz, coz, my pretty little coz," she replies, "that thou didst know how many fathoms deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded. . . . That same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the sight of *Orlando*: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come."

We see from this how great has been the constraint she has been keeping upon her emotions through all her sparkling *badinage* in the interviews with *Orlando*. He was to be but two hours absent, and had protested he should be with her by two o'clock; but when we next see her, two o'clock has come, but not *Orlando*. "How say you now?" she says to *Celia*. "Is it not past two o'clock? and here much *Orlando*!" While she is in this state of disappointment and unrest, *Silvius* arrives with the love-letter of which *Phebe* has made him the bearer. Such is the rare elasticity of *Rosalind*'s temperament, and the activity of her intelligence, that she at once puts aside her own vexation—which could not have been small—and does what she can to put something of a manly spirit into this most forlorn of lovers. So far from thinking the letter he has brought to be one of love, he is under the impression, from "the stern brow and waspish action" of *Phebe* in writing it, that "it bears an angry tenor," and apologises for being the bearer of it. *Rosalind* at first follows out this idea, though she has of course seen, by a glance at its.

contents, how very far this is from the truth :—

“Patience herself would startle at this letter

And play the swaggerer ; bear this, bear all :

She says I am not fair, that I lack manners ;

She calls me proud ; and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix. ‘Od’s my will !

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt :

Why writes she so to me ? Well, shepherd, well,

This is a letter of your own device.”

In answer to his vehement protestations to the contrary, she goes on to depict its contents with her wonted fertility of fancy :—

“Why, ’tis a boisterous and a cruel style,

A style for challengers. . . . Women’s gentle brain

Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,

Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect

Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter ?”

She then proceeds to read it, commenting on its evident avowals of admiration in the same ironical spirit. But when she comes to the lines—

“He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me,”

followed by the request that Gany-mede will use Silvius to bear his answer back, she is revolted by Phebe’s treachery, and scarcely less by the pusillanimous insensibility of her suitor to it. Celia, in her matter-of-fact way, exclaims, “Alas, poor shepherd !” But Rosalind, wiser and higher-hearted, takes a different view :—

“Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman ? What, to make thee an in-

strument and play false strains upon thee ! not to be endured !”

But not even this can rouse him ; so she dismisses him in a gentler strain :—

“Well, go your way to her (for I see love hath made thee a tame snake), and say this to her : That if she love me, I charge her to love thee ; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her.”

Still Orlando comes not. The fond woman’s heartache, into which some shade of anxiety at his failure to keep his promise would by this time be sure to steal, has not time to reassert itself, when her attention is arrested by a stranger inquiring the way to the “sheepcote fenced about with olive-trees,” which is her home. Attention deepens into interest as she finds from his words that he is a messenger from Orlando :—

“Orlando doth commend him to you both,

And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he ?”

Interest now becomes apprehension, and she answers, “I am : what must we understand by this ?” With breathless eagerness she listens as the stranger tells how Orlando had found his elder brother asleep in the forest, doubly threatened with death by “a green and gilded snake” on the one hand, and on the other by “a lioness with udders all drawn dry.” The different natures of Celia and Rosalind are well expressed by the ways, each so different, in which they are affected by this narrative. Celia exclaims :—

“O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;

And he did render him the most unnatural

That lived ‘mongst men.”

Rosalind's first thought is not of this brother's cruelty, but whether her lover has forgot the past and interposed to save his life.

"But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?"

How her own noble heart leaps within her as she learns that, conquering the first impulse to leave his brother to his fate, Orlando has given "battle to the lioness, who quickly fell before him"! When the stranger goes on to tell them that he is that brother, Rosalind's first impulse naturally is to turn with undisguised aversion from the man who had for years done Orlando such grievous wrong. But his answer to her question, "Was it you he rescued?" disarms her.

"*Oli.* 'Twas I, yet 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am."

By the word "conversion," coupled with Oliver's downcast looks and contrite tone, Rosalind is touched. She feels that she has been ungenerous, and turning to him with a much gentler voice and manner, almost as though asking pardon for the resentment she had shown, she asks, "But for the bloody napkin?" And here arises one of the many opportunities which are afforded in this play for that silent suggestive acting which is required to give effect to the purpose of the poet. "The woman, naturally born to fears," has now to be indicated by the changing expression of Rosalind's look and manner, as she listens to Oliver's narrative. Her lover,—her more than lover—her plighted husband ever since she gave him her hand when they last met,—has still

further proved his worthiness by making it his first care to introduce his brother to the banished Duke. Still, what does the bloody napkin imply? And how much is there to rouse her alarm, when Oliver goes on to say that, on leaving the Duke, his brother led him to his own cave,

"There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind?"

The sweet feeling of admiration for her lover's courageous endurance, and of delight that his foremost thought had been of his Rosalind, cannot keep her from thinking of his wound as something more serious than it proves to be. A sick feeling comes over her as Oliver proceeds:—

"Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin
Dyed in his blood unto the shepherd youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind."

As he speaks, Rosalind's vivid imagination brings before her the peril of the contest in which her lover has been engaged, and how near she has been to losing him. The strain upon her feelings is too much even for her powers of self-command, great as they are, and she falls fainting into her cousin's arms. She has borne up, however, so well, that Oliver has no suspicion of her sex, and ascribes her fainting to the not uncommon experience, that "Many will swoon when they do look on blood." When she recovers, and he says to her, "Be of good cheer, youth:

you a man! You lack a man's heart," she admits the fact, but, ready and adroit as ever, tries to avert his suspicion by affecting to have merely feigned to swoon. The rest of the scene, with the struggle between actual physical faintness and the effort to make light of it, touched in by the poet with exquisite skill, calls for the most delicate and discriminating treatment in the actress. The audience, who are in her secret, must be made to feel the tender loving nature of the woman through the simulated gaiety by which it is veiled; and yet the character of the boy Ganymede must be sustained. This is another of the many passages to which the actress of comedy only will never give adequate expression. How beautiful it is!—

"Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do; but ifaith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back, how you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?"

And that her quick wit did devise something to the purpose, who can doubt? for it is clear that Orlando's suspicions were not aroused. But in the brief interval that elapses before she again sees him, events have occurred which turn his thoughts into another channel. In that charmed forest region,

where everything is "as you like it," events move swiftly. Celia, who has hitherto mocked at love, becomes, as such mockers often do, its unresisting victim. In the repentant Oliver she has met her fate, and he his. Making all allowance for the necessity of bringing the action of the play to a speedy conclusion, the readiness with which Celia succumbs to Oliver's suit is somewhat startling. Shakespeare felt this himself, and does his best to take the edge off its apparent improbability. How wittily has he made Rosalind discourse of it to Orlando!—

"There never was anything so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of 'I came, saw, and overcame:' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage. . . . They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them."

This is very amusing, but Orlando can only think how enviable is his brother's case compared with his own. "They shall be married to-morrow," he says, "and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, oh, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!" The sad earnestness with which this is said finds an echo in Rosalind's own feelings, as she replies, "Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?" Can we wonder at his answer, "I can live no longer by thinking"—worked up to a very fever-heat of yearning devotion as he has been to his ideal Rosalind, by the hours and days he has spent in playing the lover to the pretty youth who has borne her

name, and kept her image continually before him, fascinating him hour after hour by all the qualities which he had dreamed his ideal to possess? When *Rosalind* had herself got to the point, that she "could not live out of the sight" of her lover, and had learned, by what she suffered at the thought of his recent danger, how essential he had become to her happiness, she was not likely to be deaf to this outcry of *Orlando's* hungry heart. The time has come for her to yield. But she will keep up the illusion under which he labours a little longer, so she answers:—

"I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speak to some purpose) . . . that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love *Rosalind* so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible for me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for, if you will be married to-morrow, you shall,—and to *Rosalind*, if you will."

Their colloquy is interrupted by the arrival of *Phebe* with *Silvius*. *Phebe* tasks *Ganymede* with "much ungentleness" for having shown *Silvius* her letter. With pretty imperiousness *Rosalind* replies:—

"I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem ungentle and despitful to
you:

You are there followed by a faithful
shepherd;

Look upon him, love him: he worships
you."

The humbled *Phebe* can only answer by asking *Silvius* to "tell this youth what 'tis to love." The charming scene which ensues, in which *Silvius* fulfils his task with a skill the most passionate lyrist might envy, gives *Rosalind* a further opportunity of assuring herself of her lover's devotion. All that *Silvius* protests he feels for *Phebe*, *Orlando* protests he feels for *Rosalind*; and when at last, addressing *Rosalind*, he says, "If this be so, why blame you me to love you?" he speaks as though it was his "very very *Rosalind*" he were addressing. On this she catches him up at once, saying—

"*Ros.* Whom do you speak to?
'Why blame you me to love you?'

Orl. To her that is not here, nor
doth not hear."

But *Rosalind*, finding the "homily of love," in which *Orlando*, *Silvius*, and *Phebe* echo each other, grow tedious, breaks in upon them with the words—

"Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. I will help you [to *Silvius*] if I can: I would love you [to *Phebe*] if I could. To-morrow meet we all together. I will marry you [to *Phebe*] if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow. I will satisfy you [to *Orlando*] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow. I will content you [to *Silvius*], if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. As you [to *Orlando*] love *Rosalind*, meet; as you [to *Silvius*] love *Phebe*, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well: I have left you commands."

The ascendancy which the boy *Ganymede* has established over all who come within his sphere is so complete, that *Orlando*, *Phebe*, and *Silvius* part from him with a complete belief that he will accomplish everything he has promised. *Orlando* reports to the Duke the hope

that has been held out to him; and any misgiving he may have had would be dispelled, when presently he finds (act v. sc. 4) that the boy Ganymede comes to ask the banished Duke if, when he shall bring in his daughter, he will give her to Orlando. His answer, "That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her," removes the only obstacle which as a dutiful daughter she would recognise. But not till she has obtained a fresh assurance from Orlando, that he would marry his Rosalind "were he of all kingdoms king," and from Phebe that if she refuses to marry Ganymede she will give herself to Silvius, does she go away "to make all doubts even" by appearing forthwith in her own true character, along with Celia, and led on by "Hymen."

It is she, of course, who has arranged the masque of Hymen, keeping up to the last the film of glamour which she has thrown around her lover and the other strangers to her secret. Mr Macready, in his revival of the play at Drury Lane, with Mrs Nesbitt as Rosalind, restored it to the stage; but beautiful as it is in itself, and bringing this charming love-romance most appropriately to a close, yet it delays the action too much for scenic purposes. Hymen's lines, as he leads in Rosalind and Celia in their wedding-robcs, are like a strain of sweet music, solemn but not sad, as befits a bridal hymn:—

"Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even

Atone together.

Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand in his
Whose heart within her bosom is."

How beautiful is this last line,
and how fully does it express that

perfect union of the two lovers' hearts!

With her masking guise, Rosalind drops the witty volubility that has served her purpose so well. Her words are few, but they are pregnant with feeling. Turning to her father, she says, "To you I give myself, for I am yours;" and while still hanging on his breast, she holds out her hand to Orlando, repeating the same words. What others could so well express the surrender which a loving daughter here makes of herself to the lover "whose heart within her bosom is"? Her own heart is too full to say much; her soul too much enwrapped in the thoughts which the climax of marriage brings to a noble woman, for her to sport with the surprise which this sudden revelation produces:—

"Duke. If there be truth in sight, you
are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you
are my Rosalind.

Phebe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love, adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be
not he;

I'll have no husband, if you be not he;
Nor e'er wed woman, if you [to Phebe]
be not she."

But the "conclusion of these most strange events" is not yet. Oliver, we have been told, had determined to settle upon Orlando "all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, and live and die a shepherd in the forest" with his Celia. She, on the other hand, had, as we have seen, long since told Rosalind that, when Duke Frederick died, Rosalind should be his heir. But now Rosalind is to resume her state by means more direct. The usurping Duke, smitten with remorse, as we learn from Sir Rowland's second son, who at this point appears upon the scene, has taken to a religious life—

"His crown bequeathing to his banish'd
brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them
again
That were with him exil'd."

Thus is the wrong made right: this alone was wanted to complete the story, "As You Like It."

No word escapes from Rosalind's lips, as we watch her there, the woman in all her beauty and perfect grace, now calmly happy, beside a father restored to "a potent dukedom," and a lover whom she knows to be wholly worthy to wield that dukedom, when in due season she will endow him with it as her husband. Happiest of women! for who else ever had such means of testing that love on which her own happiness depends? In the days that are before her, all the largeness of heart, the rich imagination, the bright commanding intellect, which made her the presiding genius of the forest of Arden, will work with no less beneficent sway in the larger sphere of princely duty. With what delight will she recur with her lover-husband to the strange accidents of fortune which "forced sweet love on pranks of saucy boyhood," and to the never-to-be-forgotten hours when he was a second time "o'erthrown" by the wit, the playful wiles, the inexplicable charm of the young Ganymede! How, too, in all the grave duties of the high position to which his alliance will raise him, will he not only possess in her an honoured and admired companion, but will also find wise guidance and support in her clear intelligence and courageous will! It is thus, at least, that I dream of my dear Rosalind and her Orlando.

"O, they will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
And so through those dark gates across
the wild
That no man knows."

Oliver's proposal to make over his estates to Orlando, and "to live and die a shepherd in the forest," naturally falls to the ground with the reinstatement of Rosalind's father in his duchy. He will resume his former position—his "land and great allies," as Jaques says—and Rosalind and Celia will not be separated. Is it likely that Rosalind should be outdone in generosity? When the heavens were "at their sorrows pale," Celia insisted upon sharing her banishment. Could Rosalind's happiness be complete without the love and presence of that constant dearest friend? No! If they might not henceforward move, "like Juno's swans, still coupled and inseparable," yet they must pass their lives near each other, and in ever sweet and loving communion.

Much as I have written, I feel how imperfectly I have brought out all that this delightful play has been and is to me. I can but hope that I have said enough to show why I gave my whole heart to Rosalind, and found an ever new delight in trying to impersonate her.

Never was that delight greater than the last time I did so. As it happened, it was the last time I appeared upon the stage. The occasion was a benefit, in October 1879, for the widow of Mr Charles Calvert, himself an excellent actor, who had spent many years in producing Shakespeare worthily to the Manchester public at the Prince's Theatre. In his revivals he had kept the scene-painter and the costume-maker under wise control, insisting that what they did should be subservient to the development of character and of plot. His death was justly felt by the Manchester public to be a great loss to

the dramatic art, and it was a pleasure to me to join with them in doing honour to his memory. He told me once a pretty story of his wife. He had sent her to see me in *Rosalind*, at the Theatre Royal—for I never acted in his theatre. On returning home, he found her in tears. Upon inquiring the reason, she replied, "How could you ever allow me to go upon the stage for *Rosalind*? I am ashamed of myself, for I see I knew nothing about her." It reminded me of what had been my own case, until I had made the loving study of her which I have tried to describe.

I can never forget the warmth of my Manchester friends that night, when I left my retirement to join in helping the widow and children, whom their old manager had left behind him. I had expected, and thought I had nerved myself to meet, a cordial greeting, but this was so prolonged and so overwhelming, that it took away my breath; and even when at last it ceased, I could not recover myself enough to speak. My agitation quite alarmed the young lady by my side, who acted *Celia*, Miss Kate Patteson, and we stood like a pair of dummies for a moment or two, until the renewed plaudits of the audience roused us to a sense of what was expected from us. The old sensation of stage-fright, never completely lost, came back upon me as freshly then as upon the night of my first appearance. After a while, when this had passed away in the interest of the scene, I was full of gratitude to find that I had not rusted in my privacy. I had found also in the rehearsal of the previous day, which, from the large number attending it, became almost a performance, that I had as much delight in depicting the life of one so dear to my imagination, and that I could do so with as much

freshness and elasticity as at the beginning of my career.

I was interested very much by seeing the careful study which the actors on this occasion, mostly amateurs, had given to all the characters, great and small, in the play. It was a pleasure to act beside so much intelligence and artistic talent. I felt quite a keen regret when this not-to-be-repeated performance was over.

How many fine parts there are in this play, as indeed there must be in every great play, and how great would be the delight of acting in it with every character adequately developed! How little do those who usually act what are called the smaller parts know the gems within their reach, and the fine opportunities they throw away! I have tried in my rehearsals to bring those who acted with me up to the highest level I could, by calling their attention to these opportunities (though not always with success), and showing them the fine passages they had overlooked. Some were incapable of seeing the author's meaning, some indifferent to it; others have looked as though I were taking a liberty, and had no business to leave my own character and interfere with theirs; some few, I am glad to say, have thanked me when they found the audience recognise and appreciate the significance given to the text by following my suggestions.

Out of London I never saw the play of "*As You Like It*" more fully enjoyed or better acted than in Edinburgh. There, in the first years of my visits, a fine illustration was given of the way in which a minor part may be raised into importance by the actor's skill. Mr Murray, the manager, was the William. Night after night I used to go to the side scene to see the

only bit in the fifth act in which he appears with Touchstone. He was the very man, one felt, whom Shakespeare had in his mind,—dress, voice, look, manner, were all life-like ;—just such a blunder-headed, good-natured, staring, grinning, frightened oaf as at once provokes and falls an easy victim to the waggishness of Touchstone. He had so little to say, and yet so much to suggest.

The Touchstone of the same theatre in those days, a Mr Lloyd, was almost the best I have ever seen ; and though wanting in the courtly demeanour, which I think is one of Touchstone's characteristics, he brought out the dry, quaint, sententious humour of the man with the happiest effect.

One word about the Epilogue before I conclude. This, as it is written, was fit enough for the mouth of a boy-actor of women's parts in Shakespeare's time, but it is altogether out of tone with the Lady Rosalind. It is the stage tradition to speak it, and I, of course, followed the tradition—never, however, without a kind of shrinking distaste for my task. Some of the words I omitted, and some I altered, and I did my best, in giving it, to make it serve to illustrate how the high-toned win-

ning woman reasserted herself in Rosalind, when she laid aside her doublet and hose. I have been told that I succeeded in this. Still, speaking the Epilogue remained the one drawback on my pleasure. In it one addresses the audience neither as Ganymede nor as Rosalind, but as one's own very self. Anything of this kind was repugnant to me, my desire always being to lose myself in the character I was representing. When taken thus perforce out of my ideal, I felt stranded and altogether unhappy. Except when obliged, as in this instance, I never addressed an audience, having neither the wish nor the courage to do so. Therefore, as I advanced to speak the Epilogue, a painful shyness came over me, a kind of nervous fear lest I should forget what I had to say,—a fear I never had at other times,—and thus the closing words always brought to me a sense of inexpressible relief.

But I have detained you long enough,—and now I will set you free ; for which release, I hope, in the words of that Epilogue, you will, “when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.” — Ever, my dear Mr Browning, sincerely yours,

HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN.

THE WATERS OF HERCULES.—PART III.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE VALLEY-GOD.

“ . . . denn sehr geliebt von den Göttern
Wohnen wir weit abwärts.”

—Voss's *Odyssey*.

WHEN the Romans — so says Roumanian tradition — wearied with the conquest of the world, began to sigh after rest and refreshment, it was to the valley of Hercules they came to seek it. Here, to heal their wounds and strengthen their enfeebled limbs, they passed three days and three nights sitting up to their necks in the hot sulphur-springs,—a proceeding, let it be parenthetically observed, which would have meant certain death to anything short of an ancient Roman. But an antique constitution could defy anything, it seems; for on the third day of this memorable bath, the heroes, emerging from the sulphur waves, found that they had not only regained their former strength, but had doubled and quadrupled it. Their muscles were iron, their blood was fire; and in the drunkenness of their new-born life they cried aloud: “What enemy is strong enough to be worthy of our sword? Behold, all countries of the earth are trampled, let us measure our strength with Heaven!”

In spite, however, of the sulphur-springs, the war between Rome and Heaven proved unequal; and the conquerors of the world, repeating the angels' fall, lost not only the battle with Heaven, but their possessions upon earth as well. And thus, according to the Roumanian peasant's theory, the Hercules Waters caused the fall of Rome.

Notwithstanding this magnifi-

cent failure, the sulphur springs to this day retain power enough to do almost anything, except raising man to the level of a god,—so, at least, say the people of the country; and it must be confessed that in the lonely depth of that valley, penetrated with its wildness, intoxicated by its beauty, even a stranger feels inclined to share the half-superstitious and almost adoring awe with which the Roumanian peasant regards the “sacred” springs of Hercules.

Some lingering trace of heathendom seems indeed still to hang about the valley. In this remote corner of the earth the ancient gods are not quite forgotten. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that, though he has his blest medals and his relics, though he beats his breast and tells his beads, yet every peasant of the valley is at heart a little bit of an innocent pagan. He will never fail to sprinkle himself with holy water on leaving church; yet, if the truth were known, the *Apa Hercului* (Hercules Water), whose almost miraculous effects he daily sees, is to him the holier water of the two. He will never forget to bend his head low when he passes by a wayside cross; but—with unconscious idol-worship—he bends it still lower when he passes by the stone Hercules, that stands like the guardian spirit of the place, and has stood here since the time of the Romans.

Mythology and Christianity are inextricably jumbled up in the

rustic mind; and though, practically, the valley inhabitants may be as good Christians as any peasants of any country, their idea of the Creator of the world is yet slightly mixed up with their idea of the hero of the twelve great labours of antiquity. It is by his name that the men of the valley swear; it is with the fear of his club that the women of the valley silence their crying children. He is at once their patron and their bogey.

"The god of the valley," is a phrase so current in the popular mouth, that even strangers adopt it; and though they be enlightened enough to laugh at superstition, and learned enough to understand the chemical analysis of the Hercules Waters, yet unconsciously they slip into the habit of talking of the "Sacred Springs."

Perhaps the deep shade, so seldom lifted from the valley, serves to feed this mysterious awe; for the hours of sunlight are short and rare. When Gretchen opened her eyes on the morning following their arrival, the forenoon was well advanced, and yet no sunbeam had reached the depth of the valley. The morning mist still lingered, weaving a soft chill bloom over everything. The sun will burn that bloom away, when it has risen high enough to look over the mountains. The mountains! How wonderful they were! Gretchen's eyes rose towards them and hung there entranced. The picture had a strange power of fascination: the cold shadowy valley, the mountains yellow with the morning sun, and towering so near as to shut out the sky. It might have been awful, if it had not been so beautiful.

I do not suppose that there is in Europe any watering-place of importance which compresses itself

into such a limited space as the Baths of Hercules. The Baths of Hercules have had no choice in the matter; compression was unavoidable, for the simple reason that there was no more room in which to expand. Two rows of houses, forming a short street, is all that the width of the valley will allow of—the river Djernis filling up what remains in breadth. Most of these houses are old and shabby, but three of the buildings belong to a more modern date. The *Cursalon*, graceful and majestic, seems to press its Byzantine walls and elaborate roof straight against the rock behind, which falls in a sheer precipice from the mountain. On each side a sweep of covered arcade connects the *Cursalon* with a monster hotel. A tiny church stands as the last building of the miniature town; and when that is passed, there is nothing but solitude. The very road dies away, and the footpath grows rougher, and the Djernis's voice louder, the higher the explorer strays up the valley.

This spot of earth seems to be connected with nothing else on earth: the beautiful wilderness is a kingdom by itself, and to the kingdom there is not wanting a king. A Hungarian of high family and large fortune was the present lord of the valley—or, to put it more plainly, Baron István Tolnay was the tenant who held the place in lease direct from the hands of Government, and under whose sway every visitor and doctor, every hotel-keeper and *restaurateur*, found himself perforce placed. The "valley-king" enjoyed a regard next only to that paid to the "valley-god"; and could the rustic conception of power and authority have been summed up in three words, the result would have been—*Dumne-*

deû (the Lord God), Hercules, and the Baron.

"I shall certainly fall asleep if I sit still much longer," said Gretchen on that first afternoon as they sat at the hotel window. One night's rest had not been enough to make up for the many that had been lost, and the sound of the rushing river hummed in her ears like a lullaby.

Ascelinde was not to be moved from her sofa; so contenting herself with the escort of her brother Kurt, Gretchen started on her first journey of discovery.

Kurt Mohr, be it here observed, was a rather strange specimen of humanity. Neither exactly a boy nor exactly a man, he had never really been the one nor was he yet the other, and yet he was both. His sixteenth birthday had been passed some months ago; but though by his stature he might have been taken for less, in expression and manner he generally was taken for more. In frame he was short and somewhat thick-set, in face sallow and square-featured: there was no particle of his sister's beauty about him; the difference between the two was the difference between a goblin and a fairy. But Kurt was not a goblin of the repulsive sort: a look of careless contentment sat for ever on his face; he had never been known to lose his temper, never been seen flurried, never was in a hurry, never was excited. Throughout the whole of the worries of travelling, his contentment had remained unflawed: no noise seemed to disturb him; no dust could succeed in clinging to him; no mid-day sun could heat him; no sight betray him into an exclamation of wonder. With his hands in his pockets he had stared at each prospect in turn, and taken it all for granted.

As he now walked down the

valley beside Gretchen, he looked as cool and careless as if he had walked down precisely this same path every day for years past, and had contemplated this same prospect ever since he possessed eyesight. He took everything for granted—from the peasant-women who carried their babies in wooden boxes on their backs, to the mountain-ranges which obscured the sky.

Brother and sister strayed into the small *Curgarten*, and from there into the covered arcades, where in the height of the season all shopping is done. Everything as yet bore the stamp of the opening season: most of the shops were still closed; some were entering on preparations; glass panes were being polished, and packing-cases opened. They looked into the *Cursalon* and saw a lofty space handsomely decorated in the oriental style, and with piles of velvet chairs stowed into a corner. At the far end one puny youth in shirt-sleeves was languidly rubbing the floor with a cloth: the sound of his steps echoed round and round the large apartment. The hotels seemed all to be breathing in a supply of fresh air for the summer; every window was wide open; within the bath-houses thermometer and shower-baths were being tested and put to rights.

Further on the air was charged with sulphur-fumes; but when the last building was passed, and the loneliness of the valley gained, there were only the wild flowers to scent the breeze. The footpath ran on the top of the river-bank; and the noise and gurgling of the water was so great, that it seemed to fill the whole valley with its sound. The overhanging rocks re-echoed it, and the trees nodded in the wind as they bent to listen to it. They came to a

bridge, and caught sight of a path winding up into the wood at the other side. Its tempting invitation was not be resisted.

"Kurt," said Gretchen, "if I thought there were no bears and wolves in that forest, I should go up at once; it looks so beautiful there!"

Kurt having expressed the greatest contempt for the bears and wolves suggested, the ascent was accordingly risked.

It was indeed beautiful in the wood. From between the stones of the rugged pathway the maiden-hair and spleenwort were beginning to peep in tiny, tender, green points; young brackens were uncoiling their crisp, brown rings; the lilac-bushes, growing wild, flung their fresh scent on the air, and clustered in coloured masses against the young green of beech-trees, just bursting into perfect leaf. The branches of hawthorn and bramble, white with blossom, broke through the midst of green tangles and floated on each breath of air. A few late violets still lingered and hung their bleached heads, drooping in the shade of rising cowslips, and fading beside the brightness of blue lobelia, which spread itself up and down the banks in gaudy patches. The wild vine was only now beginning to spin fine threads round the branches on which it hung; soft green tendrils clung timidly where still rustled the dry brown stalks, and here and there dangled a withered leaf of last year's growth. Only the sober fir-trees, solitary among the beeches, had not thought of putting on summer garments; tall they stood and dark, wellnigh black, amid all the freshness of young flowers and bursting buds.

It was beautiful, but it was silent; for silence is the peculi-

arity of these secluded forests. There was not a bird's note in the whole height and depth of the woods, nor coming from the mountains around. There was no chirrup and flutter to tell you of a thrush-family learning to fly, nor any cry of an anxious parent-bird; there was no blackbird flying up startled from its nest in the hawthorn-bush. It was all a death-like silence; only the rush of the Djernis down there, turned to a far-off murmur here, and the rattle which a squirrel made high above Gretchen's head, as slowly she climbed the steep path.

In this country the people explain everything by legends; and the peasant of the Hercules valley has a legend to account for the silence of his woods. Once the valley not only had songsters, but such wonderful songsters that their voices attracted the attention of the gods and awakened their jealousy. "We have nothing like that in Olympus," they said; and having apparently a taste for good music, they robbed the feathered musicians for their own service and delight. But the gods had reckoned without their host; soon there arose in the valley music of another sort. The cries of the deprived people were so piercing that they quite prevailed over the birds in Olympus; and in order to pacify the screamers and enjoy their orchestra in peace, the gods caused the Djernis river to flow, and gave it a voice of musical sweetness.

More learned but less poetical people account for the want of singing-birds by the injurious effects of the sulphur-steams. To this latter theory, as being the more logical of the two, Gretchen would probably have agreed. But the want of birds did not strike her; for she had never been

in a wood before, and even a wood without birds was enchantment enough. She did not stay long on the path; the first clump of cowslips on which her eyes fell, was inducement enough to leave it. She returned with her hands half full; she went off again for a branch of pink and white hawthorn; she broke her way through the bushes back to the path; but just then the sunlight, which fell slanting into the wood, had touched a drooping head of lilac, melting it into liquid colour, and Gretchen felt that she must have that lilac. She reached it and tore it down; but there were more slanting sunbeams and they fell through the branches upon other lilacs, and upon yellow cowslips, which under their touch glowed into living gold; and they bronzed the uncurling brackens, and speckled the moss, until Gretchen, wandering on from bush to bush, and always meaning to turn back, and never doing so, stood still at last with both her hands full, and looked around her in perplexity, wondering where the path could be.

"Kurt!" she called out; "Kurt, where are you?" and then she stood still and listened.

The bushes rustled, and Kurt appeared with his hands in his pockets.

"Kurt, have you a notion where the path is?"

"Not the faintest."

"We cannot have lost our way," said Gretchen; "it stands to reason that the path is close at hand, but I am not going to look for it till I have rested."

Gretchen, as she spoke, threw down her armful of flowers, and sat down beside them on the sloping bank. Her hair had got

loosened as she broke through the bushes; it floated over her shoulders like a veil of gold; a head of white hawthorn had been caught in the silken net, and hung there a willing prisoner.

Gretchen drew a long breath of the evening air, and half unconsciously she sank back upon the bank. It made such a luxurious couch, and the loose sheaf of flowers she had gathered was such a soft pillow for her head. She put up her hands and clasped them behind her neck, and lay staring up into the branches and the quivering leaves overhead.

"You look like a large babe in a wood," remarked Kurt, crouching on the ground and pulling up an ivy-trail with his fingers.

"Leave me in peace," was the drowsy remonstrance.

"So I shall, presently," said Kurt, throwing the ivy-trail across his sister, and looking up at the nearest beech-tree with the eye of a connoisseur, as if marking its most favourable points of attack. There was a long silence before he spoke again.

"You are not going to sleep, are you?" he asked, showering a handful of anemone-heads over Gretchen.

"Oh no," she murmured in luxurious drowsiness. "What are you throwing at me? What have you put round my arms? Cannot you leave me alone?" She stirred her arm and heard some leaves rustling. Kurt was laughing in his impish way; but her eyelids were too heavy to raise themselves.

It was so pleasant to lie here—the moss so soft—the trees rustling—or was it the Djernis?—

It did not matter which, for Gretchen was asleep.

CHAPTER IX.—THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

"There she lay, and was so beautiful that he could not turn away his eyes; and he could not help himself, but bent down and gave her a kiss. And scarcely had he kissed her, than she opened her eyes."—GRIMM'S *Fairy Tales*.

The coffee-house and *restaurant* in the old street of the Hercules Baths had not slept through the winter, like the *Cursalon* and the big modern hotels. It lived through the cold months in a state of half torpor, blinking its open eyes at the many shut eyes around it. When the whole valley is bound in ice, and when each tree up the mountain-side hangs heavy with snow, the shabby room in the interior of the old coffee-house is a sort of bear's den, where the small handful of men, whose duties chain them here in season and out of season, sit drawn together in a narrow circle,—their wants attended to by a couple of inferior waiters on half-wages,—while the snow-flakes fall on the window, and the smoke of their cigars curls up to the low ceiling and slowly stains the dingy walls. In the height of summer, the guests spread themselves on the verandah outside, and eat their food in the shade of alternate pomegranates and oleander-trees, and to the music of the Hercules fountain; for it is here that the stone figure stands, leaning on its club, guarding the waters which flow at its feet.

But now the pomegranates and oleanders are still stowed away at the back; the verandah outside is bare and chairless, and everything still concentrates itself in the low-roofed, dingy dining-room; for the beginning of May is scarcely the beginning of the season here.

The inferior waiters are attending to the wants of the solitary occupant of the room,—a Roumanian doctor, who practises in winter at Bucharest and in summer

at the Hercules Baths. This Roumanian is enormous, black-haired and unkempt, and his wants are strong coffee and spirits. The enormous doctor is a good deal bored with his own society, and glances up and down the short piece of street in hopes of an acquaintance, but there is nobody in sight.

"Bring me a paper, will you?" he calls to a man in a shabby black coat, who is passing through the room.

The man in the shabby black coat looks at him over his shoulder, and does not bring the paper. A fussy waiter rushes in, waving a paper four days old, and whispers in an awestruck tone that the man in the shabby coat is the landlord, and you could hardly expect a landlord—&c.

"Why?" remonstrates the Roumanian; "he always used to be a waiter; I remember him changing my plate every day last year."

"Oh, last year! yes," whispered the frightened waiter; "but you know—in winter—married the landlady;"—in a deeper whisper—"first husband shot himself—winter before that again;"—in a whisper so profound as to be scarcely audible—"nothing else to do."

"Ah, I understand," says the Roumanian, grasping the situation.

The surroundings of the Djeris valley in winter were indeed such as to reduce a man to marring his grandmother, or murdering her for the sake of a variety. The Roumanian doctor had had glimpses of the landlady, and, from what he remembered of her charms, it appeared not improbable that the

second husband should shoot himself next winter, as the first had done the last; leaving thus an alternate wedding and suicide, relieving each other in an endless vista for many more winters to come. Dreary winters! the marriage as dismal as the suicide; the suicide as gay as the marriage.

"Bah! bring me another paper, —the 'Pester Lloyd.'"

"Don't keep it yet; begin most of our papers on the 15th. Only keep two in winter. The new landlord"—lowering his voice again—"has cut down things."

"*Me Hercle!*" ejaculated the Roumanian, pushing his unwashed hand through his uncombed hair, which, unchecked by any scissors, had been allowed to reach his shoulders, and hung there in a heavy black fringe.

This Roumanian was of what he himself called a soft and impressionable nature. In private he was much given to scribbling verses in the Roumanian tongue; and by a strange coincidence, or a strange string of coincidences, these sonnets happened never to be addressed to his wife. In public he was equally given to arranging fireworks, musical entertainments, and other means of public amusement. Public amusement, indeed, appeared to lie nearer his heart than the public health. He always declared himself to be passionately attached to each of his eight children; but the anxieties which he occasioned to the practical-minded mother, were obstacles in the way of their bringing-up, scarcely to be made up for by effusive caresses and showers of kisses.

The picture of winter desolation sketched out by the whispering waiter was enough to depress his sensitive mind, though he had often before heard the like pictures

described; and he sat with his fingers among his hair, plunged in melancholy reflections, until the opening of the coffee-room door aroused him from meditation.

The German *Bade* doctor, Funk by name, a timid startled man, slipped into the room, and, answering to a vociferous invitation, joined his Roumanian colleague at the table. Some minutes were passed in discussing the landlady's marriage, the prospects for the season, the few interesting cases which had as yet appeared.

"I don't believe there are more than twenty names on the *Curliste* yet," said the Roumanian, with a groan. "I never saw such a late season. I wonder if there are any more guests expected this week. The Baron ought to know. Where can he be hiding himself all this time?"

"I saw Baron Tolnay with his gun a little time ago," ventured Dr Funk. "I think he mentioned something about a bear, or several bears;" not daring to be too positive on the point.

"Bah! I wish I had stayed at Bucharest till the 15th," said the Roumanian, shaking the shaggy hair from his forehead. "There is nothing to be done here. Are you treating that English lady they speak of? The first English patient who has ever strayed so far!"

Dr Funk confessed that he was treating the English lady.

"And her husband came last night," pursued the Roumanian. "He is an English lord they say. How on earth will he pass his time here,—unless, to be sure, he takes to writing sonnets? *Uitisce!* *uitisce!* (see! see!) what is that? Softly, my friend!" as the door flew open under the scratch of a heavy paw, and a large grey dog stalked majestically into the room.

"Where is your master, Pasha?" asked the Roumanian, stretching out a big hand; "he cannot be far off if you are here. I thought you were after the bears, eh?"

"He is coming," whispered the *Bade* doctor to his companion. "Ha, by the club of Hercules! here is the Baron himself. Perhaps he can tell us more."

The coffee-room door again creaked on its hinges, and a young man, wearing a fancy sporting attire of grey and green, and having a feathered hat on his head, and a gun slung over his shoulder, entered the room whistling.

"A glass of cognac, quick!" he called out, standing just within the door.

The nervous waiter fluttered his napkin, and executed a series of agitated bows; while the landlord himself, returning for the moment to his servile habits, ran nimbly for the cognac, and brought the glass deftly balanced on a plate, in the manner which had been acquired in the days of his past obscurity.

Both doctors had risen, and had inclined themselves, each after his fashion—the German doctor profoundly, the Roumanian theatrically—and then remained standing as though in the presence of royalty, until a careless gesture of the sportsman told them to resume their seats.

"Baron Tolnay," began the Roumanian, whose nature was not prone to be overawed for long even in presence of the omnipotent valley-king. "Can you not tell us what the new English lord is going to do with himself here?"

"Hang himself, probably," said the young man, having tossed off the cognac with the gesture of an *habitué*, and holding out the empty glass towards the cringing landlord.

"But cannot we devise a plan for saving him from suicide?" and the doctor pushed a chair suggestively towards the Baron.

"You must devise it without me then, Kokovics; for my men are waiting up there," shrugging his left shoulder in a general way towards the mountains. "I settled the place and the hour, and I shall hardly reach it in time as it is."

Tolnay made a step forward into the room, and stood with one hand on the back of the chair which the Roumanian had pushed towards him. He was a man not over twenty-eight, looking younger from the vivacity of his manner. Thanks to his expressive eyes—black eyes full of the fire of youth—and thanks to his slight, well-knit figure, he was handsome, though his features were not regular, nor his stature tall above the average.

"I will tell you what," said Dr Kokovics, after a reflective pause, during which he had been searching his memory for some traditional scraps which lingered there; "we must give the English lord plenty of water,—water in all shapes,—water to drink, water to fish in, water to wash in—particularly to wash in"—he repeated with a sort of wondering emphasis—"that is what they do all day long,—wash—wash without resting. They are very mad, those English"—and the Roumanian shook his head as he contemplated the complexion of his own hands, and thought how well they got on without soap and water.

"More charitable to drown him at once, my dear Kokovics," interpolated young Tolnay, with a yawn expressive of *ennui*.

"No, Baron; depend upon it, water will create the happiness of Lord—what is he called?"

"Ouare," completed Dr Funk.

"Hovart," corrected the Baron.

Dr Funk yielded the point at once.

"As for the other guests that came last night," chattered on Kokovics, "they will present no difficulty, for they are Germans, and Germans are proverbially content with their knitting and the delights of their family circle. Have you heard their name yet, Baron Tolnay?"

"*Mohr*, I fancy, it stands. Madame Ascelinde *Mohr*, *née* Comtesse Damianovics de Draskócs, or some wonderful nonsense of the sort; and a daughter, if I remember right, and a son. Has any one seen the daughter, by the by?"

No one had seen the daughter.

"Patience," said Tolnay, taking his foot off the bar of the chair, and jerking up the gun on his shoulder. "No daughter can remain hidden here for long. Pasha, come away with you!"

"So you are really going, Baron," said Dr Kokovics in a tone of dissatisfaction, as the Hungarian turned and whistled for his dog. "What is your game? Bears?"

"Yes, bears; or anything else either. Probably bears."

"Probably—anything," repeated the Roumanian, squeezing one of his eyes shut, and heaving a sentimental sigh. "Oh, Baron, you look like a very keen sportsman indeed. I suppose bears will do as well as anything else to pass the time with until Princess Tryphosa makes the valley glorious again with her presence."

The Hungarian pushed up his feathered hat and settled it more firmly on his forehead. "Nonsense, Kokovics! mind your own business; you have enough on hand to need your attention, I fancy."

He made an attempt at a frown, as he pressed down his hat with his hand; but his black eyes sparkled, and an expressive smile made his face more handsome, as a row of even white teeth shone for a moment in sharp contrast to the blackness of his hair.

"Good luck, Baron," cried Kokovics as Tolnay reached the door, which Pasha, with a bloodthirsty eagerness, was impatiently scratching open, as though he already smelt a flavour of bears.

"My luck never fails me," said Tolnay as he slammed the door, and walked out whistling into the spring evening; while Pasha, having given one bound, and barked one permissible bark of excitement, settled down into a stately stalk at his master's heels.

Up the valley Tolnay's road led him, past the Catholic chapel, into the solitude beyond. His men were waiting for him up there on the mountain-side, and as he struck up the path he cast a glance at his watch.

"Half an hour late—that is Kokovics with his chatter. I must take the short cut,"—and leaving the path, he breaks his way through the bushes and tramps over mosses and ferns upwards, and always upwards.

István Tolnay never throws a glance on the hawthorn branches which he pushes aside and leaves hanging broken behind him, nor at the cowslips which lie with crushed stalks after he has passed, and do not rise again. He has seen these spring flowers here so often, growing in just the same way, that they can make no impression on his mind. He does not notice them, nor think of them. What is he thinking of, as he walks up whistling through the thickly grown flowers? Is he thinking of the Princess Tryphosa? Or is he

in imagination face to face with a bear, like Pasha, whose paws sink heavily into the emerald moss, and whose lowered head and fixed eye denote a stern concentration of mind?

It is not late yet. Outside in the wide flat world the sun will not sink for another hour; but in the Djernis valley the day is shorter by several hours than elsewhere. The last blaze of sunshine is falling on the hillside to the left, and will presently die away behind the lofty rampart, and leave the rocks and trees cold, and the valley in black shadow till late to-morrow morning.

István treads down a clump of sprouting fern, and puts out his hand to bend aside a branch.

Ha! what is this? A low sound at his heels coming from the depth of Pasha's capacious chest, as with glaring eye he presses forward.

The Hungarian's gun is unslung already, and his fingers on the trigger.

A bear so low in the valley at this season! How could this be?

Cautiously he makes a step forward, holding the hawthorn twig for fear of its snapping, and then stands motionless, with extended neck and searching eyes which glance over the space beyond.

He has not long to search, for it is here that the vanishing sun is throwing its rays in a shower, and right in the middle of the yellow light a girl lies asleep on the bank.

But how is this? Can this figure be mortal indeed? Is this a creature of flesh and blood? or not rather some fairy of the woods, some princess who has slept here for a hundred years; who has slept for so long bewitched that the ivy has grown over her, trailing round her feet and in her hair, and on her arms clasped high behind her head? Some sleeping princess,

surely—and is he the lucky man who is to waken her? Her very dress seems to be grown from the bank; garments woven of the leaves and the dark-green moss on which she lies. So softly they fall around her, so gently they shape themselves to the curves of her graceful figure! Her head is thrown back upon her clasped hands, showing the line of a milk-white throat, and pillowed on a great sheaf of flowers, yellow and purple and pink; and on the crowded flower-heads, turning them into transparent gems,—and on the waves of her loosened hair, drawing through it trembling threads of red fire, the last of the sunlight falls.

István Tolnay was twenty-eight, and he was a Hungarian; his imagination was inflammable and his nature impetuous. This sudden vision of beauty bursting upon his eye, under all the flattering, magical influence of the checkered sunlight, made his thoughts grow wild for a moment and his heart beat fast; while his fancy, ever ready at a touch, set to weaving the realities of the surroundings into the fit framework of a fairy tale.

He let the hawthorn branches fall together behind him, with a gentle hand this time, and in wondering bewilderment he made a step forward, his gun sunk by his side, while with the other hand he held back the eager dog who dragged at his collar, flaring and straining; too much in awe of rightful authority to bark, or even to growl, but not quite able to suppress a mournful whine, expressive of mental agitation. István made a step forward, wondering, and then made another step, and wondered still more, always standing still again, for fear of breaking the spell of that sleep.

There was a white flower hanging in her hair, half on it and half on the moss,—a head of white hawthorn, drooping and fading already, but the magical light had touched it too, and it shone like a fairy star.

Now he stood close to her, looking down at the lovely face, where the curling lashes, gold-tipped like the hair, swept the fair flushed cheek. His heart-beats quickened; a desire almost irresistible rose in him, a powerful curiosity to see of what colour these closed eyes might be,—a wish to stoop and wake the sleeping beauty, in the way that the prince always wakes her in the fairy tale. He was not used to denial of the things he wished; he stooped, and his hand was on the hawthorn, while on his other side the forgotten Pasha, half choked by the unconscious hold on his collar, turned up his eyes with a humble inquiry as to whether he was to lick the sleeping beauty's hands or tear her to pieces.

István held the flower, then he gazed at it, then he kissed it, for his fancy was on fire. That girl on the ground seemed to lie drowned in a flood of gold. One wave of hair, straying forward over her shoulder, rose and fell with her breath. He must act the fairy prince, though it were madness to repent of ever after. The kiss upon the white flower had been sweet, but the kiss upon that living red flower would be sweeter still. He stooped again, lower this time.

Something rattled through the branches overhead, and hit him sharply on the neck, on the shoulders, and dropped into the moss. Has the fairy princess got fairy guards to watch her, or have all the squirrels of the forest risen in an army to defend her? He started back, upright in a moment, colour-

ing and conscience-stricken; and he scanned the beech beside him. The leaves were thick, and the branches close, but his eyes were piercing. Up there, grinning at him over the shining bark, a goblin crouched, with eyes that glittered in mischievous delight, and skinny fingers that clutched the tree. The face vanished like a face in a nightmare, and there was a sharp rustle in the branches. Down came another and more vigorously aimed handful of dry beech-nuts; they landed on his hat, in his pockets, and they showered upon Pasha's lowered head. There are limits even to a dutiful dog's subordination, and finding himself pelted with beech-nuts, Pasha considered that those limits were reached. He tore himself free from his master's relaxing hold, threw himself against the haunted tree, and, reared up to his fullest height, pawed the slippery trunk with his unavailing claws, while the forest resounded with his deep-toned bay.

The first of those barks was the breaking of the spell. The fairy tale faded and was gone, before even the fast-dying sunlight had vanished. István Tolnay with a start found himself transported back into the prose of real life. He was not a prince, he was only István Tolnay, with his gun by his side: the trees around were not whispering to each other with magic tongues, they were only shaking in the evening breeze: that goblin up there was nothing but a sallow-faced youth perched upon a branch. The princess herself was no more than flesh and blood—very fair flesh and blood indeed, as she started up, rubbing her eyes—and her moss-woven garments but a tumbled green dress.

The awakening was rude for a sleeping princess; and starting up at the harsh sound of the bark,

Gretchen stared around in fright. She saw a man with a gun, gazing at her with intense fixity; her eyes, still clouded with sleep, shone dim and deep for a moment; and with the movement her hair lost its last hold, and shook itself down in waves and rings and wonderful networks of silk.

István, becoming conscious of his own prosaic identity, recovered his presence of mind with what haste he could, and with a rather uneasy bow retreated a few steps towards the bushes, for his inbred *savoir-vivre* told him that it was scarcely correct to stand rooted and staring open-mouthed at an unknown young lady, whatever might be the habit of princes in fairy tales.

"I am afraid my dog has frightened you," he began, in his rich, well-modulated voice, and with eager eyes still fixed on the girl.

She looked at him critically.

"It stands to reason that he has frightened me."

István made a gesture, expressive of unmitigated despair.

"How can I prove my distress for the wretched beast's misdemeanour?"

"By removing him," said the beauty, promptly—"and yourself too," her tone almost seemed to add.

She was rising as she spoke, but the ivy-trails were an obstacle, and she stumbled and caught at the bank. István stepped forward, but the *ci-devant* goblin brushed past him disdainfully, and the *ci-devant* princess told him with a glance that he was not wanted. In the next moment she bit her lip, and her cheek flushed crimson. Was it the unwavering look in his bold black eyes that made her blush? or had she seen the hawthorn in his hand, and guessed at the theft committed? She walked two steps

away, and with her back towards him began twisting up her long loose hair; while István, standing by the hawthorn bush, felt almost perplexed, almost foolish—he who had never been perplexed in his life before, and certainly not in the presence of a woman. The decision of the beauty's manner, her matter-of-fact tone, the critical, almost severe glance of her grey eyes, had taken him aback.

He was not wanted here; and calling to Pasha, he slowly turned and walked through the bushes, but his steps lagged strangely, and he looked over his shoulder oftener than was wise, considering the roots and stones in his way. She had done with her hair, she had put on her hat, and now the two were turning to go. Now István stood still, for whatever other doubt there might be, there could be no question that it was his duty to save two strangers from being inevitably lost in the forest and possibly eaten by bears, as might well chance to be their fate, seeing that they had struck into a direction exactly opposite to the Hercules Baths.

Gretchen and Kurt, starting, as they believed, homewards, heard a crackling of twigs, and quick steps behind them, and found themselves overtaken by the hunter with his dog.

"Excuse me," he said, eagerly, "you are going quite wrong; you will be lost in the mountains if you follow that direction." He spoke with a marked respect, but the intense expressiveness of his eyes never faded for a moment.

"Thank you," said Gretchen, with her head rather high. "Which is the right way?"

"Down there; the path is not far off; you will allow me to escort you that far."

She made no sign of acquiescence,

—indeed it had been more an assertion than a question,—but she turned the way he pointed, and followed him as he forced the passage in advance.

It was not more than fifty paces; and having reached the path, the hunter turned round, and raising his hat, left them without another word.

The dusk was falling fast by this time, and Gretchen and her brother hurried home, in unbroken silence.

Meanwhile the hunter, with the dog beside him, pursued his way upwards towards the place where

his men were waiting for him at the rendezvous. They must have given him up for lost; but he dragged along lazily, in no hurry, it seemed, to relieve their minds.

Is he thinking of the Princess Tryphosa now, as he loiters along whistling, or is he thinking of some other princess? What is he thinking of, as the shadows darken the wood around him?

A little while ago he had played the knight in a fairy tale;—now he is only a man in real life, called István Tolnay.

But István Tolnay holds in his hand a faded hawthorn flower.

CHAPTER X.—A LOVE-LETTER.

“O waly, waly, but love be bonny
A little time when it is new;
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.”

—ANON.

Next day Gretchen took no walk in the wood. True, she had met neither bears nor wolves there yesterday; but she had discovered that there were other dangers to be feared in the shade of the lonely forest. It was quite as warm an afternoon, and quite as clear: the bank of green forest opposite glistened in the sunshine and quivered in the breeze. Through the open window every sound floated in with perfect distinctness; sometimes a step, a voice, more seldom the rattle of a carriage. In the room there was silence, except for the rustling of paper under Gretchen's fingers. Her father, who reclined half dozing in his chair, was the only other occupant of the large apartment.

Gretchen sat with her back to the window; before her there stood open an old leather desk, whose contents she was submitting to a rather listless examination.

Madame Mohr had directed her

daughter to search for a paper she required, and which she believed was contained in this old desk, inherited from her mother, Countess Eleonore Damianovics.

The paper in question was the address of the dead Pater Dionysius, who had preached so remarkably well and baptised all the young Damianovics's, with which address Ascelinde was desirous of furnishing Dr Komers, as an undefined and unexplained means of assisting him on his impending Draskócs journey. Not very sure of recognising the paper, she had wisely delegated the office to the quicker eyes and sharper wit of her daughter.

Gretchen was dissatisfied with the office—she could see no logical reason why a dead priest's address should in any way favour the Draskócs cause; and so with indolent fingers and half-hearted interest she turned over the musty bundles before her, thinking per-

haps more of her forest-walk yesterday, and of the adventure which had there befallen her, than of the papers she was handling.

There were a great many papers in the desk, the accumulations of years. There were bills, and addresses, and letters; many in unknown handwritings; some from her uncle Alexius, easily distinguishable by the round cramped hand, and shining a cold white among more faded epistles. In the place of honour lay a bundle religiously fastened with silk ribbon, and labelled, "From my guardian, Count Josika Damianovics."

All these Gretchen tossed aside, but under the last bundle, crushed and perhaps forgotten, there lay another solitary letter, and this attracted her attention. Even though the ink was so faint with years as to be in places scarcely brown, and though the yellow paper was falling asunder at the creases, Gretchen at once knew the letter to be one of her father's. It was dated "The Hercules Baths," and with aroused curiosity she unfolded the limp and ragged sheet. She did not know it, of course; but this was the very letter which, by falling into the hands of her grandmother more than twenty years ago, had been the direct cause of her mother's elopement and marriage. It looked so worn and haggard, this old letter, so marked with lines that might have been the crow's-feet of care, so furrowed with age, and so stained with unsightly spots, as if it had gone through a world of trouble, instead of having only lain here for years forgotten and uncared for.

"My beloved Ascelinde," it began. A love-letter—really and truly a love-letter. Gretchen contemplated it with something of the same wonder with which she had contemplated the woman with the

broken heart; and as her eyes travelled along the faded lines, her wonder grew apace. There was so much tenderness written there in bleached ink—so many loving words about the sadness of the separation, and the sweetness in the hope of meeting again—so many assurances about her living continually in his thoughts,—that Gretchen, letting her hands sink slowly into her lap, began to ask herself where all that love and tenderness was gone?

If it had ever been, how could it have turned so chill in twenty years? Was it indeed gone? gone, without leaving a spark behind it? merged into that half-impatient indifference, which was the spectacle that Gretchen daily saw? crumbled away like this poor faded paper, which, even as she held it in her hands, dropped asunder, while one worn-out fragment floated quivering down to the floor? True, Gretchen had never heard a hot and angry, but neither had she ever heard a warm and tender, word exchanged between her parents. What was the use of all that dead affection since it had borne no better fruits? Ah! but it was to bear fruits of another sort, reflected Gretchen; for was not her experience gathered for her beforehand? And once more she vowed that it should not have been gathered in vain.

She stooped, as she reflected thus, and picked up the fallen scrap of paper. It was as soft as a linen rag, too weak even to rustle; but the ink was better preserved here than on the rest of the letter, and one word, written somewhat larger than its neighbours, caught her eye at once.

To judge from her bent head and parted lips, some interest within her was aroused, and presently the silence of the room was broken.

"Papa, what is *Gaura Dracului*?"

"*Gaura Dracului*?" repeated Adalbert, slowly. "Who has been telling you that name?"

"I have found it written here," said Gretchen, crossing the room and holding the torn paper towards him.

Adalbert took the old letter and read it in silence. A shade crossed his face while he read, then a bitter smile, then a gleam of interest; but it was with a sigh at last that he laid down the paper.

"Another of my dreams which will never be realised. I was young and foolish then, and presumptuous enough to fancy that I had got on the trace of some discoveries valuable to history."

"And did you never find the spot of which this letter speaks?"

"Yes, I found it after weeks of search; but I only saw it once; for next day—next day I had to leave," he finished with a frown. "It was a strange spot—a very strange spot indeed; weird, startling, fascinating. I hardly know whether to call it more terrible than beautiful."

"They tell me it is a deep, deep chasm"—read Gretchen, again taking up the letter—"a horrid yawning black hole in the wildest part of the hills, in the thickest shade of the forest. Bottomless, the peasants say; and, according to all accounts, of measureless depth."

"Yes, of an enormous depth," said Adalbert, in whose mind a long-dead interest was beginning to stir again. "I remember throwing a handful of stones down the monstrous hole, and for seconds I could hear them falling and falling, and they never seemed to stop."

"And the historical discoveries?" asked Gretchen.

"The historical discoveries were broken off, as I tell you, by my abrupt departure. Possibly there

were none to make; but I was a little *monté* by the scenery, and listened only too greedily to the wild legends of the country; and certainly," went on Adalbert, warming as he proceeded, "I had more than one rational ground to believe that the spot had been known to the Roman conquerors of this valley. There is a tradition still alive among the people here, that a tribe of Dacians, driven to bay among the mountains, preferred to throw themselves headlong down this abyss than submit to the Roman eagle. It was that story that first attracted my attention. I was bent on investigation. I fancied then that I should make my name known through the book with which these mountains inspired me."

"A book about this place, papa? about the Hercules Waters? I did not know that you had written one?"

"Attempted to write one," modified Adalbert, "and under different circumstances might perhaps have succeeded, for these forests breathed an inspiration which I never found elsewhere. I felt almost as though they would tell me their secrets if I asked them. But the work was broken off very soon; the old manuscript has lain locked away for these last twenty years. I have scarcely looked at it since I put it aside. A mere fragment it was, and a fragment it will remain."

Adalbert sighed again, and was silent; he considered the subject disposed of, but Gretchen did not.

"Papa," she said after a minute, "why should it remain a fragment?"

Her father opened his eyes again languidly.

"And my discoveries?" he said, with a faint smile, "my investigations? How is the book to be finished without them? And how

are they to be made? *Gaura Dracului* lies at three hours' distance from here. Do I look as if I could reach it?"

"When your course of baths is over, of course you will be able to reach it, papa; and in the meantime——"

"Well?"

"In the meantime I can reach it."

Adalbert looked at his daughter, and smiled incredulously.

"Where is the difficulty?" demanded Gretchen, somewhat baffled by his glance.

"The difficulty is everywhere."

"No generalities, please, papa; particularise the obstacles."

"Begin rather by particularising your intentions. To start with,—how do you mean to find the way?"

"I shall get a peasant to guide me."

"Exactly the answer I expected. You cannot get a peasant to guide you."

"Why not?"

"Because, as you have yet to learn, the Roumanian peasant is the most perfect personification of religious superstition that walks the face of the earth; and because round *Gaura Dracului* there hangs a cloud of superstition not easy to pierce. The name alone is enough to show in what horror the place is held,—literally translated, it is, 'Devil's Hole.' Of all spots among these hills it is shunned and detested, by the few who know it, as a place accursed; though to nine men out of ten it is no more than a name, hardly as much perhaps, for even twenty years ago the stories about it were sinking into forgetfulness."

"Then I shall try bribery," said Gretchen, still undaunted. "A Roumanian peasant must have his price like any other man."

"His honour has, but his superstition never; of that I have assured myself."

Gretchen held her tongue for a little while, but her courage was not yet quelled.

"Tell me, papa, would you find the way there again yourself?"

"I almost fancy so, were I once on the track; every circumstance of that walk is vividly printed on my mind. I marked a beech-tree not far from the spot. I cut three crosses into the bark with my pen-knife,—the finest beech I have seen in my life—the stem like a pillar, the leaves a canopy of green. When that tree is once found, *Gaura Dracului* lies not a hundred yards off; but one might be nearer still without suspecting it, it lies so strangely hidden."

"Then, papa, surely your directions will be enough to guide us to the place?"

The sick man fairly burst out laughing.

"Oh innocent ignorance! And how about the long, pathless, bewildering, indescribable forest that stretches between us and that beech-tree—one amongst a million of beech-trees, its very images and copies? No, Gretchen, your plan will not work."

"And yet *Gaura Dracului* must be found!" exclaimed Gretchen, and brought down her small hand clenched on the table. "I have made up my mind that it is to be found!"

Adalbert stopped laughing, and eyed his daughter in some surprise.

"How now, my cool-headed damsel, what means this sudden fire? What betokens this wonderful interest in a perfectly illogical black hole in a forest? You talk like a maiden in a romance this evening. Have the mountains bewitched you too?"

"Oh, papa," said Gretchen, colouring, "what nonsense!"

Of course it could not have been the mere sound of the description which had tempted her; of course it was not the black chasm yawning in the wildest part of the hills, in the thickest shade of the forest, which had aroused her curiosity; nor the place that was as terrible as beautiful, nor the superstition that guarded it, which had caught her fancy. All these grounds might have had weight with a girl of the romantic class; but how could they boast of any influence over the young lady who had carried off the *priz de logique* at school, and who ever since had shown herself worthy of the reputation there gained? No; with her some other motive must have been at work, and she hastened to explain what this motive was.

It appeared that neither the yawning abyss, nor the wild forest, nor the dark superstition, had anything to do with her interest; *Gaura Dracului* was not to be sought for its sake alone, but only as a means towards an end. And that end? What was it to be? Oh, she had her arguments all ready. The end was nothing less than the pursuance of the investigations, and the completion of the long-abandoned manuscript, which, written on the spot, would possess a peculiar interest, and therefore, as she further argued, command a large sale. "And it stands to reason," completed Gretchen, "that in such a case you will realise a great deal of money. Oh, papa, *Gaura Dracului* will make your fortune yet, if you would only believe me!"

"So your love for *Gaura Dracului* is in reality a love for florins," remarked Adalbert with a cynical smile, having listened in silence to his daughter's speech.

"Exactly, papa; and you accused me of romance! Confess now that you were wrong!"

"Absolutely wrong. How strange, to be sure, is my paternal rôle! While other fathers are forced to bridle the romantic follies of their children, I, on the contrary, have to restrain my daughter's sense."

"You acknowledge, then, that I am sensible?"

"So terribly sensible, Gretchen, that you sometimes frighten me."

Adalbert was gazing at her, as he spoke, with a look of keen inquiry. His daughter was to him, and always had been, a beautiful riddle which he had tried in vain to read. She baffled him at every point. Was he to believe the account which she gave of herself? Or might he still hope that underneath that brilliant and seemingly hard surface there lived a genuine tenderness? Sometimes he thought the one, and sometimes the other. The first doubt had arisen years ago, when the four-year-old Gretchen had sat on her father's knee, listening to the story of a baby brother and sister, who, cast adrift from out of a sinking ship, had gone down into the deep blue sea, holding each other's hands to the last. It was an affecting story, and towards the close a big tear shone in each grey eye. The anxious father feared that a burst of sobs would follow, and was half reproaching himself for the choice of so harrowing a tale, when his little daughter took him by surprise. The grey eyes had suddenly cleared, though there was still a bright stain on the cheek, and having sat silent for a moment, she inquired: "Was everybody in the ship drowned?" "Everybody," said the father, imprudently. "Then who told the

story?" "A little bird, perhaps," said Adalbert, laughing, but in the next moment he almost quailed before the look of supreme scorn which shot towards him. "Little birds do not speak."

Since that evening he had often asked himself in perplexity whether his beautiful daughter had sense alone, or whether she had a heart as well? whether the outspoken thirst for wealth, which year by year she came to display, was in itself more perilous or less so than the secret longings of many a worldly maiden? She was not like other girls, and therefore she frightened him. Other girls, even when they worshipped the golden calf, had at least the grace to worship it in private. The world has no chance of guessing at the nature of that veiled and shrouded idol before which the votary kneels in enraptured prayer. Oh, if hearts could be sacked like churches, what a booty of golden calves could be torn from the sacred shrines, where they have throned unsuspected in many a spotless virginal bosom!

Gretchen built her altar in public, and strewed her incense in the face of the world. The world was scandalised—her own father was alarmed. What was to come of it? If she had mar-

ried Vincenz Komers (as Adalbert had been short-sighted enough to hope she would), then, knowing her in the hands of an honourable man, her father would have felt his mind at rest; but now, what was to come of it? These questions were in Adalbert's mind to-day, while his eyes followed his daughter's movements.

She had returned to the desk; but though she was stowing back the papers, the words with which she broke the pause betrayed that her thoughts were still clinging tenaciously to their former object.

"But at any rate," she remarked aloud, "if we do succeed in finding the place—for we may come across it by chance, you know—you must promise me, papa, to finish that book."

"I think we had better count our chickens after they are hatched, Gretchen. My energy is not what it used to be, nor my enthusiasm either, I fear; twenty years have ground it out of me."

An indignant protestation was rising to Gretchen's lips, but she was interrupted by a disturbance in the passage. There were quick steps, then voices, a question and answer; and in the same minute the door was flung wide open, and an awe-struck servant announced,—*"The Baron."*

CHAPTER XI.—THE VALLEY-KING.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so so.

—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Before more than a rapid questioning look had time to pass between Herr Mohr and Gretchen, the Baron was in the room.

"A thousand apologies for intruding myself in this way," he began, advancing hat in hand, "but there was a little matter

connected with the *Curliste*, which seemed to require explanation; infinitely distressed to have to trouble you on so trifling a point." While he spoke, his eyes were sweeping eagerly round the room; he broke off as they fell on Gretchen. "Ah!" he exclaimed, with

a start of surprise, almost too natural to be quite natural, "I perceive that I have more than one apology to make; what can I say in defence of my dog's conduct in the forest yesterday?"

Gretchen had half turned on her chair; a beautiful blush dyed her cheek. She had seen both the eager glance and over-perfect start that followed it, and quick as lightning she had read his motive. Her heart began to beat tumultuously. Even within these first two days she had had opportunity to observe the respect and almost veneration with which the name of "the Baron" was pronounced by every inhabitant of the mountain valley, and the semi-royal prestige which environed his person. What wonder, then, that her heart beat now, and her cheek flushed crimson, when in the valley-king she recognised the sportsman of yesterday?

The little matter connected with the *Curliste* proved to be a very little matter indeed. Baron Tolnay, having got through the preliminaries of apology and introduction, launched into a voluble explanation as to an uncertainty which had arisen respecting the spelling of a word in one of the names, expressing himself with as much apparent concern as if the matter had not been invented on the spur of the moment. Was Herr Mohr quite certain that the names had been given correctly? Was Madame Mohr's name undoubtedly Damianovics de Draskócs, and not perhaps Draskócs de Damianovics, or not possibly some other variation of the sort? Mistakes so often occurred, printers were so negligent, handwritings were so difficult to decipher. Something to the effect of all this Baron Tolnay explained,

while he took the seat which was offered him; and then in a tone of well-bred anxiety, though with a confident smile, he again expressed a hope that he was not intruding.

The hope was so evidently considered a mere matter of form by the visitor himself, and the pretext was such a flimsy disguise, that it required all Gretchen's self-possession to put on even an appearance of belief in the slender fiction.

To one person at least there was nothing flimsy in the pretext; anything relating to the great cause was too sacred a matter to be trifled with. Ascelinde, whom the rumour of the Baron's appearance had conjured to the spot, was in raptures. She thanked him with effusion; she explained to him with minute detail that the name had been correctly spelled; she gave him a *résumé* of the family cause; she favoured him with an outline sketch of the home of her ancestors; she dwelt at length upon her guardian's unscrupulous conduct; she was just stopped on the verge of her brother Alexius's biography, by Adalbert's interposition.

"An unfortunate family cause, as you see," he said with a smile, which sufficiently betrayed his sentiments on the subject; "but it is scarcely fair to inflict it upon you."

Baron Tolnay bowed easily and gracefully, as much as to say that he was only too happy to be made the recipient of these troubles, and would be more delighted than he could express if Madame Mohr should be ready to impart to him her brother's biography at this or any future opportunity. Something was murmured, too, about regretting that he could not serve

the family cause in any other way, and a wish that they should command his services in whatever need should arise during their stay in the Hercules valley.

Ascelinde's heart was won from that moment. "We have to thank you for one service already, Baron," she rapturously exclaimed. "Without your kind guidance my children would never have found their way home yesterday."

This gave Baron Tolnay the opportunity of turning from the mother to the daughter.

"Ah, you have not learned the lessons of our valley yet, or you would not have had the imprudence to move from the beaten track: our forest is a perfect maze, even by daylight; in the dusk sometimes a dangerous maze."

"Every maze has a key," said Gretchen, "therefore it stands to reason that this maze has one too."

"To be sure," said Tolnay, rather wondering at her decisive tone. "And I flatter myself——"

"That you possess the key?" she interrupted. "Is that really true, Baron Tolnay? Do you know the forests well? All the forests?"

"I should think I do; and I am about as tired of them as they must be of me."

"And you know all the hills here? every path, every track?"

"Every stick, every stone," said Tolnay, not thinking so much of his words as of their effect upon her, which he was still at a loss to explain.

"Then," cried Gretchen, with a ring of triumph in her voice, "you can tell me where to find a spot that I am seeking for?"—

"Any spot that you wish."

"—Called *Gaura Dracului*," she finished, rising in her eagerness.

"Do you know it, Baron Tolnay? You must know it if you know the hills."

"Ah, *Gaura Dracului*," repeated Tolnay after her, though for a second he looked blank—"of course I must know it. There are so many of these caves here; the whole mountains are riddled with them."

"No—not a cave," said Gretchen; "it is a hole. Papa, what was your description?"

"I cannot call it anything but a sudden break in the forest-floor," answered Adalbert; "there is no reason why it should be there, except that it is there."

"Yes, a sudden break in the forest-floor," echoed Tolnay, slowly.

Gretchen's eyes were severely scrutinising him.

"Well, Baron Tolnay," she said, laughing, "what makes you hesitate? Are you also one of those perfect personifications of religious superstition, about which papa has been telling me? Are you afraid of the devil's vengeance, if you betray to me the devil's hole?"

Religious superstition! At the mere notion, Baron Tolnay broke into an irresistible laugh; a very light and airy laugh, but which jarred on the expectant Gretchen.

"Or perhaps you do not know the place?" she asked, stiffly. "You must either know it, or you must not."

Tolnay's laugh broke off, and he hesitated for a moment before he spoke. He was very quick of thought, and perhaps in that moment of hesitation he had recognised the advantages of the position, or perhaps his memory had grown alive all at once.

"Of course I know it,—why should I not? Are you interested in it?"

"Not in the least; but papa is, for historical reasons," she promptly added.

"And you want to visit it?"

"To investigate it, that is to say, or to have it investigated, sounded, examined, measured," said Gretchen, in her most business-like tone of voice. "Don't you understand?"

"Perfectly," said Tolnay, who understood nothing; "but,"—he cast a rather doubtful glance over the fragile figure before him,—"you will never be able to get up one of these hills; you must have a horse, and——"

"Ah," broke in Ascelinde, who all this time had been an uninterested listener, "if we only had one of my guardian's horses here! There are stallions for twenty horses at Draskócs, Baron Tolnay!" It was a noticeable fact, that the Draskócs horses possessed a rabbit-like propensity for multiplication; at every enumeration their number showed a steady increase.

Tolnay bowed and bit his black moustache; and Gretchen laughed at the idea of the required horse almost as much as Tolnay had laughed at the idea of his religious superstition. "I want neither horse, mule, nor donkey," she assured him; "the only thing we need is a guide. Can you tell me of a guide, Baron Tolnay?"

"I can," said Tolnay, readily.

"And who is he?"

"He is here," said the Baron, laughing; "behold me at your service."

"Oh," said Gretchen, somewhat staggered, "I did not mean that; but——"

"But you will not reject me, since you can find no other."

"Nor surely could have no better," said Adalbert, politely. "You are really very kind, Baron,

to trouble yourself about this fancy of my daughter's."

"Of your own, papa, you mean," corrected Gretchen. "Think of your manuscript!"

"Well, of my own," said Adalbert, in a tone almost of concession, though his face betrayed more interest reawakened than he chose to confess. "There is no reason, certainly, why the investigations should not be pursued."

"And pursued at once," broke in Tolnay. "When shall we start? I feel an historical fever on me already."

"Next week, perhaps," suggested Adalbert.

But next week was much too indefinite a term to suit Baron Tolnay. He was burning to investigate the traces of defunct Dacians; he could not possibly rest quiet for many days longer without having satisfied his mind as to the existence of Roman relics in the hills. Why be devoured with curiosity for a whole week longer? Why not take advantage of the still comparative coolness of the weather? Why not say this week? Why not to-morrow? Or was Fräulein Mohr alarmed at so short a notice?

Fräulein Mohr was not in the least alarmed; deeds were always more congenial to her than words. And so, between Baron Tolnay's historical fever, and Gretchen's business-like energy, and Adalbert's revived interest in what had once been the pet scheme of his life, it was settled before they parted that the start should be made at daybreak next morning. "And by this hour to-morrow," said Gretchen, exultantly, "we shall have made the first step towards the historical discoveries. "Oh, papa, where are now all the obstacles that you would build round *Gaura Dracului*? You

promise really to take me there, Baron Tolnay, do you not?"

"If she asked me in that voice,"

said Baron Tolnay to himself, "I would promise really to take her to the moon."

CHAPTER XII.—THE WORLD ABOVE.

"And after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but
The Truth in masquerade."

—BYRON: *Don Juan*.

There were two worlds here: the world of the valley below and the world of the mountains above; the one all the more beautiful because of its life, the other because of its desolation.

To this latter world the ascent is precipitous,—at places wellnigh perilous,—feasible, indeed, only at one or two rare points of attack. Therefore, that world above is as well defended against invasion as though it were fortified according to strategical laws; and as far away, though it is so near, as a country floating in the clouds.

The inhabitants of the world above can watch the movements of their lower neighbours,—as the bears sometimes do when they creep to the edge of the rock and listen in comfort to the band below, whose strains float up distinctly through the pure mountain air,—but to the world below the world above is a sealed book. Of a hundred people who visit the Hercules valley, ninety-nine will be content to admire these rocky heights from below, as they would look at the stars or the sunset, without the ambition to approach them. But the hundredth man, perchance, may stand and gaze so long and so deeply that the Spirit of the mountain throws his spell upon him, and bids him ascend; which he does with pain and toil, fighting for each step, and battling for breath till he reaches the confines of this enchanted country. Once here, he has gained the battle; and for

hours he can walk at ease, in such a forest as he will have scarcely fancied in his dreams. He may have seen black pine forests, shaking their fragrant fringes to the ground; he may have walked in the shade of time-honoured oaks, or have seen the sunshine making filigree-work of silver birch-tree branches,—but none of these sights will have impressed him as do these forests of the Hercules valley.

For here all is vast, all is wide, solemn, majestic—awful without gloom, calm without monotony. Here the intruder, threading his way through the pillared corridors, starts as the sound of his own step breaks the breathless stillness of the aisles around him. The forest is one vast cathedral of tremulous green; a temple which Nature has built so manifestly for herself alone, that the mere presence of man seems rude profanation. Surely this mossy mosaic was not laid to be trodden by human feet? These garlands which deck the leafy altars, these swinging censers which perfume the breeze, these chalices of icy white and flaming crimson—surely they are consecrated to the Spirit of these realms alone? Surely this cloistered repose should be troubled by no human voice, nor these stately pillars echo back laughter or song of man?

The columns which support the mighty canopy retreat on all sides in an endless vista; each pillar a beech-tree, and each beech-tree a

giant. Straight as ship masts, the trunks are reared; the shining bark roughened with clinging lichen and clothed with moss down to the spreading foot, which with its stealthy hold seems to grasp the earth like the velvet-covered claw of some living monster. They have all one character, that of strength and straightness, but each has its individual distinction. Some have only one band of moss down their sides, others have drawn their velvet robes around them; others are marked by a large flat fungus, which time has hardened into wood, standing out from their stems in bold relief; other beeches have received two or three or more of these fanciful ornaments, which are sometimes piled up one above the other, fifteen or twenty high, as large as footstools and as white as ivory, looking like some wonderful contrivance carved by the hand of man, though the hand of man has never been near. And high overhead there is the green roof of branches, flat-grown and leafy, shutting out the light, or letting it in only with a green shade upon it, melting the gold of the sunshine, and filtering it through its network. A roof, which moves and murmurs, weaving a hundred pictures with each movement, and playing a hundred tunes in each rustle, having contrasts of shadowy light and luminous shade, which no ceiling, however cunningly painted by man's hand, could ever have.

And if the living trees are beautiful, the dead trees are more beautiful still. Not those dead trees whose trunks have been hollowed out and set fire to by some stray bear-hunter, and which stand now, charred and black, like wicked ghosts, staring grimly at the traveller; those trees are weird, but they are not beautiful. The dead trees that are beautiful are those which

have fallen, perhaps under the fury of a winter storm, perhaps even cut down to meet some passing human emergency. No one is responsible for these victims, and no one protects them. There they lie and rot, and the green moss creeps over them, turning them into objects fantastically beautiful, but devouring them with damp embraces, and feeding upon them day by day. A hundred times more glorious in their damp decay than they ever were in the prime of their strength, the colossal carcasses, stretched to their full length on the earth, are crusted with the enamel of lichens, and decked with moist shades of yellow-green. They seem to have borrowed the semblance of every costly thing; the glow of bronze, the sheen of satin, the fire of ruby and emerald, the refinement of fretted gold. They are inexhaustible in their variety, insatiable in their extravagance.

Two hours after sunrise the exploring party had reached the heart of this new country. They were not following any path, for there was none to follow, but wound in and out the huge pillars, surmounting the fallen trunks, or sometimes breaking through a tangle of green. The forest was not silent while they passed, though their steps could make no sound on the overgrown earth. Baron Tolnay's laugh echoed often under the leafy arches; and sometimes Gretchen asked a question, and sometimes Kurt whistled the snatch of a tune.

Baron Tolnay seemed in high spirits. Strangely enough, from the moment that he had set foot in the forest his historical thirst had relaxed. There was not a single reference either to Romans or Dacians in the talk which he addressed to Gretchen. It was very brilliant talk, however — keen, ready, and just sufficiently flavour-

ed with sarcasm to make it palatable; and in spite of the want of historical element in conversation, Gretchen had found the long way very short. "You are quite sure that we are on the right road?" she had asked once or twice, when she feared that the conversationist was gaining too much ascendancy over the guide.

"Of course we are on the right way," said Baron Tolnay, and then for some minutes they walked on in silence, Pasha following close at his master's heels, Kurt with his hands in his pockets sauntering along as if he were merely taking a constitutional stroll, and looking at the beech-trees with a sort of good-humoured patronage; Gretchen rather puzzled how to explain the ever-growing exuberance of Baron Tolnay's spirits. There was a constant and unexplained laughter in his eyes; he looked almost like a man who is hugging to his heart some secret cause of delight, which touches him as so exquisite that he can scarcely keep himself from its betrayal.

"Baron Tolnay," said Gretchen, presently.

"Yes, Fräulein Mohr?"

"Are you looking at the beech-trees for those three crosses?"

"Of course I am."

"I have never seen you turn your head once."

"I am turning it continually."

"What is there to laugh about?" she asked, a little piqued. "You talk as if it were a joke."

"Then you really think your father made the marks he spoke of?"

"Think! I know he did. Did he not tell you so himself?"

"To be sure."

This was incomprehensible and provoking. Could Baron Tolnay never be serious? Was that spark of mockery which lurked in his

ready smile, and shone in the depth of his expressive black eyes, never to be quenched?

"If you will not look at the trees, I will," said Gretchen, stepping up to the stem beside her.

But Baron Tolnay, with the most unruffled good-humour, declared his readiness, not only to examine but to bark or strip or cut down any tree or every tree, if it gave Fräulein Mohr the slightest satisfaction. And after this no specially fine beech-tree was passed unscrutinised; only that Baron Tolnay always selected for scrutiny the same tree that Gretchen had chosen, which, as she proved to him on logical grounds, was a waste of time. They found wonderful mosses and brilliant lichens enough to rejoice the heart of a botanist, but the three crosses they were looking for they did not find. The only trace of human presence to be discovered was the roughly cut figure of a quadruped with crooked horns, apparently a cross-breed between the evil spirit and a goat.

"Some goat-herd with a turn for art," said István, looking over Gretchen's shoulder; "you meet them sometimes in the wood here."

"This is freshly cut," said Kurt, lounging up. "Our artistic friend cannot be very far off."

There was the faintest indication of a track just discernible as it wound off to the right, while to the left a spot of blinding daylight broke in through an opening in the trees, and beyond there shone an open space of grass, as brilliant in the sunshine as the flash of a cut emerald.

"Which way ought we to go? To the right or to the left?" asked Gretchen.

"Whichever you like best; it is not of much consequence."

"But one way must lead to

Gaura Dracului, and one must not. It stands to reason that they cannot both be right."

"I am no match for your logic, Fräulein Mohr," said István, with apparent gravity. "I should recommend the meadow, then."

To the meadow therefore they went, stepping out of the dim light into a blaze of sunshine, and treading, as they walked, upon thick soft grass. When they were well out on the open space, Baron Tolnay turned and offered a further piece of advice. "Now that we are on the meadow, I should recommend our taking a rest."

"It would be better to rest when we have reached *Gaura Dracului*," said Gretchen, doubtfully; but, looking round her, she could not resist the repose and beauty of the spot. The space was oval in shape, belted all round with the deep green forest. On all sides the beech-trees had pressed, like a circle of invaders checked by a word of command, and standing now in close ranks, staring down with patient calm upon the spot which they guard.

"And now," said István, when they had made their halt, "now that we are sitting, is there any reason why we should not eat our sandwiches?"

"Great reason," was the prompt reply. "I intend to eat my sandwiches by the side of *Gaura Dracului*."

Gretchen had sunk on the grass; Baron Tolnay, a few paces off, leaning on his elbow, was idly plucking at the flower-stalks; Kurt, apparently in want of further exercise, was throwing sticks for Pasha to fetch.

"Do you think your resolve is quite wise?" asked István, looking up from the grass-blades. "I fancy you will get rather hungry before you reach *Gaura Dracului*."

Gretchen drew out her watch. "We were to reach the spot at one; it is half-past twelve now; I can wait half an hour for my sandwiches."

Baron Tolnay appeared to be deeply absorbed in the botanical construction of a tiny flower in the grass. He made no reply.

"Is it not a pity that we did not bring ropes and torches with us?" said Gretchen, after a pause.

"What for?"

"Why, to sound the depth, of course."

"We must reach it before we sound it."

"That will be in half an hour."

Again Baron Tolnay made no answer; his face was hidden, as he bent over the flower. Gretchen watched him with displeasure.

"Which way do we go when we leave the meadow, Baron Tolnay?"

Tolnay tore off the head of the tiny flower, and began pulling off the petals; when he had pulled off the last petal and thrown away the stalk, he answered slowly, still without looking up—"I have not got the slightest idea."

With a face of rigid consternation Gretchen sat and stared at him, while he quietly searched about in the grass for another flower to dissect.

"Baron Tolnay," she managed at last to utter, "you promised to take me to the spot."

"I would take you there if I knew where it was."

"But you said that you did know; you said that you remembered it."

"Fräulein Mohr," said István, abandoning the search for the flower, and sitting up to confront her with his unabashed black eyes, "surely you understand all this, and do not require me to explain."

"I understand nothing. You

said that you would take me to *Gaura Dracului*."

"And I say now, I would take you still, only I do not believe such a place exists."

Again Gretchen stared, speechless for a minute. "Say that again, please,—I did not quite hear."

"I do not believe that such a place or such a hole exists," repeated Baron Tolnay, deliberately.

"But papa has seen it."

Baron Tolnay raised his well-shaped shoulders ever so slightly. There was an incredulity and a pity expressed in that movement which just stopped short of impertinence. Only a man as carefully polished in the furnace of the world as was this young Hungarian, could venture to raise his shoulders at such a moment, without appearing ill-mannered.

"I have no doubt your father believes that he has seen it; but he is an invalid—his health is broken for the moment—and invalids have strange fancies."

"But he was not an invalid when he wrote that letter; he was not broken down then."

"A man's fancy can run very wild in twenty-one years," said István.

"Do you mean to say that you know nothing about the place?"

"Upon my honour, I have never heard a word of it, far less seen it."

"Then why have you brought me up here?" Her voice shook with anger.

"Why have I brought you up here?" repeated István, without changing his attitude. His hat was on the grass beside him, and his head, with its close black waves of hair rested on his hand. Gretchen, as she asked her question, met the glance of joyful exultation which broke out of those fiery

eyes—they looked very fiery for a moment. The light danced in them, but the mockery still lurked in the black shade within.

"Surely we can employ our time, now that we are up here, better than by looking for a stupid black hole."

"Stupid black hole!" There was such scornful displeasure in Gretchen's voice that István quickly corrected himself. "An interesting black hole, I should have said, *Fräulein Mohr*; but there are so many things that are more interesting than black holes." Baron Tolnay, as he said this, looked very confident as to the superior attraction of black eyes *contra* black holes.

Gretchen's face was set into an expression of judicial severity, but István did not tremble before it.

"Do you mean to say, Baron Tolnay, that you have deceived us? that you have told an untruth?"

"I would have told a hundred untruths for the sake of a walk like this."

She was not quite sure that she believed her ears; but the dancing light in his eyes was not to be mistaken.

"But that is a lie," she stammered.

"I believe it is called so."

A sort of mental giddiness had come over Gretchen; her ideas of right and wrong were reeling against each other. Here was a man owning frankly to a downright lie without the slightest appearance of shame; and yet, ever since she had learnt to speak, Gretchen had been taught by her father to speak the truth; had been told that falsehood was the most heinous of evils. Was not Truth the twin-sister of Justice? And was not Justice Gretchen's pet virtue?

She had no words which could express this indignant bewilderment. She sat silent; but, though her eyes were on the grass, she could feel that those of Tolnay were upon her; and again she felt helpless to impress him as she would have wished. Though she did not look at him, she knew that his gaze was one of earnest admiration, and she was aware that with each wave of angry colour that flowed to her cheek his admiration was growing.

At last she raised her head.

"What do you propose doing now, Baron Tolnay?" she bitterly inquired.

"I propose that we should eat our sandwiches."

"Sandwiches!" she echoed impatiently. "I wonder you have still the courage to talk of sandwiches! Have you nothing else to suggest? Have you no remorse for the disappointment which poor papa will have to-night?"

"There is no reason for disappointing your poor papa," said Baron Tolnay, quietly.

She looked at him with some suspicion.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that we have only to tell him that we found the place, and that will make it all right."

"But how can we, since we have not found it?"

"Nothing could be simpler. He will believe us, if we say it, and he will never be the wiser. That is much better than disappointing him."

Gretchen turned upon the speaker a face that was positively scared. She had never before had so many successive shocks of surprise; she had never been so puzzled by any individual of her acquaintance. Baron Tolnay was the first man whose designation in the mental catalogue had given her cause for doubt. "A

man of the world, brilliant, fascinating, good-natured, and, I think, pleasant"—such had been the first judgment written out yesterday. To-day she felt inclined to stroke out all the adjectives except "brilliant," and to substitute some such qualities as "untruthful—disagreeable—hollow. Surely the words were not too harsh for a man who was quietly proposing to her to join him in a deception which was to blind her father. But again, there was something about the manner of the man which made her hesitate, with the pen in her hand, figuratively speaking. His eyes, as he made the proposition, did not in the least shrink, as the eyes of the deceitful are supposed to do. Liars ought to look stealthy and watchful, their eyes should be cunning and disagreeable, unable to meet the eyes of their fellow-creatures. All this stood to reason, and therefore was Gretchen's creed; but Baron Tolnay quite upset all her theories. His voice even had a candid tone in it, and his face wore an expression of engaging frankness as he urged the advisability of the deception. It was not as if he were indifferent to wrong-doing, but simply as if he were incapable of seeing anything wrong in the proceeding. The openness, almost the innocence of his gaze, was more baffling than any glance of stealthy cunning.

What now was to become of Truth? What of Justice and Logic? How fill up the place in the catalogue? How describe this indescribable man?

Gretchen wondered whether the singularity of the situation was her fault or his: was it she who was stupid and dazed, or was it he, in whose mental constitution some one element was wanting, which made him different from other men she

had known? What could that lacking element be?

For a whole minute she made no answer at all, but when her first surprise was past, she spoke hurriedly. "Baron Tolnay, how could you, even for one instant, imagine that I could deceive my father in this way?"

"I cannot pretend to answer that, Fräulein Mohr; but this I know, you cannot succeed in deceiving me."

"Deceiving you?"

"This little romance about the hole is very interesting, and really very pretty; but after all, it was no more than a graceful excuse for this charming expedition, which I hope you enjoy as much as I do. You surely did not really believe that such a place exists—as little as I believe it, who have shot bears in the hills for the last five years, and never heard the place mentioned—so you cannot have really believed that we were going to find it. Do not imagine that I am venturing to blame you, Fräulein Mohr; on the contrary, I think that it was our only course, for the sake of your father's health."

Our course! Then he imagined that she had understood and tacitly agreed to his deceit. This was not to be borne a minute longer.

Gretchen started to her feet, and stood before him with flashing eyes.

"Thank you, Baron Tolnay," she said, haughtily. "I shall not ask for your help again; I shall find *Gaura Draculvi* for myself;" and with this and a short inclination of her head, she turned on her heel and walked off straight across the meadow, towards the point opposite to the one by which they had entered. She never looked back until she had reached the first beech-tree, and then, throwing a stolen glance over her shoulder, she saw Kurt following, and nearer to

her was Baron Tolnay, striding along with his hat pulled over his forehead, and a very serious face. Ah! so she had at last succeeded in extinguishing that mocking light. He made no attempt to speak, though he was close behind her now, and she walked on straight ahead.

She had not gone far, when Pasha rushed past her, barking furiously. There was the low, dull tinkle of a bell, a sound of snapping twigs, and presently a large black-and-white goat was disclosed, interrupted in its repast, and standing in an attitude of defence.

Gretchen did not immediately think of connecting this goat with the figure she had seen carved on the tree, but her curiosity was aroused. She pressed forward a few steps, and then stood still, as all at once the strangest, the most weird of pictures was disclosed before her eyes.

Straight across the track she was following there lay a forest-tree of enormous dimensions. The stump, with the marks of rude hacking upon it, clung with its mossy roots to the earth hard by, like the base of a broken pillar. The lower branches were broken into a half-withered heap, but the branches above, standing out like a young forest of trees, were still fresh. Upon this wealth of fresh leaves five or six goats were feeding luxuriously. One black goat, the largest of the small flock, stood reared up with its front feet on the trunk, while it nibbled down the highest leaves which it could reach. A small white kid was contenting itself with the broken twigs on the ground. Perched cross-legged on the trunk crouched a strange creature. Nothing but a coarse linen shirt, of a hue as dark and undefined as the tint of his own skin, covered this boy, leaving a broad

allowance of brown chest bare. A ragged, high-pointed cap, of what had once been white sheep-skin, was on his head; not more ragged than his own shaggy hair, which hung from under it in a tangled, black mass, over his ears and into his eyes, like the hair of a wild beast. In his thin brown fingers he held a pipe of wood, which had seen much forest service in its days. A second shepherd, a size larger, but in every respect resembling the first, leant against a branch hard by, chipping at the bark, and giving forth, at the same time, a low booming sound at mechanical and regular intervals. It was his way of calling the goats together; and as he looked up stupidly, and stared with his large, wild, senseless eyes, he seemed scarcely more human than the goats themselves.

"What are they?" asked Gretchen, below her breath, recoiling a step in surprise and half in fear.

"Goat-herds only," said Tolnay's voice beside her. "Shame upon those barbarians; they have cut down another of the finest trees: that is the way they ruin the forests for the sake of feeding their wretched goats!"

With the comprehension of the situation, Gretchen soon regained not only her self-possession, but also renewed hope; for these strange shepherds, who lived in the hills, must surely know something of the spot for which she was searching.

And so they did; there could not be the smallest doubt of that. The mysterious word was scarcely pronounced, when an instantaneous change came over the two faces before her. A minute ago, two pair of sullen eyes had been vacantly watching her approach; two wide-open mouths had stupidly gaped at her. Her first greeting was unanswered, apparently unheard; but upon the word *Gaura Dracului*

there followed a sudden transformation. The staring eyes suddenly dilated; the boys stood before her with chattering teeth, shaking as though they had been struck with the ague; and two brown hands, gaunt already although so young, moved up and down again, as they signed themselves on forehead and breast with the sign of the cross, after the fashion of the Greek Church.

The change was so unexpected, and the terror on both faces was so real in its wildness of expression, that Gretchen herself felt as though a shadow of superstitious dread had fallen on her. But the dread was only a new spur to curiosity, and with a dumb show of signs she attempted to enforce her question. Surely she could overcome the obstinacy of two half-savage boys.

In vain, all in vain! Words were vain, signs were vain, money even was vain. She held it out towards them—glittering silver coins,—ought that not to dazzle two starved shepherd-boys?

István threw himself into the argument now; but even his tone of rough command had no effect. The goat-herds never answered a single word, but stood pressed together like a couple of frightened sheep,—gaping, staring, and trembling, until the smaller, and, if such a distinction were possible, the dirtier of the two, dropped his jaw and began to whimper piteously.

It took ten minutes to convince Gretchen of her defeat. Reluctantly she put back the silver into her purse, and, without applying to Baron Tolnay for advice, she struck into what looked like a pathway and walked straight on, the others following her. Baron Tolnay never spoke, until, at the end of half an hour, they emerged,

almost without warning, on a free and unshaded spot. It was a mere ledge, and Gretchen had to check her steps rather suddenly, for immediately from below her feet the ground fell sheer away;—a precipitous mountain-side, dotted with tufts of fine grass, and sharpened at intervals by the acute point of a rock. Beyond, there stretched a view of round-topped, wooded hills.

"Where are we?" asked Gretchen.

"On the confines of Hungary, with Roumania at our feet," said Baron Tolnay; and then, as Gretchen turned round, he added lower: "Are you still angry with me, Fräulein Mohr? Will you not forgive me for this once?" He looked like a child who has certainly been naughty, but means now to be very good. His face was grave, excessively so. He was quite changed from half an hour ago; he looked very penitent and very handsome.

Gretchen gave him a searching glance, a glance which she intended to be of scathing severity, but which, falling upon so meek and penitent a face, could not fail to soften a little. He certainly was the most perplexing man of her acquaintance, expressly created, it seemed, to set all logic at nought. During this last half-hour she had quite made up her mind that he was a monster of deceit; and just as she had satisfactorily decided upon this point, here was the monster standing before her in an attitude of such convincing penitence, gazing at her with eyes of such provoking sincerity, that her carefully weighed sentence fell flat to the ground. She had been angry with him for

his deceit; she was almost more angry with him for this frankness which upset all her theories, which forced her to be inconsistent; which, against her own will, was disarming her. Certainly he had been to blame, but it was difficult to believe that any one with that open glance could mean harm. The lie which he had told had been told for—well, yes, for *her* sake. Quick as lightning a mental comparison had shot through Gretchen's mind. Baron Tolnay had said that he would not mind telling a hundred lies for her sake, and Dr Komers would not have told a single one; of that she felt confident, without seeing it put to the test. What was the natural inference?

But she did not wish to capitulate unconditionally. She gave him her hand, but she gave it with a sort of cool reserve.

Baron Tolnay took her hand; he did not press it; he was on his very good behaviour now.

"Do you still disbelieve in *Gaura Dracului*?" asked Gretchen, in a tone of lofty coldness.

"I will swear to its existence. The evidence on those two faces is not to be overturned; popular superstition has never interested me until to-day."

"And to-day it shall not baffle me," said Gretchen. "I am going back to the goat-herds; it can only be a question of florins after all."

They came to the felled tree, where the ground was strewn with bitten leaves, and where many a branch was half stripped, but the spot was deserted. The fallen tree told them no tales, and neither goats nor goat-herds were there.

SCOTTISH CAPITAL ABROAD.

THERE was a time when Scotland made a boast of her poverty. She was proud to be known as "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood." When her hillsides were left free to her hardy sons, she could look with Spartan contempt on the purse-proud Saxon with his fat meadows and his cotton factories. But the spirit of the age at length proved too much for the self-denying Scot. He was drawn into the whirling current of steam-looms, radicalism, and accommodation bills, and it not only swept him away from his old moorings, but made a new man of him—perhaps not a better one, but that at present is not the question in hand. He threw himself with characteristic energy and single-mindedness into every new venture that turned up. When colonisation came into vogue, he was foremost among colonists. When China reluctantly opened her doors to trade, it was no doubt a Scot who first taught the Celestials the superior merits of sized cotton goods. In the South Seas he followed close at the heels of Captain Cook, and was soon doing a good business with the natives in glass beads and Birmingham-made idols. He hunted the buffalo on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains; he harpooned whales in the Arctic Ocean; and he pitched his explorer's tent among the blacks in Central Australia. Invariably fortune attended his steps. He opened up new channels for trade; he wrestled with savage nature, and tamed her into a submissive servant; wherever money was to be made, the proverbial Scotchman had not long to be looked for. Wealth seemed to

start into existence at his touch. It marked his track in every part of the world, and it blessed not only himself but all his kith and kin. It returned like a flood over the old country, and coursed through its veins like a new and keener life. In the course of the first half of the present century Scotland was changed from one of the poorest to one of the most prosperous countries in Europe. From an unknown inaccessible corner of the world it has been transformed within the life of two generations into the favourite haunt of the tourist and the home of merchant princes.

Scotland herself is but dimly conscious of the revolution she has undergone in this respect. She does not pose before the world as a leader of commerce or a ruling centre of finance, but she has claims to both if she chooses to assert them. Her industrial rank is already abundantly recognised; justice is seldom done, however, to her financial influence. That she has a large accumulated capital within her own borders hardly requires to be stated, but it is much less generally known how much she contributes to the great stream of British capital which is continually flowing out to foreign countries. Whether this vast exportation of our surplus wealth be wise or unwise, Scotland is to a large extent responsible for it. In proportion to her size and the number of her population, she furnishes far more of it than either of the sister kingdoms. England gives sparingly, and Ireland hardly any, but Scotland revels in foreign investment. She welcomes any financial proposal to relieve her of

her bank deposits and the contents of her old stockings, by irrigating with them some undeveloped Goshen at the farthest ends of the earth. Three-fourths of the foreign and colonial Investment Companies are of Scottish origin. If not actually located in Scotland, they have been hatched by Scotchmen and work on Scottish models. Quite as many of them have their headquarters in Edinburgh as in London, and even the English ones find it necessary to

come to Scotland for the debenture money and the deposits with which high dividends are conjured up. To illustrate this possibly novel proposition we have made a selection of the principal Investment Companies, and traced out in some detail the inner working of them. With one or at most two exceptions, the subjoined nineteen Companies get the bulk of their funds from Scotland; without Scotland they could not in fact exist.

A.—CAPITAL ACCOUNT.

	Subscribed Capital.	Paid-up Capital.	Uncalled Capital.
American Mort. of Scotland . . .	£428,000	£85,600	£342,400
Australasian Mort. and Agency	1,000,000	175,270	830,000
Australian Mortgage Land and Finance . . .	2,000,000	400,000	1,600,000
Australian and N. Z. Mort. . .	1,000,000	116,740	900,000
British and N. Z. Mortgage . .	403,320	71,395	331,925
Colonial Investment and Agency of New Zealand . . .	500,000	88,478	411,500
Edinburgh American Land . .	250,000	50,000	200,000
Land Mort. Bank of Victoria . .	625,000	125,000	500,000
Mortgage of South Australia . .	584,005	143,754	440,250
National Mort. & Ag. of N. Z. .	1,000,000	100,000	900,000
N. Z. Loan and Mercantile . .	3,000,000	314,245	2,700,000
N. Z. Mort. and Investment . .	230,910	46,222	184,728
North British Canadian . . .	500,000	102,680	397,320
Northern Investment of N. Z. .	336,100	57,137	268,880
North of Scotland Canadian . .	600,000	110,000	490,000
Otago and Southland . . .	750,000	150,000	600,000
Scottish American Investment . .	1,700,000	359,534	1,360,000
Scottish American Mortgage . .	1,000,000	200,000	800,000
Trust and Loan of Canada . .	1,500,000	326,882	1,175,000
Total subscribed capital . . .		£17,407,335	
Total paid-up capital . . .		3,022,937	
Uncalled capital . . .		14,432,003	

Without actual inquiry—and, it will be seen, very intricate inquiry—it is impossible to form a conception of the magnitude which foreign and colonial investment is assuming in North Britain. Though virtually a creation of the past fifteen or twenty years—the oldest of the above Companies celebrated its majority only a few months ago—the masses of capital handled have already to be counted by tens of mil-

lions. Some of the Companies have expanded with gourd-like rapidity into enormous concerns. In the foregoing list there are no fewer than eight with a subscribed capital of one million sterling or over. The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency has three millions, the Australian Land Mortgage and Finance Company two millions, and one of our Edinburgh institutions could call up if required nearly

a million and three-quarters. The aggregate subscribed capital of the whole nineteen Companies is nearly seventeen and a half millions sterling. For the smaller Companies not closely connected with Scotland, at least twelve and a half millions more might be put down. Thirty millions is, we believe, not an over-estimate of the golden flood which the old country has poured into America and the colonies through the agency of Finance Companies of various degrees of solidity and good management.

So long as America and the colonies can find passable investments, Investment Agencies are only too glad to supply the needed funds, and so far there has been no difficulty whatever in getting funds from the public. Some investors are attracted by the tempting dividends on the shares, and others by the charming combination of sim-

plicity and security supposed to exist in the debentures. The latter are by far the larger class, as the next table will show. The above nineteen selected Companies handle funds amounting in the aggregate to seventeen and a half millions sterling, but of that little more than three millions is share capital paid up. The other three-fourths has been raised in the very easy and lucrative form of debentures and deposits. In skilful hands the three or five year debenture is an Aaron's rod that draws unlimited water from the least promising of rocks. One leviathan Company has tested its miraculous power to the extent of over two and three-quarter millions sterling; another has collected fully a million and a half; and a third commands a million and a quarter of four per cent money.

B.—DEBENTURE ACCOUNT.

	Paid-up Capital.	Debentures and Deposits.	Total Funds Handled.
American Mortgage of Scotland	£85,600	£315,329	£411,429
Australasian Mort. and Agency	175,270	686,540	881,810
Australian Mortgage Land and Finance	400,000	1,554,700	2,354,700
Australian and N. Z. Mortgage	116,740	769,985	901,725
British and N. Z. Mortgage . .	71,395	261,785	334,471
Colonial Investment and Agency of New Zealand	88,478	400,000	518,078
Edinburgh American Land . .	50,000	199,564	259,814
Land Mortgage Bank of Victoria	125,000	638,473	781,473
Mortgage of South Australia . .	143,754	407,225	550,979
National Mort. and Ag. of N. Z.	100,000	770,698	890,698
N. Z. Loan and Mercantile . .	314,245	2,851,844	3,386,089
N. Z. Mortgage and Investment	46,222	188,780	235,002
North British Canadian	102,680	394,755	520,435
Northern Investment of N. Z. . .	57,137	232,409	295,546
North of Scotland Canadian . .	110,000	464,293	606,293
Otago and Southland	150,000	650,089	875,089
Scottish American Investment . .	359,534	1,286,244	1,902,778
Scottish American Mortgage . .	200,000	758,026	1,058,026
Trust and Loan of Canada . . .	326,882	706,840	1,179,566
Total paid-up capital		£3,022,937	
Total debentures and deposits . .		13,537,579	
Total funds handled, including reserves		17,943,701	

If the Investment Companies liability, they have not wholly have not been afraid of prospective neglected safeguards against it.

A very creditable feature in the best of them is the care and perseverance with which they have built up their reserves. As a whole, they are strong in that respect, the total of their reserves amounting, as shown below, to over a million and a quarter sterling, equal to fully 40 per cent of their paid-up capital. It is to be regretted that this guarantee fund should be so unequally distributed. Almost a half of it is owned by two out of the nineteen companies—the Australian Land Mortgage and Finance Company, with its magnificent accumulation of £400,000 of undivided profits, and the Scottish American Investment Company, with its quarter-million placed to reserve. Only three others can be said to have made

liberal provision for a rainy day—the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile, the Scottish American Mortgage, and the Trust and Loan of Canada. The proper test of a reserve is its relation to the prospective liability of the Company, against which it may be regarded as an offset. The showing in this respect is not completely reassuring. The aggregate reserves of the nineteen Companies are only about $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the uncalled capital and 8 per cent of the borrowed money. They thus go but a small way toward protecting the shareholders from calls in the event of misfortune, or pressure from debenture-holders. Subjoined are the details of the various reserves and their relations to unpaid capital, &c. :—

C.—RESERVE FUND ACCOUNT.

	Amount of Reserve.	Percentage of Reserve to Uncalled Capital.	Percentage of Reserve to Borrowed Money.
American Mortgage of Scotland . .	£10,500	3.067	3.330
Australasian Mortgage and Agency . .	20,000	2.409	2.881
Australian Mortgage Land & Finance	400,000	25.000	25.758
Australian and N. Z. Mortgage . .	15,000	1.600	1.948
British and New Zealand Mortgage . .	1,291	.389	.386
Colonial Investment and Agency of New Zealand	18,100	4.399	4.525
Edinburgh American Land	10,250	5.125	5.141
Land Mortgage Bank of Victoria . .	18,000	3.600	2.819
Mortgage of South Australia	17,158	3.897	4.213
National Mortgage & Agency of N. Z.	20,000	2.200	2.595
New Zealand Loan and Mercantile . .	220,000	12.944	7.716
New Zealand Mortgage & Investment	...	...	...
North British Canadian	23,000	5.789	5.826
Northern Investment of New Zealand	6,000	2.231	2.586
North of Scotland Canadian	32,000	6.522	6.892
Otago and Southland	75,000	12.500	11.557
Scottish American Investment	257,000	18.898	19.981
Scottish American Mortgage	101,289	12.500	15.899
Trust and Loan of Canada	145,844	12.412	20.633
	£1,390,432	7.526	8.036

If the question were put, Why have Scottish investors become all at once so partial to America and the colonies? the answer would be

on the tip of every tongue—"Because they pay the highest interest." No doubt they do; but it is advisable also to take security into

account. Debenture-holders, and even shareholders, seldom think of that. They know little or nothing about where their money goes, or of how the high interest is earned. Necessarily there is more risk in earning it than there would be at home, and there must also be more expense. Flourishing as some of the Finance Companies are, they have many difficulties to contend with. *Prima facie*, if there were no drawbacks to the business, if their funds were all in constant and profitable employment, the returns to shareholders ought to be princely. If they are not all that they might be, the cause is to be sought for either in heavy working expenses, or in losses incurred, or in unemployed funds held against unforeseeable demands. From the following table may be gathered—first, what the gross income of the various Companies was for the past year; secondly, how much of it they had to pay away for expenses and interest on borrowed money; thirdly, the percentages of outlay to revenue and to the total funds handled respectively. The gross income of the nineteen Companies was £1,357,000. That, on a total of seventeen and a half millions—namely, paid-up capital, three millions; debentures and deposits, thirteen and a half millions; reserves, &c., a million and a quarter—would be about $7\frac{3}{4}$

per cent all over. The expenses of management were rather more than a quarter of a million, and deducting them, the net interest realised would be $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. As most of the money is invested at 8, 9, and even 10 per cent, such a small average suggests either frequent losses, or locking up of capital to a larger extent than is generally suspected. There must be considerable sums either lying idle in banks at home, or paralysed abroad through foreclosure of mortgages.

Starting with a gross yield of about $7\frac{3}{4}$ per cent on their entire funds, original and borrowed, the next point of interest is its distribution. This inquiry has been rendered needlessly difficult by the capricious and confused form in which some of the leading Companies present their accounts. With regard to two of them, and these not insignificant ones either, it is impossible to distinguish working expenses from interest paid. The New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency brings into its Revenue Account only the difference between interests received and interests paid. The totals given for this Company in Table D are estimated on the best data available in the circumstances, but they may be taken as a practically fair approximation:—

D.—REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE.

	Total Revenue.	Interest and Cost of Man- agement.	Percentage of Expenses to Revenue.	Expenses to Funds Handled.
American Mort. of Scotland	£28,255	£17,346	61.391	4.216
Australasian Mort. and Agency	79,427	53,875	67.827	6.109
Australian Mortgage Land and Finance	191,416	99,088	51.766	4.208
Australian and N. Z. Mort.	59,042	39,501	66.903	4.381
British and N. Z. Mortgage	39,601	28,222	71.266	8.438

D.—REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE—*continued.*

	Total Revenue.	Interest and Cost of Man- agement.	Percentage of Expenses to Revenue.	Expenses to Funds Handled.
Colonial Investment and Agency of New Zealand .	£33,352	£22,420	67.222	4.327
Edinburgh American Land	19,323	11,795	61.041	4.540
Land Mort. Bank of Victoria	43,684	30,881	70.690	3.952
Mort. of South Australia .	36,692	23,632	64.406	4.252
National Mort. and Agency of New Zealand .	68,919	56,138	81.455	6.302
N. Z. Loan and Mercantile	261,900	203,200 ¹	77.500 ¹	6.00 ¹
N. Z. Mort. and Investment	18,147	14,725	81.142	6.265
North British Canadian .	35,163	23,503	66.840	4.516
Northern Invest. of N. Z. .	19,132	11,807	61.713	3.999
North of Scotland Canadian	40,989	27,805	67.835	4.586
Otago and Southland .	61,473	41,877	68.122	4.785
Scottish American Invest. .	179,273	71,063	39.639	3.735
Scottish American Mortgage	67,014	40,752	60.800	4.255
Trust and Loan of Canada .	76,634	50,182	65.482	4.255
	£1,359,436	£867,812	63.861	4.890

Out of a gross revenue of £1,359,000 the nineteen Companies pay away nearly 64 per cent (£868,000) in interest on debentures, working expenses, &c. The working expenses slightly exceed a quarter of a million sterling, and the interest payments aggregate nearly £616,000. Hence the Companies are able to retain for themselves 36 per cent, or close on half a million sterling. Their own funds represent three millions of capital and a million and a quarter of reserve, together $4\frac{1}{4}$ millions, and on that sum half a million sterling is equivalent to nearly 12 per cent. There is another advantage of some weight on the side of the shareholders. Owning only one-fourth of the total funds handled, as against three-fourths owned by the debenture-holders and depositors, they pay virtually only one-fourth of the working expenses. Where the shareholder gains the debenture-holder loses — is bound to lose, from the very nature of the lop-

sided partnership which binds them together. The latter have $13\frac{1}{2}$ millions invested in it, and the share they receive of the gross revenue is, as shown above, rather less than £616,000. This is equivalent to about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest, and it corresponds closely enough with the standard rates paid by the Companies to assure us that it cannot be far from the truth. Roughly speaking, the funds handled by these nineteen Companies yield only $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the debenture-holders' three-fourths of the capital employed, and nearly 12 per cent on the shareholders' one-fourth. The working expenses are allocated in precisely opposite proportions—namely, three-fourths to the debenture-holders and one-fourth to the shareholders. Not content with furnishing cheap money to other people, lenders on debenture and deposit pay for these other people three-fourths of the expense of investing their own money. While that is true of the

¹ Estimated.

Companies as a whole, in individual cases the anomaly might be shown in even stronger colours. In the above Table D there are two Companies which pay away over 80 per cent for interest and working expenses, implying that more than four-fifths of the capital they work with is borrowed money. Out of the remaining one-fifth of their income they are able, however, to pay handsome dividends to their shareholders. Three other Companies disburse from 70 to 80 per cent of their income for interest on borrowed money and working expenses. Twelve of the nineteen pay out from 60 to 70 per cent, retaining for themselves from 30 to 40 per cent. Under 60 per cent there are only two Companies—the Australian Mortgage Land and Finance, whose borrowed capital and working expenses cost it less than 52 per cent of its gross income; and the Scottish American Investment Company, which earns fully 60 per cent of its income off its own capital—including, of course, its large reserve.

Before passing from Table D, there is another point that deserves notice—the relative cost of borrowed capital and working expenses in the various Companies. The general average appears to be a little under 5 per cent—4.890—but the range of variation is large. There are three Companies which appear to handle their funds at the cost of less than 4 per cent overhead, including interest on borrowed capital. Eleven Companies average from $4\frac{1}{4}$ to $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, five exceed 6 per cent, and one is nearly $8\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. If we recall the fact that $7\frac{3}{4}$ per cent is the average return which the Companies realise on their total funds, the bearing of these variations will be clear enough. The greater the proportion of income absorbed by

interest on borrowed money and expenses, the less is the ultimate profit to the shareholders. Without losing time over minute details, this may be set down as a general conclusion, that the cost to Investment Companies of handling their funds, both original and borrowed, is at least 5 per cent. In one way or another they are paying about 5 per cent for every pound they borrow. If they could issue preference shares at 5 per cent, instead of giving nominally 4 and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for deposits and short-dated debentures, they would not in the end lose by the operation, but rather gain. The most solid and trustworthy of them, as soon as they could issue 4 per cent debenture stock, would achieve a great saving on their present hand-to-mouth system. This has already been done by a few of the leading English Companies, notably by the Australian Mortgage Land and Finance Company, which now handles over a million and a half of borrowed capital at an annual cost of about £63,000 for interest.

Borrowing at 4 per cent and lending at 8 to 10 per cent, looks like an industry which should be encouraged in these dull times; but the shareholders, fortunate as they are, do not get all the cream of it. A considerable share trickles away into the side channels of commissions, working expenses, and directors' fees. Our nineteen representative Companies earn, as shown above, £1,359,000, and the cost of earning it, putting aside interest on borrowed money, exceeds a quarter of a million, or not far from 20 per cent of the whole. The subjoined Table E distinguishes expenses of management from interest, giving the respective amounts for each Company, and the percentage of expenses to gross revenue:—

E.—EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT.

	Total Revenue.	Expenses of Manage- ment.	Percentage of Expenses to Income.
American Mortgage of Scotland .	£28,255	£2,578	9.120
Australasian Mortgage and Agency	79,427	25,858	33.926
Australian Mortgage Land and Finance	191,416	35,902	18.765
Australian and N. Z. Mortgage .	59,042	7,313	12.387
British and New Zealand Mort- gage and Agency	39,601	15,849	40.219
Colonial Investment and Agency of New Zealand	33,352	5,696	17.781
Edinburgh American Land Mort.	19,323	2,017	10.438
Land Mortgage Bank of Victoria .	43,684	5,631	12.890
Mortgage of South Australia .	36,692	3,491	9.514
National Mort. and Agency of N. Z.	68,919	24,017	32.960
N. Z. Loan and Mercantile .	261,900 ¹	60,610 ¹	23.142 ¹
N. Z. Mortgage and Investment .	18,147	4,185	23.060
North British Canada Mortgage .	35,163	5,606	15.913
Northern Investment of N. Z. .	19,132	3,405	17.979
North of Scotland Canadian .	40,989	7,186	17.531
Otago and Southland	61,473	10,416	16.944
Scottish American Investment .	179,273	9,829	5.480
Scottish American Mortgage .	67,014	8,868	13.224
Trust and Loan of Canada .	76,634	13,024	17.039
	£1,359,436	£251,481	18.444

At first glance these variations are startling. From a minimum of less than $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, they extend to a maximum of over 40 per cent. Clearly no ordinary cause, such as different degrees of economy or caution in management, could reconcile such widely divergent results. The chief explanation has to be found in the fact that these Companies, though all classed in Stock Exchange lists as Investment Companies, are a conglomeration of institutions differing greatly from each other in the class of business they cultivate. A few, like the Scottish American Investment Company, are simple trusts holding securities for the behoof of their members. Their working expenses are small in proportion to the revenue earned, and the 5.480 per cent of the Scottish American Investment Company no doubt fairly represents the lowest cost at

which such business can be conducted with judicious management. A much larger number on the list are Mortgage Companies, whose transactions involve agents' commissions and legal expenses. Their cost of management is more than double that of the Investment Trusts. The most economical of them are the American Mortgage Company of Scotland and the Mortgage Company of South Australia, which average about 9 per cent of their income. Next comes the Edinburgh American Land Mortgage Company, with an average of about 10 per cent; the Australian and New Zealand Mortgage Company, $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; the Land Mortgage Bank of Victoria, 13 per cent; and the Scottish American Mortgage Company, $13\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. A number of the New Zealand and Canadian Companies range from $17\frac{1}{2}$ to 23 per cent,

¹ Estimated.

which may be considered decidedly high for a purely Mortgage Company. A third section of the list, and the most important of all, consists of the Companies which combine agency with mortgage and investment business. They are practically trading and banking institutions on a large scale. They indent goods to colonial houses on commission; they ship wool home for squatters, advance on it, sell it in London, and remit the proceeds to the grower or merchant in the colonies. That such business is profitable goes without saying, but it has also its risks, and demands the safeguard of substantial reserve funds. The expenses of management are relatively high, owing to the large establishments and the numerous branch agencies that have to be maintained. An average of $18\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, as in the case of the Australian Mortgage Land and Finance Company, may be considered fairly moderate. That of the New Zealand Loan Mercantile Agency appears to be higher; but it may be again remarked with regard to it, that only approximate values are obtainable. There are three other Companies in the list which cultivate agency business, and their percentages of expenses to revenue are all relatively high.

The Scottish capital sent abroad by Investment and Mortgage Companies has the following general characteristics, which may now be presented in a succinct form, making clear their bearing on each other, and their significance to investors:—

First, Less than one-fourth of such capital is actually owned by the parties taking the risk of the business and enjoying the lion's share of the profits. The other three-fourths is furnished by parties who accept a mere fraction of the profits on the understanding—which may be well founded, and

which may not—that they have no share whatever of the risk.

Secondly, The profits of these foreign and colonial investments are very unequally divided between the two classes of investors. The shareholder pockets on an average 12 per cent, while the debenture-holder is put off with $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In a prosperous concern the shareholder's dividend may rise to 20 or even 25 per cent, while the interest paid to the debenture-holder always tends downward. He used to get 5 per cent, and even 6 per cent was not uncommon, but now he is expected to be thankful for 4 or even $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent from first-class Companies.

Thirdly, The channels of investment selected by these Companies are very varied, and of very different degrees of safety; but as a rule, neither shareholders nor debenture-holders have the shadow of an idea where their particular funds are located, or how they are administered.

Fourthly, The continuous and increasing efflux of capital abroad by means of Investment and Mortgage Companies must sooner or later tell on the domestic supply. It is justified on the plea that money is a drug at home, and warnings like the present are met with a defiant retort—"What home investments can you offer in their place?" It is true, for the moment, that capital appears to be over-abundant; but the plethora may be artificial and temporary. Money has been forced out of its ordinary channels by a course of bad seasons and unprofitable trade; but in hurrying it, as we do, out of the country, we assume that trade is never to revive, and that our idle capital is never to be needed again. That may be taking too much for granted.

For a small country like Scotland to be able to spare, even for a time, tens of millions sterling, is one of the most striking paradoxes in the

history of commerce. The Scotch, of all people in the world, are supposed to be best able to take care of themselves and their money. Wherever a passably honest penny can be earned, they will not be far to seek; and yet it has come to this with them, that they will face almost any risk for the sake of the difference between 4 per cent at home and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent across the Atlantic or at the antipodes. That is what it really means to the bulk of our colonial and foreign investors. Those who get more than the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent are a small minority of the whole body on whom the risks fall.

It has been already estimated that at least thirty millions sterling has been taken out of the United Kingdom by Investment and Mortgage Companies. Scotland's share of that will be far more than a half—possibly as much as two-thirds—or, let us say, twenty millions sterling. Latterly she has been pouring out her surplus wealth through still more seductive channels. She has put four and a half millions into Land Companies, and carries in connection with them a liability for fully a million and a half more of uncalled capital. Four millions will hardly cover her speculations in wild cattle. The ten principal Cattle Companies control

in paid-up capital and debentures considerably over three millions. Companies not officially quoted, and ranches privately owned, will aggregate fully a million, making the cattle account, at a moderate estimate, between four and five millions sterling. The foreign and colonial mines, either wholly or partly owned in Scotland, have a paid-up capital of about three and a half millions, with liabilities exceeding half a million more. Lumber is a delicate matter to touch on at the present time, but it represents half a million sterling of Scottish capital, which would have been better kept at home. For miscellaneous Companies trading abroad on Scottish capital, we may, with perfect safety, set down a couple of millions. And then comes an item which it is difficult to appraise, though there can be no doubt about its magnitude. We refer to private investments in foreign and colonial securities. These will aggregate at least a fourth of the amount held by the Investment and Mortgage Companies. The probability is that it is far more, but let it be taken at the moderate figure of five millions. Putting these several sums together, a total of no trifling magnitude is achieved:—

F.—SUMMARY OF SCOTTISH CAPITAL ABROAD.

Investment and Mortgage Companies	£20,000,000
Foreign and Colonial Mines	4,000,000
Land Companies	4,500,000
Cattle Companies	4,500,000
Lumber Companies	500,000
Miscellaneous	2,000,000
Private holdings of Foreign and Colonial Securities	5,000,000
	£40,500,000

"Scottish capital abroad" is thus no visionary phrase. It has the solid ring of fully forty millions sterling. If it could be reckoned worth even so little as 5 per cent interest overhead, it would bring

into the country annually over two millions sterling. Is there a foreign or colonial investor so optimist as to imagine that it can be safely relied on for even half as much, after due allowance has been

made for accidents and losses? A rough estimate can be formed of the yields of the several classes of investments. It has been ascertained that the Investment and Mortgage Companies return on an average $6\frac{1}{3}$ per cent net, their gross average yield being $7\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, and their working expenses nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the total funds handled. Of the foreign and colonial mines only two are dividend-paying. Tharsis and the Scottish Australian Mine yielded last year enough to average nearly 10 per cent on the whole list; but over a period of years the average would be hardly half as much, or, say, 5 per cent. Two-thirds of the capital sunk in Scottish mining ventures returns nothing at all, and the capital itself has become next to worthless in the market. Last year there was more—a good deal more—lost in the bad mines than was earned by the good ones. To say that money invested in speculative mining simply keeps itself—in other words, that the prizes and the blanks about counter-balance each other—is as favourable a conclusion as can be drawn from past experience.

The Land Companies pay from zero up to 10 per cent. Four of them, including the Canada North-West and the Scottish American Land, were last year barren. The largest of all, the New Zealand and Australian Land Company, is good nowadays for 4 per cent; and only one, the Missouri Land and Live Stock Company, has been able to maintain the pace at which most of them started—10 per cent. The whole of the Land Companies quoted on the Edinburgh Stock Exchange divide among their shareholders less than a quarter-million per annum, or, say, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The Lumber Companies have been crooked branches of the

tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and their dividends require no elaborate calculation. The wild cattle have so far done well, thanks to good seasons and elastic estimates. On the borrowed half of their capital they pay about 6 per cent, and on the original half they distribute dividends of from 6 to 20 per cent, averaging all round perhaps 8 per cent. The miscellaneous Companies are a very mixed lot, some of them paying well, but the majority being of dubious value. They certainly do not return more than 5 per cent on an average. Of private investments in foreign and colonial securities it would be hazardous to say even that much. A portion of them may be well-selected bonds of Colonial Governments, municipalities, or railways, yielding from 4 to 6 per cent. Beneath this thin layer of cream, however, lies the sour milk of Wabash, Erie, Grand Trunk, and kindred "securities," so called. A collapse in the "fancy" stocks, such as we have been enjoying for a while back, may sweep away at a stroke ten years' earnings of the honest stuff. This current year, for example, will be far worse than blank as regards American and Canadian railways. The British investor will not only have no interest for his money, but there will be a large debit against him if he has the courage to write down all his holdings to their market value on the 31st December next. Even in an average year this class of investment rarely yields more than could be got from Consols without a tithe of the worry and anxiety. It is liberally estimated at an average yield of 3 per cent.

Calculating the various classes of foreign and colonial stocks at the rates here assigned them, the result appears in the following list:—

G.—ESTIMATED RETURN FROM SCOTTISH CAPITAL ABROAD.

		Rate.	Interest.
Investment and Mortgage Companies	£20,000,000	6½	£1,266,666
Foreign and Colonial Mines	4,000,000	5	200,000
Land Companies	4,500,000	4½	202,500
Cattle Companies	4,500,000	8	360,000
Lumber Companies	500,000	...	...
Miscellaneous Companies	2,000,000	5	100,000
Private holdings of Foreign and Colonial Securities	10,000,000	3	300,000
			£2,429,166

The average gross return overhead on a capital of over forty millions is thus only 6 per cent, without making any provision for losses or casualties. In the case of Investment and Mortgage Companies, 1 per cent would be a moderate sum to put aside as a guarantee fund, and that would reduce the average return overhead from such Companies to 5 per cent. Against the £200,000 derived last year from foreign and colonial mines has to be set the cost of depreciation during the same period—fully one million sterling. On the Land Companies there was last year a depreciation nearly three times

as large as the gross profit they yielded to the proprietors. Even the Cattle Companies, notwithstanding their generous dividends, lost fully as much in the market as they distributed among their shareholders. The miscellaneous Companies and the securities privately held had also a bad year, taking more out of the one pocket than they put into the other. Their decline in value may be appraised at 10 per cent overhead. On putting together these materials, we get some idea of the seamy side of foreign and colonial investments:—

H.—OFFSETS TO HIGH INTEREST ON SCOTTISH CAPITAL ABROAD.

Investment and Mortgage Companies' Reserve, say		
1 per cent	£200,000	
Mining Companies, last year's losses, say	1,000,000	
Land Companies do.	600,000	
Cattle Companies do.	...	
Lumber Companies do.	450,000	
Miscellaneous do.	200,000	
Private Holdings do.	1,000,000	
Total estimated losses	£3,450,000	
Total estimated interest received	2,429,166	
Estimated net loss on the year	£1,020,834	

If Scottish investors abroad were to make hotch-potch of all their promiscuous speculations—mines, cattle, lumber, mortgages, and railway shares—the return on their whole capital might thus, under the most favourable circumstances, reach 6 per cent. In grasping,

however, at this not very brilliant prize, they have suffered losses which have no parallel at home, unless when a bank collapses or a building society has to close its doors. Recently shareholders in foreign ventures have again and again seen their whole capital

swept away, and have had reason to be thankful when a pile of liabilities did not remain behind. Such shipwrecks shake confidence, and predispose all holders of the same class of securities to panic. When in the course of nature a bad year comes round, there is not only interest or dividend lost, but the capital itself shrinks up as if touched by a blight. A mishap which might not put down a home railway stock more than a few points, will knock off half the market value of a foreign or colonial security. While the former recovers quickly, the latter continues sick, and is distrusted for months, or it may be years, after. There is nothing more difficult to re-establish than the reputation of a foreign speculation which has once got tainted either through bad management or misfortune. The people who rushed into it while it was a novelty that tickled their greedy imaginations, turn on it and rend it at the first disappointment it gives them. Thereby they add greatly to the losses for which the addled egg is itself responsible. It might come right if they gave it time; but their ignorance inspires them with unreasoning fear, and their first impulse is to throw it over. Another class of dabblers in foreign speculation errs on the side of blind, dogmatic confidence. They will believe no wrong of a thing they have once taken a fancy to, however much appearances may be against it. Their ignorance assumes the form of obstinacy, and is often as disastrous to themselves as the ignorance which rushes into panic.

It looks almost like mockery to ask if the extra 1 per cent, or even 2 per cent interest which may be earned abroad, is worth the spasms of agony with which the distant harvest has to be gleaned. If we

look a little closer into it, we may find reason to doubt if even the extra 1 or 2 per cent is not, in most cases, a Will-o'-the-wisp. The shareholders of the Investment and Mortgage Companies have had their expectations so far fairly realised; but what a succession of *fiascos* and disappointments have most of our foreign mines proved! The Spanish copper-mines are the only redeeming spots of brightness in a long vista of Arizonas, Huntingtons, Canadian Coppers, and Scottish Pacifics. In almost every other branch of foreign speculation, from railway shares to petroleum, the rule has been heavy loss, and the exception fair profit. Last year was no doubt abnormal,—at all events, Scotland could not indulge in many more such years without taking a lesson from Mr Keene and “calling a halt.” Its losses on mines, land, and lumber exceeded two millions sterling. On its private holdings of foreign and colonial securities it lost, at a very moderate estimate, a million and a quarter more. The highest possible return it can have received during the year in interest and dividends on such securities falls short by a full million sterling of the lowest estimate of their depreciation. It can hardly ever happen that there will be a year without losses, and if only a third of last year’s aggregate were taken as a normal standard, it would still exceed a million sterling. This, deducted from a total revenue of two and a half millions (Table G), would give one million and a half as the net return, under favourable circumstances, on a capital of forty and a half millions invested abroad. The rate it represents is barely 4 per cent; and it would delight us to believe that our speculative investors abroad are realising that much, after writing off their losses.

THE SOUDAN AND ABYSSINIA, 1884.

A VISIT TO AN ABYSSINIAN ROBBER AT HOME.

I LEFT Suakim on 23d March 1884 by the Khedive's steamship *Mansurah*, and arrived in Massowah the following evening. My fellow-passengers were Captain Speedy, the celebrated Abyssinian traveller; Lieutenant Graham, R.N., Admiral Sir W. Hewett's flag-lieutenant; and Mr Villiers, the 'Graphic' correspondent,—all of whom had come down as forerunners of the mission to King John. I had also with me my servant, Alfred Thacker, who, although a civilian, had recently shown me in the field that he was ready to go anywhere or do anything; and in conclusion, last but not least, my staff officer, Major Mustapha Effendi Ramzie.

We landed and took up our residence in Mason Bey, the governor's house, or rather palace. He was away; but as he is known by all Anglo-Egyptians as the prince of good fellows, that made no difference, as in fact he took care to show us all on his return that evening from a trip down the coast in *H.M.S. Coquette*.

I shall not attempt to describe Massowah, beyond saying that it is a flat-roofed Eastern town of the usual description; and that the smells and flies are as frequent and unpleasant as in most of the towns on the Red Sea littoral. While roaming about the town with Captain Speedy, who was being repeatedly grasped by the hand by every sort and description of men, we learned that a Swedish missionary named B—— had been captured on the road between Abyssinia and the border a few days previously.

Now, as this capture had taken place between Massowah and Senheit, to which place I was intending to proceed, and as the capturer was an Abyssinian robber-chief named Baramberas, whose female relatives, including his wife, were all prisoners in Massowah, my chances of making a successful journey looked rather doubtful. However, we had a good dinner with a gentleman not unknown in these parts, named Marco Paoli Bey, and returned to Mason Bey's house, where, with the newly returned governor, we discussed frontier matters until the small hours.

Next day, after my inspection of Massowah had been completed, it was settled that I should start that evening for Senheit, which I may here remark is reckoned as a four or five days' journey from Massowah. I arranged to go off at once with 50 Bashi-Bazouks, who were about to start to form a post at El Ain, at about two journeys' distance, and Mason Bey telegraphed to Senheit for 50 Bashi-Bazouks to come down and meet me at a halting-place in the passes called Galamit; for as Baramberas had many men—about 1000 more or less,—the road was perfectly closed for unarmed parties. In the meantime, Lieutenant Crow of the *Coquette* sent out a letter to Baramberas, ordering him to come in and surrender to British authority; promising him safety and protection in Massowah if he would do so, and permission to live there in comfort with his womankind, on condition of his giving up the missionary unharmed.

At 4.30 P.M. I started for Senheit with Mustapha Effendi Ramzie and Alfred Thacker on horseback, taking with us four Bashi-Bazouks to carry guns, one mule to carry the light baggage, and one camel to take the forage for the animals, as nothing was to be obtained anywhere on the road. These Bashi-Bazouks are not Turks as might be supposed from the name, but half Arabs, half Abyssinians. They move at a sort of jog-trot, like the Hadendowah savages on the war-path, and seem to be indefatigable. Five miles beyond the Massowah causeway, we arrived at the village of Amkullu, where we inspected a fort on the slope of a hill. This fort was about 400 metres in length and contained four mountain-guns. It was protected by the most enormous ditches I have ever seen in any fort, and these ditches were three deep. I concluded that these had been dug more as an object of occupation for the Egyptian garrison than for any other reason, as the fort is commanded on the left flank and rear. The place was very much under-garrisoned, the greater number of the blacks who were formerly here having recently been killed at Teb, or near Tamai, in Baker's and Moncrieff's ill-fated expeditions.

At this village we joined twenty-five of our Bashi-Bazouks, the remainder having gone on with camels and stores for the post at El Ain. We were received by the sheikh of the village, a very civil fellow named Abd el Rahim, who supplied us with luxuries in the shape of settees or *angarebs*, a table, and a lantern; also some milk, for he is a cowkeeper. But we had better have been without the lantern, for it attracted more flying bugs than it had ever previously been my lot to see.

Next morning, March 26th, we

started at 5 A.M., just as dawn was breaking. The hyenas had been creating a lively music during the night, and just outside Amkullu we came upon a couple close to the track, which was a stony one. They were evidently a male and female, for the latter was carrying something in her mouth, which at first, in the dusk, we took for a sheep; but as we galloped after them we found it out to be a young hyena. Ramzie, who was excessively impetuous, fired a shot at them, but missed, and we lost them in a *nullah*, and so continued our journey. The road lay through a country chiefly desert, although in some places there were plenty of green shrubs and some grass. We saw several gazelles and hares, of which latter my servant missed a couple. We also saw a couple of guinea-fowl; but Ali, one of my men, frightened them. We passed on the road plenty of natives armed with spear, sword, and shield, exactly the same sort of looking men we fought at Tamai. Many of them belong to the "Zom Miriam" tribe; but in the course of the morning's march we overtook a very long caravan going to Kasala with merchandise, escorted by the very Hadendowah tribe of which Osman Digna's army is composed. We chaffed these fellows a little, and found them very good-natured and merry. We arrived at Amba, about twenty-three miles from Amkullu, in four hours and ten minutes from the time of starting — our Bashi-Bazouks having travelled at a jog-trot the whole of the way, although each carried a heavy Remington rifle and plenty of ball-cartridges. My pony was a most intelligent beast; he always exactly accommodated his pace to that of the Bashis running in front of him.

Amba, which we had now reached, is simply a place in a *khôr* or

sandy ravine, where there is water, plenty of which may be had by just grubbing up the ground in the bed of the *khôr*. There was no shade under which to encamp save that of some thorn-bushes. However, by rigging up a rug and an enormous cloth sheet, which one of the natives unwound from his waist, we managed to get some shelter, under which we had breakfast and then a nap. Starting again from Amba at 3.30, we were just on the move when we saw eight wild pig close by coming down to the water. I tried to shoot one with a sporting rifle which I had borrowed, but to my great disgust it missed fire several times. The pig began moving off, so I blazed at them with a Remington rifle which I snatched from one of the Bashis; but I had lost my chance—they escaped. On the whole, I should have learned thus early that my rifle was worthless, as I was going through a country full of lions, and that settled the question as to whether I should delay or not on the chance of getting one of the kings of the forest. Directly afterwards I shot a hare, a curious beast, with perfectly hairless pink ears, through which the sunlight shone brightly. Our route continued through scrub to a torrent-bed, now perfectly dry. Here there was a dry well. This place is called Kaufa. Crossing the ravine, we entered on the desert known as "El Shab," and a ghastly desert it is. For the first hour's march this consisted of loose, deep sand, through which struggled up a rough, bushy grass. Further on the sand became firmer, there was no grass, but instead here and there a tree. From the top of one of these I saw just at dusk three guinea-fowl fly away with a chucking "come back, come back," which reminded me of a farmyard at home. We marched through this

desert until two hours after dark, and then encamped on the bare sand at about 8 P.M., in a place where there was no water. The camels with the Bashi-Bazouks coming up, they carefully encamped to windward of where we were lying. The smell of combined savage and camel was by no means pleasant. However, I got inside my blanket-bag, and was soon asleep in spite of hyenas and camel-smells, my saddle making a capital pillow on this as on many other occasions.

At 2.30 A.M. we were again *en route*, for it was most important to avoid the heat of the day in this waterless desert. By the starlight I noticed, when not half asleep, that we passed a range of mountains, and that the desert continued to be of firm sand, from which sprang low and thorny trees with wide-spreading branches, which would make a fine shelter if nothing better offered. At about 5 A.M. the nature of the "Shab" changed. We entered on a stony country full of high bushes. On our left, at a short distance, was now a fine bold range of mountains stretching right into Abyssinia. These are, in fact, the natural boundary-line between Abyssinia and the Southern Soudan. We were soon at their base, when I shot a large fowl-like bird which was running in the bushes. I knocked over another of the same, but my attendant Mahomed did not realise that it might possibly get up and run, and wasted his time in getting a knife to cut its throat. By the time the knife was procured the bird had retired into the bushes. These two were the only birds I saw of this description during my journey.

We now began to descend a steep incline into a valley, another range of mountains closing rapidly in on our right; and soon we saw, in the

middle of the valley below us, a truly grateful sight, a clear running stream. We reached the bed, after five and a half hours' marching, at 8 A.M., and found the water clear, sparkling, and cool. After a good wash in a little pool down between two rocks, Alfred and I, accompanied by our favourites, Ali and Mahomed, followed up the course of the stream a mile or two, walking our horses in the shallow water and keeping a look-out for game. Although we heard guinea-fowl, we could see none; but there were numberless beautiful birds in this valley of "El Ain," and plenty of tailor-birds' nests hanging from the extreme ends of the slightest boughs of trees overshadowing the water. With the fresh morning breeze, it struck us, after the savage "Shah," as being indeed a most picturesque spot. We encamped in the shade of a charmingly thickly-leaved tree, and were soon engaged in watching the hare and the wild hen boiling together, Ali stirring the pot most diligently, while the stream ran by at our feet, and the birds sang in the thick branches overhead. With the exception of potted ham and potted beef, we had had no food since leaving Massowah; so the seething-pot added considerably to the poetry of the scene. Ramzie Effendi prepared an onion and sardine salad! and Alfred started the cocoa-boiling. Altogether it was a bright spot in our journey when we halted by the waters of El Ain.

Here there was a hut occupied by Bashi-Bazouks, who kept the railway line in order. This line, which goes to Kasala and Khar-toum, is still good as far as Senheit. I sent for one of the men, and made inquiries about the robber Baramberas, into whose country we had now entered. He had not yet

released the missionary, but had, on the previous day, taken a loaded camel from a passing caravan. It was evidently necessary that I should write him a letter, as, if I wished to get through comfortably or to set the missionary free, the best way was to see the robber personally, which I at once endeavoured to try and do. I managed to get two emissaries, after a little trouble, who undertook to try and find the robber-chief for a consideration. One of them was a man from the telegraph repairing post, in Egyptian pay; the other, another savage who was feeding a few cattle near the water. They did not seem to like the job much, but I think they knew that they personally would be quite safe from the robbers, as they had nothing to fear. I knew that Baramberas attached great importance to letters being sealed, from two of his I had read before leaving Massowah. I had therefore included in my light baggage, on starting, a couple of sheets of crested paper in case of eventualities,—the crest I pointed out to my messengers as my seal. By the spilling of a brandy-flask in my saddle-bags the piece of paper I had to use was somewhat stained, but that did not matter. Any idea of my letter being understood was out of the question, but still the fact would remain that it was a letter, and that was enough, especially as it was sealed, which fact I carefully pointed out to the two bearers, while explaining to them the contents, which they were to deliver as a message to the robber-chief.

My letter was simple. I commenced it, "My dear Baramberas," and ended it "Yours truly." It was also addressed simply, "Ras Baramberas Keffa, Esq.," &c., &c., &c.,—which address was evidently the right one, for the

letter came to hand, as the sequel will show.

After a comfortable wash and a shave, we started from our leafy camp at 2.30 P.M., and marched for two hours up the ravine or *khor*, at the foot of which we were at El Ain. After we had marched up the valley for a quarter of an hour, the running stream ceased to exist, and the mountains rapidly closed in on both sides of the path. The stream occasionally made its reappearance in a much smaller form, trickling over the ground here and there for the first hour's march. Here the rocks closed in on both sides to a width of only twenty-five yards at the base. This was an apparently impregnable passage to force, but I found it was turned by a narrow and rough mountain-road, which was followed by Ramzie Effendi and most of my Bashi-Bazouks, while I myself, with Alfred, Ali, and Mahomed, followed the lower bed of the torrent. I had brought on all the Bashi-Bazouks, intending to keep them with me until I should meet the escort I expected down from Senheit, which would probably be at a point in the ravine some forty miles ahead, at the wells of Galamit. As we proceeded, the road became at times excessively stony, and indeed dangerous, it being necessary to clamber over granite rocks which stuck up out of the bed of the ravine, and these were worn smooth with age and the action of water. Still the extraordinary fact remains, that the camels of the country, if not too heavily laden, are able to scramble over these obstacles in long strings, and that, too, in the dark. The most formidable part we had to pass through was a long defile called Awalid il Kird, or, "the place where the monkey was born." Here the rocks were

very high, and were covered with quantities of red-sterned baboons, some of which were of great size. One of my men fired off a rifle at them, and it was a wonderful sight to see with what agility they fled shrieking along the nearly perpendicular rocks. Coming up, Alfred shot a bird with an enormous curved serrated beak; each side of the upper mandible was marked with a broad yellow stripe. I took it to be a kind of hornbill. We afterwards saw plenty of these birds. Some of them had red instead of yellow stripes along the upper part of the bill. This looked very handsome and striking. After dark we halted in a broad part of the ravine, at a place where it took a large semicircular bend. The last hour's march had been an excessively trying one, the whole of the bottom of the defile having been wet and rocky. We were soon lying down on the bare sand, after starting fires on every side to keep off the lions, which here were numerous. The natives insisted on our camping quite in the middle of the ravine, and not on the wooded, sheltered side; and although there was a strong and cold wind blowing, they were undoubtedly right. There was a most marked change in the temperature this night, for we had been ascending the whole way from El Ain. I believe the native name of the spot we encamped in was Fatha. Just before arriving at Fatha we met the Swedish missionary riding in on a camel, accompanied by four or five of the telegraph Bashi-Bazouks. Baramberas had apparently let him go, only keeping his mule; but why or where he had let him go, we endeavoured for some time in vain to make out. We tried the missionary in five languages without effect

—Italian, French, English, German, and Arabic. He knew a few, a very few, words of all. However, as he appeared, if there was any choice, to be a shade best at Arabic, I stuck to that, although it seemed a curious tongue in which to be compelled to talk to a Swede. I conclude he makes his conversions, when he does make any, in Abyssinian. Eventually I gleaned that his release was a result of the letter sent by Lieut. Crow commanding the *Coquette*. Mr B—— said he had seen my letter going up the pass earlier in the day. Owing to more news of the Abyssinian robber having annexed camels, Mustapha Effendi Ramzie amused us much throughout this day's march by the considerable signs of anxiety he could not help showing. Also, after halting, he was very nervous about lions, although he had previously told us that there was nothing he enjoyed so much as hearing lions round the camp at night.

I determined to try him a little; and so, after he was comfortably ensconced on the sand and ready for the sleep he could always summon at two minutes' notice, I said maliciously, — "Ramzie, do you notice that we are lying in a very dangerous position? There is no fire on our side between us and the jungle, and you haven't managed as usual to put the camels and Bashi-Bazouks between you and the thicket. Besides, listen: don't you hear something rustling and breaking the bushes in there?" He started up and listened, was convinced he did hear something, and in a moment he was up and on his feet, shouting for Osman Aga, the head Bashi, to place fires and a guard between us and the jungle, and, in fact, was quite prepared to turn the whole place upside-down. However, as I

would allow no more fires or guards, he was obliged to intrust himself, by removing his sleeping-place, to the inside of mine and Alfred's, protesting that he only did so that we might have more room to shoot a lion if it came. A lion did come shortly after, and roared most lustily: and a fine sound his voice made, echoing through the rocks and hills; but I noticed that, in spite of his previously avowed predilection for this style of music, that my staff officer Major Ramzie did not seem at all inclined for an *encore*. However, perhaps this was only because he was too tired after our long march. We were also disturbed this night by the howling of wolves and the chattering of monkeys: these latter, I think, had winded the lion, but they kept perfectly quiet when once he began to roar.

Next morning, at 2.10 A.M., we started by starlight to continue our journey up the *khôr*. When once we made up our minds to start, it always took us very few minutes to get under way, for I had distributed the duties among the Bashi-Bazouks, so that each man knew exactly what to do; and after the first day they never failed, either on coming into camp or leaving it. Mahomed and Ali looked after our guns and horses; an older man named Iddris always accompanied and loaded the little baggage-mule; while our fourth personal attendant, Hassan, was chief kitchen-boy, started the fires, and got the water boiling for the cocoa, &c. We had no baggage, practically speaking—only a few cooking things and tinned provisions—so we were soon off at any time of day or night. We realised on this journey the immense advantage and comfort of travelling light.

This march of March 28th was

the longest and most eventful one we made. We marched during the day sixty miles at least over the wildest country, and I had my first personal interview with Baramberas Keffa, the robber-chief. On starting it was very cold, but as we had no greatcoats, we had to put up with that as we plodded along silently in the night up this mystic and apparently interminable ravine. After about a couple of hours the ravine appeared to assume quite a different character, becoming much wider—the sides not being so high and steep, but falling away with an easy slope to the base of well-clothed hills. We seemed to be near the top of the range, and for a long time were paddling along in water, having again encountered a shallow running stream. Towards dawn I found there was dense jungle on both sides, and the hills at each side again became lofty. When within about a couple of miles of the wells of Galamit, we got a few shots at guinea-fowl and partridge, as they flew off from their watering places, or ran across the path. These shots had the effect of bringing out a little party of Bashi-Bazouks to meet us, headed by a Turkish officer, their chief, whose title was the Sunga of Senheit. He accompanied us into his camp, where I was received by his troops, a hundred men of the very strangest description. I was received with all the honours. The ranks were opened, arms were presented, and drums of the strangest description beat the wildest of salutes.

The funniest part of it all was that the Bashi-Bazouk officers, who called themselves captains and majors, had all rifles as well as swords; and while drawn up in their proper places at open order, three paces in front of the line, these officers all presented arms

with the men. As I passed down the line, and returned the salute, some of the men thought it correct to salute me with one hand, while holding their rifles still at “the present” with the other; and for instructing this rabble to drill so well, the gallant Sunga (Turkish Sanjak) has for many years been receiving £45 a-month. Such is the inequality of pay in Egypt, that the Sunga of Massowah only gets £15 for undertaking exactly the same responsibilities.

The inspection of the “troops” concluded, the Sunga conducted me with great ceremony to a seat on a carpeted *angareb* or native bedstead under a tree. Of course coffee at once made its appearance. This journey taught me that there is no forest too thick, and no desert too wide, to prevent coffee being always ready on the spot—good and hot and strong; and also I found that, as a general rule, the most frightful-looking savages made it the best.

Well, the Sunga Aga gave us coffee and water-melon—this latter being the very best we ever tasted. With a little potted meat and a biscuit in addition, we made a most excellent breakfast at 6 A.M. We did not get another meal that day until 9 P.M., although we broke our fast a little by eating raw cabbages and onions in the Sunga’s own kitchen-garden at Sabbab, seven miles outside Senheit. At Galamit we did not even off-saddle; but after having watered and fed our animals, we made a fresh start with our guard of 100 men, leaving the old 50 who had come with us from Massowah to establish a post at Galamit until our return. We heard here that Baramberas was somewhere in the adjoining mountains, and that his sentries had been seen on the hill-tops close by on the preceding day.

My two men with the letter had passed through and had plunged into the hills in search of him. On leaving Galamit, the route at once struck into a dense jungle, and was covered with the most dreadfully loose stones of all shapes. We found it extremely difficult for our horses; but as our friend the Sunga had brought down with him from Senheit a horse and two splendid mules, I was glad to accept his offer of the latter for myself and servant. All his animals were unshod, and scrambled over the rocks at any pace like a cat, although in many places we had bare slippery rocks to clamber over. The new Bashi-Bazouks went dancing along in front, shouting their Abyssinian war-songs, and moving at such a pace over the rough ground that it was most difficult to keep up with them, although the unshod animals moved over the boulders as if they had never walked on anything else. When we had been travelling through the forest several hours—finding it very hot, but in spite of the heat able to admire the beautiful flowering cactus on all sides, and also the numerous trees of the graceful *Euphorbia candelabra*—suddenly there was a halt of our advanced-guard. Glad of a little rest, I languidly inquired what was the matter, thinking it was only a tree or an extra big rock in the way. Nothing of the sort. Word was passed back that the redoubtable Baramberas was in the neighbourhood, and that he wished to see me. Presently appeared my two messengers of yesterday, accompanied by a third person—a most villanous-looking one-eyed old savage, armed with a spear. This man, who was an emissary from the robber-chief, was exactly like the pictures one sees of Old Nick, only without the horns. However, his grizzled,

fuzzy wig was quite remarkable enough without any other Satanic accessories.

Old Nick informed me that Baramberas wished to see me and also the Sunga, but that we must leave all our soldiers behind, and meet him at a place an hour's march further on in the mountains. The Sunga did not at all appreciate the honour of meeting Baramberas Kefla Yasoots, and I felt that to do so I must put myself completely in his power, and trust to chance to get out of it all right; but seeing the importance of trying to open up the road, I decided at once to do as the robber wished, so ordered all the soldiers to halt where they were, and went ahead with the Sunga, Ramzie Effendi, Alfred, and two Bashis to hold the horses. Old Nick preceded us to show the way; but before starting, in token of good faith, we exchanged weapons. He took my double-barrelled gun, loaded, and I took his spear. I soon found we had a precipitous mountain-pass to cross called "Akabet Drinkalei,"—a most dangerous place it was too. However, the Kasala caravans are able to pass it, I believe. This pass accomplished, we had a further half-hour's journey into the mountains, and then turning off the track we soon came to a large bush facing a plain surrounded by rocky heights. This plain was quite bare for several hundred metres to our front, then again wooded to the base of the hills, in the recesses of which, Old Nick informed us, his master was at that time awaiting our arrival to be reported. The old robber then left us sitting by the bush, first, to my considerable surprise and pleasure, returning me my gun. I had not relished at all the idea of its disappearance into those grim-looking retreats for which he was about

setting out. For some half-hour we waited patiently under the bush, examining the mountains with our glasses, but in vain or nearly so; for, with the exception of one black sentry, perched a mile away on a hill-top, we saw nothing unusual. All this time the Sunga was in the greatest state of fear of being shot or kidnapped. Ramzie was a lion of courage compared to him, for Ramzie did not believe that Baramberas would touch an Englishman or his companions; but the Sunga, who had begun on the journey by expressing fears for my safety, as the minutes passed now openly expressed them strongly for his own. I verily believe that nothing but my presence prevented his making a clean bolt of it. While awaiting the chieftain's arrival, I gave Alfred orders, in case of accidents, that should there be any signs of foul play towards me, he was instantly to shoot that worthy himself through the head with my revolver, which I handed over to his care. By this means we should be sure of at least bagging one, and the principal one. It must be remembered there had been no mutual promises of immunity, and therefore it was a complete toss-up how the whole thing would turn out.

At length we saw issuing from the bushes at the far end of the plain a little troop of armed men, one of whom was mounted. Being clad in a red toga, I rightly guessed that he was the chief. When the advancing party had got half-way across the open space, I advanced to meet them with only my hunting-crop in my hand. I was followed by Alfred and Ramzie; the Sunga took care to keep his distance under the bush near his horse. Somehow I thought the advancing party of bandits would act on the square, so I walked

straight up to the robber's gang as if I had known them all my life. When the man in the red toga saw me coming, he dismounted, with the assistance of two of his followers, from the excellent mule he was riding, and came forward at the head of all his men. He was a fine-looking fellow of about forty; and a white flowing garment he wore from his shoulder flying loosely over the toga gave him a very picturesque appearance. When we met we salaamed and then shook hands heartily, and in our best Arabic, which was much on a par, we expressed our mutual joy at making each other's acquaintance. His Abyssinian Arabic sounded very strange to my ears: I wondered what he would think of mine. I turned to lead him across to our resting-place under the bush, when Baramberas himself insisted upon doing the honours of his mountains, and conducting me instead. Putting one hand on my shoulder in the most paternal manner, while holding my hand with his other, he conducted me to a seat on the Sunga's sheepskin saddle-cloth, where we made ourselves comfortable side by side. The meeting between the Sunga and the chief was of the coldest description. The Sunga looked sulky, salaamed, and said nothing, while the robber said "Neharak said" (good day), and then took no more notice of the leader of Bashi-Bazouks. After seating ourselves we produced a flask of weak whisky-and-water. After tasting it myself to show it was not poisoned, I handed it to my distinguished guest, who drank with great solemnity, and we then had a pull all round, with the exception of the Sunga, who, being a good Mohammedan, had religious scruples. As for Ramzie, he was much too advanced an

Egyptian ever to have any scruples at all, as to either what he ate or what he drank.

I forgot to mention that while we had been coming across the plain, Baramberas stopped his troop of followers; but they were so picturesque, wearing wreaths of lions' mane and capes of the same, that I asked him to allow some of them to accompany him. Four or five of them came: these were evidently his superior officers—he called one his major. These also were regaled with whisky-and-water. They were well-armed fellows, carrying double guns and swords—most of the guns were pinfire breech-loaders. Among the troop were also men carrying Remington rifles. Most of the principal men carried a handsome Abyssinian shield, embossed with silver or brass, in addition to their other arms. After a little conversation on indifferent subjects, I told Baramberas I wished to speak with him apart. He immediately assented to this, and so we moved out from our bush into the sun with our sheepskin rug, and there, for two mortal hours, in the hottest part of the day, the Abyssinian robber, Ramzie Effendi, and myself, sat and talked and argued. I began by thanking him for releasing the Swedish missionary, but remarked that I understood he still had his mule. He replied that he had only kept the mule for the use of an Abyssinian priest who was with Mr B—— when he caught him, but that the priest would ride it into Massowah in a few days' time. I then went straight into affairs of importance, and asked him to give up his robbing habits and to come in with me to Massowah on my return to Senheit. I explained to him the wisest thing he could do, to be at peace with both Abyssinia and

Egypt, was to place himself in the hands of Admiral Sir W. Hewett, V.C., who was expected in Massowah in a few days' time on his projected journey into Abyssinia. I assured him of perfect safety if he would come in with me; told him that he would be allowed to live in perfect security in Massowah with his wife and family then retained there; and, moreover, pointed out, that if he would come at once, the Admiral would arrange matters for him with King Johannes and with the powerful border chief, Ras Alula, in both of whose bad books he had been for a long time past. Indeed the latter was, according to the robber's own statement, his most deadly enemy and oppressor.

But I found Baramberas the most difficult man to deal with that I ever met. Nothing would induce him to consent to come to Massowah with me unless his family were first released and sent back to him to his home in the mountains. He said he believed in the English, but he did not care about his quarrel being made up with the king; and then he proceeded to draw maps on the ground with his finger to show me the country in Hamasin, which he said had been stolen from him by the king and given to his enemy Ras Alula. He further told me that another reason for his mode of life was owing to the treachery that had been shown to him by the Egyptian Government, under whose flag he had taken shelter when driven from his native land. Raschid Pasha, he told me, had twice imprisoned him by treachery and put him in irons for long periods; and as he had already been previously in irons in Abyssinia for no wrong of his own doing, nothing should henceforward ever induce him to trust himself either in Massowah or Abyssinia

without a letter placing him under British protection. This letter he required me to write, sign, and seal for him on behalf of the British Government. In return, he offered to give me a written declaration, signed and sealed, to the effect that he would quit the road, and would henceforth stop neither caravan nor traveller, be he European, Egyptian, Arab, or Abyssinian. But he added a rider, to the effect that if his wife were allowed to come out to him, and if the English would appoint a district for him to live in with his followers, then he would come into Massowah of his own accord. The point that he particularly dwelt on was that it would be considered shameful for him, a man and a chief, to go into Massowah before his wife had been returned to him. It would look, he said, as if he was going in for the sake of a woman. It would be unmanly, and he would be disgraced. He could not thus sacrifice his honour.

He repeated these objections over and over again, and to enforce his arguments, held my hand the whole time, and kept on doubling down my fingers in succession, at the second joint, in a manner that was by no means pleasant, to mark each point as he considered it established. When he had turned down all the fingers of the right hand, he continued doubling down those of the left; but as he had a remarkably strong and nervous grasp, he managed to squeeze one left-hand finger—on which I wore a ring—so hard in the beginning of his arguments, that I took care to keep it behind my back for the rest of the interview, and only to surrender the right hand to his tender mercies. While talking away to the chief out in the sun, I suddenly saw a great commotion arise over by the bush where were

still the rest of my party. Every one was on his feet at once, and I saw the little group of robbers, with the lion-mane wreaths, make a quick dash forward. Then I heard the old Sunga crying out, "It is his Excellency the Bey's mule; it is the Bey's mule, I tell you!"

My servant Alfred informed me afterwards that a most laughable incident had occurred. A mule had unexpectedly poked his nose round the corner. It happened to be mine, coming on with the provisions. The robbers thought that here was a fine chance of an easy capture, and had made a bolt to seize it. When they heard it was mine, Alfred informed me they slunk back again with much the kind of air that a dog has who, when wanting to follow his master, is told to Go home! It was a sad disappointment to them, poor fellows!

Well, eventually, I got completely tired of arguing with Ras Baramberas, and managed to get him to let me go, for I had heard over and over again all that he had got to say for himself. I told him that on arrival at Senheit I would telegraph into Massowah for instructions,—as, for a wonder, he has not yet cut the telegraph-wire which traverses this wild district, and formerly went on to Kasala and Khartoum. Before parting, I arranged to meet him on the morrow at a place called Sennāra. He said it was near Senheit. Of this I had my doubts, I only knew it was about forty miles at least from the spot we were then standing on. The word "near" must be received with caution in a country where journeys are always talked about by the number of days, and miles are unknown. The rest of that day's journey was very interesting. For a long time we traversed the most beautiful

forest, where guinea-fowl kept running into the bushes just a second too soon for us to shoot them, where partridges were heard calling at every step, and where the smell of lions and other *feræ naturæ* was as plain at times as in the "Zoo" in Regent's Park. I am getting too old now ever to be surprised at anything, or I must confess I should have been surprised when, shortly after leaving Mr Baramberas, I suddenly came in the middle of the jungle upon a French bishop in full canonicals, wearing a gigantic cross round his neck, and riding a mule. He was accompanied by several armed blacks. We made friends, and I found he was Monseigneur Tovier of the French Mission at Senheit. We had a short chat in the middle of the water-course. I told him I had just left Baramberas, who had promised to be a good boy; that B—— was loose again; and that the road was clear, the Abyssinian having gone away towards the depths of the mountains. The bishop was going to Massowah. He had heard by telegram that I had started, and he knew I had Bashi-Bazouks on the road, so he hoped to get through all right. We said farewell, and separated. By the by, I was now travelling without my soldiers. I only had Iddris and the mule; but before leaving, I had sent back my two emissaries to Baramberas to inform the Bashis they might follow on. Shortly after leaving the bishop we came to a frightfully steep pass over a range of mountains, which it crosses almost at their highest point. It is known as the Akabet Mashalit. On the far side we descended after an hour's ride into a *khôr* or valley, known as the Khôr Ansaba, a famous place for lions. We passed by a halting-place

called Gabbana, where there is water; but although we had still a four-hours' journey to Senheit, we determined not to stop but to ride on, for I was anxious to get in if possible that night. We passed through a most pleasant and now much more open country. Whenever we left the sandy bed of the *khôr*, which we frequently did to avoid its windings, we traversed fields which had an English park-like appearance. There was plenty of grass, which was not yet very much burned up anywhere, and was in some places as green as a tennis-lawn. This country was full of partridges, and Alfred could not resist the temptation of lagging behind occasionally to get a shot, until I was obliged to stop his amusement, owing to the delay it caused us. A thunder-storm now passed overhead, but luckily we got but little of the rain, for we were not attired for wet weather. Presently we came upon the traces of an Abyssinian raid, for Ras Alula had been recently over the border, and when he makes a raid it is on the system of the old English and Scotch Border raids. He burns, scatters, ravishes, and destroys, drives off the cattle and the women, and leaves a fertile country a desert behind him. Where we now were he had completely wrecked a caravan and killed a good many people. The *débris* was still scattered along the road for miles—rags, paper, broken bottles, boxes, bones, every imaginable thing strewn about in every direction. Also there were a couple of small houses that had been occupied by European tobacco-growers, pulled down and burned, while their hedges and walls had shared the same fate. As for the gardens, or what once had been such, they were no longer worthy of the name. This showed

me how absurd it is calling this country Egyptian territory; for outside the walls of Senheit, Egypt has always been utterly unable to protect the province of Bogos since it was annexed from Abyssinia thirteen years ago by an Italian Bey or Pasha, whose name I cannot now remember. I believe he afterwards perished in the Egyptian war with the country he had despoiled.

After passing through a ravine where the Khor Ansaba crosses through a mountain-range called El Sabbab, we found ourselves in our friend the Sunga's vegetable garden at the foot of a hill crowned with an Egyptian fort, also called El Sabbab. Evening was now near, and we were still seven miles from Senheit.

The Egyptian fort here is meant to protect the defile of El Sabbab from the Abyssinian raiders; but when Ras Alula comes down he carefully keeps out of the range of the mountain-guns which form its armament. Although already dusk I dismounted, and after a slight rest in the Sunga's garden, climbed the very steep hill to the fort. To my great surprise I found the whole garrison of about 150 men under arms turned out ready to receive me. This was the more surprising, as, owing to the rapidity with which I had travelled, I was not expected to arrive at Senheit for another two days. I found everything in most excellent order; and the fort itself was, I should say, impregnable. The soldiers had built for themselves and their officers comfortable houses, kitchens, magazines—in fact, everything that is wanted. And all this never cost the Egyptian Government one single *piastre*. Upon my leaving the fort it was dark, and a beacon-light was hoisted to warn the people in the fort at

Senheit that I was coming. Looking back from time to time during that last toilsome march of an hour and a half's duration, wearily tramping over hill and ravine, I thought, as I saw that blazing light, of the old tales of Walter Scott and the beacon-fires of the Border warfare times. At last, after stumbling along in the dark by a track we could not see, until neither ourselves nor our animals had a kick left in us, we struggled at about 8.30 P.M. into the fortress of Senheit, having been on the journey since two in the morning. The officers of the fort, warned by the light at El Sabbab, were all collected at the front gate to receive me; and a hundred yards within the walls in front of the Government House stood Khusru Bey, the governor of the province and military commandant, who gave us three weary travellers the kindest and most hospitable welcome it has ever been my lot to receive in a foreign and thirsty land.

What a sleep we had that night in Khusru Bey's house on comfortable divans, in a nice cool climate! and how delightfully refreshing next morning to get a real tub, after having, for the first time for four days and nights, been able to divest one's self of one's long boots! We were all rather tired the morning after our arrival, but with a good honest healthy fatigue that did no harm. My little Arab follower Ali, who had accompanied me the whole previous day's march of about one hundred kilometres on foot, would not own to any fatigue; but Iddris and Hassan, who only turned up at about 5 A.M. with the mule, both looked rather done. And now to describe Senheit. Looking out from the terrace in front of Khusru Bey's house—a most comfortable house by the by, built, like Sabbab, by the

soldiers—I saw below me, inside the walls of the place, a quantity of wigwam-looking huts. These were the soldiers' quarters—the huts being built in the Abyssinian shape. Out beyond the walls, on the plain below, were more of the same huts, with here and there little square white houses. This constituted the bazaar. Again, at some little distance away to the left, another detached village of the same description. Here live the wives and families of the soldiers, and the mixed Arab and Abyssinian population. Inside the fort, again, and behind the governor's house on the hill, are the second row of fortified lines, and within them the citadel, from the highest point of which had that day been hoisted in my honour the Egyptian flag, usually only hoisted on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath.

The fort at Senheit is very large, and really from 4000 to 5000 men are required to properly man the works. But at the time of my visit it only held about 900 men, the remainder of the garrison, chiefly blacks, having been withdrawn a few months previously for the Soudan war, near Tokar and Suakim, where they had met a bloody and disastrous fate. The armament consists of mountain-guns, which will only protect the surrounding plain for about 8000 metres. This plain surrounds the fortress on all sides, and it is in turn surrounded by a high range of mountains. The only noticeable gap in the hills is at a point about 1200 metres distant, through which goes the road to Kasala. The fort may be described as standing up out of the plain like an isolated island in the middle of a rock-bound lake. To the left of the pass leading to Kasala are the buildings of the Roman Catho-

lic French Mission, and round these again are a quantity of the wigwam-shaped huts. These constitute the village of Keren, while the fort and the buildings round it are called Senheit; but the whole lot are as often marked on a map by the name of Keren as by that of Senheit. After a comfortable breakfast in the English fashion, I went down with Ramzie Effendi to the telegraph office inside the fort to hold a conversation in Arabic by wire with Mason Bey in Mas-sowah. This telegraphic conversation lasted for an hour and a half, question and answer succeeding each other with as great rapidity as if we had been in the same room. It seemed so strange to be able to do this sort of thing in Abyssinia, and it seemed the stranger, from the fact that the distance that had just taken me four hard days' travelling could be talked across instantaneously. Mason Bey's definite instructions to me were: "Don't give Baramberas anything unless he consents to come in with you; but tell him to come in with all his men, and that you will be surety for him" (I had already promised him this the previous day, so I did not think it would be much use). Mason continued: "Promise him that all his followers shall be found and kept." As he has about 1000 men, I doubt if they would have cared to keep them long. I was also exhorted to try to get him to come in to see the Admiral before he should go to Abyssinia, as it would be no use his coming at all later. I had to show him he had all to gain and nothing to lose, and, in conclusion, to convey him Mason Bey's best thanks for releasing the Swedish missionary. This telegraphic conversation ended, I strolled with Ramzie into the village, where I was received by every one with the greatest marks

of respect and interest. I found a small store, kept by a young bright-eyed Italian, who insisted upon treating us to some light German beer, which was capital. While in his shop two Italian women, mother and daughter, came into the place to see me. The mother told me she had been settled in Senheit as a tobacco-farmer from a period three years previous to the time it had ceased to be Abyssinian ground. She informed me there were several other European tobacco-growers there, but that the excessive duty placed on tobacco in Massowah made it very difficult to make tobacco-growing a paying trade. After visiting the bazaar I returned to the fort, of which I made a regular official inspection with Khusru Bey. I found that, in spite of the imposing appearance of its fortifications and its situation on a hill, that there were several weak places in the defences, rendering it liable to capture by a resolute enemy. I was surprised to find what capital outhouses, magazines, bakeries, carpenters' shops, &c., there were on the premises. Even lime for building purposes—like everything else, made by the soldiers themselves—was present in abundance. I visited the hospital, where I found only about eight patients, and it was well enough arranged. As for the apothecary's shop attached to it, I never saw a better, it was so beautifully clean and neat, with a capital store of drugs and medicines, many bearing English labels. The inspection concluded, it was time for lunch, for it was very hot outside, but inside Khusru Bey's house it was delightfully cool and pleasant. What we found particularly agreeable under this hospitable roof was that everything was served in European fashion, and therefore we were not called

upon, as in most Egyptian establishments, to eat with our fingers out of a common dish.

At three o'clock, I had to start to meet Baramberas near the Abyssinian church at Sennāra, which I found to be six miles distant at the foot of the mountains enclosing the plain. Just as we started our mules, a fine strong lad, one of the robbers, named Burro—whom I had remarked on the previous day, quite forty miles away, with his chief—approached me and delivered the letter which had been promised. It was written in Abyssinian, but sealed by Baramberas with an Arabic seal. It stated that I was his father; that he would cease all bad practices and come to Massowah if his family were restored to him. On the way to Sennāra we saw plenty of partridges and hares, but had no time for shooting. Before reaching the church, which was a small barn-like building, I sent Robber Burro on to give notice of my arrival, and then followed, leaving the twenty Bashi-Bazouks, whom the Bey had insisted upon sending with me, under the shade of a tree in sight of the church.

I got the key of the church from an old Abyssinian living in a wigwam close by, and visited the church while awaiting the robber-chief. It was just a simple little Catholic chapel, with neat little crucifix in the chancel, where also were the books and sacramental vessels in an unlocked box—all very tidy and clean. In a room at the other end of the building was a bedstead, fitted with mosquito-curtains, where, I suppose, the officiating priest, who comes from Senheit, sleeps occasionally. The only seats in the church were forms, one of which I had placed outside the church, on the shady side. Presently arrived an advanced-guard of robbers, who all smiled most

agreeably and kissed my hand. They all had on their lion-maned wreaths, and looked very smart and picturesque. When Baramberas appeared, after having been informed by a messenger that the coast was clear, our meeting was quite cordial. On this occasion he was clad in a clean white toga, and he looked certainly a very fine fellow, about forty years of age. He has a fine forehead. His hair, which, with exception of one or two grey threads, is perfectly black, is laid back along the sides and over the top of the head in very neat little parallel plaits, fastened in a small knot at the nape of the neck. He is tall, sinewy, and strongly built, and has a very dignified expression. It is useless to recapitulate all the conversation we held during this second meeting. I need only mention that there was plenty of mutual swearing on the cross he carried on his rosary; and many were the appeals made to our common faith. I swore as to his personal safety, that I would answer with my life and liberty for it; he swore to perform all he had written me, but, as before, insisted upon having his family sent out to him before he would come into Massowah. At one time he became very angry and said, when I could not promise this,—“After all, if you won’t give me my wife, what do I care? There are plenty of other women I can take, and that is what I shall do.” For a few minutes all negotiation was nearly at an end, but I managed to pacify him; and afterwards, when in Massowah, I had the pleasure of Mrs Baramberas’s acquaintance, I took care not to tell her how faithless her lord and master had expressed his intention of becoming. Had I done so, I fancy from what I have seen of her very decided character, that now he has

got his dearly loved wife back again, he would be enjoying a rather rough time of it round his domestic hearth.

But to return. He made a concession. “Send me,” he said, “only my wife, and keep my children and all the other women if you like.” I promised to wire and ask for her, and to let him know, by young Robber Burro, who was to be temporarily attached to my person. My leave-taking was most tender. Baramberas kissed my hand and placed it on his head, and we further shook hands warmly, for I really felt a considerable respect for this fine fellow, who, however misguided, has certainly experienced considerable hardships both from the King of Abyssinia and his myrmidon Ras Alula, and from the Egyptian local government. As he said, if he has taken to the road as a means of subsistence, it has been only because his country has been taken from him by the Abyssinians; and again, because, after having been employed for border warfare purposes by the Egyptians, he has been neglected and imprisoned as all his reward, whenever it has suited the policy of the time-serving ruler of that part of the Soudan to try and appear to the Abyssinian border chief, Ras Alula, as having no hand in the raids which Baramberas had been instigated to make over the frontier.

“How,” he asked me, “can I live? My own country I cannot live in, and Egypt will not have me. Am I and all my followers to die of hunger? But I hope the English will do something for me, and settle a country for me to live in—either in Maria, or in Hall-hall, or Senheit.”

I have forgotten to mention several little incidents of more or less interest which took place on this occasion. One that, when

Baramberas ordered one of the robbers to give me his lion-maned wreath, on my making the robber a present of a dollar in return, the man refused to have it at any price. However, I got young Robber Burro to persuade him to take it afterwards, by telling him it was to buy himself a present with in memory of me. Baramberas also insisted upon forcing on me, at leave-taking, a fine shield, embossed with silver, which I believe to have been his own shield, as his principal officer was carrying it. I had inadvertently admired it, when, taking it from the bearer, he forced me to accept it. In return, I gave him my hunting-crop and flask; but after having kept them for a minute, apparently not to hurt my feelings, he returned them to me, saying with a smile, that he had no kind of use for them, and that all he wanted from me was—British protection!

Two more incidents may be mentioned in connection with this day's proceedings. The first was that he would hardly allow Ramzie Effendi to open his lips, even to translate for me when I became rather involved, shutting him up short by telling him he was only trying to put evil ideas into my head, and that he much preferred to hear anything I had to say from my own lips. Once he told him flatly, "You know I cannot believe a word you say, for you are an Egyptian, whereas the English don't tell lies." The second thing was, that my servant having gone strolling off partridge-shooting during our talk, Baramberas became greatly alarmed on his firing a gun, saying the hills were full of his men, who might not understand it, but come down

and cut his throat. Robber Burro was promptly sent to recall him, and the robber-chief seemed equally pleased with myself to see him safe back. When we left Baramberas it was nearly dark. On our way in to Senheit we met a very nice-looking young priest, dressed as Monseigneur Tavier had been, in full canonicals. This was Père Picard of the French Mission of Keren. He engaged us to come and see the mission of fathers, brothers, and sisters next day, which I did with the greatest pleasure; and much should I like to describe the Mission, the printing-press in Amharic type, the schools, church, and the evident amount of good done by these estimable people, from whom we met with the kindest reception. It was with great regret I said good-bye to them and Senheit. I shall now take leave of them all—Khusru Bey, Baramberas, Robber Burro, and the French Mission—although, were it not for want of time, I could write much to show that the coming surrender of Senheit to Abyssinia will hardly tend towards the spread of civilisation in the Eastern Soudan and the borders of Hamasin and Bogos. Mason Bey has already started on a mission to superintend the evacuation of Senheit by all Egyptian troops. He told me a few days since that Baramberas had, after Admiral Hewett had sent him back his wife, intrenched himself in an inaccessible mountain, where, when Egyptian power is no longer recognised in those parts, he intends to resist to the last any attempts upon his life and liberty by his deadly enemy the Abyssinian chief Ras Alula.

WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

DEAR EBONY,—

The *Pensées* of Joubert have for long been regarded as containing the mature experience of a profound thinker upon nearly all the most important problems of life. Joseph Joubert was undoubtedly a master of language, and it was thought that the substance of his philosophy was as admirable as its style. But unless it be assumed that as a nation we are going not forwards but backwards (an inadmissible assumption, of course), I begin to fear that we must regard Joubert, and the conclusions at which he arrived, as quite out of date. I gather at random some half-dozen of his maxims; from which it will be seen that—as regards many of the most important principles which affect society—the State as well as the individual,—either he was or we are labouring under a profound delusion.

JOUBERT. *I would fain coin wisdom,—mould it, I mean, into maxims, proverbs, sentences, that can be easily retained and transmitted. Would that I could denounce and banish from the language of men—as base money—the words by which they cheat and are cheated!*¹

THE MODERN APPLICATION. The capacity for saying in many sentences what might better be said in one is much to be commended.

Unlimited verbosity is the characteristic of consummate oratory; and to the orator who, besides and beyond verbosity, most skilfully uses the words by which men cheat and are cheated, the civic crown should be awarded.

JOUBERT. *Mental duplicity arises from duplicity of heart; it comes from secretly setting one's own opinion in the place of truth. A false mind is false in everything, just as a cross eye always looks askance.*²

THE MODERN APPLICATION. When the emotional side of the mind is warmed by enthusiasm or gushes with sympathy, mental duplicity is of no consequence. If "Truth" will not conform to the opinion of the wisest and grandest and oldest men, so much the worse for "Truth."

JOUBERT. *Statesmanship is the art of understanding and leading the masses, or the majority. Its glory is to lead them, not where they want to go, but where they ought to go.*³

THE MODERN APPLICATION. Statesmanship is the art of leading the masses by going along with them. The mob, or the majority of the mob, are always right. So that to make a distinction between the way they want to go, and the way they ought to go, is absurd.

JOUBERT. *Forms of government*

¹ Que ne puis-je décrier et bannir du langage des hommes, comme une monnaie altérée, les mots dont ils abusent et qui les trompent !

² La fausseté d'esprit vient d'une fausseté de cœur ; elle provient de ce qu'on a secrètement pour but son opinion propre, et non l'opinion vraie. L'esprit faux est faux en tout, comme un œil louche regarde toujours de travers.

³ La politique est l'art de connaître et de mener la multitude ou la pluralité ; sa gloire est de la mener, non pas où elle veut, mais où elle doit aller.

become established of themselves. They shape themselves, they are not created. We may give them strength and consistency, but we cannot call them into being. Let us rest assured that the form of government can never be a matter of choice: it is almost always a matter of necessity.

THE MODERN APPLICATION. This is nonsense. The forms of government that have grown up and established themselves spontaneously are illogical and unsymmetrical. They should in all cases be swept away, and replaced by pen and ink and paper constitutions, evolved brand-new out of the inner consciousness of virtuous Radicals and democratic philosophers.

JOUBERT. *One of the surest ways of killing a tree is to lay bare its roots. It is the same with institutions. We must not be too ready to disinter the origin of those we wish to preserve. All beginnings are small.*

THE MODERN APPLICATION. On the contrary, the mean, ignoble, and irrational origin of all historic institutions should be constantly exposed and keenly ridiculed.

JOUBERT. *Imitate time. It destroys slowly. It undermines, wears, loosens, separates. It does not uproot.*

THE MODERN APPLICATION. If we are to take the processes of nature as our guide, we must remember that violent convulsions are part of its machinery. Why not imitate the earthquake and the tornado?

JOUBERT. *In a well-ordered State those only need be anxious*

*about public affairs whose business it is to direct them. A sheltering tree is their emblem. It is truly of the first importance that, if private persons are to be relieved from these anxieties, the government should be efficient,—that is to say, that its parts should be so harmonised that its functions may be easily performed, and its permanence ensured. A people constantly in unrest is always busied in building; its shelter is but a tent,—it is encamped, not established.*¹

THE MODERN APPLICATION. A nation should never be at rest. A contented people is a people that is moribund; and constant dissatisfaction with the institutions under which they live is the sign of vitality and health.

JOUBERT. *What do the wise and good—those who live under the sway of reason and are the servants of duty—gain by liberty? It may well be that what the wise and good never allow themselves should be conceded to no one.*

THE MODERN APPLICATION. The power to go to the devil, if they choose, is a right of which freemen (and freewomen) cannot be deprived. Moreover, the habitual exercise of this right is the best of education.

JOUBERT. *Justice is truth in action.*

THE MODERN APPLICATION. Occasionally — not always. On the contrary, justice is sometimes, from the necessity of the case, falsehood in action. Thus, "Justice to Ireland" required our most upright statesmen to repudiate for the occasion the truths of political economy, as well as the laws of the Decalogue. [But then, to be sure,

¹ Un peuple sans cesse inquiet est un peuple qui bâtit toujours; son abri n'est qu'une tente—il est campé, non établi.

the Irish landlords were mostly Tories, and, in the deepest sense, deserved what they got.]

JOUBERT. *If you call effete whatever is ancient ; if you wither with a name, which carries with it the notion of decadence and a sense of contempt, whatever has been consecrated and strengthened by time, you profane and weaken it. The decadence is of your own bringing about.*¹

THE MODERN APPLICATION. But that is precisely what we desire. No doubt we apply to the House of Lords every foul epithet that the copious Swinburnean vocabulary can furnish. But then our object is to abolish the House of Lords. So we are quite logical.

These are a few specimens of that progress of opinion, of that sudden (mushroom-like ?) growth of popular insight and wisdom, which have already made Joubert a classic. That there is a vital divergence between the two points of view no one will deny ; and perhaps the explanation may be found in one of the maxims which I have not yet quoted : “ *You satisfy your minds with words, which, like a kind of paper-money, have a conventional value, but no solidity. This is why there is so little gold in your speeches and in your books.* ”—I am, in the meantime at least,

YOUR BEWILDERED CONTRIBUTOR.

¹ Si vous appelez vieilli tout ce qui est ancien ; si vous flétrissez d'un nom qui porte avec lui une idée de décadence et un sentiment de dédain tout ce qui a été consacré et rendu plus fort par le temps, vous le profanez et l'affaiblissez ; la décadence vient de vous.

THE LAST WORDS OF JOSEPH BARRABLE.

My back was broken by Act of Parliament in 1854. In that year an Act was passed that made it unlawful for dogs to be employed in drawing carts. If you are old enough to remember clearly before 1854, you will recall the fact that, previous to that date, a very fine strong breed of dogs was in use for the purpose of drawing low carts. On a market-day you might then have seen scores and scores of little people, like my father, sending their vegetable produce into market in small carts drawn by dogs. I don't believe the dogs suffered over-much. They were kindly treated. They were a marvellous convenience to poor folks; but, I reckon, laws are made for the oppression and extermination of poor folks, and under the plea of caring for dogs, the law-makers of this land did what they could to hurt us, who are of more value than many dogs. I don't myself allow that this same law was of much advantage to the dogs.

Now I am getting on in years, and am bent double. Moreover, I am on the brink of the grave. Before another week is out I shall be dead and buried. I'll tell you all about it, if you choose to listen.

I'm not a scholar. I don't, I daresay, write very good English; and I daresay there are as many bad spellings in this composition of mine as there were dogs went to market in olden time—that is, before the Act of Parliament which broke my back and spoiled my schooling.

If my style is not very beautiful, you'll please to excuse it and lay it all to the Acts of Parliament. As for the spelling, I've asked the

schoolmaster to put that to rights when I am no more. The schoolmaster's name is Nesbitt—Alexander Nesbitt—a very respectable, gentlemanly man, I say, and deserves to have a better school than that he now rules. I have told this gentleman to correct my spelling, but he is not to alter my style. You see I don't want him to add to, or take away from, what is my own. If he was to smooth away this ruggedness and draw out that point, why he'd like enough make the whole thing more artistic; but it wouldn't be so truthful as what I put down right off my own head as it comes.

Now let me go back to what I was beginning to say when the dogs, or the schoolmaster, ran away with me.

I was observing that I am an oldish man, and have not many days to live; so I don't mind saying right out what I think, and what is the experience of my life.

Now this is what I think—that the more efforts them darned Radicals make to rectify abuses, the wusser evils they make. And my experience is this—preserve me from reformers. Here is an instance in point.

Those good and pitiful gentlemen that sit in Parliament took a deal of thought of the dogs. They said their poor feet were never made to draw weights—as if in Greenland they did not draw sledges! So they made an Act against it. Now the sort of dog used before that Act was made was a big sort. You may go all through England and you won't find a specimen now. And why? Because the Act that forbade the

use of the dog for draught to spare its feet exterminated the dog itself. Only poor folk kept those dogs then, and poor folk can't afford to keep dogs for ornament; so they shot or cut the throats of their draught-dogs all through Britain, from Land's End to John O'Groat's House, when that Act passed—and so the breed was lost. If you want to get dogs of that sort now, you must go to Belgium for them; you will find the dogs in the market-places of Antwerp and Brussels, lying under the carts in which they brought in the sweet, fresh milk.

Now, there's Mr Chamberlain—a very well-intentioned young man, no doubt,—I read in my daily paper that he is all hot upon the merchant shipping. He is so tender about the poor sailors, that he want's to meddle with the ships. Well, what I'm afraid of is, that just as the gentlemen killed the dogs when trying to mend their condition, so Mr Chamberlain, in caring for the ships, will kill our shipping,—and that owners will transfer all their vessels, and sail under foreign colours. Then, won't we be in a pretty pickle in the event of a foreign war!

I tell you candidly, that I shall be dead before the week is out. I've nothing the matter with me, but I shall die of reform. Our vicar's wife is an excellent woman, and because she is a reformer of abuses, is about to become a murderess. I shall be her victim. If you will read on you will hear how.

My father owned a little land of his own—not much, but enough to get a living from, if it had not been for Act of Parliament. We had a couple of cows in milk, and a bit of ground which he worked for broccoli, carrots, Brussels sprouts, and so on, and a nice little penny he was able to pick

up by the sale of his vegetables in market. Act of Parliament has done for such little men, and they are thrown into the hands of the regrator, who goes round with a cart and buys their goods dirt-cheap, and pockets the profits himself. Before 1854 father used to take his vegetables to market himself every day, along with his milk. The dog, Nero,—a fine fellow he was,—used to draw the cart in which were the milk-cans and the vegetables. Sometimes father put my little sister in the cart too, but he never got in himself. I remember quite well those happy days. I was put to school, and was getting on famous. Father was happy, he'd put away a little money. Mother was killed by Act of Parliament two years before. That came about this way. We'd a flue in our kitchen that was not straight; it had a kick in it, and there was no possible means of cleaning it, except by firing it, and that, you know, is not lawful. The chimney went up of a slant, then turned sharp round, and then, which and what way it went afterwards, I'm blessed if I know, but it did draw very well, and the smoke went out of it right enough. Now that same chimney was used every day, and no mortal brush that man might devise could clean it; so mother would put a wisp of straw up, now and then, to blaze it out, and then the flue was right enough for six months after. Well, the police are mighty interfering, and they did interfere and caution mother, and at last so worked on her mind that she was afraid to fire the flue, and she let it go on—one year, two years—till at last it fired itself, and that, of course, when no one was by to help her. Well, the fire came down in masses, and mother tried to damp

it out with salt, but instead of putting out the fire, it set her in a blaze. It caught her petticoats, and she was so fearfully burnt that she never came to her proper senses, but died in a few hours.

Now, you see, I am right when I say that my mother was killed by Act of Parliament. She was burnt by the Act against firing chimneys.

My little sister Jane was killed by Act of Parliament in 1853, when vaccination was made compulsory. Now, far be it from me to say that vaccination does not protect against small-pox, and I'm not one to speak against it. I only state facts. Well, in 1853, when the Act became law, of course my sister Jane, being but a little child of one year old, had to be vaccinated. Now, where gentle-folks are concerned, no doubt the doctors are particular, but they are not so particular with poor people; and when Jane was operated upon, the matter was taken from an unhealthy child, and the diseases of this child were given to Jane, who, from being a fine, chubby baby, declined and became covered with sores, and at last died. I daresay, if she hadn't been vaccinated, she would have been alive now; but father was a mighty conscientious man, and because the gentlemen in Parliament made a law that children should be vaccinated, he took Jane to the doctor, and so,—we lost the dear darling, killed by Act of Parliament; and father and I were left alone in the world. No—not alone; we still had Nero.

How I loved that great dog! You ought to have been alive in 1853 to have seen how good Nero was to my little sister, when she was sick and dying by Act of Parliament. She pulled his hair so hard that he was sometimes forced

to growl from pain, but he never snapped at her, and when she cried he fondled her, and licked her, and played with her. And when Jane was dying, she had her head laid on Nero's side, because she fretted when away from him. I do believe, on my word of honour, that the dog cried when she was dead, and he followed her coffin with his black tail hanging down behind, just like a weeper on a mourner's hat.

Then came that cruel year 1854, when Nero had to die by Act of Parliament.

Father was not a rich man, and he was mighty cut up by that Act against using dogs to draw carts. He tried to sell Nero, as he could not afford to keep him in idleness; but now that the use of this kind of dogs was gone, no one would buy him, so he was forced to shoot him. His hand shook so, when he fired, that he only wounded Nero, and the dog died looking at him so pitiful, and licking his hand. Father was quite overcome; I heard him sob, and say to the poor dog, "Dear old Nero! I cannot help it! Act o' Parliament is against you, as it is against me, and all the poor." After that, father bought a donkey. But—law bless you!—the price of asses had gone up quite awdacious after the dogs were done away with, and he had to give three pounds for an ass he might have bought the year before for twenty shillings.

I told you that we had a bit of land of our own. It was so: we had one field for hay, and one for pasture, and a patch of garden ground. Father could not put the donkey in with the cows, for the cows won't eat the grass trodden on and cropped by an ass; and, of course, he could not put the creature into his hay-field, or into his garden, so he turned her out by the

roadside. There is a good deal of grass grows on the hedges, and he thought the ass might do well there. He put hobbles on her feet so that she could not go far.

Will you believe me! he had infringed Act of Parliament again; he was had up before the magistrates and fined, because his ass was left to stray on the highroad. "Your worships," said he, "I can't put my ass anywhere else. What am I to do?" "If you can't feed an ass, you must sell it," was the answer. So father was forced to keep his ass always in the cowshed, and go out, or send me out, to cut the grass and thistles by the roadside for the support of the donkey.

Well, this was right, as long as the grass could be cut; but in autumn and winter it is so short that it may be browsed off, but not mown. Then the poor creature was very badly off, got thin, and little better than skin and bones. There was no help for it. What could father do?

One day as he was driving her into market she fell down, or turned sulky and sat down. Then the police were down on father, and had him up for cruelty to animals, and he was fined, with costs, nigh upon five pounds.

After that he sold the ass, but she only fetched a guinea, she was in such poor condition.

Then father took me away from school, and said to me, "Joseph, the laws of the land won't let me keep a dog or an ass to take the milk to market, so you must take it."

That is how my back got so bent. I had to carry into market every day what had been taken by the dog before 1854, and the ass in 1855. Act of Parliament did it. It took its curve in 1856, but it was the Act of 17 & 18 Vict. that broke it.

Father became morbid after 1855, he lost his cheerfulness, he would not take a glass of ale with a neighbour,—not that he was a teetotal—that form of folly was not as rampant then as now,—but out of dislike to be with his fellows. He took the notion into his head that every one was against him—that the whole world was at enmity with him, and sought to force him out of existence. He became penurious. He feared lest evil days should fall on him, and that an Act of Parliament would be passed to deprive him of his land. Now this was extraordinary, for he lived long before the present period in which reformers are eager to rob and turn out landed proprietors.

As a matter of course, because my father was penurious, he was put down to be rich. No one ever supposes a miser to be poor. I won't say my father was a miser; but he was a saving man, and folk said that he cut off the ass and saddled me out of miserliness. That was not the case. They said that he starved the ass out of miserliness. That also was not the case. I have made that plain, I hope.

Well, I became sadly misshapen. I was a growing boy, and I had long journeys to make every day, bowed under the burden of the milk-pail and the vegetables. My bones were forming and not set at the time; and because I was overweighted, my backbone, that scholars call the spine, got set wrong, of a curve. Acts of Parliament didn't interfere for the protection of my spine—you see I was not a dog or an ass.

What followed will show you that Acts of Parliament interfere for the protection of other animals besides.

My father was a kind man to

me, and I have not a word to say against him. I did not get the education he had intended, but that was not his fault: some one must carry the milk and vegetables to market; and as we might keep neither a dog nor an ass, and couldn't afford a pony, I had to take them, and I couldn't carry them and do schooling at the same time—that is self-evident.

All my father's money he put away in an old stocking of my mother's. She, poor thing, would have no more use for it, as she had been destroyed by Act of Parliament; so my father used her stocking for a purse, and he put this purse in a great old spruce hutch in the bedroom. It was a queer old hutch,—I do not know whether it was painted on or drawn on with a red-hot skewer, but there were figures represented on it in brown, riding on horses and hunting.

The hutch was at one end of his bedroom, at the further end from his bed. I used to sleep with my father. He had a double-barrelled pistol hung to a nail above his bed's head, always loaded.

One night my father awoke suddenly. He heard a sound in the room underneath where an old woman slept who cooked and did the housework for him. He heard a faint cry and a struggle, and then ensued silence. My father stole out of bed and lit a strong moderator-lamp he had in the room. There was a bundle of candles hanging from a crook, and I, who was awake, saw him cut these candles loose and light them all and stick them in a row, with a dab of grease to hold them upright, on the chimney-piece. Then he quietly got into bed again and took the pistol in his hand.

Presently we heard steps ascend-

ing the stairs. My father was very cool; he knelt up in bed, holding the double-barrelled pistol in his hand, and waiting. Then the door-latch was raised in a hesitating manner, and in another moment a man came in. He stood, as surprised and dazzled by stepping all at once into the blaze of light. I think there go eighteen candles to a bundle, and all were alight and flaring, as well as the moderator-lamp. Then my father very composedly fired one barrel, and the man fell flat on the floor. Instantly another man rushed in, and my father discharged the other barrel, and he fell upon the first man.

My father waited a moment, listening, but as he heard no further sound, he stepped out of bed, and snuffed the candles out, one after another, with his wetted finger and thumb. You will understand that the light of a whole row of candles was now useless, and to continue burning them would have been wicked waste. My father was a conscientious man, so he snuffed out all the candles before he did anything else. Then he turned down the moderator-lamp. We burned oil, and oil is expensive; it comes to about four shillings a gallon now, and then it came to more. He did not turn the moderator out, but just so as to give a soft and sufficient light, not a flare.

After that he drew on his trousers. My father was a man of great delicacy of feeling, and he would not go down-stairs into the old woman's room, to see how she fared, till he was dressed. I distinctly remember how, on this occasion, one of his braces got twisted on his back and annoyed him, and he had to unbutton it and put it to rights before he could go down.

He turned the burglars over, and found them both dead. Then he said, with a laugh, "It was well, Joe"—my name is Joseph—"that my pistol was double-barrelled, and that the rascals were only two in number."

Then he went down-stairs, and found the housekeeper with a wad in her mouth to prevent her from screaming, and unconscious; but whether unconscious from fright, or from having had a knock over the head, my father and I never knew right, nor, to my thinking, does it much matter. The fact was, that the old woman was senseless, and how she was made senseless was an indifferent matter, except, perhaps, from a professional or scientific point of view.

My father pulled the plug out of her mouth, emptied a pail of water over her, and so brought her round. When he was satisfied that she was alive, and his house secured, he returned to bed, put out the moderator-lamp, and slept till his usual hour for rising in the morning.

You will hardly believe the trouble my father got into because he did not allow the burglars to carry away the savings of forty-five years. He didn't consider that law was made for the protection of the wicked, and to provide sustenance for lawyers. He ought not to have shot these burglars, but to have warned them off the premises, and allowed them to shoot him. He was charged with manslaughter, or, as there were two he shot, I suppose I ought to say menslaughter. He had lighted the candles and the moderator-lamp, so as to have plenty of light to take aim by—that showed premeditation. Then he had gone about on tiptoe in his stocking-soles, lest the burglars should hear he was preparing for them. There

was, it must be admitted, a look of deliberate determination to have their blood, which gave the case an ugly complexion. You never saw any one so utterly astounded as was my father when informed that he had made himself liable to criminal prosecution for having killed the burglars.

"If I hadn't killed them, they would have killed me," he said.

"If they had killed you they would have swung for it," was all the consolation he could get.

He was allowed out on bail, but he was bound to be tried at the next assizes.

My poor father was terribly cut up by this affair. He knew that it would cost him a lot of money to get himself defended, and he did not know what would become of his savings if he were sentenced to be locked up. As soon as he was out of the way, the burglars, sheltered under the protection of the law, would certainly enter his house again and break open the spruce hutch. What would they care about me—a boy of twelve years old? or the old housekeeper—a woman of seventy-four? All father's savings would be, so to speak, open to competition among the burglars of Great Britain, and Act of Parliament would as good as say to them, "Go in and take what you can, only don't be caught. You shan't be hurt; we'll protect your blessed persons from violence."

Some months elapsed before the sessions came off, and these months witnessed a great change in the appearance of my father. For some time we observed a look of confounded surprise in his face, changing gradually to despair. He became uneasy, pale, thin. He took to watching his housekeeper with suspicious eye.

One day he went to her in the

back-kitchen, where she was peeling potatoes, and after standing looking at her with dark eyes that went through her like bullets, but without saying anything, till in her nervousness she had cut her finger, he said—"You have been several years with me, Rebecca."

"Four years come next Michaelmas."

"And my mother and yours were sisters, so that we are a sort of relation."

"Yes, first cousins," answered the old woman, raising her head. She was proud of the connection.

"I have not forgotten you in my will, Becky."

"Lord, I'm older far than you; and am like to die many years before you! You are sixty, and I am seventy-four; you are stout and strong, and I am weak and ailing."

"That is what makes me believe you will outlive me, dear Becky," said my father. "A creaky gate lasts long, and a lanky old cart-horse outlasts a full-blood hunter."

"But what are you driving at?" asked the old woman, leaving her potato-paring and staring at him.

"Have patience, and you shall hear. First of all, tell me, what is this cock-and-bull story about our house being haunted, that has reached Joseph's ears?"

The old woman shrugged her shoulders. "I give no heed to what folks say," she answered.

"But I particularly desire to know," he urged.

"Well I've heard it said that since you shot the burglars, the dead men have walked, and there are folks say that they've seen a dark figure about the house and garden and road."

"One or two?"

"One, so folks say."

"But I shot two men."

"Well, what of that? One walks

and t'other lies abed; or perhaps they take it in turn to walk."

My father was silent. I was in the adjoining room, and there was a warp in the boards, so I could see and hear all that went on unperceived. I saw him bite his nails, and look furtively at Rebecca.

"Becky," he said, "it often happens that those who are old acquaintances or relations, play practical jokes on one another, out of fun, you understand,—only out of fun, and without any malicious intent. Such little jokes may be harmless, and I am no marplot. But when these jokes are repeated continuously, and there seems to be no end to them, then one is provoked to lose one's temper, and remonstrate, and say, Enough is as good as a feast."

"Quite so," answered the old woman. "But who has been playing practical jokes here?"

"There—there! make a clean breast of it, Becky. I know it was well meant, but—we have had enough of it."

"Enough of what?"

"To put it mildly—playing the ghost."

"Playing the ghost!" echoed the housekeeper. "Do you suspect me of having had a hand in pranks like that?"

"Who else can have done it? I do not believe in spirits."

"Bah!" exclaimed the old woman; "folks have invented the whole tale. They are frightened because of the death of the men, and so they imagine they have seen a ghost at your window and creeping down the roof of the back-kitchen, and walking across the garden."

"It is not imagination," said my father, testily; "it is fact. You, Becky, you have been scaring the people."

"What next!" exclaimed Re-

becca, angrily. "You charge me with personating a ghost to-day, and you'll charge me with robbing you to-morrow."

"I do!—I charge you with it now."

Rebecca started back, and stared at him with amazement.

"Barrable," she said, "you have lost your senses!"

"No, I have not. I know what happens. I know who goes every night to my pocket, takes the key from it, and opens the spruce hutch."

"The key!—the spruce hutch!"

"Yes: let alone the indecency of your entering my room at night, the matter is become more than a joke when every night some more of my money goes."

"So you charge me with robbery!"

"I charge you with playing a trick on me. You make my tea, and what you put into it I do not know, but awake I cannot keep; and so sure as morning comes, I find the spruce hutch has been opened, and something has been taken from it."

The old woman began to cry.

"This is too cruel," she sobbed; "at my age, I might be spared this. It is wicked of you to charge me with such a crime—me a lone old woman, and your own cousin."

"But it is true. Every night am I robbed. Why, if this goes on much longer, I shall have nothing left. I tell you I am being plundered of all my savings. They are not much, but they are my all; and now—will you not allow that I have occasion to be angry?—the title-deeds of my land are gone. They went last night. Becky, where are they?"

"As sure as I am alive I know nothing about this. Keep a better watch yourself. Lock me into my

room, if you will. Lock in the boy; it is more like he would play the prank than I."

"The boy! Joe!—no, he would not do it. Boys sleep sound as tops of a night. But I will lock you both into your rooms. If it be neither of you, then it is the work of burglars. Bless you! they don't mind going anywhere under the protection of the law."

That night I was put to sleep in another room, and the key was turned in my door to keep me in. I heard my father go down-stairs and lock Rebecca into her chamber. I remember trying very hard to keep awake; but I was hard worked during the day, and so exhausted in the evening, that I found it impossible to keep my eyes open.

I shall never forget the despair in my father's face next morning. He came down, let Rebecca out of her apartment, and said, in a broken voice, "Becky, everything is gone! Last night I was robbed of all that remained—all to the last coin!"

"This is amazing!" said the old woman. "But, Barrable, how can it be? You have shown yourself able to defend your property. You shot two men who dared to enter your bedroom, and I cannot imagine how another would dare to enter after that."

"No one breaks into my house," he said; "and no one has broken in since I shot those men; and yet I am robbed. Every night have I been losing something—my money, my title-deeds, everything is gone!"

"At all events, you cannot suppose that I am the thief," said Rebecca.

"No, you are not. I thought so at first; but I did you an injustice. I know it now."

"Was it the boy?"

"No; the boy was locked into his room. He did not stir from it."

"Then who can have done it? Have you no suspicion?"

"I know perfectly who did it."

"You do! Then have him arrested at once."

"That won't help."

"You may recover the money."

"No, I cannot."

"But how does he get into your room unperceived, and escape from it without your firing at him?"

"I know well enough how he gets in. I know everything about him, except where he puts the money."

"Who is he?"

"Myself."

"Yourself!" Silence ensued.

"None but myself," said my father, in a depressed tone.

"You're poking fun at me," said Rebecca, reproachfully. But when she looked into his despairing face, saw his twitching mouth, and livid cheek, she saw that he was in deadly earnest, and feared he had lost his senses.

"I have burgled my own self," said my father. "I know that when I was a child I used to walk in my sleep; but I have not done so for thirty years and more. Now that old habit has come on me again. I have been troubled in mind to know what would become of my savings, supposing I got locked up for having protected them from robbers, and so my mind could not rest; and in the night, when asleep, I have carried away all my valuables and hidden them. I have suspected it for some little while; but I hoped that you had been playing me a trick. I hoped—but I hardly believed."

"Did you take no precautions? I have heard that a washing-tray, full of cold water, put beside a bed, is a good thing against sleep-walk-

ing. You get out, and put your foot into the water, and that wakes you."

"I tried that. Do you remember taking up the tray and cold water to my room last Wednesday? It was of no avail."

"Then sometimes sleep-walkers are tied to the bed-post."

"I tried that. I tied both my legs to the posts at the bottom, and one hand to the left post. It was no good."

"I believe a sleeping-draught is sometimes given."

"I tried that. I took opium; but with the same result."

Rebecca had nothing more to say.

After some consideration she said, "It seems to me that there is nothing to be done but for me to sit up and watch you, and see where you hide the money and other valuables."

"Too late for that!" exclaimed my father, in an accent of despair. "Last night I put away everything that remained; so that now my mind—that is, my sleeping mind—will be at ease."

"How much have you lost?" asked Rebecca.

"One hundred and fourteen pounds," answered my father. "Together with a silver watch, half-a-dozen silver tea-spoons, sugar-tongs, my title-deeds, and my wife's gold wedding-ring and silver thimble."

"But surely, Barrable, you had more than that?"

"Yes—a hundred pounds more; that, however, I paid down when let out on bail, and two others stood surety for me at fifty pounds each. The hundred pound was mine."

"Well, I suppose you will have that back?"

"Yes, it will be returned when I go up for my trial at the assize;

then, to be sure, I shall have that hundred pound on my mind."

"Well, and I reckon you'll be sleep-walking again, and trying to hide that away."

"No, there is the misfortune; for then I shall be locked up or transported. The hundred pound may be returned to the spruce hutch, but I shall not be in a position to take precautions for its safety."

"Then we must wait till you are out again."

"When will that be?"

"They surely will not detain you long."

My father shook his head. "The candles were eighteen to the pound, Becky, and it looked like deliberation lighting all eighteen as well as the moderator, so as to have a good view of my game. If there had been only sixteen to the pound, it might not have been so serious."

"Look here, Barrable," said the old woman: "I've saved a matter of sixteen pounds; I will give them to you. You lock them up in the hutch, and see what will follow."

My father accepted her offer gratefully, and Rebecca sat up all night at the door, which was left ajar, watching him. Nothing came of this. He was dispirited next morning.

"It is of no use, Becky," he said; "it was kindly meant; but I can't work my mind into excitement and alarm over your sixteen pounds. I seem to know it is yours and not mine, and so sleep easy with it in my hutch."

"What are you going to do about your defence?" asked Rebecca. "I suppose you've secured a lawyer?"

"No, Becky, I'm not going to. If I engage a solicitor, then he secures a barrister for me. They know that there is at least my hundred pounds paid in bail, and

they will consume the whole of that over my defence."

"Well, suppose they do, you may be got off."

"Ah, but if they do get me off, and I've lost that hundred pounds over them, how am I to recover the hundred and fourteen, the watch, spoons, sugar-tongs, thimble, and ring? I *must* have that hundred pounds on my mind, or I shall never get the rest back."

Here was a dilemma. Rebecca saw no way out of it.

"No, Becky," said my father, "I will chance it. I will engage no legal assistance; I will take my punishment, and when I come out, I shall have that hundred pound weighing on my mind, all solid and untouched; then, sure as eggs, I shall be trying in my sleep to hide it, and you must watch and discover what the hiding-place is in which I secrete my valuables during sleep. So, and so only, shall I be able to recover all my property."

My father got seven years for shooting the burglars—three and a half apiece.

"Thanky, my lord," said he, when he received sentence. "Next time, I'll let the burglars shoot me,—it'll be less inconvenient in the end."

Now we received the bail-money back. My father enjoined me and Rebecca not to touch it, but keep it safe for the seven years till he came out, when it might lead to the recovery of the one hundred and fourteen, silver watch, spoons, thimble, sugar-tongs, gold ring, and parchment deeds.

"There's one moral warning you may learn from my case," said father, when I said good-bye to him and kissed him; "take that to heart, my son, and act on it. The warning is this: Never overdo any good thing. If I'd had dips twelve or even sixteen to

the pound instead of eighteen, I mightn't have been come down on so owdacious. In the first place, it wouldn't have looked so bad and so like premeditation lighting twelve instead of eighteen; and, in the second place, there not being such a blaze of light, I might have only winged my birds, not have deaded 'em. There is a moral to be drawn from everything that befalls us," continued my father. "If you only listen for it you will find a wise lesson read us by every calamity. There are sermons in stones, and good in everything. Bless you, my boy!" so he concluded, as I was being drawn away backwards by the warders. He waved his hand to me as we parted for seven years, and his last words were,—"Joe! never you light eighteen tallow dips when sixteen will suffice."

After my father was taken from us, Rebecca and I had a hard time of it. I was young and she was old, and we were both overstrained with work. Neighbours turned their sheep and cows into our meadows of a night, and our grass and hay were eaten or spoiled. We could get no redress without going to law, and that would cost a deal of money. Law was made not for the redressing of wrongs, but for the providing of a living for lawyers. It is much better to suffer a wrong than to try to get redress, for the getting redress nigh upon ruins one. That is the way in England. I'm not a reformer; if I were, I'd go in for cheap justice, which you can't get now. Justice is sold as truly now as it was in days when judges were bribed. You must be well off to get justice done you, and when it is done you, it has cost you a precious lot of money. But, I reckon, we are not like to have

cheap justice out of a Parliament that is made up half of lawyers.

However, this is neither here nor there.

My back got more bent, and Rebecca more decrepit. I always kept my father's parting maxim at heart, and I never overdid anything. I never ate three pieces of bread when I could do with two; I never used a pocket-handkerchief when I found I could manage with fingers; and I gave up buying soap when I considered it was a luxury. I always bought dips at eighteen to the pound, because I thought they must be cheaper than dips at twelve to the pound,—but you may be sure I never lighted them all at once. No; I never had more than one burning at a time; and when I wanted the candle in my room, Rebecca had to do without it in the kitchen; and when she required it in the kitchen, then I sat in the dark in my room.

Folks used to call me the young miser. But I doubt if I were a miser. A miser must save something, and I had nothing but the hundred pounds, which I might not touch. I was wretchedly poor, and I cut and scrimped because I would not run into debt, not because I liked cutting and scrimping. I was getting more dry and rough and twisted every day. Folks took advantage of my poverty and youth and helplessness, and made free, as I said, with our grass and hay, and cleared our garden, and carried off our wood. What could I do to protect myself? Nothing. Law is made for the lawyers, not for the wronged.

Then I was sick at times, because of my back; and at times Becky was sick, because of her age. Many a moment of temptation came over me to touch father's hundred pounds, but I had passed

my word to him not to meddle with it, and through all our privation I kept it intact.

I can't say that I longed greedily for the recovery of the silver sugar-tongs, for I found that fingers did as well as tongs, and, after a while, that sugar was a superfluity. I did what I could to cut off needless expense. I saved 6s. 6d. a-year in the following manner. I state it as an instance. Now I ask any candid man, what is the good of a shirt? No one sees it without peering up the sleeves or down under the collar at the nape of the neck; and it ain't gentlemanly to do that. Well, one can't well do without one new shirt per annum, and that costs at the least 6s.; then, if you have it washed once in two months, that comes to 6d. for the washing. Now, if twelve dips will do instead of eighteen, so coat and waistcoat will do instead of coat and waistcoat and shirt. That is a sum in rule of three, I reckon.

Before the seven years were out, poor Rebecca died. I will cut a long story short. I won't harrow your feelings with an account of what we suffered, she and I, after my father's loss. The parish would do nothing to help, when Rebecca was ill, because the Board said we had the hundred pounds to fall back on. No doctor attended her, and she could not have the nourishing food she needed. If she were made out to be a pauper, she might be sent into the workhouse; but she said she would rather starve and die in the old place than go there. So she did starve and die there as she wished, and the Board of Guardians approved. You see the law is made to extinguish self-respect in the poor. Now old Becky hadn't much of her own. She never had good looks. She had

long lost youth, she had lost all her teeth, she had lost her hearing and her sight; but she had kept her self-respect, and so the Board of Guardians would do nothing for her. If she'd been a scandalous liver, they'd maybe have considered her case, and sent the doctor to attend her, and allowed her half-a-crown a-week and a loaf of bread and a bottle of medicine; but as she was a decent old woman with a little pride in her, the Board let her die her own way.

I've heard my father say that he could remember when the old poor lived free of rent in the poor-houses in every parish, and were supported out of the parish rates. There were no paid officials then. The old folk lived and died among their own people. Every one in the parish knew them, and the farmers were kind to them, and gave them milk and butter, and when any one killed a pig, he sent some hog's puddings or chitterlings. Then an Act of Parliament was passed for the Embittering of the Last Days of the Poor. I don't think that was what the Act was called officially, but that is what the Act aimed at. The old folk were now taken away from the poorhouses in the parishes where they had lived, and were put in prison-like dwellings called unions, or work-houses; husbands were separated from their wives, and parents from their children. They were put in a sort of convict uniform, and were treated for all the world like prisoners. The parishes have to pay about five times as many rates as before, to keep up these great convict establishments, with their masters, and nurses, and warders, and their gas bills and water bills—and the Lord knows what!

Now I would not say a word against all this heavy expenditure if it did good; but it does not: it

does an infinity of evil ; it degrades and demoralises the poor. It takes the crown from the head of old age ; and as for the young—the parish orphans brought up in the unions!—the less you know of them the better. In old days the parish orphans were 'prenticed out to the farmers, and grew up to be good servants, and to love their masters and mistresses, and regard the house as their home. I've known scores who had been thus reared, and there are not better workwomen and workmen to be found anywhere ; but the parish orphans reared in workhouses turn out all of them bad—bad in every way. The union is a nursery of vice supported by the parish rates.

But—there ! I'm wandering from my point again. You will excuse me. My heart has been turned bitter within me by the wrongs I have endured, and that I have seen inflicted on the poor by Acts of Parliament.

When my father returned, he was so old and changed. Seven years had been taken out of his life for defending his own property. He left his little estate of two small fields and a garden in good order, he returned to it to find it gone to rack and ruin. I worked hard ; but, with my bent back, I could not do what was needed, and the law of the land was against my getting on.

Well, father, when he came home, looked about him. He did not say much, but he sighed deeply. He seemed like one who had had the heart taken out of him. He asked if the hundred pound was safe ; and when I told him it was, and showed it him, then he said that he trusted with that he might put the house in repairs, and buy a couple of cows, and we might get along. He advised me to marry, so as to have a woman to make the

butter, and cook, and mind the house ; and I said I would do so : we would share the setting up of an establishment ; if he would see to the cows, I'd see to a wife. Pigs we'd buy together—we were both judges of them ; and as for fowls, my idea was half Dorking and half Brahma.

The old man began to pick up a bit at the prospect. I'd been living in a ramshackle sort of a way since Becky died, and I thought that some self-cured bacon, and a wife to cure and then fry it, wouldn't be amiss. It would give a zest to existence.

"You'll have to be particular about the breed, Joe," said my father, "when you go after a wife. Ducks want water, and women want amusement. But Aylesbury ducks will thrive without water, and I've no doubt you'll find there's a breed of women that'll live and thrive without amusement."

"We'll have no amusement here, father," said I ; "there'll be no time for it—work, work, work ! What with the cows and the pigs, and the wife and the poultry, I reckon there'll be plenty to do, and the day won't be long enough to do it in."

One or two mornings after that father came down looking very grave.

"Joe," said he, "it has begun to go like the rest."

"What has, father?"

"The money. There is only seventy-five pound ten in the box this morning."

"I'll sit up to-night and watch you, father."

"Do so, my boy, and find out where I hide it."

I did ; but, out of economy, I did not light a candle, but sat in the dark, and fell asleep.

Next morning my father said—"Joe, I burgled myself again in

the night; there is now only fifty pound left. Did you see what I did with it?"

I was sorry to confess that I had fallen asleep. Next night I sat up again, and this time I afforded myself a candle, and kept myself awake watching the waste of tallow, and snuffing the wick.

Well, about two in the morning I fancy, I heard a noise in father's room; so I jumped up, opened the door, and looked in, only just in time to see him go out at the window. I hurried down-stairs, but by the time I had got the door unbarred and was out, he had disappeared, and whither he had gone I could not guess.

"Joe," said he next day, "I burgled myself again. There's twenty pound gone."

"I know it, father," I replied. "I saw you do it; but where you put it to is more than I can say."

The following night I kept watch in the garden. In the depth of the night I saw him open his window, drop from it on to the roof of the back-kitchen, leap down, and before I knew what to do, he was out of the garden, and away down the road. I tried to follow, but the night was dark, and my father went so fast, that I lost him.

"Burgled again, Joe," said he next morning; "another twenty pounds gone; now there are but ten left. This has got to an awfully serious pass. Unless you can follow me next night, we shall have lost everything past recovery."

We sat opposite each other, thinking.

"The nights are so dark," said I.

"Well, I know that," said my father. "But the money will all be gone before we get a new moon."

"I'll tell you what must be done, father," said I. "I see no other way to manage it. I'm sorry to

suggest it, because it mayn't be pleasant."

"What is it, Joe?"

"Why, father, I've got a pot of phosphorus rat-paste, and I think if you were to pomatum your head with it before retiring to rest, I should be able to follow you anywhere in the dark after that."

"Why not?" inquired my father. "It mayn't smell very nice, but what of that?"

"Oh, I did not refer to that," said I; "but there'll have to be the washing it off again, and I thought you'd shrink from the idea of that."

"No," said my father, heroically. "I got washed at times in the prison. My head was washed in spite of all I could say, and though I lodged a protest with the governor. Once in the way, now I am free, I shan't mind it. Joe, I'll do more than pomatum my head with phosphorus,—I'll pomatum my legs as well, then you can't miss me."

That night I remained outside the garden-gate in the road. I heard the church clock strike midnight. Soon after, I saw something like the rising moon at my father's window, then two long luminous streaks for all the world like the tails of a pair of comets. I don't go so far as to liken them to that of Donati in 1858. Well, this moon and these two comets—or, to speak more exactly, these comets and the moon—came down on the roof of the back-kitchen, and went through the garden, flickering in a wonderful fantastic way, and along the road, past me,—then away I went full tilt after them. Presently I heard such a scream as may I never hear again! I suppose a pair of lovers, or it may have been burglars, were out at that late hour, and when my father ran past them, they shrieked and fled, or fainted

away. I had no time to note who or what they were,—I kept my father in view. After a good run he came to the churchyard wall, skipped over it like a kid, and ran among the tombs. I followed as fast as I could, and found my dear father by a large tomb, engaged in hiding the money in it. I came up close behind him, and as I feared not recognising the monument again, I passed my hand over my father's head, without awaking him, and then pressed my palm against the stone. I had the satisfaction of seeing a luminous palm flicker there. Then my father returned leisurely, and went to bed. So did I.

Next morning he said—"Joe, all burgled away now."

"Yes; I know it," I replied. "But I know, also, where it is secreted. Follow me, and I will show you."

I took him to the graveyard. It was situated in the suburbs of the town, with a good many houses about it. I went with him all over the cemetery, but could not identify the monument.

"Never mind, father," said I; "we will come to-night, and the shining hand-print on it will guide us to the right tomb."

My father was like a child all day. He was so delighted at the prospect of recovering all his money and other valuables.

"Joe," said he, rubbing his hands, "we shall do well yet. I'll be bound that where I have put the last hundred pounds there will be discovered also the hundred and fourteen pounds, the silver watch that won't go, the half-dozen teaspoons, the sugar-tongs, the thimble, the title-deeds, and your mother's wedding-ring. Now, Joe, I'll tell you what. You are going to be married; well, to be married, you are forced to have a wedding-

ring. I know some folks have been married with the church key, but I don't hold to that. You must have a gold wedding-ring; it stands to nature that you must. Now a gold wedding-ring would cost a guinea. I daresay you could beat the jeweller down a shilling, and have it for a pound. See, now, here is your mother's ring to be had, and save you buying a new one; and that is just the same as if the money to be recovered were two hundred and fifteen pounds instead of two hundred and fourteen. You're not a scholar, Joe; but you can see that, I hope."

"Yes, father," I responded.

"That's my own boy!" he exclaimed, and rubbed his hands. "Never light eighteen tallow dips where twelve will do."

That night my father and I went several times to the churchyard, and slunk about it; but a lot of folk were about, and we did not like to climb the wall to get in with eyes upon us. We caught a word here and there, and found that there was a talk about ghosts, and so we concluded that my father's nightly journeys to the cemetery, and especially that last phosphoric expedition, had got blazed about. It was not till nigh one o'clock that the coast was clear, and we could scale the wall. After we were once in the churchyard there was no difficulty more about the monument—we could see the shining hand-print upon it. We were led to it at once by the light; so I scored a cross on the stone with a bit of chalk, and then we went away and returned to our beds.

Next day in sunlight we examined the tomb. It was a large brick erection, with ivy over it, and a slate-stone against one side, on which an inscription was cut. In this slate slab was a hole, whether caused by a flaw, or whether

made by a blow, I cannot tell. It was large enough for the insertion of a hand. I knew the stone well; as a boy I had often peered in through the hole, expecting to see the bones of the dead man within.

"What is to be done now, Joe?" asked my father, scratching his head, from which he had washed the phosphorus rat-paste. "One can put a hand in; but an arm will not reach the bottom, where the money and other valuables are lying."

"The only thing that can be done," I replied, "is for us to come here by night with a pick and crowbar and a dark lantern, and remove the slab, and so get at the interior of the monument."

"You are right," said my father. "Legally, I suppose it would not be possible for me to recover my property. It must be attempted in the way you propose."

That night we set out properly equipped, and when we were in the churchyard began operations. The slab was fastened in its place with iron cramps, besides mortar. We tried to break the cramps, but it was not easy to do; the pick was too blunt to work under them and heave them.

"There is nothing for it, father," said I, "but to smash the stone."

"I fancy you are right, Joe," he replied, "so here goes." Then he let drive at it with the crowbar, and in it went. Instead of smashing it fell in. We had been trying to draw it *out*, now it had fallen in.

"Lend a hand, Joe, and heave," said my father; "or put the bar beneath and lift it."

I did as instructed. He put the lantern close to the opening, and groped under the stone with his hand.

"Here you are, right as a trivet," said he, cheerfully; "I've drawn

out a spoon and the sugar-tongs,—and—here is a sovereign."

He jumped up and assisted me; we got the stone upon one side, and turned it from the monument.

"We'll have it all right as a trivet!" exclaimed my father, with a childlike, joyous laugh.

"Will you? We'll have you first, right as a trivet."

The voice came from behind us. We started, and found ourselves in the hands of the police.

I have not the heart to describe what followed. Of father's money—the two hundred and fourteen pounds, silver spoons, tongs, thimble, gold ring, and title-deeds—he never recovered anything. Who got the articles we could not learn—whether the police, or the public, or the sexton, I have not an idea. My father and I were carried off to the lock-up, and the churchyard was overrun by the curious. We were not there to look after our goods. We were had up before the magistrates, and charged with trespass and sacrilege, and sentenced to nine months each, with hard labour.

That finally broke my father's spirit, and he died in prison.

When I came out, at the end of my nine months, I lost my house and ground. The lord of the manor seized it. I could show no title to it; the deeds had been lost. I will say this, that he gave me compensation, but refused to allow me to retain the estate. He moved in the matter to get rid of me, as father and I had got bad characters, what with the shooting of the burglars, and what with the breaking open of the sepulchral monument. I did not attempt to go to law with the lord of the manor: I accepted what he offered, and turned out. With what I got I went elsewhere, and opened a rag and bone shop. I married a wife to

look after the rags, whilst I attended to the bones. Now, I, with my twisted back, am not what you may style a first-rate specimen of humanity, and so it is not to be expected that I should pick up with a first-rate specimen of the female sex. My wife was right enough in all but having fits. She had fits off and on, capricious like; there was no knowing when they would come on her, or where. She did not have them at first, but they came on some years after we were married, and after our child—a girl it was—began to grow up.

My wife was a hard-working woman, and I was a hard-working man. You can't make a fortune out of rags and bones, but you can keep body and soul together on them. Worst come to the worst, you can always, with ingenuity, clothe yourself out of the rags, and make soup of the bones. But it did not go so far as that. I'll tell you how we managed. The bones I collected all over the country in a cart, drawn by a donkey, and I sold them at the bone-mills. The rags were of two sorts, old cotton and linen rags: them my wife cleaned, and sold to the paper-mills; and cloth clothes, these she brushed and cleaned and patched, and sold as second-hand. She was wonderfully natty with her fingers and needle.

So we picked up a livelihood; and my little girl—we called her Lucinda—was taught from a very early age to work. She was taught by my wife, who was a rare manager, to attend to the house, and to clean the rags, and to brush, and scour, and peel potatoes, and fry a rasher, and grill a steak, and make the beds, and clean the windows, and hem kerchiefs, and say her prayers, and do all that a young woman ought to do. She was kept

at home and kept at work; for, as my wife said, home is the woman's world, and work is that which keeps from mischief.

I have no doubt that Lucinda would have grown up to be a useful, industrious, well-conducted woman if she had been let alone, and that she would have been the comfort of my old age; but Acts of Parliament were against us.

You will please to understand that my dear wife was liable to have fits, so she might not be left alone. I could not be with her, because my profession called me all about the country. Lucinda was ever with her mother; and I maintain that this was the best thing for the girl, and it was necessary for the mother. However, the Education Act was passed. Dear life! what year was it? I can't recall. However, it made education compulsory; and board schools were set up, and I was required to send Lucinda to school. I remonstrated. The girl must be at home to be with her mother, I said; but the Act made no provisions for that, and we were forced to send Lucinda every day to school. You may believe me, when I tell you that it had a bad effect on Lucinda. She mixed with nasty-minded girls and rude boys, and picked up words, and got things into her head she would never have got at home from her mother. What could my dear wife do? She tried her best to unlearn the child the evil she learned at the school; but it was not much good.

But that was not all. One day when I was out on my round, and Lucinda was at school, a fit took my wife whilst she was washing rags in a scouring-pan in the back-yard. She fell forward, with her mouth and nose in the water, and drowned in two inches of water. If ever there was a woman killed

by Act of Parliament, that woman was my wife.

I loved my wife very dearly, and her loss nigh upon broke my heart. I know that, ever since, my heart has been bent double like my back.

But that is not all. If Lucinda had grown up a comfort to me, I should have got over that loss in time; but Act of Parliament was against me. You see the Act was passed; and the board schools were built to teach children to hate work and love idleness. My Lucinda learned to read and write; but she learned to read yellow-backed, silly, romantic novels, and to write love-letters to a score of idle boys. She had been got out of love of home by schooling, and given a distaste for all domestic work. Now I ask you to go round in any parish in the country, and inquire of the farmers what has been the result of the Education Act. They will tell you, one and all, the same tale: they can get no servant girls who will work; they have acquired at school such a distaste for domestic work, and such a craving for novel-reading and dress, that were it not that there still linger on a few old girls who have never been to board school, the farmhouses would be without servant girls. Ask the parents, they will tell you the same. The schools have taken their daughters away from home and from home work, so that they cannot, and will not, attend to domestic duties. I say what every one knows,—except the gentlemen in Parliament who passed the law for the demoralisation of our young women—that is what I call the Education Act, judging from its fruits. I know well enough that it robbed me of my Lucinda. I could not get her to take her mother's place in the house; she did not like the drudgery of cleaning, and baking, and boiling; she

wanted, she said, to go into a situation in a town, where there was high wages and not much to do. Well, after a while of vain effort to get her to keep house for me, I gave it up, and got her a situation where there were four servants kept, and only two in family, and the wage eighteen pounds a-year.

"Now, my dear," said I, "save all the money you can, and put it away against bad times."

She came to see me after a few months. She had on a real seal-skin jacket, and a hat with a real ostrich-feather. She was going to leave her place, she said—the work was too much for her. If she could find a situation where five servants were kept and there was only one in family, that, perhaps, might suit her; and as this would be her second place, she would ask twenty pounds. She went away. Whether she got the situation or not I do not know. Since that day I have not seen her, but I have heard of her,—and I don't care to see her again. That young woman was driven to the devil by Act of Parliament; it not only sent her to the devil, but it robbed me of a daughter, and plunged me in abject poverty.

What could I do, with no one to look after my comforts? I sank into greater poverty and deeper discomfort. The time that my wife lived was a happy time to me. I had my meals regular, well cooked, and the house was in order. Now I got my meals as I could; I ate anything, cooked anyhow by myself. I took to spirits, and drank away my cares. You may say that Act of Parliament made a drunkard of me, for it robbed me of my wife and my daughter, and left me without a care or a hope in the world. I lost my donkey, and my business came to an end. I

fell ill, and was sick for three months. I hardly know how I got through it; I think I lived chiefly out of the proceeds of the remainder of my rags and furniture, which I sold to another who came in on my beat, and who gave me a trifle for the goodwill. Then the vicar's wife, the Rev. Mrs Forward, saw me, and sent me soup and custard-pudding from the parsonage.

When I got round, application was made for me to the Board of Guardians, and I was allowed a shilling a-week and a loaf. Then the vicar—that is, the husband of the Rev. Mrs Forward—offered to find me some work in his garden at ninepence a-day, three times a-week. I accepted thankfully; but when the Board of Guardians learned that I was doing something to earn a livelihood, they cut me off my shilling a-week and loaf of bread. You see they do everything they can to encourage idleness, and set their faces like flint against self-help. Well, after that, the Rev. Mrs Forward came to me and said, "Joe Barrable," said she, "you are a dirty old man."

"Thanky, ma'am," says I in reply, touching my forehead.

"You are, Joe," she went on. "Now I am willing to do what I can for you; but I cannot—I literally cannot—for reasons I need not specify, have you about the stable-yard and garden, unless you are cleaner. I do not mind employing you permanently at four-and-sixpence a-week in fetching water in the water-cart, and brushing the drive, and tidying the back-yard and the stable-court, and doing various odd jobs; but I cannot and I will not employ you in your present dirty condition. I am not alluding only to your garments,"—here she raked me with her eye,—"I can supply you with

an old suit of Mr Forward's, in which—other matters being rectified—you will be presentable; but I must, and I will have you cleaner, if you are to receive from me permanent employment."

"What do you mean, ma'am?" I asked, in unfeigned surprise.

"What do I mean!" echoed Mrs Forward, reddening; "I mean to have you washed."

"I—I—washed!" I staggered back against the garden-wall.

"Yes; scrubbed—scoured."

"Scrubbed — scoured!" I exclaimed; and I heard a roaring in my ears like the sound of the Atlantic in a storm.

"You want it," said Mrs Forward, and turned on her heel.

It was some time before I could recover myself. The shock of the suggestion was almost too much for my nervous system. I to be washed! Now I am quite sure that operation had not been performed on me since I was in prison about the monument, and I had been married and become a widower since then. I did not believe that my constitution would stand it. I do not, now. But what was to be done? If I refused, then I should be turned out of my work at the vicarage, and I had already lost my shilling and loaf from the Board. I must die of starvation, or die of being washed. That was the choice set before me. I know I cannot endure being scrubbed and scoured, I who haven't had a drop of water over me these many years.

However, I submitted. I had no choice but to submit. The operation is to take place in the harness-room, adjoining the stable, and the coachman and the groom are going to operate. I've seen some large horse-sponges wrung out. They are standing on the window-ledge in the sun. Creak! creak!

Is the pump-handle to be worked all day? What with hot water and cold they must have enough to fill a horse-pond. In the wash-house a great fire has been lighted under the copper. I saw the mistress give out two bars of best primrose soap. The cook has just handed to the groom the sugar-basin full of strong Scottish soda. How shall I stand all this? Are they going to flay me? How shall I live deprived of that crust which nature has provided for the protection and warmth of the poor? I know that this performance will be the death of me. The Rev. Mrs Forward is a reformer and well meaning. All reformers are well meaning. I have no objection to raise against their principles; it is sport to them to carry out their reforms, but it is death to us, as the frogs said of the boys who threw stones at them. Frogs! Ugh! They live in water. The idea gives me the cold shivers. Your reformers are pig-headed; they insist in carrying out their reforms to the deadly end; they cannot stop half-way. If the reverend lady had said to me, "Barrable, put your face and hands under the tap," I should not have minded. I could survive that, maybe; but the whole, entire, bodily Barrable!—now that is coming it too strong.

These radical extreme measures efface what they propose to reform. I have heard it said that the Jesuits did evil that good might come. There is this to be said for them, the evil was a means to an end—the means for the moment, the good lasting. But these

reformers do good that evil may come; the good is in the intent, and the evil is radical and fatal.

I know that Mrs Forward will kill me out of principle. That is why I write these words. I bear her no ill will. She acts up to her lights. It is the lights I hate; they are like those used by wreckers on the Cornish coast, to mislead and draw to destruction the storm-tossed and unwary.

Hark! I hear the clink of a galvanised iron pail! I look out and see a procession of maids, led by the stable-boy, carrying water to the harness-room, the cold in galvanised iron pails, the hot in cans. Blessed if missus is not in the rear, goading them on, and herself with the watering-pot!

What has the coachman got the Turk's head broom for? That is used only for getting cobwebs out of the corners of the ceiling. I trust there be no cobwebs over me, like very old crusted tawny port. There! I see the groom picking among the horse-sponges, choosing the most compact and void of eyes.

Oh me! the victim of reform! All right, you need not ring the house-bell. Coming! coming!—or rather, from my point of view, Going! going!

NOTE. *Added by Mr Alexander Nesbitt, schoolmaster.*—"At the request of Mr Joseph Barrable, deceased, I have revised his MS., correcting only the misspelling. I regret to add that, after his bath—the wind being easterly—he caught a cold, which settled on his chest, and within three days after his bath he died."

"DE MORTUIS."

"Manibus date lilia plenis
 Purpureos spargam flores, animamque . . .
 His saltem accumulæ donis et fungar inani munere."

Oh come let us haste to his grave, let us scatter rich garlands of flowers !

We gave him scant honour while living, faint reticent praises were ours
 For his genius, his virtues, his courage,—but now his quick spirit hath fled :

O'er his tomb wreaths of roses and laurels and bays let us strew to him dead.

Ay, now, when all weeping and praising are utterly vain, let us weep !
 Let us praise him ungrudgingly now that, unconscious, he sleeps his last sleep.

Will he heed what we say ?—Will he hear us and see us ? Ah no ! 'tis too late !

We are always too late with our praises and pæans,—delaying, we wait,
 Till Death shrouds the windows and darkens life's warm breathing house with its pall,

And in vain to the tenant departed, Love, Friendship, or Calumny call.
 Ah then we arouse in our griefs, ah then, and then only, the meed
 That was due to the warm living spirit, we give to the cold senseless dead.

For our brother while here he is striving and moving along the world's ways,

We have only harsh judgments, stern counsel, half-uttered affections, cold praise.

Our cheer of full-hearted approval, our frank quick applause we deny ;
 Envy, Malice, and Jealousy, Calumny, all the world's hounds in full cry
 Unrelenting pursue him—while Friendship barks low in the rear of the race,

Reluctant, perhaps, at his faults and his frailties till Death ends the chase.

Ah then all his virtues, his merits shine forth, all the charms that he owned,

Rise up unobscured in their beauty, all frailties and faults are atoned.
 All the good is remembered and pondered, the bad swept away out of sight,

And in death we behold him transfigured, and robed in memorial light.
 We lament when lamenting is useless, we praise when all praises are vain,

And then, turning back and forgetting, begin the same sad work again.

Ah! why did we stint to him living our gift? Were we poor? Had we nought,—

Not a wreath, not a flower for our friend to whose grave we such tribute have brought?

Ah no! the largess of the heart that had strengthened and gladdened his soul

We refused him, and proffered him only the critic's poor miserly dole.

Still we meant to be just, so we claim, though the judgment was cold that we gave.

Was our justice then better than love?—Come, say! as you stand by his grave.

W. W. S.

COMING INTO PORT.

I HAVE weathered the turbulent cape of storms
Where the winds of passion blow;
I have sheered by the reefs that gnash to foam
The shallows they lurk below;
I have joyed in the surge of the whistling sea,
And the wild strong stress of the gale,
As my brave barque quivered and leaped, alive,
To the strain of its crowded sail.
Then the masterful spirit was on me,
And with Nature I wrestled glad;
And danger was like a passionate bride,
And Love was itself half mad.
Then Life was a storm that blew me on,
And flew as the wild winds fly;
And Hope was a pennon streaming out
High up—to play with the sky.

Oh the golden days, the glorious days
That so lavish of life we spent!
Oh the dreaming nights with the silent stars
'Neath the sky's mysterious tent!
Oh the light, light heart and the strong desire
And the pulse's quickening thrill,
When Joy lived with us, and Beauty smiled,
And Youth had its free, full will!
The whole wide world was before us then,
And never our spirits failed,
And we never looked back, but onward, onward
Into the Future we sailed.
Ever before us the far horizon
Whose dim and exquisite line
Alone divided our Earth from Heaven,
Our Life from a Life divine.

Now my voyage is wellnigh over,
And my stanchest spars are gone ;
And my sails are rent, and my barnacled barque
Drags slowly and heavily on.
The faint breeze comes from the distant shore
With its odours dim and sweet,
And soon in the silent harbour of peace
Long-parted friends I shall greet.
The voyage is wellnigh over,
Though at times a capful of wind
Will rattle the ropes and fill the sails,
And furrow a wake behind.
But the sea has become a weariness,
And glad into port I shall come
With my sails all furled, and my anchor dropped,
And my cargo carried home.

W. W. S.

THE FRANCHISE BILL UNMASKED.

Is it just? Is it "a good" *per se*? Or is it an evil? Does it effect an extension of the franchise? Does it equalise the electoral power of the borough and the county voters? Is it a partial or a complete representation Bill? Is it an innovation in the practice of our legislation respecting the representation of the people? And how does it affect the position of the two great political parties in the State? These are all pertinent questions, and pertinent answers to them will be supplied in the sequel.

In order to consider whether the Bill is politically just to the multifarious interests, and to the numerous classes of the people who are scattered over the three kingdoms, it will be necessary to look at the actual position or state of the electors both in the boroughs and in the counties respecting their representation in the House of Commons. On all sides the assumption has been made that the electors in the boroughs have had a great electoral privilege conferred upon them by the inclusion of all the householders therein in the exercise of the franchise; and that the same class or classes of people in the counties are debarred from the electoral privilege of returning a member to Parliament. It has been with the avowed purpose of rectifying this anomaly—this political injustice—that the Franchise Bill has been produced and passed through the House of Commons. But though it is a fact that the householders in the boroughs have the franchise, and that the householders as such in the counties have *not*, is it the fact that the

inclusion of the householders of the counties in the exercise of the franchise will give them an *equal*, and therefore a *just*, share of the electoral representation in the House of Commons? The following considerations will show.

In England the population represented on an average by each member of Parliament for the counties is 73,202, and for the boroughs it is 41,365. In Scotland the population represented by each member for the counties is 65,321, and for the boroughs it is 63,280. And in Ireland the population represented by each member for the counties is 66,621, and for the boroughs, 24,622. These facts show that, though every man, woman, and child in the counties of the whole three kingdoms were to get the privilege of voting for the county members, not one iota of electoral power would be extended to the electors of the counties as a whole; though on an average each elector would have the 68,000th part of the electoral value in his vote. On the other hand, in the boroughs of the three kingdoms, giving to every man, woman, and child a vote, the electoral power of the boroughs would remain as it is—far in excess of that of the counties—being as high as one in 43,000; thus showing an inequality in the value of their votes to the extent of 25,000 in favour of the boroughs. Hence it is clear that at present the representation of the counties comes far short of the representation of the boroughs—and that to remedy this inequality, no increase in the number of the county electors can,

by any possibility, have the least effect in that direction. For the inequality has its source not in the franchise, but in the representation. And to attempt to rectify this by enlarging the number of the electors in the counties, the attempt, instead of removing the inequalities now existing, will do nothing but add enormously to an increase of other inequalities. And the inequality will not then show itself in the representation only, but also in the value and the extent of the electoral votes in the counties.

Turn now to the consideration of the electorate. The average number of electors in the counties of the three kingdoms to each member is 4353; and the average number of electors in the boroughs, also of the three kingdoms, is 5353, giving a difference of 1000. That is, the boroughs have more electors than the counties by 1000 to each member. If this difference be multiplied by the whole of the county members in the three kingdoms, the product is 283,000, or, in round numbers, 300,000. This is the whole electoral difference that exists at present between the number of the borough and the number of the county voters. This difference of 300,000 has been sought to be reduced by means of the Franchise Bill of the present Liberal Government. The difference is not large, when it is considered that it covers the whole electoral area of the country. The question presents itself here for urgent reply—Was it worth the while of the Government to stake their official existence upon so small an issue, or to raise a conflict with the House of Lords respecting it? However that may be, absolute political jus-

tice would require only 300,000 additional electors to be added to the county roll to bring the number of the electors to an equality with the number in the boroughs to each member. But the Bill proposes to add 2,000,000 of new voters to the counties instead of 300,000; so that, whilst the Bill would remove from the boroughs a difference of 300,000 as an excess, it would *create* another difference of 1,700,000 as an excess in the counties. Thus, if 300,000 electors less in the counties than in the boroughs, constitutes such a political wrong as to induce the Government not only to undertake to prepare and introduce a Bill into Parliament, but also to risk the continuance of their power and places upon the attempt to rectify this political wrong, and also to raise the present conflict with the House of Lords—what condemnation can be strong enough for the Government who perpetrates a political wrong so great as to be measured by 1,700,000? Had the case been reversed in the counties and in the boroughs, there might have been some excuse for the action of the Government, but as it is, there is and there can be none. But even then the drastic measure produced would be in excess of the necessities of the case. There can be no doubt that the taxpaying householders in the counties have a right to a vote. Political justice demands this, and a sense of common fairness will at once concede it; but this is all that is at present really required.

One great political distinction of the United Kingdom is its division into counties and boroughs; and the representation of the people in Parliament has been based upon this distinction. The counties embrace the rural portions of the

country, and the boroughs embrace the populations of the cities and the towns. This rural and urban distinction is interwoven into all our political relationships. These well-defined and long-recognised divisions have been selected as localities, or suitable districts for representation in the House of Commons. And taken in a general sense, or roughly all over the country, but by no means completely or exactly, the counties and the boroughs balance each other. The exact number of the boroughs is 251, returning 360 members; and the number of the counties and districts of counties is 117, returning 283 members. In order, then, to make the representation of a rural locality equal to that of an urban district, there must be an equal franchise in both, and an equal number of members to represent them, also for both. Any inequality in the franchise, or in the membership of the one, will cause an inequality in the franchise or membership of the other. Take a county having 20,000 inhabitants and 5000 electors. The borough would require to have also 20,000 inhabitants, or thereby, and 5000 electors. Each would require to send *one* member to represent it in the House of Commons. In such case, the county and the borough would be equally represented in Parliament. But if the borough were to get added to its roll of electors other 5000 householders, no extension of the franchise would take place in the borough. The franchise would be conferred upon the 5000 householders, but the source and amount of the franchise so conferred had been previously in the possession of the 5000 original electors. A half of their electoral power would be taken from them,—and to that extent it

would be individually diminished or abstracted, and then be redistributed among the new household electors. The 10,000 electors in the borough would each have now only half of a vote, in value, instead of a whole vote as formerly,—whilst the 5000 electors in the county would still have a whole vote. But no change having been made in the membership, the representation of the county, as a county, and of the borough, as a borough, would remain still equal. But the representation of the individual electors of the borough would be no longer equal to the representation of the individual electors in the county. The representation of the former would be only one-half of the latter. Then, instead of the franchise being altered, if the membership of the borough were to be doubled, the electoral power of the county elector would remain equal to the electoral power of the borough householder; but the representation of the county would, in comparison, be diminished by one-half. So that the franchise in the one cannot be altered without, at the same time, altering comparatively and reciprocally the franchise in the other; and the membership of the one cannot be altered without, also comparatively and reciprocally, altering it in the other. The same reciprocal changes would take place in the borough if modifications were made in the franchise or in the membership of the county.

A great deal of confusion seems to prevail respecting the meaning of the phrase, "extension of the franchise." What is meant by the term "franchise" and the "extension of the franchise"? The franchise means the right or privilege of voting for one or more members to represent, in the

House of Commons, the locality in which the voter is situated. This right cannot be exercised at large. The franchise must be exercised within a limited area or district of the country—as a county, a division of a county, and a borough. If the area or district be distinguished for its intelligence, its industrial or commercial importance, and its large or dense population, the area will be made large, or at least to embrace a large population, and the electors will get also the right to vote for more than one member to represent it. If not so distinguished, the area will be made smaller, the electors will be fewer, and they will be limited to vote for only one member to represent it. In all cases, there will be the limitation of the locality, and the consequent limitation of the number of the members—the county, the division of the county, and the borough—having either one or a larger number of representatives.

If an extension of the franchise is proposed to be made, it can be effected only by an increase of the area of the local district, or by increasing the number of the voters already situated within the district. In either case, there can be no real extension of the franchise unless there has also been made an increase in the representation of the district. If there be no increase in the representation—that is, in the number of the members to be returned to sit in Parliament—there can be no extension of the franchise. There can be only a redistribution of the franchise which has already been in existence in the area or district. In such case the votes, or at least their values, will be split up into fragmental values, and a portion of them will be redistributed among the in-

creased number of the voters—but the total electoral power will remain as it was before the increase in the number of the electors took place. Each elector will have a fraction of the previous votes—but only a fraction—and the total votes will remain unaltered in value, and be available for the election of the same number of representatives. If the increase in the number of the electors should extend to a number double of the former one, then the fractional value of the votes would be just a half.

In like manner, if an extension of the representation is proposed to be made—it can be effected by increasing the number of the representatives to represent the particular district, or by diminishing the number of the electors situated within the district or area. If two members be given to a district which had only one before, then the representation would be doubled. But this change could not take place without also, at the same time, effecting an extension of the franchise of the same district or area. Each voter would then have two votes instead of one. This is just the reverse of the previous case, where the representation remained unaltered, but the *number* of the voters was doubled, and each vote was reduced a half in value or in electoral power. Extension, then, of the franchise, without altered representation, means only diminution or partial disfranchisement—and a redistribution of the franchise. And “extension” of the “representation,” without alteration of the franchise, means also extension of the franchise. Increase in the number alone of the voters diminishes the electoral power or value of the franchise to each voter. And ex-

tension of the representation increases also the value of each vote to the electors.

What necessity existed for the Franchise Bill in the counties? Has any one experienced, or expressed that he did experience, any disadvantage or political hardship from the want of the household franchise in the counties? Have local meetings been held in the rural districts all over the country for the purpose of making known such wants, and for demanding that the rulers, the Government of the country, should take immediate steps to get such wants supplied? There was nothing of the kind until the *mot d'ordre* for holding such meetings was given out by the Liberal wire-pullers. Political meetings for the redress of grievances have been few and far between for several years back. It is not necessary even to except the Mid-Lothian campaign, for it was not for the redress of any felt grievance—it was a party onslaught for party purposes. And the agitation for the extension of the franchise is almost wholly the effect of the caucus wire-pulling—beginning at the political centres, and only reaching the lower mass of interested beneficiaries after three-fourths of the action necessary to get up any agitation at all has been spent in its course of progress towards the objects of its solicitude. The country has politically been remarkably quiet—showing no signs of widespread disaffection or discontent. With the exception of Ireland—and it is really no exception either to the general state of the country, for it is no local grievance that inspires the Irish to agitate, to clamour, and to demand political alterations in respect to its relationship to the sister isle, but it is the result of the American caucus

in fomenting a spirit of deadly hatred to the Saxon rulers of Ireland, and to everything British,—the British Isles have been enjoying a period of deep and peaceful repose in all their political local relationships. No. The agitation for the extension of the franchise had not its origin at the fountain-head, in rural hamlets or even in mining villages and towns—not even among any portion of the unenfranchised, who might have been expected to be the first to raise their voices and cry aloud for the extension of the franchise to them, if they really had felt the want of it as a deprivation of political privilege enjoyed by others, but from which they were unfairly debarred. These were not the places where the cry was first raised; but it had its source in the Cabinet, in Downing Street, with the Ministry and their immediate followers, and in their mainstay the Birmingham Caucus. It was a political necessity of the very highest officialism—a *sine qua non* of official duration. The State machinery had got out of gear—it was not working smoothly. Neglect here, misguidance there, fitful applications everywhere, and want of proper comprehension and control in directing its complex and intricate movements—had led to various consultations as to the necessity of doing something to better their position with the country, so as to enable them to keep their hold upon the levers of the Government machinery, the reins of power. Hence the order for the cry, and the preparations for the Bill. This is a sketch of the secret history, the origin, and progress of the franchise agitation. But now that the agitation has passed the portals of secrecy, let us inquire for what the cry has been raised, so that its nature and necessity may no longer be a matter of doubt.

Since 1867, when the borough householder got the franchise conferred upon him, it has been assumed that the boroughs are much more favourably situated electorally now than the counties are. It has also been assumed that the electors in the boroughs far outnumber the electors in the counties; and that, therefore, a measure of franchise reform was urgently required to rectify this presumed electoral inequality subsisting between the county and the borough franchises. It has been assumed, besides, that the present Liberal Government alone have a prescriptive right to undertake and settle the franchise question for the people, and that the present Parliament was specially elected to extend the franchise to the counties. Another assumption was, that the special work of the present Government for the past and coming Sessions of Parliament was, and is, "to call the whole people into the citizenship of the State," or at least to confer the citizenship of the State upon the rural householders in the counties. There is still another assumption made by the Liberals, that it is no business of the Conservative Party to introduce to the House of Commons, and to carry through it, any measure of representation. The Liberals are thus trying to keep the Conservatives from taking any part or share in this legislative work, and to keep it all to themselves. But at the same time they do not desire to attempt to do the work themselves in a proper, necessary, and statesman-like manner. They are afraid to undertake the reform of the representation, and they do not undertake it. They simply try to whittle a little at the county franchise stick, and make-believe that they are the true reformers, that they are the real friends of the people,

that they have unbounded confidence and trust in the people, and are alone willing and anxious to confer political privileges upon the people. All this sounds very pleasant to the ear, and is gratefully received by thousands of people who have not the time, the inclination, the ability, the desire, or the intelligence to sift it, and to judge it upon its merits, and particularly to compare these lavish statements and promises with their actual shortcomings, and the misdirected appliances of their actual very limited legislative work.

Without an increase in the representation of the people, there can be no extension of the franchise. There was an extension of the franchise in the year 1832. And there was an extension of the franchise in the year 1867. But no extension of the franchise has been proposed to be made by means of Mr Gladstone's Bill of the present year. In the Bill of 1832, new constituencies got 112 new members to vote for; and in the year 1867, new constituencies got 38 new members to vote for. Under those two Bills there was a real extension, not a mere sham extension as in the present Franchise Bill, which gives not a single new member to vote for. In the present Liberal so-called Bill there has been proposed a "*redistribution*" merely of the county votes to the new electors—the county householders; but there is no provision for an extension of the franchise. Extension of the franchise means the appointment of new voters to vote for new additional members; not merely the appointment of new voters to vote for the same—the old members, or mere substitutes for them. When Lord Beaconsfield made an extension of the franchise to the borough householders, he gave also additional members to

be voted for. He did not take the votes from the old voters in the cities and boroughs, divide them into fragmental values, and redistribute them to the new voters, as the Franchise Bill does, without doing anything more. It merely proposes to give them a fractional part of the votes already in the possession of the county voters who hold the election of the present members in their own hands; whereas under the Franchise Bill the election will be in the hands not only of them, but in the hands of the thousands, and in some cases the tens of thousands, of the new electors to be added to the county electorate. To pass a mere Franchise Bill is not only to pass an utterly useless—a purposeless Bill, but to pass a mischievous Bill, an iniquitous Bill, which robs some to benefit others, which takes from Peter to give to Paul, instead of acting honestly and fairly by both.

The county electorate of the United Kingdom is 1,232,091. If the Gladstone Bill passes, this number will be increased by at least 2,000,000; so that the whole electorate of the counties will be 3,232,091 under the Franchise Bill. The electorate of the boroughs of the United Kingdom is 1,927,419. Now, if the borough electorate be deducted from the extended electorate under the Franchise Bill, the difference is 1,304,672. That is, the county electorate will exceed the borough electorate by the amount of this difference. Where, then, is the "equality" of the borough and the county franchise which it was the object of the Franchise Bill to establish in the country? Echo may answer—where? but the results of the Bill answer—nowhere. An inequality existed between the boroughs and the counties—the former embracing all householders, the latter ex-

cluding them,—with the result that the former exceed the latter to the extent of 283,000. The Liberal Government wanted to remove this difference—this political injustice, if you will—of the borough excess in the electorate of, in round numbers, 300,000 over the county electorate. Their Franchise Bill would do this; and if it did this and nothing more, the Bill would be a good Bill so far as it went, but that would not be far. But it will not only wipe out this excess of 300,000 from the borough electorate, but it will create an excess far greater—an enormous excess—a most iniquitous excess—in the county electorate over the borough electorate of no less than 1,700,000! Who will dare to apply the term "equality" to the franchise of the borough and the franchise of the county after this? Whatever the Bill may do, it certainly will not move one point in the direction of equal franchises in the counties and the boroughs. If it was an evil to have an excess of 300,000 electors in the boroughs—and that it was so considered by the Government is proved by their producing the Franchise Bill to remove the evil,—and the whole Liberal press and the whole Liberal party have incessantly, for the last twelve months, proclaimed it to be an evil,—can it be a "good"—a "good" *per se*—"good in itself without redistribution," as Mr Gladstone recently phrased it in Mid-Lothian—to produce an excess of 1,700,000 in the electorate of the counties? Did ever political audacity show itself in greater force and form than in presenting such results for the consideration and acceptance of the British public?

In his recent Edinburgh speech, Mr Gladstone said: "Suppose we had introduced a Bill for England

only. Then, surely, the Scotch and Irish would have been far more justified in asking for a complete measure, and in saying to us, 'What is to happen if England is enfranchised, and Scotland and Ireland are left out in the cold?'" This is a very plausible argument. It seems as if it had proceeded from a desire to act justly towards the three Kingdoms. If the necessities of Scotland and Ireland were at all equal to the necessities of England, the inclusion of them in a Representation Bill for England would have been not only highly proper, but it would have been nothing more than just, and possibly necessary. But Mr Gladstone shot his arrow at random. It was an argument that suited his purpose at the moment, and he used it without hesitation—boldly. But how stand the facts? Would either Scotland or Ireland have demanded that they should be included in a Bill constructed and adapted for England only? If they would have demanded such inclusion in the English Bill to make it complete—would they have "been justified" in making such demand? If we look at the state of the franchise in Scotland, and also at the state of the representation in it—for the one must be looked at in connection with the other—we will find an answer to Mr Gladstone's question, and also an illustration of the haphazard way in which Mr Gladstone treats the subjects selected by him for legislation, or as grounds of argument in his discourses. The synoptical table at the end of this paper proves that the representation of Scotland is very different from that of England. The extremes in the representation found in England are not found in Scotland. Very small, and also very large, constituencies are num-

erous in England, but few instances of such exist in Scotland. The apportionment of members, sometimes more than one to a locality that includes only a few inhabitants and fewer electors, and at other times only one member to another locality that contains thousands—even hundreds of thousands—of people, and from ten to twenty thousand electors, are frequently to be seen in England, but they are scarce, very scarce in Scotland; so much so, that if Mr Gladstone had introduced his Bill dealing with a rearrangement of the members along with the franchise, the suggested Scotch demand for inclusion in the Bill would not have interfered with his legislative action for England in the slightest degree, for it would never have been heard of; and even if it would have been heard of, it could not by any possibility have been "justified." The facts—the grounds of such action—do not exist in Scotland, to induce the Scotch to demand inclusion in an English Bill. Even though the demand were made, it could easily be brushed aside, for "facts are chiefs that winna ding," and who would dare dispute them? With the exception of Sutherland, Peebles and Selkirk, and the Wigton group of burghs, there are no very small constituencies in Scotland: all the rest have a fair proportion of members to the population, and to the interests of the country—with the exception of North Lanark and Renfrewshire.

The present population of the counties of Scotland is 2,090,283, which gives 65,321 to each member representing the counties in Parliament. And the present population of the burghs is 1,645,290, which is 63,280 to each member representing the burghs. The population of

the counties is thus greater per member for the counties than the population of the burghs is per member for the burghs. Hence no extension of the franchise whatever can, by any possibility, increase the representation of the counties of Scotland, or even add one iota to the value of the county electorate. The mere number of the electors may be increased, but the increase in the number will only produce a corresponding proportional decrease in the value of the electoral votes. Add to the number of the voters, and you but take from the value of each vote, and leave the aggregate votes as they were, without change. The only way to "enlarge" and "improve" the electorate of Scotland in these circumstances, is to add to the number of the members who represent the electors in Parliament. This would really extend the franchise in Scotland by adding value to the votes, and by "enlarging" and "strengthening" the constituency, and by "improving" their interest in the constitution of the country. This would be done by a Redistribution Bill, and this the Conservative Party are desirous of obtaining for the country, and more especially for the householders of the more populous divisions of the counties, and for the householders of the large towns and burghs, not at present directly represented. The people dwelling in these are the real parties who are at present suffering political hardship, and not the people who inhabit the smaller counties and burghs; and Scotland at large is suffering political hardship in its deficient representation comparatively with Ireland and a large portion of England. The Bill produced and passed in the House of Commons will not extend the franchise; it will only redistribute the county franchise, and that

chiefly, and to the largest extent, in the more populous districts of the counties. It is not true that, under this Bill, the new voters will become full political citizens, and exercise the full rights of citizenship. And Mr Gladstone and his Government and other supporters are "traitors to the electors," and "traitors to the cause" which they very frequently profess by their lips, if they do not retain it "at their hearts," when they say so, and act as if they believed that it would. The Bill cannot confer such benefits, and it is not calculated to produce results of that kind. Its direct effect would be merely to reduce the present values of the votes in the counties, and to give a share in these values to the new electors in the same counties,—but that is all it will do, or can do. It will do nothing more, so far as the county voters are concerned. Then, how can it be worthy of the support of any Scotch elector? It will confer no benefit upon him, whether he be situated in a burgh or a county. But it will withdraw from the present county electors, to the full extent, whatever franchise it confers upon the new voters. The Bill then has been misnamed, and it has been falsely described as a political blessing, whilst it, in reality, is a political mockery, pretending to give where it gives not; but it virtually, or in fact, takes from those upon whom it lavishly professes to confer its richest political benefits.

Then in respect to Ireland, what could that country say, or do, by way of such demand? It has 15 boroughs with constituencies—we mean electors—varying from 138 up to 462, and with populations all under 10,000 in each, and it has six more with less than a thousand (1000) electors, and having populations under two thousand (2000)

in each. The synoptical table given at the end shows that the difference lies against Ireland gaining any advantage whatever in any "complete measure" arranged upon fair and just principles. The risk of losing their representation in these 15 places—boroughs—or at least having it greatly diminished, would deter the Irish from making the suggested demand for inclusion in the English Bill, had it been introduced; and the fact that the populations of the counties of Cork, Down, Galway, Donegal, and Mayo, require additional representation, would not of itself have impelled the Irish to prefer such a demand. Now we can see how utterly worthless was the argument used by Mr Gladstone to ward off the necessity of introducing a Bill—a complete Representation Bill—"for England only"—but dealing with both the franchise and redistribution.

The Bill is not a mere Franchise Bill. No Representation Bill can be a mere Franchise Bill when it is to constitute a part of a scheme of parliamentary representation. This Bill is intended to form a practical part of such scheme; consequently it does not, and cannot, deal with the franchise alone. It will, if passed, deal also with the present representation, just as if the distribution of the members now in force in the country formed a part of the Bill, and its title bears this on the very front of it. The Bill has been misrepresented. It has been presented under false colours. It has been called "an incomplete measure"—a Bill dealing with the franchise only—and nothing more. This has been done for the purpose of misleading the opponents of the measure, and to gain and to keep the confidence of timid followers of the Government, to disarm any oppo-

sition to the Bill, as well as for the purpose of steering clear of the "difficulties" and "dangers" that beset the course of any one who would attempt to alter and amend the representation of the country by rearranging the distribution of the members. The Bill does not confer the franchise upon the county householders. It pretends to do so—or rather, its friends, its promoters, pretend that it will confer the franchise upon 2,000,000 of worthy county householders—citizens at present without political citizenship—who are as well qualified to exercise the franchise as their more favoured brethren of the burghs—the burgh householders. But the Bill does nothing of the kind. The franchise conferred is the merest shadow of such a great reality. It is the merest fraction of this large number of 2,000,000 votes. Is it for such a paltry result that the two chambers of the Legislature, the House of Commons and the House of Lords, are to be brought into deadly conflict?—That the old, the stable, the noble Constitution of the British empire—built up by centuries of patient struggling on the part of the noblest hearts, and of the ablest heads, of whom any record is transmitted in the annals of history—is to be rent asunder, and the people in classes are to engage in fierce strife, that may end in partial, if not complete ruin? "Freedom" may well "shriek," with the poet Campbell, when such a spectacle is presented to her. The Bill really confers the greatest benefit upon the fewest people, and the least benefit upon the largest number of the people. The smallest boroughs have the largest representation, and the largest counties or divisions of counties have the smallest representation. The proposed aim of

the Bill was to rectify the anomalous inequalities at present existing, or rather, supposed to exist, between the counties and the boroughs. But where will there be found a county or a division of a county with a constituency at present much short of that of one or more of the boroughs in the country? Nowhere. They do not exist. But if this Bill were to become law without a redistribution of the members representing the boroughs and the counties, the inequalities would become enormous. Boroughs—many indeed could be named with from five, six, seven, eight, nine, to ten thousand inhabitants, having a member to represent them in the House of Commons; and counties, or divisions of counties, having fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, and upwards of a hundred thousand inhabitants in them, and having also *only one* member to represent them in Parliament. Does this state of matters constitute an equal county and borough franchise? And whether have the boroughs or the counties got the worst of the arrangement? Most assuredly the counties have the worst, and the evil will be increased under the Franchise Bill. And yet it was the counties alone that were to be benefited by the Bill—the so-called Liberal measure. Well may the inhabitants of the counties exclaim, “Save us from our friends—the Liberal Government!” If these are their best gifts, what will be the real value of their inferior blessings? It would be difficult to estimate or appreciate them.

“In 1867 it is perfectly true redistribution was joined with the franchise; but that was a nominal redistribution, and, such as it was, it was enlarged and helped on to the uttermost by the Liberal Opposition.” Mr Gladstone has done all he could to diminish the value

and the extent of the redistribution passed by Lord Beaconsfield in his Bill of 1867, by representing it not real, but only “nominal”; but he forgot that the weapon he thus used had two edges, and that it was capable of cutting not only the Conservative party with its forward stroke, but also of cutting the Liberal party with its backward stroke—which it has done pretty severely. If merely “nominal,” then the Liberal Opposition “enlarged” nothing, and deserve no credit for their labour, and neither could they deserve credit for “helping on to the uttermost” what was of no real value—what, in fact, had no real existence. But its being merely “nominal” is a misrepresentation of the fact, for it was as real as in the Bill of 1832, though less in extent. It gave thirty-eight new members to new constituencies, and these were procured from small and unimportant places. “What is true is this, that redistribution was associated with the franchise in the Act of 1832, and in a previous attempt of Mr Pitt, and why? Because at that time there were multitudes of the boroughs in the country sending members to Parliament—I may include all the Scotch boroughs—some of them having no inhabitants—in England I mean—but in Scotland also having no constituencies; and merely to have increased the franchise in England, where there were multitudes of boroughs with scarcely any population, would have been an absolute farce, and was totally out of the question.” If Mr Pitt joined redistribution with the franchise, “because many boroughs in both England and Scotland had few or no inhabitants and constituents,” and merely to have increased the franchise in England, “where multitudes of boroughs had no population, would have been an absolute

farce," had he no other reason to guide or direct him in his action? Was the reason stated by Mr Gladstone the only one why the franchise and redistribution were conjoined? Was there no reason applicable to the junction of the two? There was, and there is, another reason—a far greater, and a more potent reason. There was the essential reason that the two things are incapable of separation in practice—that the logic involved in the nature of the two things, and in the fact that they are always necessary to each other in action or practice at elections, binds them connectedly and indissolubly together. Can the franchise be exercised without representatives? Can an elector vote without voting for a member to represent the locality in which his right to vote has been fixed? A mere Franchise Bill may confer a right to vote, but it can do nothing more. Distribution of members, or redistribution of members, must take place before an elector, possessing a right to vote, can in practice exercise that right. This is the logical arrangement of fact in the representation of the people. And the only thing that is impossible in dealing with the representation of the people is, to sever or break the connection of the franchise with distribution or redistribution of the members who are to represent the electors. The logic involved in the nature of the two things, and in the fact of their being always necessary to each other in action or practice at elections, necessarily causes their connection.

The fact that the Representation Bills of 1832 and of 1867 included redistribution of the members as well as the franchise, shows that the two things being conjoined was not, and is not, "impossible," though Mr Gladstone declared in the House of Commons that the

junction was impossible. And the fact, which was not only admitted, but stated by Mr Gladstone in his recent Edinburgh speech, that the Liberal party "enlarged," the extent of the redistribution in the Bill of 1867, and that they also "helped on, to the uttermost" extent in their power, the Conservative party in the work of conjoining the two things—shows that they approved of the junction, and gave their aid in the legislation necessary to the passing of the Bill.

The fact that no persistent effort has ever been made before the present Gladstone attempt, to separate, or rather to divorce, the redistribution of the members from the extension franchise, shows most clearly that Mr Gladstone is attempting violently to endanger the constitution of the country for the purpose of mere party gain, by doing in a wrong and unjust manner what could be much more easily done in a right and just way, as has always been the practice in our previous legislation on the subject of the representation in Parliament.

Mr Gladstone's statement, made in the Corn Exchange, Edinburgh, in his recent speech, that "a Franchise Bill and a Redistribution Bill joined into one are not a complete measure," is quite erroneous. They are "a complete measure"—a complete Representation Bill. A complete Representation Bill includes both the "franchise" and "distribution" of the seats of the members of the House of Commons; and a distribution now necessarily involves a "redistribution." Nothing else is necessary or essential to its being "complete." Mr Gladstone tried to make it appear that the representation of one of the three kingdoms could not be legislated for without the other two being treated at the same time and

in the same manner, except as in an incomplete measure. But Acts are passed every session—or, at least, nearly every session—for one of the three kingdoms alone, whenever the circumstances, the habits, and the customs of the people, or the differences in their laws, and the social state of the three kingdoms, require that such should be the case,—and even on such subjects as bankruptcy, police regulations, education, and many other subjects.

Mr Gladstone imported no fewer than *eight* different subjects into his enumeration of the essential elements of “a complete measure.” They are specifically—1, The three kingdoms; 2, The duration of Parliament; 3, Secret voting; 4, Payment of members; 5, The oaths required of members; 6, Decisions of disputed elections; 7, The vacation of their seats by members; and 8, The repression of corrupt practices. These, he said, touch essentially the constitution of the House of Commons. Few will dispute that these eight subjects do more or less touch essentially the constitution of the House of Commons; but fewer still will admit that they have any essential relation whatever to the franchise and to redistribution of the seats of the members in Parliament. The object that Mr Gladstone had in view in specifying these eight different subjects was to show that a bill “including” them could not possibly be passed in Parliament. And because all these eight things could not be included in one measure, without shutting out the possibility of its being passed, therefore Redistribution could not be united with or included in “the Franchise Bill.” But two things that are essential to each other cannot be separated, whilst other *eight* things that are not essential

to the other two, ought not to be included—nay, they ought not to be even named in conjunction with them.

Mr Bright and Mr Gladstone, Lord Derby and Mr Chamberlain, Mr Fawcett and Lord Hartington, and others, have declared in favour of joining legislation on the subject of Redistribution with legislation on the subject of the Franchise. But these names can be quoted only as mere authorities—they do not explain or give a reason why the two subjects should be joined,—with perhaps the exception of Mr Bright, and his reason was a political one, not an essential one. It seems to be very generally assumed that it is a matter of indifference, or of mere arrangement, whether the two subjects should be joined or separated in any course of legislation to be adopted respecting them. Even the “press” notices and arguments, so far as they have come under our observation, proceed on the assumption that the two subjects can, and may, be treated jointly or separately, at the pleasure, the desire, or the interest of the parties who are so anxious to treat them. But this assumption is based upon the vaguest notions of the relationship of the one subject to the other. Mere authority, how high, soever it may stand or be recognised, will not settle the point at issue as to the true and proper course to be followed in any legislative action necessary to be taken in the settlement of the representation of the people. More definite and truer notions of the reciprocal relationship of the franchise to the localisation and distribution of members in a scheme of representation, require to be formed before a true judgment can be arrived at, or proper action be taken respecting them.

A complete Representation Bill includes "essentially" the franchise and distribution of the representative members. The franchise includes "essentially" the "boundaries" not only of the "boroughs," but also the "boundaries" of the counties and the divisions of the counties; and it also includes "essentially" the qualification of the voters, respecting both the "property qualification" and "the several classes of voters;" but the redistribution of the members includes none of the other "eight subjects" specified by Mr Gladstone as necessary "to a complete Bill." The eight subjects were specified, apparently for no other reason than for the purpose of mystifying the subject of discussion.

If Mr Bright and Mr Gladstone, Lord Derby and Mr Chamberlain, Mr Fawcett and Lord Hartington, have declared, within the last four or five years, in favour of conjoining redistribution with the franchise in any legislation on the subject of the representation of the people, what reason can be assigned for these distinguished leaders of the Liberals having completely reversed that course of political action—as they have, one and all, lately done?

It has been shown that the redistribution of the franchise cannot remedy the numerous instances of political injustice at present existing respecting the representation of the people in Parliament. Such remedy can only be effected by "a redistribution of the members." The differences in the extent of the constituencies are enormous, and the differences in the number of the members is out of all rule and proportion. It is most astonishing that such a state of matters should have been allowed to continue so long without any attempt having been made to change it for

a better arrangement. And it is more astonishing still, that the people who have been so long suffering this political injustice should have remained silent. But the most astonishing thing of all is, in connection with this matter, that the men who have had an eye to Reform for years—who have been watching for political grievances—who unite, who petition, who use the press, who hold mass meetings and make monster processions and demonstrations to proclaim and denounce political abuses, and the actions of unjust and incapable rulers,—should hug the iniquity of an unjust distribution of their members, as if the representation were purity itself, and the upholders of it, and the abettors of it, were the most honourable, the freest from its pollutions, and the most sinless in their actions regarding it. Then is it not also astonishing that the Liberal Government, whilst confronting an Irish rebellion, Zulu anarchy and Boer usurpation, troubles in West Africa and dangers in India, should stake the political existence of the Ministry, and raise a conflict with the Lords, on a mere Franchise Bill, which has not been wanted, which is not needed, which can do no good to the country but is certain to do much evil, and leave the redistribution of the members unaltered, untouched, unredressed, as a political and moral disgrace upon the nation!

Redistribution was "difficult" and "dangerous." Redistribution ousted the Government of 1866. The Gladstone Ministry recollected that. The Gladstone Ministry wanted to avoid being ousted; so the Gladstone Government left redistribution out of the Franchise Bill. The Franchise Bill would have been "a better Bill" if it had "included" redistribution. The

inclusion of redistribution would have been "good," nay, it would have been "better" for the country—for the whole people of the United Kingdom—not for any one party alone. Its inclusion was necessary to the proper administration of political justice. It is the duty of the Ministry in power to see that political justice is dealt out to the people in an even-handed manner. And it should have been the desire, as it certainly would have been the glory, of any Ministry who held the honour, the wellbeing, the political privileges of the people at large, at heart, to pass such laws, to secure such rights, as were required for these purposes, and to take all necessary action to secure their being transmitted to a grateful posterity. But no. The Gladstone Government found the subject of redistribution to be "difficult"—to be "dangerous," to be likely to drive them from power, and to drive them from place: so they bottled up their courage; they hugged their power and places; they let a most iniquitous state of the representation of the people remain as a foul blot upon the nation's shield—upon the administration of the country; they shrank from the discharge of their Ministerial duty, and they then try to substitute a small portion of their duty for the whole of it;—they try to pass a mere Franchise Bill instead of a complete Representation Bill; and they then move heaven and earth to get the people to believe that the Franchise Bill is all that is required,—that it is not a mere part—a mere part only, the merest fractional part—of the larger Bill, "the whole Bill," "the better Bill," which should have been passed, or at least should have been produced, and should have had all the Ministry's power and influence applied in aid of its being passed.

The Liberals are trying to impress the idea upon the people, and to delude them into the belief, that they (the Liberals) are desirous of conferring upon the people great political privileges—that they are about to elevate the people into the position, and to enable them to exercise the offices, of political citizenship—which they have not at present, and which they ought to have, as being as capable and as worthy of such political position and power as their more fortunate fellow-citizens, the householders in the boroughs. This is the hope, the phantom, the delusion that the Liberals are now dangling before the eyes of the multitude. The Liberals profess to trust the people, but they do this only to get the people to trust them. They believe that the people are too ignorant, too credulous, or too indolent to take any action to endeavour to judge for themselves, or to see through the flimsy veils of rhetorical envelopments which they throw over and around the make-believes—the dummy figures and the painted images of the political rights and privileges which they think the people desire, and which they think the people would like to possess.

Instead of trusting the people by putting into their hands the realities of political power, the full representation of political citizenship, they trust to being able to misrepresent the real facts—to keep the true state of matters out of the people's sight, and so to blind and delude the people into the belief that they are the people's greatest benefactors, the people's greatest political friends, and that they are about to confer upon the people the greatest political benefits ever the people received from their political rulers. Such is the Liberal Government's mode of treating the people in the

matter of the franchise. They know quite well that the franchise is nothing without representation—that a mere Franchise Bill would be a mere dead law in the statute-book, without action, without force, and without results—that it could have no possible effect whatever if it were a mere Franchise Bill and nothing more. But they chose to call it that—whilst it is not that—to get the people to believe that the Bill is for their benefit; and to delude the many Liberal mem-

bers who represent very small constituencies—and of which there is a very large number—into the belief that they will not be dismembered, and that their constituents will not be disfranchised, but that they will remain to represent a few hundreds of electors, whilst the large and numerous unenfranchised urban towns will be driven in shoals to the county constituencies, there to swell the already too large roll of the county voters.

ENGLAND.

List of Boroughs having under 1000 Electors to each Member.

	M.P.'s.	Electors.	Population.		M.P.'s.	Electors.	Population.
Abingdon	1	914	6,830	Lymington	1	817	5,468
Andover	1	866	5,870	Marlborough	1	647	5,180
Barnstaple	1	923	6,246	Great Marlow	1	939	6,778
Bodmin	1	895	6,675	Northallerton	1	859	5,445
Brecknock	1	870	6,623	Petersfield	1	864	6,546
Calne	1	993	5,244	New Radnor	1	917	2,005
Devizes	1	966	6,645	Richmond	1	721	5,542
Dorchester	1	939	7,567	Tavistock	1	937	6,879
Evesham	1	825	5,112	Tewkesbury	1	748	5,100
Eye	1	988	6,293	Thirsk	1	968	6,312
Harwich	1	863	7,842	Tiverton	2	707	10,432
Knaresborough	1	728	5,000	Truro	2	780	10,619
Launceston	1	868	5,675	Warwick	1	880	5,900
Liskeard	1	770	5,591				
					27	29	

List of Boroughs having under 2000 Electors to each Member.

Banbury	1	1,874	12,075	Malmesbury	1	1,108	6,881
Bedford	2	1,355	9,766	Malton	1	1,374	8,754
Berwick-on-Tweed	2	1,072	6,999	Midhurst	1	1,136	7,221
Bewdley	1	1,276	8,678	Newark	2	1,086	7,009
Bridgnorth	1	1,218	7,212	Newcastle-under-Lyme	2	1,557	8,746
Bridport	1	1,061	6,795	Newport, Isle of Wight	1	1,315	9,144
Buckingham	1	1,097	6,859	Ripon	1	1,112	7,390
Bury St Edmunds	2	1,090	8,055	Rye	1	1,387	8,403
Chichester	1	1,295	9,649	St Ives	1	1,087	8,809
Chippenharn	1	1,060	6,776	Shaftesbury	1	1,372	8,479
Cirencester	1	1,138	8,431	Stamford	1	1,305	8,993
Cockermouth	1	1,071	7,188	Tamworth	2	1,155	7,050
Droitwich	1	1,410	9,858	Taunton	2	1,201	8,307
Durham	2	1,158	7,686	Penryn, &c.	2	1,178	9,036
Frome	1	1,390	9,337	Peterborough	2	1,794	22,394
Grantham	2	1,291	7,672	Pontefract	2	1,168	15,332
Guildford	1	1,542	11,593	Salisbury	2	1,083	7,840
Haverfordwest	1	1,495	6,398	Shrewsbury	2	1,901	26,478
Helston	1	1,019	7,935	Stafford	2	1,543	9,452
Hereford	2	1,417	9,910	Wallingford	1	1,241	8,194
Hertford	1	1,112	8,718	Wareham	1	1,105	6,360
Horsham	1	1,338	9,552	Wenlock	2	1,682	20,092
Huntingdon	1	1,051	6,416	Westbury	1	1,012	6,014
Lewes	1	1,482	11,199	Wilton	1	1,407	8,802
Lichfield	1	1,243	8,349	Winchester	2	1,524	17,780
Ludlow	1	1,012	6,664	Woodstock	1	1,129	7,033
Lynn-Regis	2	1,470	18,454				
Maidstone	2	1,958	29,647				
Maldon	1	1,481	7,145				
					55	75	

List of Boroughs having over 10,000 Electors to each Member.

	M.P.'s.	Electors.	Popula- tion.		M.P.'s.	Electors.	Popula- tion.
Bradford . . .	2	13,616	180,459	Oldham . . .	2	11,253	152,513
Chelsea . . .	2	17,344	366,798	Salford . . .	2	11,013	176,235
Dudley . . .	1	14,834	87,527	Sheffield . . .	2	21,668	284,508
Finsbury . . .	2	24,111	524,952	Southwark . . .	2	11,827	221,946
Gateshead . . .	1	12,330	65,803	Tower Hamlets . . .	2	20,763	439,137
Greenwich . . .	2	11,277	207,028	Westminster . . .	2	12,088	229,238
Hackney . . .	2	23,186	417,233	Wolverhampton . . .	2	11,795	164,332
Huddersfield . . .	1	13,905	87,157	Dewsbury . . .	1	10,407	69,566
Lambeth . . .	2	25,523	499,255	Rochdale . . .	1	10,956	68,866
Liverpool . . .	3	31,718	552,508	Leicester . . .	2	10,167	122,376
Marylebone . . .	2	21,350	498,386	Swansea, &c. . .	1	14,345	100,590
Newcastle-upon- Tyne . . .	2	13,152	145,359	Wednesbury . . .	1	19,710	124,437
				24	42		

Boroughs having from 50,000 to 80,000 Inhabitants.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne	72,679	Sunderland	62,420
Nottingham	55,824	Stockton	55,460
Portsmouth,	63,994	Blackburn	50,310
Stoke-upon-Trent	76,197	Burnley	63,638
Brighton	64,220	Bolton	52,982
Middlesborough	72,145	Bury	50,178
Dewsbury	69,566	Rochdale	68,866
Gateshead	65,803	Leicester	61,188
South Shields	56,875		
		17	

Counties or Divisions of Counties having from 50,000 to 80,000 Inhabitants.

Bedford . . .	52,990	West Norfolk . . .	54,266
West Chester . . .	51,790	South Northumberland . . .	64,777
East Cornwall . . .	63,066	North Nottingham . . .	66,086
West Cornwall . . .	70,493	North Salop . . .	59,494
East Derby . . .	63,832	East Somerset . . .	53,377
South Derby . . .	66,355	Mid-Somerset . . .	57,768
East Devon . . .	70,384	West Somerset . . .	57,002
North Devon . . .	61,177	North Southampton . . .	60,366
East Essex . . .	61,746	South Southampton . . .	52,577
South Essex . . .	60,479	Isle of Wight . . .	53,067
West Essex . . .	56,414	North Stafford . . .	60,739
West Gloucester . . .	75,408	East Suffolk . . .	73,251
Hertford . . .	57,782	West Suffolk . . .	60,922
East Kent . . .	78,005	West Surrey . . .	75,566
Mid-Kent . . .	50,975	East Surrey . . .	87,430
North-East Lancaster . . .	76,070	North Warwick . . .	58,121
North Lincoln . . .	50,480	East Worcester . . .	67,969
South Lincoln . . .	61,083	East Riding of York . . .	66,977
Monmouth . . .	51,499		
South Norfolk . . .	56,501	38	

SCOTLAND.

Counties.

	M.P.'s.	Electors.	Popula- tion.		M.P.'s.	Electors.	Popula- tion.
Sutherland . . .	1	350	22,805	Inverness . . .	1	1,991	72,755
Peebles and Selkirk . . .	1	980	15,033	Roxburgh . . .	1	1,999	29,169
Haddington . . .	1	1,079	24,577	Elgin and Nairn . . .	1	2,041	35,108
Caithness . . .	1	1,238	30,762	Clackmannan . . .	1	2,135	27,499
Linlithgow . . .	1	1,343	19,523	Kirkcudbright . . .	1	2,294	28,202
Bute . . .	1	1,493	...	Banff . . .	1	2,777	42,360
Wigtown . . .	1	1,678	25,665	Dumbarton . . .	1	3,224	30,746
Ross and Cromarty . . .	1	1,720	72,483	Stirling . . .	1	3,453	50,035
Orkney, &c. . .	1	1,824	57,492	Dumfries . . .	1	3,543	49,176
Berwick . . .	1	1,834	29,135	Argyle . . .	1	3,595	58,814
Kincardine . . .	1	1,918	33,349	South Lanark . . .	1	3,644	63,570

SCOTLAND: *Counties*—continued.

	M.P.'s.	Electors.	Popula- tion.		M.P.'s.	Electors.	Popula- tion.
Forfar	1	3,702	51,839	Fife	1	4,865	82,843
North Ayr	1	3,848	34,405	Perth	1	5,994	74,122
South Ayr	1	4,074	64,966	Renfrew	1	7,036	34,084
Edinburgh	1	4,195	71,058	North Lanark	1	11,349	120,253
West Aberdeen	1	4,298	63,315				
East Aberdeen	1	4,915	72,352				
				32	32	100,781	2,090,283

The figures respecting the counties show that there are 65,321 people on an average in the counties to each member.

Burghs.

Wigtown, &c.	1	1,254	9,717	Falkirk, &c.	1	5,955	49,351
Haddington, &c.	1	1,685	13,264	Perth	1	6,032	28,949
Wick, &c.	1	1,797	17,461	Greenock	1	7,641	63,903
St Andrews, &c.	1	2,633	19,396	Montrose, &c.	1	8,395	59,674
Dumfries, &c.	1	2,982	8,492	Kilmarnock, &c.	1	9,590	59,297
Inverness, &c.	1	3,191	26,425	Leith, &c.	1	11,000	72,856
Elgin, &c.	1	4,192	31,594	Dundee	2	16,420	140,063
Kirkcaldy, &c.	1	4,654	30,086	Edinburgh	2	28,876	228,357
Ayr and Irvine, &c.	1	4,846	38,764	Glasgow	3	68,025	487,985
Stirling, &c.	1	4,938	36,780	Aberdeen	1	14,776	105,003
Hawick, &c.	1	5,110	34,609				
Paisley	1	5,668	55,627	22	26	217,874	1,645,290

The figures respecting the burghs show that there are 63,280 people on an average in the burghs to each member.

I R E L A N D.

Counties.

	M.P.'s.	Electors.	Popula- tion.		M.P.'s.	Electors.	Popula- tion.
Wexford	2	522	105,316	Fermanagh	2	4,637	79,167
Louth	2	1,999	51,981	Kilkenny	2	4,651	83,958
Carlow	2	2,119	40,670	Kerry	2	4,985	191,643
Leitrim	2	2,307	90,372	Dublin	2	5,008	145,628
Longford	2	2,464	61,009	Clare	2	5,195	135,150
Kildare	2	2,695	75,804	Monaghan	2	5,281	102,748
Queen's County	2	2,925	70,211	Limerick	2	5,578	131,962
Mayo	2	2,941	245,212	Cavan	2	5,727	129,476
Waterford	2	3,057	76,144	Londonderry	2	5,788	129,135
King's County	2	3,077	72,001	Armagh	2	6,920	147,162
Roscommon	2	3,128	128,807	Tyrone	2	8,456	193,635
Sligo	2	3,174	111,578	Tipperary	2	8,730	190,339
Westmeath	2	3,335	68,726	Antrim	2	12,115	218,126
Meath	2	3,472	86,536	Down	2	12,478	233,164
Wicklow	2	3,181	70,386	Cork	2	14,755	368,899
Donegal	2	4,384	206,035				
Galway	2	4,590	222,834	32	64	164,679	4,263,802

These show that there are 66,621 people on an average in the counties to each member.

Boroughs.

Portarlington	1	138	2,477	Dundalk	1	589	11,974
Kinsale	1	199	5,993	Kilkenny	1	637	15,278
Youghal	1	252	5,826	Drogheda	1	670	14,662
Ennis	1	253	5,826	Armagh	1	834	10,070
New Ross	1	238	6,670	Lisburn	1	885	11,083
Mallow	1	287	4,439	Galway	2	1,106	19,171
Carlow	1	291	7,185	Waterford	2	1,423	29,181
Downpatrick	1	299	3,901	Limerick	2	1,964	48,670
Dungannon	1	300	4,084	Cork	2	4,831	104,496
Dungarvon	1	305	7,391	Dublin	2	13,785	273,282
Athlone	1	344	6,755	Belfast	2	21,086	208,122
Tralee	1	371	9,396	Enniskillen	1	4,831	5,712
Bandon	1	396	5,949	Newry	1	1,192	15,590
Clonmel	1	432	9,325	Carrickfergus	1	1,420	10,009
Coleraine	1	462	6,694	Londonderry	1	2,021	29,162
Wexford	1	522	12,163				
				31	37	57,781	911,004

These show that there are 24,622 people on an average in the boroughs to each member.

THE SECOND AUTUMN SESSION.

AUTUMN sessions in times of war or financial crisis are accepted, even welcomed, as necessary evils, leading possibly to restored peace or credit; but seldom, if ever, has the ill luck befallen a Parliament to be twice called together in the autumn, owing to the incapacity of the Minister of the day to deal with current domestic policy and legislation in the ordinary parliamentary sessions. Yet in a few days such will have been the fate of the unfortunate and ill-used Parliament of 1880. In vain did the deluded constituencies provide Mr Gladstone with the largest majority of modern times; in vain did the Whigs consent to self-elimination in order to smooth the passage of his legislative chariot-wheels; in vain did death remove from his path his hated and illustrious rival. In the midst of a European peace, procured by the genius of Lord Beaconsfield; with Ireland, according to his own statement, in a condition of unusual contentment and prosperity; and with an unparalleled majority in the House of Commons,—Mr Gladstone has demonstrated to the world his incapacity, if not of governing, at least of managing mankind, by subjecting Parliament to the inconvenience and annoyance of an autumn session twice in four years. Each time the autumn session has been the direct result of Mr Gladstone's imperious idiosyncrasy, and his inability to comprehend the motives, or forecast the action, of English gentlemen who may chance to differ from him.

It is well to remember that in 1882 Mr Gladstone pushed aside in a pet the new Rules of Procedure which he had submitted to

the House of Commons, because the House of Lords had, in the strict exercise of their undoubted rights, instituted an inquiry into the working of the Irish Land Act; and having thus sacrificed a fruitful fortnight in the middle of the session, he avenged his blunder on the innocent House of Commons by compelling it to sit through the murkiest and foggiest November known to Londoners. The failure of that manœuvre is now matter of history, and was accentuated the other day by Lord Hartington's cynical proposal to postpone the reform of the House of Lords, for which his unruly followers were clamouring, until more binding chains had been forged for the still more unmanageable House of Commons. The result, then, of the first autumn session, is not encouraging to the Minister who has so confidently relied on the success of the second; and it is strange that, sanguine and optimistic as Mr Gladstone notoriously is, he does not appear to have put to himself the obvious question, "What chance have I of moulding to my will the rebellious House of Lords in one short autumn session, when I failed in its predecessor to subjugate the submissive House of Commons?" The plain fact is, that with all his genius, eloquence, power of exciting enthusiasm, and capacity for work, Mr Gladstone is, and always has been, destitute of that fine knowledge of men which is indispensable in a successful leader of popular and high-spirited assemblies. It is impossible to imagine Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, Lord Beaconsfield, or Lord Granville addressing to the House of

Lords an invitation to pass a Reform Bill couched in the minatory and hostile terms of his speech on the third reading of the Franchise Bill on June 26th, or snatching at a feminine triumph in appending to the formal record of its passing the trivial words "*nemine contradicente*."

Thus, then, unless an agitation universal in its extent and revolutionary in its violence could be not only set on foot, but maintained, during the recess, the failure of the autumn session became a certainty in the eyes of all reasoning men. It was the perception of this which urged Mr Bright and the Radicals assembled at the Foreign Office to scout the sober advice of Mr Goschen, and impelled them to descend into the streets with all the paraphernalia of a democratic movement, and to applaud "the spouters of stale sedition" on police-protected platforms in Hyde Park. The same banners, the same devices, the same oratory which were employed with such signal ill-success to denounce the assumption by the Queen of the style and title of Empress of India a few years ago, have been worked during the last two months to intimidate the House of Lords, with a result precisely the reverse of that anticipated by the cowardly authors of the discreditable and discredited agitation. Without for a moment disputing the fact that large masses of the people in England and Scotland have obeyed the summons of the Radical wire-pullers, and joined in the outcry against the House of Lords, we are fully warranted in asserting that never since the memorable 10th of April 1848, has the innate conservatism of the British people been so clearly and determinately evoked and manifested as it has been during that period in favour of that assembly.

A more exact parallel may perhaps be found in the previous decade, when Sir Robert Peel, in his memorable oration at Glasgow, directly challenged the Radical Ministry and their motley supporters to take issue on the question of an hereditary, irresponsible, and co-ordinate House of Lords. The 'Morning Post' has done good service in reproducing the eloquent and stirring passages in which the great Conservative leader (whose pupil Mr Gladstone still affects to be) declared his determination to vindicate and defend every prescriptive right enjoyed by the House of Lords, and to resist every proposal to weaken, under pretence of reforming it. How apposite to present circumstances, when wiseacres like Mr Bright, Mr Heneage, and Professor Thorold Rogers are gravely propounding their little schemes for "mending" the House of Lords, are the following passages from that great speech!—

"There they are, hard at work ransacking the pigeon-holes in which are deposited plans for reforming the House of Lords. They have not yet had the good luck to draw out the right one. Oh, what miserable trifling! (Loud and universal cheers.) They may spare themselves the trouble of comparison—let them take the first: Whether in the place of the House of Lords there shall be a Council of Ancients, or a Council of Five Hundred, or a new body elected by the Peers, or a body elected by the heads of families, or whether the Peers shall have a suspensive veto,—take one project or the other, the effect will be the same. . . . It is said that the privileges of the House of Lords are hereditary. Why, from the nature of the functions which the House of Lords have to discharge, it is because its privileges are hereditary that they are valuable. It is this which gives the institution that stability which it would not have if it were subservient unto, and immediately controllable by, the will of the peo-

ple. . . . And when, on such arguments as those by which it is proposed to destroy this hereditary privilege, that destruction shall have taken place—when for such profound reasons as that because men are not hereditary tailors, nor hereditary carpenters, therefore there ought not to be hereditary peers,—when for such arguments as these you have abolished the House of Peers, how long do you think the privilege of hereditary monarchy will survive? I will tell you; just so long as the privileges and prerogatives of monarchy can be made useful instruments and tools in the hands of the democracy which is to ride triumphant over the ruins of the House of Lords.”

Contrast this outspoken declaration of principle, clear, decisive, and admitting of no qualification by time or circumstance, with the mealy-mouthed, involved, and faint-hearted apology for the hereditary principle with which Mr Gladstone perplexed his Edinburgh admirers the other day! What a difference! The one orator raising an issue intelligible to everybody, nailing his colours to the mast, and taking his stand boldly in maintenance of the existing form of government; the other paltering with it in a double sense, admitting a personal theoretical predilection for an admixture of the hereditary principle in the institutions of the country—for which he, the first Minister of an hereditary monarch, actually apologised to his audience in the loyal capital of loyal Scotland!—yet hinting, in no obscure language, that if the House of Lords does not submit to his dictation, he will put himself at the head of that movement for an organic change in its constitution, which he characteristically ascribes to its action, and not to his own initiative. No: this question of an hereditary, independent Upper Chamber having thus been raised by the Prime

Minister, dwarfs all other domestic questions, and must be settled before the two Houses of Parliament can apply themselves usefully and beneficially to the transaction of any but the most ordinary routine business. So far as the House of Lords is concerned, no one now doubts what its action in the ensuing session will be—that is a foregone conclusion; nor, unless his colleagues interfere, can there be much doubt as to the course Mr Gladstone will insist on adopting. In this Parliament, then, the rights, privileges, and duties of the House of Lords will be maintained intact: but it is necessary that the solemn decision of the electorate of the country shall be taken on the vital question; and that the quacks, doctrinaires, professors, democrats, and atheists who are now palming themselves off as the representatives of an indignant people, demanding the abolition of the House of Lords, should be authoritatively unmasked, and their ridiculous pretensions effectively exposed, where alone they can be—at the polling-booths.

All the efforts, therefore, of the Conservative party, should now and henceforward be directed to preparing for that general election which Mr Gladstone and his colleagues view with so much ill-concealed alarm, but which their own action has rendered inevitable. It is gratifying to perceive that out of doors, through the length and breadth of the land, the Conservative spirit is thoroughly alive and alert, and that the constituencies, with hardly an exception, are provided with candidates, and the requisite electoral machinery. Within the walls of Parliament the precise mode of fighting the battle and conducting the short autumn campaign must be left to the judgment and discretion of the leaders,

who will know how to meet any honest and fair overture for a just and honourable settlement of the existing quarrel, should one be made, while firmly maintaining the key of the position taken by the whole Conservative party—viz., the impossibility of deciding on the franchise part of the question apart from and independently of the redistribution of electoral power. So long as the House of Lords, with the cordial assent and support of the Conservative party, adhere firmly to this, the cardinal point of the whole contention, they may, intrenched within the Torres Vedras lines of the Constitution, bid defiance to Mr Gladstone and all his motley host. Time, which so often fights against beleaguered forces and threatened institutions, on this occasion, and in this quarrel, is on their side; the *élan* of the attack is exhausted, and the spirit of the revolutionary army cowed, by the unexpected appearance of the relieving hosts in commanding numbers, and disciplined enthusiasm in every part of the country. The defenders of the Constitution have but to sit still, the House of Lords has only, in Mr Gladstone's words, "to be content with the power it possesses," and the violence of the mob and the machinations of the Minister will alike be frustrated and defeated by the silent operation of that Whig palladium—the Septennial Act.

By a firm yet conciliatory maintenance of their constitutional position, the House of Lords will secure, as the result of the present crisis, either the yielding of the Government to their just demand, and the simultaneous production of the two parts of their Reform scheme, or the dissolution of this Parliament without one or the other having become law. The only danger to

be apprehended is, that Mr Gladstone, sensible at last of the failure of his organised agitation, and yet too obstinate frankly to yield the point at issue, may propose some slightly more plausible compromise than that so rightly rejected by Lord Salisbury and Lord Cairns, at which timid Conservatives like Lord Wemyss may catch, and which would really compromise nothing but the fame, independence, and usefulness of the House of Lords. We lay stress on this possible danger, because in some quarters a disposition has been shown to place a construction on Lord Cowper's letter which we do not ourselves ascribe to it, and which would assume that the mere production of a Redistribution Bill, however unsatisfactory and unjust in its principles and provisions, would purchase the immediate passing of the Franchise Bill in the autumn session. Against any such delusive compromise we enter a decided protest. The struggle into which the constitutionalists of the three kingdoms have entered with so much zeal, enthusiasm, and success, is for a real, not a sham submission of the whole scheme of Reform to the same Parliament; and its object would be frustrated, not gained, by the passing of the franchise part of it in 1884, while its pith and marrow, the redistribution of seats, is remitted to the chances and contingencies of 1885. No: the quarrel has been none of our seeking. Deliberately, for the first time in history, the Government have chosen to persevere in an attempt to jockey a vast project of organic change through the Legislature, withholding from it, and from the constituencies so vitally to be affected, all knowledge of the manner in which the depositaries of electoral power are to be arranged; and in this quarrel no

compromise is possible. That knowledge must be afforded frankly, fully, timeously, or withheld; and it is with and for the Government to make the choice. The Conservative party, in which henceforward the remnant of the old Whigs must be included, accept without apprehension either alternative; in either case they remain in possession of the field, and will by their firmness and moderation have established their claim to the confidence of the country. No one capable of reading between the lines could fail to observe in the strange and confused medley of threats and entreaties addressed to the House of Lords by Mr Gladstone at Edinburgh, and subsequently in Aberdeenshire, a dawning conviction that the game was going against him, and a desire to shift the blame of failure from his own shoulders to those of his supporters out of doors. This conviction has since been more openly expressed with customary frankness by one of the main starters of the agitation against the House of Lords, Mr Labouchere; and we entertain a shrewd suspicion that before Lord Northbrook can return from his fool's errand to Cairo, the Cabinet will be deliberating on the best way of preventing their second autumn session ending in a more ridiculous *fiasco* than their first. At any rate, the Conservative party will do well to be prepared beforehand for any contingency which may arise. When the fate of the single-barrelled Franchise Bill is virtually settled, what will its authors do? Accept their defeat, and renew the struggle in February? We hardly think so. Appeal to the country in the old constitutional way by a dissolution? Possibly, but not probably. Endeavour to disguise and palliate their failure and mortification

by turning the session to other and more practical uses? This, it appears to us, is the course Mr Gladstone is most likely to adopt; and in view of it, before the prorogation, two measures were openly suggested as proper for presentation and discussion in November—the Irish Land Purchase Bill and the Australian Confederation Scheme. The value and non-contentious character of both those measures would probably induce the Conservative leaders to acquiesce in one or other, or both, being taken at that unusual time; and should they pass into law, the autumn session would, by the loyal forbearance of the Opposition, be redeemed from the stigma of absolute barrenness. But indications of a far more disputable proceeding on the part of the Government have not been wanting. In Lord Hartington's speech at the Manchester meeting (which meeting he had no right, according to Mr Gladstone, to attend), that eminent Laodicean, in a bungling attempt to divert the attention of his audience from the House of Lords, suggested that a further reform of the rules and procedure of the House of Commons ought to take precedence of any reform, whether by way of mending or ending the other House of Parliament. Had this suggestion been confined to Lord Hartington, we should have attributed it to the painful *duress* of his position on that particular occasion and platform; but Mr Gladstone, towards the close of his first Edinburgh oration, expanded and emphasised it in a manner which, we think, indicates a settled purpose on his part to attack the remaining liberties of the House of Commons, so soon as he can find a convenient opportunity of so doing. May he not think he has found it in a fortnight or three weeks of the autumn session?

"You have heard much," said he, "of late about organic reform in the House of Lords, a question which I do not propose to discuss; but this I will say, that there is no organic reform that can be devised in the House of Lords which will do half as much for the progress of liberty, for the maintenance of the credit of Parliament, and for the general welfare of the country, as a sound, judicious, and sufficient change in the rules of the House of Commons, so as to enable it to do its business."

If that be really Mr Gladstone's opinion, it is clear, in view of the heavy legislative work which will fall to be done in the sessions of 1885 and 1886 (supposing this Parliament to run its full legal time), he would not be justified in postponing for a single day a work of such singular merit and importance. In advance of, and transcending in urgency, all the measures which he sacrificed in August to his fury with the House of Lords, stand on the threshold of the session of 1885 the Reform Bill in all its branches, and the measure for the preservation of life and property, law and order, in Ireland. Whatever mitigations of the present law Lord Spencer and Mr Trevelyan may sanction, Mr Parnell and his followers are pledged to a relentless opposition to a renewal of any part of it; and although the past conduct and language of Ministers do not induce us to credit them with any great sympathy with the loyal and propertied classes in Ireland, we presume that a decent regard for their own reputation will compel them to propose legislation of some kind, directed to the same end as the Act which ex-

pires next year.¹ Great, therefore, will be the temptation to utilise whatever time may be spared after the Franchise Bill has been disposed of, in still further reducing freedom of debate, and subjecting the action of the House of Commons to the will of the Minister.

In deciding upon the course most proper for them to pursue in the coming session, it will consequently be necessary for our leaders to take into consideration the tactics likely to be adopted by their unscrupulous opponents; and it is therefore impossible to arrange beforehand any settled plan of campaign: this, however, may safely be laid down as an inviolable canon—to take whatever course may most strengthen the hands of the House of Lords, upon whom it is clear the brunt of the battle must fall. It may be that, with this object, the whole Bill should be fought again *ab ovo usque ad mala*, or only one debate and one division be taken on the actual point in dispute, or the Bill be sent without debate or division at once to receive its temporary *quietus* in the House of Lords. When the time comes, all these courses will have to be carefully considered, and together with them the question whether in either or both of the Houses the burning subject of Egypt should be raised or not. Having despatched, however tardily, a distinguished General and a considerable force, at a vast expense, on what has been called, with equal wit and truth, a Gladstone-Gordon relief expedition, the Government will of course deprecate any discussion which may

¹ The Marquis of Waterford, it will be remembered, at the great meeting in the Edinburgh Corn Exchange on the 16th ult., expressed his fear that the Government might again sacrifice the lives and property of the loyalists of Ireland to an attempted purchase of the Parnellite vote, by allowing the Crimes Act to expire. Can such a crime, as he justly called it, be really in contemplation?

have a tendency to jeopardise, or even question the utility of, that doubtful enterprise. But the shortsightedness and imbecility which rendered it necessary are fit and proper subjects for discussion and censure should the autumn session be thought to afford a convenient opportunity of debating so grave a question; nor could a debate, carried if necessary to a division, on the intended abandonment of Khartoum and the district between the Blue and White Niles to anarchy and slave-driving, after the rescue, if accomplished, of Gordon and his companions, be, even plausibly, described as premature or inopportune.

Stupid and cowardly as was the order sent in the first moments of panic in Downing Street after the news of Hicks' destruction, to the reluctant Egyptian Government for the abandonment of the whole of the Soudan—to persevere in it now, when a costly and elaborate expedition is on its toilsome and dangerous way to Khartoum, would be to cover with fresh ridicule and contempt the feeble, bungling, vacillating, and expensive policy of the Government in Egypt; and unless an authoritative announcement is made that Khartoum, in Sir Samuel Baker's words,¹ is never to be abandoned, but held as the capital of Upper Egypt, both Houses of Parliament should be invited to express an opinion on that urgent and vital question. Ministerial apologists—defenders they seem to have none—are constantly taunting our leaders with the alleged fact that, however miserable may be Mr Gladstone's Egyptian policy, no alternative policy has been submitted to the country. Justifiable and wise as we hold the past reticence

of the Conservative leaders to have been, now that the third and most critical campaign has been opened, and may possibly be terminated before Parliament re-assembles in February, we think the great council of the nation should be asked to withhold its assent from a policy which would render valueless all the sacrifices of that arduous enterprise (beyond the saving of a few heroic lives), and indeed degrade and debase them by making them the visible prelude and precursor of the re-establishment of slavery and all its horrors in the country penetrated for the first time by the arms of Britain. The best time and mode of raising such a debate in the House of Commons cannot be decided until the course of action on the part of the Government is revealed. There are rumours that, proceeding boldly on the path of innovation, Mr Gladstone intends to dispense with the ceremony of a Queen's Speech, and the address in answer to it, and so cut off all opportunity of debating matters, however important, extraneous to the Franchise Bill. Should he so act, those tactics may gain for him a short respite from the anticipated attacks of the regular Opposition; but the malignant ingenuity of Messrs Parnell, Healy, and O'Brien, will probably discover a mode of defeating them, and of raising at the opening of the session whatever phase of the eternal Irish question they think most likely to further their own disruptionist ends. For reasons which it would be useless to discuss, the gross bait of hovel franchise in Ireland no longer tempts the political appetite of the Nationalist party; and in the autumn session Mr Glad-

¹ Sir Samuel Baker's letter, 'Times,' September 10, 1884.

stone will in all probability be unable to rely on their support in the division lobby. Considering the overt manner in which the bribe of undiminished representation was offered to them by Mr Gladstone, and the undisguised satisfaction with which their support on the second reading of the Bill was received by the Government, it is amusing to notice the attempts now made to discount and deride their anticipated secession on the part of sundry Ministerial scribes and orators. But the action of the Parnellite members, however it may affect the Ministerial majority, forms no factor in the counsels of the Conservative party in the House of Commons; they will be regulated by the considerations to which we have already adverted, and by the predominant feeling which has characterised the innumerable meetings which have been held from one end of Great Britain to the other. What is that feeling? Hearty and loyal support of the House of Lords as an independent hereditary branch of the Legislature, and of the course they took with respect to the Franchise Bill. Those who have attended any of the large popular gatherings in the Midlands or north of England, or our own great Edinburgh demonstration the other day, will bear witness to the fact that the more emphatic was the declaration of the speaker in favour of the House of Lords, the louder, more general, and more prolonged became the cheering. Lord Wemyss and Lord Alington may dismiss their unchivalrous fears, and convince themselves that the safest as well as the noblest line of action for an hereditary house of legislature to adopt, is that which is dictated by a sense of duty. We do not hesitate to assert that never since 1783 did

the House of Lords enjoy more of public respect and confidence than at the present moment; and that Mr Gladstone will find that he is left hopelessly in the lurch if he attempts to carry beyond words the foolish threats he permitted himself to utter in his ridiculously semi-royal procession through Aberdeenshire.

The change which has come over the conduct and language of the Prime Minister since he addressed his constituents in Edinburgh is a measure of the increasing doubts he entertains of a successful issue to the struggle on which he so lightly and rashly embarked. Then, so secure did he feel of the support of a practically unanimous nation, that he and his colleagues had passed a self-denying ordinance, by virtue of which they were to address only their own constituents, and to abstain from even discussing the question of the position of the House of Lords: but now, we have seen Mr Trevelyan and the Lord Advocate in Scotland addressing constituencies with which they have no connection, while Lord Hartington is advertised as about to do the same in England; and Mr Gladstone, unable to restrain his *cacoethes loquendi*, dribbles out his threats and incentives to agitation at every railway station, and change-house on his road from one aristocratic roof to another. This febrile garrulity argues a consciousness of waning power and of impending defeat; no Minister, confident in the support of a nation at his back, would think it necessary to be appealing for it half-a-dozen times a-day, and be defying and threatening an enemy whom he did not fear.

But if obvious considerations of policy require that the line of action adopted by the Conservative

party in the House of Commons should be regulated by an exclusive desire to strengthen the hands of the House of Lords, it becomes a matter of deepest importance to ascertain what course of conduct that House should pursue in vindication of their central position. On the one hand, if it be determined to fight the battle on the actual ground occupied in July, and simply repeat Lord Cadogan's amendment to the second reading of the Bill, we should apprehend that it would be a mere waste of time to attempt improving the Bill in Committee of the Lower House: in that case, the sooner the blow is struck, the better for all parties. On the other hand, if it be thought wiser to read the Bill a second time in the House of Lords, and then in Committee insert a clause similar to or analogous with that moved by Colonel Stanley in the House of Commons, it would be necessary to insert all the amendments of which, in the opinion of the House of Lords, the Bill is susceptible; for they must assume the possibility, at any rate, of the Government and the House of Commons accepting that reasonable condition. In that case it would probably be thought expedient that all the principal amendments should be proposed, in the first instance, in the House of Commons. Foremost among them stands the proposal for enfranchising female rate-payers. This, it is true, is in the hands of a Liberal member, Mr Woodall; but the organisation of which he is the mouthpiece is essentially non-political in its character, and he courageously resisted last summer the importunities of the Government to abandon it. If, therefore, the House of Lords, as there is good reason to believe, is not indisposed to give

a favourable consideration to the question, Mr Woodall will doubtless be willing to reopen it in the House of Commons. Salutory and just as one or two of the other amendments moved by Mr Eckroyd and Mr Houldsworth are, we do not think them sufficiently important to call for special notice, or to occupy time in an autumn session. A third course, that of reading the Bill a second time, and then postponing its remaining stages till May or June, would avoid all the inconveniences and dangers of amending it in Committee.

The great question, then, round which the interest, the hopes and fears, of the coming session will centre is, Which of the three modes of maintaining their constitutional position will the Lords adopt?

By repeating their vote on the second reading they would maintain absolutely their position, and exclude rigorously all side issues. Time, an important factor in this case, would be saved, and opportunities for intrigue greatly curtailed, while no one would be able to impute to them the slightest concession to the foolish and frantic agitation of the recess.

On the other hand, by accepting the second reading, and taking their stand on the vital amendment in Committee, they would demonstrate beyond the possibility of misconstruction their acceptance, under proper conditions, of the extension of household franchise to the counties, and would throw the whole onus of the loss of the measure, visibly as well as morally, on the Government. The disadvantage and possible danger of that course lies in the time which would be consumed before the final issue could be arrived at. Recent experience has shown that for the House of Lords to amend any im-

portant measure in a sense hostile to the will of a Radical Government, supported by a Radical majority in the House of Commons, is to incur certain and ignominious defeat; and it remains to be seen whether the exceptional circumstances of an exceptional autumn session will make that course safe and practicable in November or December, which would be unsafe and impracticable in July or August. On the whole, though we are inclined to think the experiment might safely be tried, the advantages of the third course outweigh those of either of the others. Assuming it to be adopted, the grave responsibility would then attach to the Government, should they determine to prorogue Parliament, of wasting the labours of their second autumn session as they wasted those of the session of 1884, and of electing one of the proverbial three courses—resignation, dissolution, or reintroduction of the Bill in 1885. The first would be justified by the precedent of 1783, but is not likely to be adopted; the second may find favour in the eyes of our impulsive Prime Minister, especially if about that time Lord Wolseley has achieved some decided military or diplomatic success in the Sudan; the third would have the merit, signally wanting to Mr Gladstone's other enterprises, of John Bull obstinacy and doggedness.

This brings us, in conclusion, to say a few words on the Ministerial position and prospects in the approaching session. Apart from all the heat and fuss of processions and demonstrations, they cannot be said to be brilliant. On the one hand, moderate and intelligent Whigs, like Lords Cowper, Minto, Fitzwilliam, Fitz-Harding, and Napier, have given Ministers to under-

stand that they are not prepared to repeat the vote in November which was unsuccessful in July; while the immoderate Radicals throughout the country have insisted upon a crusade against the very existence of the House of Lords. Between these two fires in his own camp, and confronted by a resolute Opposition, who, during a stormy recess, have proved their hold on the country to be genuine and strong, Mr Gladstone may be counselled by the more prudent and provident of his colleagues to reject all these courses, and startle alike friends and foes by acknowledging that the response made by the country to his appeal has not been sufficiently unanimous to justify further perseverance in a line of procedure which, adopted originally for the sole purpose of facilitating and expediting the passing of a comprehensive and complete measure of reform, has produced results of a directly opposite character.

Should such wise counsels prevail, and the Government be really in earnest to pass their scheme of Reform in the present Parliament, the Redistribution of Seats Bill would be not merely introduced but pressed steadily forward in the House of Commons as soon as it meets, and the autumn session be devoted to it. That so vast and grave a measure should pass through all its stages even in one House during a short autumn session is perhaps hardly to be expected; but all its main features and principles might certainly receive the shape the House of Commons desires, and both Houses would then meet in February not only with a full knowledge of the intentions of the Government with respect to the whole scheme, and the verdict of the House of Commons upon its leading features, but also of its

reception by the various classes and interests it so profoundly affects throughout the United Kingdom. Thus, and thus only, in our opinion, will the apparently impending crisis be averted, and a great—nay, stupendous—reorganisation of the whole electoral machinery and representative system be peacefully effected by and through the co-operation of both branches of the Legislature and all parties in the State.

If, however, personal vanity, pique, or passion guide—as from his recent utterances there is too much

reason to fear they will guide—Mr Gladstone's decision, and he chooses war instead of peace, the Constitutional party in Parliament and in the country, while they must view with regret the excitement and confusion inseparable from such a struggle, can and will contemplate with equanimity, courage, and conviction of ultimate success, the result of a conflict which they did not challenge or originate, but from which they could not shrink without betraying their duty to their constituents and their country.

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THE RIGHT HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER.—NO. I.

WE have now before us a book which will be eagerly sought for and read, not so much because, like the life of Pitt, or Nelson, or Wellington, it describes the career of a born leader of men, as because it throws a flood of light over one of the most important periods, political, social, and literary, in the history of England and of Europe. The part actually played in that complicated game by the hero of the tale was not, perhaps, very important. He may claim to have been the adviser of Cabinet Ministers, of personages, and of even royalty. He was undoubtedly much in their confidence, and his influence over the press, or a portion of it, was considerable. But his interference in great events was indirect rather than authoritative, and a foremost place among the men of letters of his day he can scarcely be said to have

achieved. Still, the volumes we are now about to introduce to the notice of our readers will, unless we greatly deceive ourselves, interest them to the full as much as the most outspoken of the many self-revelations of statesmen and authors with which the public has of late years been favoured. In what category we ought in strict propriety to place them is not quite clear. They do not resolve themselves, like Lord Ellenborough's reminiscences or Mr Carlyle's journal, into an autobiography pure and simple. They are not, like Lockhart's life of Scott, or Boswell's Johnson, the story faithfully told of a great man's sayings and doings. They consist entirely of transcripts from diaries and correspondence, pieced together by a friendly hand, so as not to leave us in ignorance either of the circumstances under which each

The Correspondence and Diaries of the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, LL.D. and F.R.S. (Secretary to the Admiralty from 1809 to 1830); comprising Letters, Memoranda, and other Documents relating to the chief Political and Social Events of the first half of the Present Century. Edited by Louis J. Jennings. 3 vols. John Murray: London,

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separate entry was made, or of the incidents in the personal history of the writer which led up to it. As was to be expected, both parties in this composite production write with a bias: the biographer, if Mr Jennings may so be called, would not have undertaken a task which he has very creditably executed, had not the diarist been a hero in his eyes; and if the diarist credit himself on all occasions with high motives and far-seeing views of things, who can blame him? Take, for example, his manifest anxiety to impress all into whose hands his posthumous confession of faith may fall, that he never aspired to higher office than that which came to him in early life, and that in no single instance did he ever play fast and loose with the political friends who trusted him. Now, without meaning to charge him either with unreasonable ambition, or still less with the meanness of habitually coquetting with the Opposition while holding a place in the Government, we find good reason in his own statements to suspect that he did in secret aspire, as in truth he might consider himself justified in doing, to something better than the Secretaryship of the Admiralty. And we happen to know from other sources that, on one memorable occasion at all events, he acted a part not altogether defensible on the ground of loyalty to party obligations. These, however, are matters on which we need not enter now, because they will come under our notice, so to speak, of their own accord by-and-by. Meanwhile, let us preface whatever critical observations we may feel it our duty to hazard with a brief outline of the life of the distinguished man to whom they refer.

John Wilson Croker was born

in Galway on the 20th December 1780. Somewhere, in one of his letters or diaries, he claims to be descended from an old Devonshire stock. We accept the statement for what it is worth, while recognising the fact that his father filled the respectable position of Surveyor-General of Customs and Excise in Ireland, and that his mother was the daughter of the Rev. R. Rathbone, a clergyman of what was then the Established Church of the country. His early education he received at three different schools, one in Cork and two at Portarlington, of which the first was kept by the father of our well-known dramatist Mr Knowles, and the last by a gentleman, the Rev. Richard Hood, who subsequently became classical tutor to Sir Robert Peel. In each of these seminaries Croker took the start of all his class-fellows; and in one acquired, what was less common a century ago than it is now, a competent knowledge of the French language. Trinity College, Dublin, was, of course, his *Alma Mater*, into which he entered at the early age of sixteen, and in which, besides taking a good place, he became the associate of many men of note, and, among the rest, of Tommy Moore. Tom, as was customary with him, claimed to be intimate with Croker in proportion as Croker acquired celebrity. When Lord John Russell gave to the world the poet's journal, it came out that the poet was one of the bitterest of the libellers to whose attacks his friend had been exposed.

Having resolved to adopt the law as a profession, Croker proceeded to London in 1800, and became a student in Lincoln's Inn. Whether the *res angusta domi* had anything to do with the circumstance, or that he was impelled by literary instinct to take the step,

we do not know ; but he had not been long in London before he became a contributor to the 'Times' as well as a *collaborateur* with the Smiths, Horace and James, in two separate journalistic adventures. His contributions to the 'Times' referred mostly to the French Revolution, in which he took a great interest, and with a view of some day writing the history of which, he made an extensive collection of pamphlets and broad-sheets. His special bantlings were two newspapers, called respectively the 'Cabinet' and the 'Picnic,' both of which died untimely deaths. Croker was not, however, discouraged. In 1804 he put forth in succession his 'Familiar Epistles' and his 'Intercepted Letter,'—the former a biting satire on the Irish stage, the latter a caricature of Dublin society. The reception given to both was very flattering—one went through five, the other through seven editions—winning for their author that mixture of applause and personal dislike which invariably accompanies success in such undertakings.

Mr Croker was not tempted by a first success, as too many young men have been, to abandon the law, and adopt literature as a profession. On the contrary, he was acute enough not only to recognise the wisdom of Sir Walter's well-known saying, but to see where the best field lay on which to exercise his talents. He chose the Irish bar and the Munster circuit, where his father was able to throw a good deal of Government business into his hands ; and then, being in the receipt of an annual income of £600 or £700, he took to himself a wife. There is abundant proof in Mr Croker's letters that the pair lived happily together, though severely tried by the loss of an only son just as he had begun to show

signs of more than common ability. But Croker was not the man to be diverted by either private joy or private sorrow from the real business of life. He was conscious of possessing powers, for the free exercise of which the settlement of disputed points in the Customs laws afforded no adequate scope. He therefore offered himself in 1806 to the electors of Downpatrick as a candidate for the honour of representing them in Parliament. All the Talents were then in power ; and forasmuch as they failed to recognise his value, Croker lost his election. But next year brought in the Government, of which the Duke of Portland was at the head, whereupon Downpatrick, true to its instincts, changed its mind. Croker became the people's choice ; and thus in the month of May 1807, he took, for the first time, his seat in the House of Commons.

The Cabinet which then controlled the destinies of the empire was made up of somewhat discordant materials. Perceval, who led the Commons, was a Tory of the Eldon school—a staunch supporter of things as they were, a sturdy opponent of concession to the Catholics. Canning, who sat beside him on the Ministerial bench, leaned somewhat towards Liberalism, especially in his desire to see the laws affecting the King's Roman Catholic subjects modified. The Duke of Portland, originally a Whig, now acting ostensibly as a Tory leader, professed to have no decided opinions on that subject ; and thus a question vitally affecting the best interests of the State became, as for many years after it continued to be, an open question in the Cabinet. Croker seems to have been all along in favour of the admission of Roman Catholics to the full benefits of the Constitution, and desired, as Mr Pitt had

done, to ensure the loyalty of the Irish priests by providing for them a State maintenance. He was fortunate in finding an early opportunity of stating his views to the House, under circumstances which he thus describes :—

“I spoke very early, indeed on the very night I took my seat. Some observations of Mr Grattan on the state of Ireland, which I thought injurious and unfounded, called me up,—nothing loath, I daresay, but quite unexpectedly even to myself; and though so obviously unpremeditated, and, as it were, occasional, I, in after-years, was not altogether flattered at hearing that my first speech was the best. I suspect it was so. Canning, whom I had never seen before, asked Mr Foster to introduce me to him after the division, was very kind, and walked home with me to my lodgings.”

It seldom happens that the first speech of a young member, especially if it be delivered as promptly as this seems to have been, gains for him the goodwill of the audience he has been addressing. The very opposite is for the most part the case. But Croker's eloquence would appear to have taken the House by storm, and the impression thus produced, he made immediate haste to confirm. He published a pamphlet which, though anonymous, was at once pronounced to be his. Men of all shades of opinion read, and combined in admiring both the vigour and moderation of its tone. Even Perceval, unconvinced as he was by the argument, recognised as well the honesty as the good taste of the writer, and sought his personal acquaintance; while a greater than he, Sir Arthur Wellesley, at that time Chief Secretary for Ireland, went further. He became Croker's friend; and so began an intimacy which, subject to a brief, and that only a partial interruption, continued unbroken till the day of the Duke's death.

Thus far fortune had favoured Croker in raising up for him friends whose good opinion could hardly fail, sooner or later, to be of essential service to him. He owed it to an accident, on the possible occurrence of which he had no right to calculate, that the opportunity of thus enlisting him on the side of the Government presented itself. Colonel Wardle, a man of no character, in revenge for some slight, real or imaginary, put upon him by the Duke of York, charged his Royal Highness in 1809 with having shared in bribes taken by Mary Anne Clarke, his former mistress, in order to secure her interest in getting commissions for the sons or clients of the bribers. The case made out for Colonel Wardle was very plausible, and the cast-off mistress supported it with enormous lying. Public opinion likewise, both within and outside the House of Commons, ran strong against the Commander-in-Chief; and there appeared to be something like backwardness in the King's Ministers to support him. Croker saw the opportunity thus presented, and took immediate advantage of it. He became the Duke's champion—the advocate of the party on his trial—and so conducted the cross-examination of the Colonel and his witness, that both were made to contradict themselves over and over again. The final issue was a general verdict in the Duke's favour, against whom no graver charge was proved than that he had acted with great lack of prudence.

The Duke of York was the favourite son of George III. More, likewise, than any of his brothers, he lived on friendly terms with the Prince of Wales; and the man who, at a critical moment, had stood between him and public dis-

grace, was at once treated by both as a benefactor. The Prince of Wales, in particular, took him up warmly, and never afterwards withdrew his countenance from him. Nor was it thus alone that Croker benefited by his skilful management of a delicate case. His pamphlet, as we have already mentioned, had made a strong impression on Mr Perceval. His readiness in debate and aptitude for business (he was now conducting for Sir Arthur Wellesley the Chief Secretary's business in Parliament) were recognised on all hands, and each of the sections in a divided Cabinet felt that he was well worth securing as a partisan. For, just as his reputation was at its height, the Duke of Portland resigned, and that contest for the Premiership began, which first dislocated, and ultimately destroyed the old Tory party. The rival candidates were Canning and Perceval, one a master of eloquence, charming as a companion, and a brilliant writer; the other slow of speech, rather than otherwise, and, according to his unfriends, somewhat narrow-minded. We might naturally expect to learn that Croker enrolled himself among Canning's supporters, for Canning had been the first of the Ministers to take him by the hand; and on what was thus early becoming a crucial question, they thought alike. But already, before the crisis came, Perceval had indicated his desire to bring the young member forward, and the young member with great judgment stood neutral in the contest. The result was the famous duel between Canning and Castlereagh, the temporary retirement of both from office, the attempt to form a coalition with the Greys and Grenvilles, and the ultimate nomination of Mr Perceval to be First Lord of the Treasury. Then

followed the offer to Croker of the appointment of Secretary to the Admiralty, under circumstances which Lord Mulgrave, writing to Lord Lonsdale on the 9th October 1809, thus describes: "I have written to offer the Secretaryship of the Admiralty to Mr Croker, who is active, quick, and intelligent, and who might go off to Canning if he were not attended to." Croker, in a letter dated July 29, 1850, repudiates this base insinuation; and we willingly believe him. Yet, as will be seen in the sequel, he retained a hankering kindness for his first friend; and on one memorable occasion did him yeoman's service, though all too late to be of permanent avail.

From 1809 to 1830 Croker kept his place at the Admiralty—not, however, without more than one scare of expulsion—and by common consent he is allowed to have done his work well. That he was personally popular with the officers of the Navy, we are scarcely prepared to affirm. His manners, especially during official inspections, were sometimes brusque; and old sea captains and admirals, whether in dockyards or on their own quarter-decks, are not very tolerant of contradiction. The general condition of the fleet, however, during his term of office was, at least, as satisfactory as at any previous period; and into the interior economy of the Admiralty itself he seems to have looked closely and to good purpose. The following is a curious account, illustrative of the manners of the times, of what befell him, almost as soon as he took possession of his room at Whitehall:—

"Within a month of this unexpected and enviable appointment, you will be surprised to hear that I resigned it. It happened that, paying a more minute attention to details

than my two predecessors had happened to do, I saw reason to suspect a serious defalcation in a public accountant of high rank and respectability, and refused my signature to an additional issue of money till the last issues were accounted for. The person implicated was a *protégé* and personal friend of the King, George III., to whom he represented that this young Irishman, who knew nothing of his business, refused his signature, which was a mere routine form, and thus impeded the ordinary current of the public service. The King sent for Mr Perceval and desired him to have an explanation with me. I could not then have known or imagined the extent of the defalcation, still less could either the King or Mr Perceval; but the officer himself did, and pressed his royal patron to stifle my *capricious* opposition, which could be the more easily and properly done because nothing had transpired, and all that was to be done to set all right was that I should sign the same routine order that my predecessors had always signed. This was pressed upon me with an earnestness proportioned to the interest which the King's prompter had in the affair, but in the meanwhile I was silently examining the former practice, and I soon satisfied myself that it was a case of disgrace and ruin to the individual, and a loss of at least £200,000 to the public. This grieved me to the heart; I was grieved to be the involuntary cause of so great an affliction to individuals—grieved to oppose the wishes of the King, who at first took a very anxious interest in the affair; grieved to embarrass Mr Perceval; grieved to lose my high and lucrative office, but, seeing no alternative between the results and an abandonment of my own duty, I adopted them, and placed my resignation in Mr Perceval's hands, who, sorry as he was, could not but admit that I was right, and I really believe would have himself resigned rather than have compromised an affair of which by this time he saw the whole importance. Upon his explanation, the just and upright old King came round much more readily than Mr Perceval had anticipated, and not merely approved of my pro-

ceeding, but sent me, through Mr Perceval, a most gracious assurance of his satisfaction at my zeal in doing my duty, and, he added, my firmness in resisting his own first suggestions under a misunderstanding of the case."

Assiduous as he was in public business, and taking from time to time a part in important debates, Croker always found leisure for composition both in prose and verse. His prose consisted for a while chiefly of political squibs, which appeared in the newspapers under feigned names. His poetry culminated in the "Battle of Talavera," of which the success was considerable at the time, though it is now pretty well forgotten. A copy of this poem he sent to Lord Wellington, then taking breath after the capture of Badajoz, from whom, by return of post, he received an acknowledgment, containing, among others, the following characteristic expression: "I did not think a battle could be turned into anything so entertaining." But a more suitable medium through which to influence public opinion was about to be established, and to that when appealed to he gave a willing support. The 'Quarterly Review' came into existence; and, though not in strict propriety either one of its originators or, except by a solitary article, among its earliest contributors, he became in course of time so intimately connected with it as to be regarded in some sort as giving a tone to its opinions on all subjects, and especially on politics. This is a mistake. He was not by any means the sole, or even the chief, writer on political subjects prior to the Reform struggle of 1831. Indeed, between 1826 and 1830, he scarcely contributed to the 'Quarterly' at all. But whenever he did write, the

peculiarities of his style were such as to leave no doubt on the minds of his intimates respecting the source whence the matter which amused or instructed them might have come.

We have referred elsewhere to one of Croker's narrow escapes from loss of office. Another, more threatening when it first presented itself, occurred in 1810. The terrible malady from which the old King never recovered, then overtook him, and the necessity of appointing a regency could no longer be warded off. It was impossible in such a case to pass over the heir-apparent, and the heir-apparent, up to that moment, had been the sworn friend of the Whigs. The belief therefore became very general that the first use made by the new Regent of his powers would be to dismiss the Tory ministry. There is a remarkable paper in the first of these volumes, which, we regret to say, is too long for transcription, but to which it may be well that at this stage in our narrative the reader, if the book be within his reach, should turn. It is the substance of a long speech, spoken confidentially by George IV. to Croker—with an evident intention that it should some day meet the public eye—wherein the more important of his relations with the Whigs, while Prince of Wales, are described in detail, and his own conduct to Sheridan placed in a new and more favourable light. With that part of the discourse we shall not pretend to deal, but from all that precedes it we learn that as early as 1810, and still more decidedly two years later, the Prince's feelings towards the leaders of the then Opposition had undergone a decided change. Even to Perceval, whom he used to hate because of his insistence that the Princess of

Wales should be received at Court, he had become in a great measure reconciled, and the consequence was that, when called upon to act for the King, he made up his mind to keep matters as they were. Perceval accordingly remained at the head of affairs till the assassin's bullet removed him, whereupon another intrigue, in which Canning took a prominent part, failed to prevent Lord Liverpool from becoming his successor. The following letter from Mr Peel is interesting, as showing what the feelings were towards each other of two statesmen destined before long to sit together in the same Cabinet:—

“DUBLIN, Oct. 30, 1812.

“MY DEAR CROKER,—Lord Melville wrote a letter to you which he allowed me to read, and the subject of which you are, of course, now fully apprised of, and which I destroyed, as it could not have reached you before your arrival at the Admiralty.

“I am sorry that the parliamentary aspect is not so good in England as I trust that it is with us, and I am much surprised at the accession of strength which from your letter Canning and Lord Wellesley appear to have acquired.

“I am not, however, much alarmed by it, as I trust and believe that the House of Commons, after what has passed, will support Lord Liverpool against either or both of them combined. As for Lord Wellesley, I consider him a sort of appendage to Mr Canning—incumbrance, perhaps the latter would say. I should think his Lordship could not be very well satisfied when he found that the change of a moment in Mr Canning's determination to accept office saved him the trouble of deliberating whether he would succeed the Duke of Richmond or not.

“I hope we may fight out this battle as we have fought out many others; there was a time when I should have had less fears, and when, perhaps, from every private and public feeling, I should have seen our little champion go forth with his sling

and with his sword, and bring down the mightiest of his enemies, and felt prouder in his triumph; but there never was a time when I felt more determined to do all I could to support the Government on its present footing, and on the principles on which it will meet Parliament.

"If I understood, as I believe I did, the offers made to Canning, I think they were fair ones, as he himself must have thought when he accepted them; and as to keeping him down, the Government know his power too well not to wish to have it exerted in their favour.

"I think in the worst event we shall gain one here, in the best we shall have six friends in the place of six enemies, but that is supposing three of the old members who remain in to be equally friendly, and three of the new ones to have the disposition which is now attached to them. —I am, dear Croker, yours affectionately,
ROBERT PEEL."

It is the fate of all men who command or are supposed to command any share in Government patronage to be pestered with applications. Croker had his full share of these, especially from Ireland. We subjoin two specimens of his answers, from the style of which an estimate may be formed of the nature both of the petitions and the petitioners:—

"June 8th, 1812.

"A young man came to me yesterday with a letter from Mrs — to request of me to 'make him a midshipman.' I cannot conceal from you my surprise and concern that Mrs — should write to me on matters of business, about which ladies can know nothing. If she had asked you to do this, you would probably have been able to tell her that I have no more to say to the *making* of midshipmen, as she calls it, than to the making of archbishops, and that if even I had the power, it might be prudent, before the poor young man was sent over here, to ask me whether I was inclined to exert it. You could also have told her that — was not

a person concerning whom I was likely to be interested, as I know as little of the uncle as of the nephew. You might also perhaps have told her that no captain will take a young man as midshipman whose friends cannot allow him thirty or forty pounds per annum. You finally would have informed her that a man turned of nineteen years of age is more than six years too old to begin a sea life, and that he would be entering on the profession with the most deplorable prospects. And having told her all this, you would have saved the poor young man the expense and mortification of a journey to London, where he does not know a soul, and where he cannot meet anything but disappointment, and perhaps ruin."

"TO ANOTHER FRIEND.

"If Mrs F—— is the daughter or the sister of my father's late friend, Major F—— (whom I never saw in my life), she might have known that my name was not *Croker*; and when she next laments that the Board of Admiralty does not answer Mr L——'s letters, though its Secretary does, pray hint to her that Mr L—— knows little of his profession if he does not know that the Board of Admiralty never does write a letter (and indeed I hardly see how it could), and that it is for this reason that it has a Secretary."

Besides, writing occasionally for the 'Quarterly Review,' Croker was associated at this time, 1814 and 1815, with Mr Peel and Lord Palmerston, in supplying political squibs and lyrics to the 'Courier' newspaper. They were chiefly parodies on Moore's Irish Melodies and Byron's Songs, and served their immediate purpose well enough. Yet when separately published in a collected form, 'The New Whig Guide,' for so the volume was called, never became so popular as the 'Anti-Jacobin' or even the 'Rolliad,' after which it had been modelled. Mr Jennings, who gives us this information, adds, that a retrospect of the chief

incidents in Bonaparte's career, which Croker had carefully prepared, missed fire, because "the escape from Elba, the Emperor's defeat by the Prussians at Ligny, and his overthrow at Waterloo, were events which caused everything else that was going on in the world to be put out of sight and forgotten."

Mr Jennings has strangely misstated history in this sentence—just as elsewhere he plants Louis XVIII. during the Hundred Days where he was not—and in a communication from the Duke of Wellington himself, makes the writer of the letter refer to a battle which never was fought. The Emperor was not defeated by the Prussians at Ligny, the Prussians were defeated by him. The King of France was at Antwerp, not at Brussels, during the Hundred Days. And the battle which he makes the English army fight at Burgos was fought at Busaco. These are very trifling errors, which we stop to notice, only that they may be corrected in the next edition of the book.

The space at our disposal will not permit us to quote the interesting account which Croker gives of his visit to Paris and the field of Waterloo. His sketches of the many remarkable characters whom he met in the French capital will not, we are sure, fail to attract general attention. We cannot enter into them, however; neither, we regret to say, can we stop to give an account of the duels threatened and prevented between Peel and O'Connell, between their two seconds, and, to crown all, between one of the principals and the second of the other. But the following extract of a letter to Lord Hather-ton, formerly Mr Littleton, and Irish Secretary under Lord Grey, is too curious, in many respects,

to be withheld. It bears date February 1, 1859, just six months before Croker's death:—

"In the beginning of 1816 the ministerial defeat on the Property Tax, and the public impatience for the reduction of the war establishments, together with some accidental defeats on minor points connected with the army, and especially the Admiralty, contributed to suggest to the Opposition a short cut to office by a *coup de main* against the navy estimates. The moving these estimates was generally considered in the first instance as a matter of form, and their reference to the Committee of Supply a matter of course. All the struggle was to be in the Committee.

"It was the official etiquette that the senior lay Lord should make the motion, and not the Secretary, who might have been naturally expected to be better acquainted with the details. This practice arose from two causes: first, the official rank of the Lord over the Secretary—the Lord speaking in his own name and that of his colleagues, while the Secretary was only an individual member of the House; and secondly, because (till our own day) the Secretary was not looked upon as a political officer, did not change with ministries, and took no part in political debate. This etiquette fell in with the Opposition scheme.

"The senior lay Lord happened to be Warrender,—a much cleverer fellow than he was generally thought, but who knew nothing at all of the navy estimates: the object was, therefore, to demolish Warrender at once, to negative going into Committee where the sea Lords and I would have been able to explain or justify details, and thus by so flagrant an affront overthrow the ministry at a blow. For this purpose Tierney, then the real leader of the Opposition, with the additional authority which his being an ex-Treasurer of the Navy gave him, was himself to lead the onset. The Government were wholly unapprised of the scheme, and it happened (from a curious circumstance, but too complicated to repeat) that I did not expect the debate that night, and had

not even brought down the office red box containing my detailed notes on the estimates, which I hardly expected to want that night, or at least not so early in the evening. The box was left on my desk at the Admiralty, whence, if necessary, it might be had.

"We knew nothing of the intentions of the Opposition, but I remember we were somewhat surprised at the numbers and the eagerness they exhibited, and the tone in which Tierney in some preliminary conversation about the loan had menaced us with an utter defeat "in half an hour"; and certainly, if he had not based his hopes on a most extraordinary blunder, he would have succeeded. In a most able and forcible speech he examined and contrasted the late war and present peace estimates, and showed by the indisputable figures that the estimates, so far from being prepared with any pretence to economy, were, everywhere and in all branches, enormously increased. 'What could be done with such derisive, such insulting documents, than throw them back in the face of the Government?' You may recollect the enthusiasm of the Opposition as this speech proceeded, and the uneasiness on our side. But it was no surprise to me. I was prepared for it, and was waiting quietly on a back bench for Warrender's reply, which I knew might be complete. In the meanwhile Castlereagh grew alarmed, and beckoned me down to sit by him, and he asked me 'what answer could be made to all that?' 'Oh,' said I, 'Warrender has a full answer that will blow it all away in five minutes.' 'I,' exclaimed Warrender, 'I know nothing about it!' 'What,' said I, 'have you not the memorandum I gave Lord Melville and you yesterday, or at least notes of it?' 'No,' said Warrender; 'Lord Melville said they were old stories, and had nothing to do with these times.' 'Good Lord!' I said, 'and where is the memorandum?' 'I put it back,' said he, 'in the bundle you gave us.'

"But you can state the facts," said Castlereagh. 'It will be of no effect,' I replied. The facts are only a series of *figures*, which nothing but the identical figures can substantiate.

'But where,' said C., 'is the paper?' 'At the Admiralty, in a red box.'

"Billy Holmes, very much alarmed at the aspect of the House, volunteered to dash away for the recovery of the red box, and brought it me in a wonderfully short space of time, and there I found my memorandum, which was an abstract of the *last war* and *first peace* estimates ever since the treaty of Ryswick, in all of which the peace estimate for establishments exceeded the war estimate, and proved that *natura rerum* it must of necessity do so. The estimates are of two classes: first, for *active service*; second, for the establishments. The active service, called the '*vote of seamen*,' was for ship's victuals, ammunition, wear and tear, and wages, &c., of 145,000 men—say 100 sail of the line. When peace came, 80 of the 100 sail were paid off, and reduced the expense of *that* estimate, which fell to nothing, while they and their various expenses were transferred over to the *establishment* estimate, commonly called 'the Navy Estimate,' which, of course, was proportionally increased in all its branches. The simple reading of this memorandum, and the evidence of the figures *in every case* from the treaty of Ryswick, changed the face of the House in a moment. Our opponents were ashamed of Tierney, and Tierney was ashamed of himself to be taken in such a mare's nest; and the mortification was the greater, for he had been a party to the same process as Treasurer of the Navy in 1803. The thing was so obvious that, though I had taken pains (for I never spared pains) to work it out, and had given it to Melville and Warrender as general information, I really did not expect that any one, least of all an old fox like Tierney, would have ever given me an opportunity of using it: but my diligence was rewarded by good luck; and I certainly never saw in Parliament so sudden and so complete a turning of the tide of victory."

Allusion has been made to Peel and his correspondence with Croker. Before passing on to other and not less attractive subjects, it may be worth while to let Peel describe, in his own words, the condition of

society in Ireland while he was Chief Secretary.

“DUBLIN CASTLE, Sept. 23d, 1816.

“MY DEAR CROKER,—You must give a specimen—one specimen—of the humanity of the poor, suffering, oppressed natives of this country, who are trained up by their priests in the paths of religion and virtue, and are only driven to the commission of outrage by the tyranny of their landlords, or the insulting triumphs of Orangemen. I believe I can furnish you with a more complete specimen—of very recent occurrence—than you could discover in any age, however remote. The murderers of Baker were angels in comparison with the perpetrators of a murder in the county of Limerick.¹ Inclosed is the evidence on which four persons were convicted and hanged, and on nearly the same evidence have five other wretches suffered capitally. It is a melancholy story, and a most singular fact in the annals of murder, that chiefly on the evidence of the little girl, who is, I believe, 11 and not 14 years of age, have nine men been convicted and hanged—five within the last week. Four are now in custody, and have offered to plead guilty on condition that they may be transported for life. I know not how many more were present at the murder than the thirteen above accounted for. What must be the state of morals in a country where thirteen men, after having killed the husband, and when all apprehension of danger was at an end, could kill a woman with an infant in her arms, in the manner in which this unfortunate woman was killed, and where the orphan child of that woman could be told by ‘all the people in the neighbourhood’ to whom she applied for protection, that ‘*she might go to the devil*’?”

“All comment would but weaken the unparalleled atrocity of this transaction. The Dillons were Catholics.—Yours most truly, R. PEEL.”

While abating nothing in his at-

tention to public business, Croker took day by day a more lively interest in the utterances of the press, chiefly, it must be confessed, with a view to counteract the influence of Liberal newspapers and other periodicals, growing continually more aggressive. That he would have educated, as well as fought for, his own party at the same time, had he wielded the power of a Beaconsfield, is not now a secret. His views on the Catholic question, early expressed and never modified, were not more rational than his suggestions how best to meet the growing demand for parliamentary reform were judicious. But Lord Liverpool, to whom he submitted them in writing, put the paper aside, and thus the opportunity was lost in the one case, just as it had been thrown away in the other, of doing that at the proper time, and in the proper way, which was ultimately done in both by violence and in a hurry. That Croker, in his intercourse with men of letters, was always a prudent counsellor, can no more be asserted than that the literary efforts prompted by him invariably succeeded. In the winter of 1819, for example, he started a weekly newspaper, to be conducted under the editorship of the Rev. George Croly, on strictly constitutional principles. Lockhart, then in Edinburgh, John Wilson, and Sir Walter Scott, were all invited to contribute; and great results were anticipated from an undertaking so supported. ‘The Guardian’—for so it was called—never recovered the deadening effect of the first number, which Croly, a man of undeniable genius, but quite unfit for the work required of him, contrived to make

¹ “A man and his wife were butchered on their own hearth, and their little child was stabbed. The child survived, but no one in the neighbourhood would give her food or shelter.”

as dull as one of his own sermons. It appears to us that a similar fate might have attended this Magazine, had its founder paid attention to the subjoined letter:—

“MR CROKER TO MR W. BLACKWOOD.

“August 24th, 1819.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your last number, and in return the best kind of thanks I can give you is my honest opinion of its merits.

“As a series of essays, critical and humorous, it is excellent; but in this part of the world we think there is too much criticism and humour for a magazine. In a work of this kind we expect curious facts and miscellaneous information.

“Professed reviews should be left to the professed reviewers; and allow me to say, that the personal and local pleasantries which is so abundant in your magazine, and which, I have no doubt, must be delightful in Edinburgh and Glasgow, is *here* scarcely understood, and in Ireland I have some reason to know that it is a perfect puzzle. You can best judge the state of your sale, but you may depend upon it that in England we should like your magazine better if it were more magazinish. The fact is, you are too strong; your contributors are too able; they melt down into a monthly pamphlet the materials which would furnish out perennial volumes. I am, as they are, fond of angling; and I can well imagine the pleasure they have in hooking the huge Whigs, and, in spite of their floundering efforts, dragging them to light and safely basketing them. But fishing for men, as for fishes, should not be your daily employment but your occasional amusement; and your notices of literary works should be short, light, and piquant. The last quality you have at will.

“Excuse my presumption in intruding these suggestions. I make them sincerely, and out of the interest which I take in the success of your magazine, admiring, as I do, the principles and talents which support it.”

Perhaps there is no decade in English history on which it is less

satisfactory to look back, than that which intervened between the years 1816 and 1826. The peace to which men had looked forward, as bringing contentment in its train, seemed to have brought ruin upon all classes. Trade languished, looms stood idle, and poor-rates ate the very heart out of the land. There were not wanting demagogues—there never is in like circumstances—to lay all the blame on the Government, and a starving people were but too ready to accept the charge as proved. Bread riots in Manchester led up to the Peterloo massacre, as it was called. In Scotland secret drillings went on, and culminated in the fight at Bannymuir. London also had its scare in the famous Cato Street Conspiracy; and while Orator Hunt spoke sedition in the provinces, Sir Francis Burdett was committed to the Tower. It was at this juncture, and under these circumstances, that Peel, not now a member of the Administration, consented to act as Chairman of the Finance Committee, and succeeded in inducing Parliament to pass a Bill for immediate return to cash payments. Now there cannot be two opinions as to the abstract soundness of the policy on which Peel's Bill rested. Country banks had become so numerous that they everywhere bade against each other for customers, and a system of false credit was created which could not fail, sooner or later, to end in disaster. But thoughtful economists doubted at the moment—when they ever think upon the subject at all, some of them doubt still—whether the time chosen for effecting such a complete revolution in the money market was the right time. Certain it is that distress, which had been general before, became, so to speak, universal, after the Bill passed. Many

banks failed; others, with a restricted circulating medium, refused to give credit, no matter how good the security offered; and more than one loyal subject, who had borne, not without wincing, the imposition of the Corn-Laws in 1816, joined in 1820 in the cry that the country was misgoverned.

While these events were passing, on what may be called the national stage, scenes were enacted in high quarters which had little tendency to allay the popular discontent. The ill-starred marriage of the Prince of Wales was followed, as we need scarcely say, by an immediate separation between man and wife; and of both very scandalous stories were told. It was not, however, till the death of George III., and the consequent accession of George IV., that these royal misdoings threatened danger to the State. Then the lady, who had for some time resided on the Continent, determined to return home. The King was furious, and immediately took a step which rendered the position of his Ministers, already beset by difficulties, all but intolerable. He insisted on their getting him a divorce. It was to no purpose that, while combating this appeal, they undertook to prevent, by every means in their power, the return of the queen to England. That would not satisfy their master, and he made no secret of his intention, if they persisted in thwarting him, to look out for new and more useful servants. In an evil hour they yielded to his remonstrances, and brought in their Bill of Pains and Penalties, of which the issues were a humiliating defeat to the King, and a second retirement of Mr Canning from the Cabinet.

There was at this time a good deal of confidential correspondence between Croker and Peel. Croker

had repeatedly urged upon Peel the duty of returning to office; Peel, while coquetting with his friend's suggestions, gives expression here and there to opinions which, read in connection with some of his future proceedings, a good deal surprise us. He has been speculating about the possible acquittal of Orator Hunt, then upon his trial, and goes on to say:—

“BOGNOR, *March 23d.*

“Do not you think that the tone of England—of that great compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy, and newspaper paragraphs, which is called public opinion—is more liberal—to use an odious but intelligible phrase—than the policy of the Government? Do not you think that there is a feeling, becoming daily more general and more confirmed—that is, independent of the pressure of taxation, or any immediate cause—in favour of some undefined change in the mode of governing the country? It seems to me a curious crisis—when public opinion never had such influence on public measures, and yet never was so dissatisfied with the share which it possessed. It is growing too large for the channels that it has been accustomed to run through. God knows, it is very difficult to widen them exactly in proportion to the size and force of the current which they have to convey, but the engineers that made them never dreamt of various streams that are now struggling for a vent.

“Will the Government act on the principles on which, without being very certain, I suppose, they have hitherto professed to act? Or will they carry into execution moderate Whig measures of reform? Or will they give up the government to the Whigs, and let them carry those measures into effect? Or will they coalesce with the Whigs, and oppose the united phalanx of the Hobhouses, and Burdetts, and Radicalism? I should not be surprised to see such a union. Can we resist—I mean, not next session or the session after that—but can we resist for seven years Reform in Par-

liament? Will not—remote as is the scene—will not recent events in Spain diminish the probability of such resistance? And if reform cannot be resisted, is it not more probable that Whigs and Tories will unite and carry through moderate reform, than remain opposed to each other?”

There are not many revelations in this very curious book which startle us more than the light in which it places the relations between Peel and Lord Liverpool. Lord Liverpool was devoted to Canning, and Peel being regarded as in some sort Canning's rival, found no favour in his eyes. This comes out very clearly in Croker's diary, when referring to Canning's resignation of the Board of Control, and Lord Liverpool's half-hearted offer of the place to Peel. But other facts less generally guessed at, Croker ruthlessly exposes—i.e., the King's strong dislike to his Prime Minister, and the causes of it. Everybody knows now, and knew then, that neither Lady Liverpool nor Lady Castlereagh would have anything to say to Lady Conyngham, and nobody was ignorant that their refusal to visit his favourite offended the King with their husbands. In Lord Liverpool's case, however, it appears that there were other and still more serious causes of offence. He had refused to advise certain appointments about the Court and in the Church, on which the King had set his heart, and had directed the unfortunate Queen's funeral to be conducted not as the King had desired it to be. Croker shall tell the story in his own way:—

“Sept. 8th.—I had a letter from Lord Liverpool at Walmer, saying that he was very anxious to see the King as soon as possible, and begging me to inform him of his Majesty's movements. He added that as the affair of the Queen's funeral was the great sin of which the King now ac-

cused the Ministers, he begged Sir Geo. Cockburn and me to draw up a *mémoire justificative* of the arrangement made on that occasion.

“I wrote to him in reply that the Queen's funeral would not be considered as the true cause of the dissatisfaction, and that, since he did me the honour of opening the subject to me, I should venture to say that I looked upon that as a trivial point of difference, and that the real quarrel was old, and lay deeper, and should be treated accordingly.

“In the evening I had a note from his lordship, to say he was come to town, and would be glad to see me next morning before church.

“Sept. 9th.—I called on Lord Liverpool. We talked over all the details of the Queen's funeral, and we both agreed that the reasoning for not going down the Thames was conclusive; and I promised to get Cockburn to draw up a statement of his nautical view of the subject, to which I would add a summary of the more general reasons. At the same time I repeated that I thought this case ought not to be argued with the King in any hope that convincing his Majesty on this head would satisfy him on many others, and I hinted that Lord Liverpool had perhaps some personal excuses to make on one or two points. He agreed to all I said, but quoted the fable of the wolf and the lamb. I did all I could to soften Lord L.'s feeling, and to induce him to meet the King, not argumentatively, but kindly and frankly. He is undoubtedly in the wrong towards the King on some points, and for these he ought to offer something like apology. Lord Liverpool talked of the refusal of the Chamberlain's place to Lord Conyngham, and of the King's desire to make young Mr Sumner (Lord FitzCharles's tutor) at once a canon of Windsor. He talked a good deal and freely about Lady Conyngham and her designs against the Government.

“Sept. 10th.—I brought Lord Liverpool Cockburn's statement and my summary, which he highly approved of. I have renewed to him my advice not to treat this matter as a pure logical argumentation, for, convinced or unconvinced on this point, the King's feelings towards him will not

be softened, though they may be rendered more adverse by debate.

The Sumner gossip is an old story which had passed out of men's minds till a recent biography of the late Bishop of Winchester revived it. There is really nothing in it of which the family of the deceased prelate need be ashamed. Their father happened to be private tutor to Lady Conyngham's son. He was the means of preventing the lad from making an imprudent marriage; and the mother, grateful for the service thus rendered to the family, used her influence with the king to advance the tutor in the Church. No doubt the terms on which the lady was supposed to live with the king created a great scandal; and Lord Liverpool perhaps did right under the circumstances in refusing his assent both to the nomination of the lady's husband to the place of Chamberlain, and the promotion of the tutor to a canonry in Windsor. But surely no blame could attach to Mr Sumner, whose share in the transaction amounted only to this, that he was willing to accept through Lady Conyngham's hands a piece of preferment in the gift of the Crown. Mr Sumner failed on that occasion to grasp the first rung in the ecclesiastical ladder; but brighter days were in store for him. A statesman less strait-laced than Lord Liverpool in due time presided at the Treasury, and the Conyngham influence prevailed to place a mitre on the self-denying tutor's brow.

We must pass lightly over the circumstances which led to the reception first of Peel, and by-and-by of Canning, into the administration. Peel's aversion to place, if it ever was real, seems to have been overcome by the offer of the Home Office, and the melancholy death of Lord Castlereagh opened

that post in the Ministry for Canning of which he was ambitious, because he believed himself peculiarly qualified to hold it. The latter arrangement was not indeed brought about except with difficulty. He had always been on friendly terms with the queen, and resigned the presidency of the Board of Control rather than be a party to the proceedings against her. For this the king hated him: but Lord Liverpool's willingness to see the office of Lord Steward, should it fall vacant, conferred on Lord Conyngham, softened the king's heart; and Canning's case being warmly supported by the Duke of Wellington, he carried his point. Canning proved to be in his generation wiser than his chief. He courted the king's favour through the channel which led to it most surely; and by nominating Lady Conyngham's son to be his under-secretary at the Foreign Office, made her his friend for ever. Let us not, however, withhold, before passing on to other matters, Croker's views of what might, and probably, would have been the constitution of the Cabinet had the negotiations for Canning's restoration to favour fallen through. We have here the judgment of a keen observer on the fitness for high office of public men still fresh in the memory of the present generation.

"TO MR PEEL. EXTRACT.

"August 25th, 1822.

"MY DEAR PEEL,—Every one agrees that if the present Government is to go on, you or Canning must lead the House of Commons. Canning has stated that he must have that duty or the Foreign Seals, or that he will not come in at all. The best informed think that the objection to him for any Cabinet Office, and particularly for one of so much intercourse, is *insuperable*. I do not believe in the in-

superability of objections of that class ; but it is certain there is strong disinclination, and *that* disinclination is likely to be reinforced by some other minor circumstances, such as the feeling of the Chancellor, &c. Those who build upon this foundation believe further that Canning will go to India, and there are many good reasons for such a supposition : yet I confess I incline to the other opinion. Let us now look at the various alternatives.

"If Canning is to come in on his own terms, with the consent of the present Cabinet—all is said ; it will excite a good deal of dissatisfaction amongst the subordinate office men, and probably amongst some of the country gentlemen ; but this will not break out into any flame, unless Canning shall mismanage his power either by indiscretion or by intrigue. But all this is futurity.

"If Canning does not come in, can you carry on the business of the country in the House of Commons—1st, without him ; 2nd, against him ? Everybody says 'Yes' to the former, and *almost* everybody to the latter.

"In the first case, you will be the only man of our party in the House who has as yet shown himself equal to take the great line of general debate, and even you are new in it. If you were ever so practised, it could not be expected that human talents, health, spirits, could bear the whole weight of such sessions as we are likely to have. You must therefore have assistants. Who are they to be ?

"I shall put out of the question in this particular view Vansittart and Bragge Bathurst, because they are both inefficient for general debate. There remains Robinson¹ and Charles Wynn. Our friends say that Robinson must work, and some even are of opinion that he would, with a little practice, become an excellent and powerful debater. I myself believe that the minds and talents of men are more generally equal than is supposed, and that most men are found,

or at least become, equal to what is expected from them. Therefore if Robinson will boldly throw himself into the stormy current of debate, I think he may possibly be found to swim very well ; but I doubt his making the effort. On this point, however, you, I suppose, would see your way, for, although it would be a delicate topic either of inquiry or convention, it is one which ought to be understood.

"From Plunkett, except on Irish affairs, I do not think much could be expected. I do not think he has either the versatility, information, or boldness necessary for a general debater. Besides, I hear he is dissatisfied ; and if he be sulky, nobody is so sulky. In short, if he and Goulbourn manage Ireland and keep Spring Rice, Lord Wellesley, and Kit. Hutchinson² in check, it is as much as can be expected ; but I ought to add that some of our friends here, and particularly the peers, talk sanguinely of Plunkett's assistance.

"As none of those I have mentioned, except Robinson, are looked to even to play second fiddle, many persons have turned their thoughts to Palmerston, who they think as powerful in intellect as Robinson, and much more to be relied on in readiness and nerve. I agree in the latter part of this opinion, but not in the former. He himself was yesterday expressing great expectations from Robinson's acuteness of mind and great natural eloquence of expression, if he could be induced to take heartily to the work. I think Palmerston's deficiency is exactly that which we are now considering how to supply—that *flow* of ideas and language which can run on for a couple of hours without, on the one hand, committing the Government, or, on the other, lowering by commonplaces or inanities the station of a Cabinet Minister. No Government, I believe, was ever better manned in the subordinate departments than ours. There are, as Lord Londonderry often said to

¹ " 'Prosperity' Robinson, afterwards created Viscount Goderich and Earl of Ripon. He became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1823."

² "The Hon. Christopher Hutchinson, M.P. for Cork, son of Lord Donoughmore."

me, in each office, persons able to repel any assailant on the details of the particular office; and of these Palmerston was the very ablest, but is he fit to be a lieutenant-general, and command the right wing of the army? If he be, and that His Excellency General Bortolozzini¹ will undertake the responsibility of the left, *vous voilà au complet!*

“Finally, and I have reserved this for the last, Huskisson’s claims to the Cabinet are by his acquaintances much insisted upon.² He must feel that if Canning comes in on this *peculiar* vacancy, he cannot, and in honour need not, make any stipulation for him. If Canning goes to India, Huskisson may think that you can hardly do without him; and if Canning stays, he probably foresees that he, H., will be eventually dragged into opposition, which on every account he would dislike. I believe public men are more often candid and disinterested than people give them credit for, and I believe H. is really anxious for Canning’s success in his object, on the score of friendship, as well as from his belief that Canning’s peculiar quality of Parliamentary eloquence ought not to be exported to India, like the skates and warming-pans to Buenos Ayres. But if that fails, he will, I dare say, have no objection to come himself into the Cabinet, and is likely to be very much dissatisfied if he be passed over; though if Canning go to India, he will not venture to throw up and go into opposition alone. At the same time, it must be recollected that all that Huskisson can do for the Government he can do best in his present rank. He is not a good debater, and is still worse at those great speeches which I have before spoken of. He is *au fait* in all official and financial details, and has a great deal of what the French call *administrative* experience. But the defects of his manner and voice prevent his being a useful speaker, for no one is useful whom the House merely tolerates—who, on the contrary, does not force them to attend to him. From what I

have before written to you, you will conclude that he hankers after Van’s gold gown; but great as may be the difference between the men, I almost doubt whether Van is not as safe and as work-withable a Chancellor of the Exchequer as Huskisson would be, and I think I may say that the general opinion seems to leave Van in the quiet possession of his dead weight and his small remnant of sinking fund.”

One more extract we must give, because of the picture which it draws of Court-life, as Court-life was in the days of George IV. The scene is the Pavilion at Brighton, the date 11th June 1822:—

“Our dinner-party were the King, who sate between the two Ladies Conyngham, in the centre of one side; Lord Conyngham and Lady Anne Becket at the upper end; Lord Francis and Andrew Barnard at the other; Blomfield exactly opposite his Majesty, and Lady Blomfield, Lords Lowther and St Helens, Sirs William Keppel, Charles Paget, Edmund Nagle, and Hilgrove Turner, Col. Thornton, Mark Singleton, and myself, rather too close, round the table.

“The dinner was, I think, rather shorter than usual. I thought the cuisine a shade inferior to what it used to be. The King made us all eat some roast wild-boar from Hanover. It was very good, like pork with a game flavour; he asked me what I thought of it. I said it was to pork what pheasant was to fowl. ‘There I differ from you,’ said the King; ‘nothing is so good as a fowl. If they were as scarce as pheasants, and pheasants as plenty as fowls, no one would eat a pheasant.’

“When H.M. took a glass of wine with Lady C., he *touched glasses* with her in the old-fashioned way.

“I suppose I ought not to omit that she and Lady Eliz. were dressed in rich cashmeres—Lady C.’s a white, and Lady E.’s a scarlet; the wide borders of the shawls making the

¹ “A nickname for Robinson, who was President of the Board of Trade.”

² “Among all these changes, Huskisson was made President of the Board of Trade.”

flounce of the gown. They are very *costly*, as Conyngham told us, but they make no great show, and are not, I think, very becoming.

"At dinner some conversation arose about the King's being expected to go to the play one of those evenings, and of the manager's having announced it. He seems a good deal annoyed; he said that he had consented to give the poor man 'his patronage, but that meant a hundred pounds and not his company.' Lady C. insisted that the *public* expected him; that it would be a great disappointment; that 10 guineas had been given for a box; that whether by mistake or otherwise, the royal word was *engaged*, and so forth. The King warmly denied the *engagement*, and appealed to Blomfield, who quietly and determinately said, 'I not only *told* him, but *wrote* to him, that the King *would not go*;' but still the ladies insisted, and at last Lady C. applied to Lord Francis, who said that the man had told him that he did not expect the King,' but nevertheless his *placard* gave out that the play was by command, and everybody expected the King, and that ten guineas had been given for a box.' This went on for some time, the King still on the defensive, and appealing to Blomfield's statement. . . .

"He talked of Tickell, the author of 'Anticipation,' and praised his talents highly.¹ He said that Sheridan, his brother-in-law, was a little '*refroidi*' towards Tickell after the great success of 'Anticipation.' Tickell was in great distress, and committed suicide by throwing himself out of a window of his apartments at Hampton Court—the same Lord George Seymour now has: 'the fall was so violent, that there was a hole *a foot deep* made by his head in the gravel walk.' The King did not, he said, know much of Tickell, personally, but if he had known he was in distress, he would have at least saved him from the necessity of such a catastrophe.

"This led him to speak of 'Anticipation,' which he did *con amore*, and

quoted some of the speeches: by the way, it was this which introduced the mention of Tickell. The King quoted from 'Anticipation' Lord Lansdowne's ridiculous quotation, and this brought on the rest of the conversation. Lady Conyngham had never read 'Anticipation'; the King said he would have it looked out for her. The events and the piece were gone by, he said, but the wit and pleasantry of it never could fade. I, myself, doubt whether Lady C. will find either wit or pleasantry in it. She will read it like an old parliamentary debate.

"This led him to 'John Bull,' which, he said, was the only thing in political writing which rivalled 'Anticipation' and the 'Rolliad.' I admitted that 'Bull' had force and sometimes pleasantry, but that I thought *he* wanted *taste*, which the others possessed in an eminent degree: the King would not agree in this, and went off into a dissertation on *taste* and *genius*. Very clever but rambling. He made some really just and critical distinctions, but then he, in some passages, involved himself to a degree to be hardly intelligible.

"He ended, however, by saying that neither *he*, nor his ministers, nor his parliament, nor his courts of justice all together, had done so much good as 'John Bull'; he stated this in a way which surprised me from its force and vehemence, and, let me add, exaggeration. . . .

"When we had had our coffee we followed His Majesty, and found the company increased by old Lord Eardley and Lady Say and Sele and her daughter, Lord and Lady Ravensworth and two daughters, Lady Ongley, Lady Wm. Bentinck, Prince Ladoria, Count St Antonio's brother, Lord Newburgh and his brother, and some other young man whom I did not know (Lord Ongley, I believe); the King was at the *forte piano* with the two Misses Liddell, and sang with them 'Life's a Bumper,' 'The Friar of Orders Grey,' and two or three Italian trios. They are pretty girls, and sing well.

¹ "Richard Tickell died in 1793. 'Anticipation' appeared in 1778. He was a contributor to the 'Rolliad.'"

"While all this music was going on, Lady C. and Lady Elizabeth sat apart. I thought that they did not much like it. . . .

"About half-past eleven sandwiches were handed round, and the King wished us good night.

"He had for the last hour missed his snuff-box, and there was quite a tumult about it, and a search *high and low*—everywhere, in short, except in the King's own pocket; it was quite a scene in a farce, all the actors in it looking wonderfully grave. At last, as the King was going away, after a vain hunt, which, as Lowther said, was like 'hunt the slipper,' he turned severely to Blomfield and said, 'Remember it *must* be found to-morrow,' and this he repeated, even *sternly*. When he was out of hearing, I called out to Blomfield, 'Blomfield, which of the ladies have the *King's box* for this evening?' This put us into good humour again, and in a quarter of an hour one of the pages came to tell us that the King had found the box himself. The King would not say *where*, but we all knew from the page that it was, as I expected, in his own pocket."

All this while the difficulty—we may rather say the impossibility—of carrying on public affairs as they had heretofore been conducted, became every day more apparent. A false impulse was indeed given to trade in 1824, and the relations of England with foreign States were generally amicable. But the growing influence of the Catholic associations, and the condition of Ireland incident thereto, were sufficient of themselves to tax the energies of the strongest Government. When, moreover, to these came to be added dissensions within the Cabinet itself, and the consequent loss to Ministers of power over the House of Commons, no marvellous gift of foresight could be needed to predict that a general break-up would soon follow. It is clear, from Croker's letters, that Canning was

about his old tricks. He dines with Lord Mayor Waithman at the Mansion House, after it had been settled in Cabinet that the invitation should be refused. He eulogises Sir Robert Wilson, then in disgrace at Court. He wins cheers from the Opposition by a speech on Spanish affairs; and counting on Lord Liverpool's speedy retirement from office, he is feeling his way, through Lord Lansdowne and Sir James Mackintosh, towards the construction of a Coalition Ministry, with himself at its head. Peel, on the other hand, as Home Secretary, ostentatiously neglects to invite Alderman Waithman to his birthday banquet; and finding himself in a minority at a division on the Catholic question, he threatens to resign. Then comes the ill-advised prosecution of O'Connell—the failure of which only increases his power. But the heaviest blow of all, directed against things as they were, was the Duke of York's manifesto against any change in the laws affecting Roman Catholics. The whole country became at once, on reading it, divided into two hostile camps. Monster meetings in one portion of the United Kingdom called up monster meetings in another, and Irish Catholics and Irish Orangemen were with difficulty restrained from flying at each other's throats. It was when public affairs were in this uncomfortable state that Croker was invited by the King to dine and sleep at the Royal Lodge in Windsor Park, and those curious royal confessions were poured into his ear to which we have elsewhere referred, and which the reader will find between pages 288 and 312 of the first volume of this interesting work.

We have now arrived at a stage in this biography when to attempt to go further in the direction hitherto followed would be

to defeat our proper purpose. Of Croker, as the confidant of statesmen and princes, we have given a sufficiently detailed account. We have yet to speak of him as an active agent in the rise and fall of administrations, and of the services he rendered to literature properly so called, and to literary men. It would obviously be unbecoming to enter upon so large a subject at the close of a long article. Wherefor deferring to a future day the consideration of these points and of others suggested by them, we cannot, as it seems to us, more gracefully take leave of our readers for the present, than by laying before them a few extracts from the note-book of one of the most observant and methodical men of his generation.

“SUDBOURNE, September 1826.

“The Duke of Glo’ster is a great asker of questions. He asked the Duke of Grafton, who, though sixty-six, does not look above fifty, ‘how old he was,’ before a large company in a country house. The Duke of Grafton did not like the inquiry, but answered. Some time after the Dukes met again, and the Duke of Glo’ster repeated this question, to which the Duke of Grafton dryly replied, ‘Sir, I am exactly three weeks two days older than when your Royal Highness last asked me that disagreeable question.’”

“May 6th, 1826.

“The Duke of York, Duke of Wellington, Lord Huntly, and some others dined with me at the Admiralty.

“Some discussion arose as to the value of cuirasses; whether the confidence they gave to the individual soldier counterbalanced their weight and other obvious disadvantages. The Duke of Wellington thought it might in single men or in small bodies, but in great masses the confidence and spirit of the men arose from other considerations. On the whole, he did not like the cuirass. Some one asked whether the French Cuirassiers had

not come up very well at Waterloo? ‘Yes,’ he said, ‘and they went down very well too.’ He then went on to tell us of a regiment of Cuirassiers that had charged up the great high-road at Quatre Bras, and had turned into a farmyard or inclosure which had no exit on the other side. The Duke was not aware of this, else he could have taken the mall. They immediately came out again, but on their retreat along the same road, the British, who were in line along the cross-road, and ‘particularly your regiment’ (the 92d), said the Duke, turning to Lord Huntly, ‘gave them a couple of volleys which brought them all to the ground, and there those that were not killed were so encumbered by their cuirasses and jackboots that they could not get up, but lay sprawling and kicking like so many turned turtles.’”

“SUDBOURNE, December 1826.

“When Huskisson was attached to Lord Stafford’s embassy in 1792, he and Mr Fergusson (tried afterwards with Lord Thanet), since a barrister at Calcutta, and now M.P., used to dine at Beauvilliers’s, where there was a smart young waiter, whom, however, these two Englishmen used to row exceedingly. At last Beauvilliers told them one day that they had driven the *pauvre garçon au désespoir*, and he had gone and enlisted. It was a lucky persecution for him. The young waiter made rapid advances in his new profession—he was Joachim Murat, King of Naples. This Huskisson told us.”

“SUDBOURNE.

“Count Staremberg, when he was in England, used to play at the Union. His English was not quite so good as his luck. Playing one night at *trente et un*, the late Lord Barrymore was at the table, and not much delighted with the success of the Count. His Excellency was not very nice in his person, and it was ludicrous to hear him proclaim the state of his hand by saying, ‘I am dirty! I am dirty!’ At last, when he had achieved the best possible hand, he was so elate, that he almost embraced Barrymore, exclaiming, ‘I am dirty, I am dirty-one, I am dirty-one.’ Barrymore, who

lost by the Count's success, and had no liking for the nasty embrace, said, 'Damn it, sir, so you are; but that's no reason why I should be *dirty too*.'

"THE DUKE OFFERED AN ESTATE
IN FRANCE.

"I will tell you an odd story of the old King (Louis XVIII.). One day, after the Restoration, when I waited on him at the Tuileries, he paid me some compliments on my share in the events which brought it about, and he took the ribbon of the St Esprit off his own body and put it on me. I, of course, expressed my thanks, but I said that before I could venture to accept or wear this mark of his royal favour, I must have the consent of my own sovereign; and added that I should write that evening, and had little doubt that the Prince Regent would signify his approbation. Shortly after I returned home, the Duke of Richelieu, then Prime Minister, followed me, and after alluding to the affair of the St Esprit, said that as I was going to write about that, the King wished me to take the same opportunity of writing about another matter upon which he supposed I should also require my sovereign's consent; this was, his Majesty's intention to present me with a more solid and lasting mark of his gratitude, in an *estate in France*. Grosbois was the place intended, and the Duke stated some of the *agréments* which that seat particularly possessed, and some circumstances which made the King think it a proper reward for my services to France. This took me quite by surprise, and was for the moment rather embarrassing, for I could not decently refuse point-blank from Louis XVIII. what I had accepted from King Ferdinand; but a little consideration sufficed to convince all parties that the cases were essentially different, and, above all, in the spirit and temper of the two nations and the circumstances of the two cases. In Spain I had been the victorious general of their own armies. In France, my merit with the King was that I had beaten their army. It would have been impossible to have made a falser step; and so there was an end of Grosbois. When I look back

at this offer, I am still more surprised than I was at first that it should have been thought of."

"TALLEYRAND.

"It may seem odd to confess, but I never could discover on what grounds Talleyrand's great reputation as a *Minister* was built. I never found him a man of business, nor, I must say, able in affairs. When things were returning, after the anarchy, to a more settled state, the Directory were glad to get any one of the old school who had any reputation to give a kind of respectability to their Administration. Buonaparte did the same. To have been a member of the Constituent Assembly, and to have outlived the Revolution, was itself a merit in those days. The Revolution was a kind of tontine, and Talleyrand, Fouché, and half-a-dozen others, accumulated all its advantages on their own heads by mere benefit of survivorship.

"It is easy enough to be a successful Minister for Foreign Affairs to a government which has military possession of Europe. As to his ministry under Buonaparte, it was almost a sinecure. The *chef de l'état major* was the real Minister of Foreign Affairs, and what he did not do, Buonaparte did himself, and Talleyrand often received applause and censure for things that he never saw nor heard of till they were brought to him for signature. Witness, amongst many other instances which I could give you, that paper which I gave Lord Whitworth, and which he gave to Peel, in which Buonaparte does not trust Talleyrand literally to *walk alone*, but prescribes how far he shall follow Lord Whitworth, and when he shall turn on his heel.

"When Talleyrand was discussing with Louis XVIII. the question whether the Deputies should not have an official salary, the King wished that the honour should be its reward, and that the functions should be *gratuites*. "*Gratuites!*" said Talleyrand, "*mais ce serait trop cher*."

"But what amazes one most in him is the boldness of his duplicity. Would you believe it, that at Erfurth, where Buonaparte met the Emperor of Russia, to persuade him to join in over-

whelming Austria, Talleyrand, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, who, all day long, laboured under Buonaparte's vigilant eye to carry this object, used to visit Alexander secretly at night, and furnish him with every argument, reason, or pretence which he could discover or invent against Buonaparte's plan.

"This Talleyrand himself told me, but I should not have believed it from him alone, but the Emperor confirmed it to me, and I had it also from the Princess of Tour and Taxis, at whose house these conclaves took place. When a foreign woman once gets a taste for these kinds of intrigues, she never gives it up. This good princess, having played a part in the congress at Erfurth, has contrived also to have a share in all the other congresses."

"THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

"During the movements that preceded the battle of Vittoria, we had heard of the armistice in Germany. All my staff were against my crossing the Ebro; they represented that we had done enough, that we ought not to risk the army and what we had obtained, and that this armistice would enable Buonaparte to reinforce his army in Spain, and we therefore should look to a defensive system. I thought differently. I knew that an armistice could not affect in the way of reinforcement so distant an army as that of Spain. I thought that if I could not *hurry* them out of Spain before they were reinforced, I should not be able to hold any position in Spain when they should be; and above all, I calculated on the effect that a victory might have on the armistice itself. So I crossed the Ebro and

fought the battle of Vittoria. The event showed I was right in my military expectations, and I found afterwards that I was equally right in my political speculations. The victory excited a great sensation in Germany, and particularly at the headquarters of the Allies. Metternich told me that Stadion (I think) woke him in the middle of the night with his tumultuous joy at the news. "Le roi Joseph est — en Espagne" was one of the softest terms used, and their transports subsided into a determination to denounce the armistice, and to pursue the war till Napoleon himself should be —.

"THE DUKE'S GENERALS.

"I look on Lord Beresford as the best officer we have for the command of an army. To command a division and to command an army are as different as chalk and cheese—they require quite different qualities, though the greater will, of course, include the less. Sir George Murray is a very able man, an admirable Quartermaster-General; but he is not *au fait* of the actual handling of troops—the mechanical process of bringing them into play. He is clever enough to have felt this himself, and had a mind to leave the staff to practise this branch of tactics in the management of a division; but it is necessary to begin still lower. One must understand the mechanism and power of the individual soldier; then that of a company, a battalion, or brigade, and so on, before one can venture to group divisions and move an army. I believe I owe most of my success to the attention I always paid to the inferior part of tactics as a regimental officer.¹ There were few men in the army who

¹ "He told me, on an earlier occasion, that within a few days after joining his first regiment (I think he said the 73d) as an ensign, he had one of the privates weighed in his clothes only, and then with all his arms, accoutrements, and kit in full marching-order, with the view of comparing as well as he could the power of the man with the duty expected from him. I said that this was a most extraordinary thought to have occurred to so young a man. He said, 'Why, I was not so young as not to know that since I had undertaken a profession, I had better try to understand it.' When I repeated this to Colonel Shawe, a great friend of both him and Lord Wellesley, he told me that in the Duke's early residence in India, and before he was in command, his critical study of his profession afforded a marked contrast to the general habits of that time and country. Shawe also added another early anecdote. The Duke inherits his father's musical taste, and

knew these details better than I did : it is the foundation of all military knowledge. When you are sure that you know the power of your tools and the way to handle them, you are able to give your mind altogether to the greater considerations which the presence of the enemy forces upon you.

"THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES.

"[He quoted the Archduke Charles's book, and I asked whether the Archduke was really a great officer?]

"A great officer! why, he knows more about it than all of us put together.

"Croker. What! than Buonaparte, Moreau, or yourself?

"Ay! than Buonaparte or any of us. We are none of us worthy to fasten the latches of his shoes, if I am to judge from his book and his plans of campaign. But his mind or his health has, they tell me, a very peculiar defect. He is admirable for five or six hours, and whatever can be done in that time will be done perfectly; but after that he falls into a kind of epileptic stupor, does not know what he is about, has no opinion of his own, and does whatever the man at his elbow tells him.

"THE DUKE AND THE HORSE GUARDS.

"I can't say that I owe my successes to any favour or confidence from the Horse Guards; they never showed me any, from the first day I had a command to this hour. In the first place, they thought very little of any one who had served in India. An Indian victory was not only no ground of confidence, but it was actually a cause of suspicion. Then because I was in Parliament, and connected with people in office, I was a politician, and a politician never can be a soldier. Moreover they looked upon me with a kind of jealousy, because I was a lord's son, '*a sprig of nobility*,' who came into the army

more for ornament than use. [N.B. —He more than once in the course of conversation with me mentioned this reproach of his having been '*a sprig of nobility*.' I have no doubt that the phrase had been applied to him at some early part of his career by some one from whom it had made an impression, but unluckily I omitted to ask him about it.] They could not believe that I was a tolerable regimental officer. I have proof that they thought I could not be trusted alone with a division, and I suspect they have still their doubts whether I know anything about the command of an army, for I dare say you will be surprised to hear that in all the changes made since the war in the regulations of the army, I have never been in the most trifling or distant degree consulted on any point. As to the dress, I say nothing; though that is a matter on which one who had dressed so large an army for so long might have some experience, and an opinion as to what would wear best, and be most convenient and healthy. But upon any change in the arms and accoutrements, on the establishing cuirassiers or lancers, and on things of this sort, you would have thought that I had had a good deal of practical knowledge, having had, as you know, something to do with lancers in Spain and cuirassiers at Waterloo. Well, I never knew that the Blues or any other regiment were to have cuirasses till they were actually in them. Then there was published a new book of manœuvres and movements: as it had been my luck to move and manœuvre a greater portion of the British army than any officer in the service, and in the field too, you would hardly credit, what I nevertheless assure you is the fact, that I never heard any more about it than you did."

"THE 'DRY NURSES' OF THE HORSE GUARDS.

"When the Horse Guards are obliged to employ one of those fellows

used to play very well, and rather too much, on the violin. Some circumstances occurred which made him reflect that this was not a soldierly accomplishment, and took up too much of his time and thoughts; and he burned his fiddles, and never played again. About the same time he gave up the habit of card-playing.—J. W. C."

like me in whom they have no confidence, they give him what is called a *second in command*—one in whom they have confidence—a kind of *dry nurse*. When I went to Zealand they gave me General Stewart as second in command—that is, in reality intended for *first in command*, though I was the first in name. Well, during the embarkation, the voyage out, and the disembarkation, General Stewart did everything. I saw no kind of objection to anything he suggested, and all went *à merveille*. At last, however, we came up to the enemy. Stewart, as usual, was beginning his suggestions and arrangements, but I stopped him short with ‘Come, come, ’tis my turn now.’ I immediately made my own dispositions, assigned him the command of one of the wings, gave him his orders, attacked the enemy, and beat them. Stewart, like a man of sense, saw in a moment that I understood my business, and subsided with (as far as I saw) good humour into his proper place. But this did not cure the Horse Guards. When I went to Portugal they gave me Sir Brent Spencer as *second in command*, but I came to an immediate explanation with him. I told him I did not know what the words ‘*Second in command*’ meant, any more than third, fourth, or fifth in command; that I alone commanded the army, that the other general officers commanded their divisions; that if anything happened to me, the senior survivor would take the command; that in contemplation of such a possibility I would treat them, but him in particular, as next in succession, with the most entire confidence, and would leave none of my views or intentions unexplained; but that I would have no *second in command* in the sense of his having anything like a joint command or superintending control; and that, finally and above all, I would not only take but insist upon the whole and undivided responsibility of all that should happen while the army was under my command.”

“LORD HOPETOUN.

“The late Lord Hopetoun was too rash—over brave—so much so as to be hardly trustworthy. He was always at the outposts, and whenever

there was firing he was sure to be in it. Accordingly he was always wounded, and his capture was really a disgraceful affair, and all from too much bravery. On one occasion on which he was wounded and defeated, I came up and rallied the men, and I then was obliged to tell him plainly that such boyish impetuosity *would not do*. He was a fine fellow, and as amiable as he was brave.”

“BRINGING AN ADJUTANT-GENERAL TO REASON.

“Charles Stewart (third Marquis of Londonderry) was a sad *brouillon* and mischief-maker. I was obliged to get rid of him. He used to harass the cavalry to death by constant patrols and reconnaissances. This I was obliged to forbid, but he did not obey me; but this was not the real cause of my rupture with him. It was produced by a foolish pretension he set up, as Adjutant-General of the army, that the examination of prisoners belonged exclusively to him. It happened one day that some prisoners were taken, and my aide-de-camp, happening to be on the spot, examined them immediately, and, to save time, brought me the result. But in consequence of this, Stewart refused to execute the rest of his duty as to these prisoners, and declined to take any charge or care of them whatsoever; and he left them to escape or to starve as far as his department was concerned. This was too much; so I sent for him into my room. We had a long wrangle, for I like to convince people rather than stand on mere authority; but I found him full of the pretensions of this department of his, although he and it and all of them were under my orders and at my disposal. It was in vain that I showed him that an accidental interference under emergent circumstances with what was ordinarily his duty could not be considered as any affront to him. At last I was obliged to say that, if he did not at once confess his error, and promise to obey my orders frankly and cordially, I would dismiss him instantaneously, and send him to England in arrest. After a great deal of persuasion, he burst out crying, and begged my pardon, and

hoped I would excuse his intemperance."

"INTRIGUES AGAINST THE DUKE.

"After this he intrigued in the army against me, and with the assistance of Robert Crawford, had turned every one of the general officers against me, except Lord Beresford, who, like a good soldier and honest fellow as he is, discountenanced all these petty intrigues. You will be surprised to hear that all this was grounded on a project of poor Castlereagh's going into decided opposition. His ground was to be the impossibility of doing anything in Spain, and the expediency of withdrawing the army, and this doctrine Charles Stewart preached, it seems, amongst the officers. It was therefore impossible to keep him in the army, and when he was going to England he imparted to me this notable scheme of opposition, in which his brother was about to embark. I told him that I had no right to advise him or his brother, but that, as I had a regard for both, and particularly for Castlereagh, I charged him to tell him that I looked on any such project of opposition as alike unworthy in its object and unfounded in fact, and that, like all pretences—for it was only a pretence—it would recoil on those who adopted it. However, Castlereagh soon after joined Mr Perceval, and the threatened opposition was no more heard of. I cannot believe that this was the project of Castlereagh's own mind. I suspected always that it was suggested, or perhaps only *attributed* to him, by Charles. It is wonderful what influence he had over him, and not only influence, for that might be produced by brotherly love, but Castlereagh had a real respect for Charles's understanding, and a high opinion of his good sense and discretion. This seems incomprehensible to us, who know the two men, but the fact was so.

"Poor Crawford was a dissatisfied, troublesome man, who fell quite naturally into this sort of intrigue, and I believe he pushed it to a very blamable extent, for when he was mortally wounded he sent for me, and there, in the way one has read of in romances,

he solemnly asked my forgiveness for injuries of that kind which he had done or endeavoured to do me.

"I believe there was a good deal of this sort of spirit at one time, before I had laid hold of the public opinion, both in the army and the country, but I kept never minding it, quite sure that all would come right in good season. You have expressed this in your poem about me in better language; but however expressed, the fact was that I paid so little attention to this small malice, that there was, I have no doubt, much that I never knew, and almost all I ever did hear, I have forgotten."

"THE GUARDS AND 'WHITE'S WINDOW.'

"The Duke often expressed a high opinion of what we call the *gentlemanly* spirit. After some pleasantries on Cooke, and dandyism, and so forth, to which Cooke replied with great readiness and good humour; he said the Guards (meaning the officers) were the most troublesome people in the army when there was nothing to be done, and he had constant occasions to be vexed with them when in quarters and in the intervals of active operations, but when these recommenced, the Guards were the best soldiers in the army. None of them, he said, ever misbehaved when there was any duty to be done. *White's window would not permit it.* [N.B. *White's window* was at this time the fashionable tribunal of the dandies.]

"NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

"The national character of the three kingdoms was strongly marked in my army. I found the English regiments always in the best humour when we were well supplied with beef; the Irish when we were in the wine countries, and the Scotch when the dollars for pay came up. This looks like an epigram, but I assure you it was a fact, and quite perceptible; but we managed to reconcile all their tempers, and I will venture to say that in our later campaigns, and especially when we crossed the Pyrenees, there never was an army in the world in better spirits, better order, or better discipline. We had mended in dis-

cipline every campaign, until at last (smiling) I hope we were pretty near perfect."

"AN ENIGMA IN BUONAPARTE'S
CAREER.

"There was something in Buonaparte's hasty return out of Spain [in December and January 1808-9] that I have never understood. When Moore retreated, he followed him closely as far as Benevento and Astorga. He had a greatly superior force, two to one he gave out; and I should have thought, as he was afterwards so anxious *de se frotter* against me, he would at that time have been still more anxious to have personally performed his threat of driving the leopards into the sea; but he stopped, all of a sudden, committed the command of the armies to Soult, who pushed Moore as hard as he could, while Buonaparte returned to Valladolid, where he remained a week or ten days, doing nothing that we know of while Soult was following Moore; and I think it was about the very day that the battle of Corunna was fought that Buonaparte set out from Valladolid for France, riding post through Spain, and making a wonderfully rapid journey to Paris. The reason given for all this was that he had received news of the bad disposition of Austria, which rendered his presence in Paris very urgent; but that does not explain his quitting

his army at Astorga, at the moment that it had come in contact with Moore, and it was clear they must soon fight a regular battle; and his returning to waste, as far as I can see, ten days or a fortnight before he set out for Paris. Was he disinclined *de se frotter* against Moore? Did he wish that Soult should try what stuff our people were made of before he risked his own great reputation against us? or did he despair of driving us out of Corunna? and was the bad news from Vienna (he generally kept bad news a profound secret) now invented or promulgated to excuse his evident reluctance to follow us up? I cannot account for his not having subtracted from the three weeks he spent in Spain after his return from Astorga, and the three months that, I think, he spent at Paris, half-a-dozen days for so great an object as a victory over the English won by himself in person. My own notion is that he was not sure of the victory. He was certainly at that time greatly displeased with Talleyrand, and made him a *scène* on his arrival in Paris; and it is possible, and even probable, that the extreme haste of his return may have had some political cause, foreign or internal; but even this does not explain my difficulty of why he did not in person attack Moore, or, at all events, why he was not rather with the army the ten days that he lingered at Valladolid."

OUTLYING PROFESSIONS.

As the world gradually ages and gets "settled up," the struggle for life, or at least for luxury, becomes more desperate every day. Parents with a plurality of sons, more and more puzzled as to disposing of them, are slow to echo the sentiment of the psalmist as to the happiness of the man with a quiver full of children. For in these days we are not only bound to live but constrained to keep moving, and among the gentry or upper middle classes, simple vegetation is become not only disreputable but difficult. So lately as the end of the last century, as in the centuries preceding it, the claims of blood were still strong with the squires and lairds, if ready money was scarce. Cadets who had little or nothing left them in the way of provision, naturally hung on to the head of the family. "Jock, the laird's brother," became a proverbial expression in Scotland for the well-born parasite and loafer, who looked after the horses, hounds, and hawks, acted in short as stud-groom, head-keeper, and factotum, and in return had his clothes and keep, with his share of the bottles of an evening. Similar habits were in force to the south of the Tweed; and Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone's household was a fair specimen of the life in many an ancient hall or manor-house, when encumbrances were accumulating fast with the exigencies of a more refined civilisation. Sometimes, in Scotland, a younger son was started on a small farm, where with scanty stock and scantier capital he managed somehow to make the two ends meet. The alternative of the easier sort of existence was all very well for those who had little self-respect

and less ambition. The hall-table was supplied from the home fields, the coverts, and the ponds, from the hills or the streams; great hogsheads of strong beer were brewed by the butler; almost the only outgoings in ready money were for the gay clothes that were worn threadbare, and for the cellar, which was never an inconsiderable item. Where there was self-respect, or any spirit of enterprise, a younger son would go in for a pair of colours; or perhaps, with the example of the immortal Whittington before him, he might try his fortunes in commerce or trade. In cases of the kind, like the prodigal in the parable, he had his portion of the inheritance, such as it was, and thenceforth his relations washed their hands of him. If his luck turned up trumps, so much the better; the family had any credit he might gain, or possibly the reversion of a fortune. If he came down to the swine and the husks, little more was heard of him. Communications by letter were so slow and precarious that it seemed hardly worth while writing home for the remittance, which, in any case, would be almost certainly refused. And it must be owned that it was a happy state of things when anxious parents did not live under the shadow of perpetual posts, and in the terror of pressing and peremptory demands.

Even in those days the time had gone by when foreign soldiering in one shape or another might lead to high fortune. When arms were the only career of a gentleman, unless he took orders in the Catholic Church with the probabilities of good preferment, the choice of a profession was greatly simplified.

We know how many Scotchmen got their bread by foreign service, if they did not make a name in foreign wars. Few of the old county families but had sent sons to be enrolled in the Scottish Archer Guards of the French kings. And the fashion continued after the Scottish Guard had been suppressed or swamped by the admission of native Frenchmen. Through the thirty years' war, Dugald Dalgetties were to be found everywhere to the front, changing indifferently from the service of the King of Sweden to that of the Emperor and back again, if they did not actually "take a turn with Bethlem Gabor or the Janisaries." Fair nominal pay, though too frequently in arrear, with the chances of plunder, contented the hardy Scot who had been used to roughing it from his boyhood. It was characteristic that in the wealthier England soldierly aspirations soared a higher flight, and aimed at estates to be gained and bequeathed, as well as at excitement and glory. There have never been such prizes in the irregular professions as in the golden days of Elizabeth, though too often the expectation proved sadly delusive, and the adventurers broke their gallant hearts in following their Wills'-o'-the-wisp through the swamps and forests of America. But it was worth while risking much for these dazzling dreams, when the mere indulgence in them half-satisfied their victims. The sons of the old Devonshire halls—the Raleighs, the Gilberts, and the Grevilles—were modern crusaders of a somewhat more practical bent than their fanatical prototypes. The discovery of an El Dorado was at least as likely as founding a Christian kingdom of the Cross, with the Holy Sepulchre for its Kaaba. It promised infinitely greater gains to the

English race; and patriotism with the promoters of these expeditions was so inextricably confounded with personal motives, that it must have been difficult or impossible for themselves to distinguish one from the other. They had no difficulty in finding recruits among the hardy southern seamen, to whom they could offer comparatively little but the excitement of adventure, with an occasional handful of doubloons to be squandered as fast as they were earned. And the command of these expeditions was a tempting profession to men who, if they missed the mines and golden realms they went in search of, could fall back in any case on the Spanish galleons. There was always the fun of fighting against desperate odds, when the low, swift English craft swept alongside the floating castle, and her crew either carried it against the Spaniards, or were sent to the bottom or cut to pieces.

The bold English adventurers who first sailed the Pacific were actuated by patriotism, and by a detestation of the Pope, the priests, and the Spaniards, almost as much as by cupidity. But the profession they originated proved so attractive to their seafaring countrymen, that, after passing through sundry doubtful stages, it was degraded into the buccaneering that bordered on piracy. Buccaneering, strictly speaking, was merely the romance of the butcher's business. The buccaneer hunted down the herds of wild cattle that had multiplied and ran wild on many of the West Indian islands, and establishing his headquarters on Tortuga, he smoked the flesh and sold the superabundance. But those amphibious Vikings, being far removed from law, were by no means fastidious as to how they made their money. They chased the

Spaniards on the sea as they hunted the wild cattle in the forests, and naturally, when the Spaniards had the better of them, no mercy was shown. They ravaged the Spanish colonies; they stormed and sacked fortified cities; and when regular business was slack, or the Spaniards unusually formidable, they yielded easily to irresistible temptation, and preyed upon peaceful and neutral traders. So that now and then, if an Englishman came into the clutches of one of his Majesty's cruisers, he might be hung up in chains at Port Royal or elsewhere. But when any day he might be brought face to face with death, in shape of shot, fever, or famine, the particular form was merely matter of detail. If he died game he had the regard of his comrades, who formed the circle in which his posthumous character was to be discussed; while on the other hand, in buccaneering, as on the Stock Exchange or elsewhere, success was sure to cover a multitude of sins. A rich man could sue out his letters of pardon, and even take high office under a tolerant Government, grateful to him for adding to the national wealth, and recruiting seamen who might serve in the navy. He might have his snug tombstone in the parish church, with a tablet in the chancel commemorating his virtues and parochial bequests. Did not Morgan, after being the terror of the tropical seas, hang or pardon his former comrades in his capacity of Deputy-Governor of Jamaica, and ultimately die in the odour of respectability, a knight of considerable landed property?

But although the spirit of enterprise may still be alive in England, it is idle sighing for the opportunities of that golden time. It is long since buccaneers and "gentlemen adventurers" were bluntly desig-

nated as pirates; for all their cruising, however successful it might be, could only bring them up in an Execution Dock. Even irregularly honourable soldiering was discouraged with the institution of a standing army. Nevertheless, for long the marvellous "expansion of England" offered wonderful chances to the young and energetic. There were pagoda trees to be shaken in India, by soldiers as well as civilians. In fact, the one calling was confounded with the other, for a critical emergency might turn a clerk into a commander-in-chief. Clive left his stool in the Company's offices at Madras to take a seat in the House of Lords after his campaigns, and in the meantime he had passed through the treasury of Moorshe-dabad, where, after filling his pockets pretty freely, he had gone away "astonished at his own moderation." Men of inferior talents, without being Clives, found easy roads to wealth in the laxity of public morals. Underpaid civilians, after longer or shorter exile, came home to the old country as full-blown nabobs, to build palaces, to order round "more curricles" for their guests, and to raise the price of everything, from "eggs to rotten boroughs," on the old county families, who regarded them jealously. Even after the reforms in the Indian administration, there was still romance in the career. The Company had set its face against corruption, but the pay was enormously increased. Sybarites like Jos. Sedley had only to keep reasonably steady, and they dropped into a succession of fat appointments. A collector of Boglywallah might indulge himself in the luxuries within his reach, and nevertheless could hardly help saving largely. Then half the quick-witted soldiers were sent "upon

the staff"; or detached from the regiments they seldom saw, drew large pay and allowances as independent political agents. At that time, we repeat, there was still romance in an Indian career, but ruthless retrenchment and radical military reforms have gone far towards reducing the prizes in the profession. And now, instead of getting a lift over the walls from the shoulder of some influential connection, men are only admitted through the narrow wicket-gate after the preliminaries of searching competitive examinations.

But before the emoluments of the Indian Civil Service had been cut down, pushing young men of small means had golden opportunities elsewhere. Australia was really at the other side of the world,—except at some such penal settlement as Botany Bay, the English had hardly touched it. But the English flag was set up over a vast continent, which was open to the dashing adventurers who chose to take their lives in their hands. When the young Englishman landed at Port Philip or Port Jackson, the good of all the country was before him. When he had bought the beginnings of his flocks and herds, he was much in the position of the patriarchs Lot and Abraham. Without paying up any cash to speak of, without transfer of title-deeds or dealings with the lawyers, he might settle and squat down in any district that pleased him. As in the case of Lot, the first thing to be considered was to find a district that was fertile and well watered, for droughts are the curse of Australia as of Canaan. But then there was ample elbow-room, and it was only a question of going further into the interior. It is true that in Australia as in Canaan there were other diffi-

culties to be overcome. The natives, from an absurd notion that they had some right to their hereditary possessions, were apt to be troublesome. But the Australian blacks were neither very numerous nor very warlike: they were amenable, besides, to the unfamiliar seductions of strong drink, and we fear the pioneers of our civilisation, as a rule, were by no means particular in their dealings. We suspect that many of them came to class "the black fellows" with the emus and kangaroos, knocking one and the other over indiscriminately. Be that as it may, the savages soon had a wholesome terror of the guns that carried further and straighter than their boomerangs; and withdrawing to the recesses of the scrub, they wisely gave a wide berth to the intruders, merely knocking an occasional bush-shepherd on the head — offences which were generally avenged on principles of vicarious justice. These were happy days, when with slack competition and ready markets for the fleeces of the fast-multiplying flocks, the squatters, in spite of epidemics and droughts, extended their domains and accumulated fortunes.

At first it was nothing out of the way for a man to come home after an absence of twelve or fifteen years with more than an easy competency. He either retained a share in the run he had established, or realising his gains, he left them lucratively invested in a country where the normal rate of interest was from eight to ten per cent; while those who chose to make a home of their adopted country, were quickly and steadily developing into millionaires. But the droughts and deserts of Australia set limits to the pasturage, and the time came when even the broad grassy skirts

of that great continent were to be crowded up. The democracy of the towns rose into the ascendant under a popular representative system, and the squatting aristocracy fell on comparatively evil times. "Cockatoos" had permission to perch on small land lots, which they naturally chose near available water: and though capital might sometimes protect itself by pre-emption against these encroachments, new colonists with a mere trifle of a thousand or two were being steadily pushed to the wall. But often as one door shuts another would seem to open opportunely; and so the discoveries of gold in California and Australia set all the adventurers of Europe and the New World agog. Without any pretensions to the gift of prophecy, we may say that such openings will hardly occur again; for the diamond diggings in South Africa were merely an episode in speculation, since precious stones must cease to be precious when they are no longer the luxuries of the rich. But the wants of the world in respect of gold seem, for all practical purposes, to be inexhaustible; and though the river of Pactolus may be fed from a thousand fresh sources, thanks to steady evaporation it never seems to overflow any more than the Dead Sea. So while the gold fevers ran their course, there were grand chances for peniless scapegraces. The sole stock-in-trade was strength and pluck; the outfit a pickaxe, a shovel, a revolver, and a pocketful of cartridges. Fathers could get rid of troublesome children for a trifle: for a steerage-passage across the ocean cost very little; and they were sent out not merely in the hope of securing a competency, but to the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Cynically regarded, the gold-fields were for the time an inexhaustible resource and an unmitigated blessing. They might not be the safest of moral schools, but they sifted and somehow disposed of their scholars. Incorrigible scamps who would have done little good anywhere were beset by all manner of temptations, to which those who were weak, either physically or morally, succumbed. If they took to spending their days, or even the days' wages in the drinking bars, they fell victims to sun-stroke and villainous spirits: or possibly they got mixed up in a free-shooting affair, and were carried out to be sat upon by the coroner. But if they were steady and resisted temptation, they were sure to do more or less good. They might work hard and make little: they might be worried and half lose heart as their hopes sank over unsuccessful "claims." But they generally found dust enough to keep body and soul together, with something more; and in the meantime the stern discipline was doing them inestimable service. Possibly many of those graduates in the school of adversity were better off in the end than the few who had a wonderful run of luck, and "realised the stakes" in pure gold of Ophir. With not a few of the miners it was a case of "lightly come, lightly go," and the chief results of their gold ventures were wasteful habits of squandering. But there were many of the shrewder sort, who soon came to understand that the shortest cut to wealth was by speculating on the gains of others. When they had gathered a little capital, if they attended personally to its practical investment, with tolerably clear heads they could hardly go wrong. They set up spirit-shops, refreshment rooms, or

general stores: they dealt in gold-dust, and came to dabble in bills. The retail trade was all for ready money, so they needed to make no bad debts; they charged pretty nearly anything they pleased; adulterated pale ale was dearer than Heidsieck or Cliquot; and boots went for the weight of their soles in gold. Those who were early in the field, before competition became keen, rolled up little fortunes, hand over hand; though, of course, they had to count with the chances of a knife-thrust or of being knocked over by some casual bullet. Then they invested their savings in building lots or sheep-runs, so that nowadays they or their heirs stand high among the colonial aristocracy.

Unhappily, however, such opportunities are over, and, as we have said, they are unlikely to recur. Now, unless you have considerable capital to begin with, which is an ironical begging of the question in large families, there is little to be hoped for in the colonies beyond bare subsistence, after serving a long and hard apprenticeship. We have seen that the fertile districts of Australia have been settled up, and the great squatters have been fencing themselves within their runs, by leagues upon leagues of iron fencing. That alone shows the amount of capital indispensable for the business, putting the necessity of stocking and getting land out of the question. As for the mines, they are being worked by syndicates or companies (limited), with great employment of labour, and a vast expenditure on machinery. There is hardly a place for the poor educated man even in the cities—where clerks and shopkeepers are perhaps as plentiful as in England, and where they have taken to “raising” their own professional men, who start with the

advantage of local connections. The Cape! With the exception of that episode of the diamond-fields, there was never much probability of making more than a living there; and now that the game is being crowded back beyond the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, those who would follow in the waggon-ruts of the Harrises and Gordon Cummings must go elsewhere in the Dark Continent. Were it not for the scarcely explored regions between the Upper Congo and the Upper Nile, the African elephant would be almost as rare as old English wild cattle, and our “ivory” would be bone or vegetable imitations. Canada! We are always hearing a great deal of Canadian immigration, and of the riches of the virgin soil between the Saskatchewan and the Pacific. Granting the fertility of the “Fertile Belt” and other districts; granting the magnificence of the timber on the great western rivers, and the fact that blasting reefs in the river beds, and laying down rails by the thousand miles, must facilitate the transmission of the produce to markets, we can recall hardly an instance of a Canadian settler who has come back with a fortune. Any prizes drawn out there that we happen to have heard of have been fished out of shipping companies and financial speculations. To rise above the lot of the labourer or lumberer, in British America more than elsewhere you must command a moderate sum of money; and the life of the ordinary farmer is as dreary as can well be conceived. He has fewer comforts, of course, than his brother in England, for he is farther removed from anything like educated society; he toils at high pressure through the short spring and the summer, and in the

long winter his life is a blank, disagreeably checkered by hardships and some daily drudgery. If we meant to expatriate a boy permanently, sending him where the struggle for existence could be only smoothed, we should send him for choice to a genial climate, where mere existence might be enjoyable all the year round.

Talking of genial climates, Florida suggests itself; and Florida has been "considerably cracked up" of late, and is become the fashion with North American consumptives. Well, we fancy that the seaports and watering-places of Florida are all that can be desired in point of brightness and balmy atmosphere; while the orange-groves, planted by the orange-farmers, remind one of the Gardens of Atlantis, or the glories of "the Golden Shell." It is true that the soft climate may be somewhat sensuous, and predispose the settler to indolence, but that is a mere matter of detail. But the young adventurer in Florida, who may answer any one of those advertisements that have been so frequent of late, is hardly likely to make his home on the sunny coast or among islands and keys where the tropical heat is tempered by the sea-breezes. He must buy his strip of soil up some swampy river, stealing snake-like beneath the black shadows of the jungle, and if he gives no more than the value, it may be cheap enough. But he must proceed to clear it, stirring the seeds of the fevers that lie in the slime and the leaf-mould, all ready to fructify: the very wild pigs that will come grubbing round his log-hut seem wasted down to skin and sinew by the malaria; and if he hope to hold on to gather his orange-crops, he should start with an iron constitution and unlimited supplies of quinine.

Mining enterprise in the western territories of the Union has been pretty nearly "played out," at least for small men; but cattle-raising has come very much into favour. Companies with large capital have been forming, and the cry is, "still they come." We believe that those who were first in the field, or rather in the prairie, have been fairly successful: there can be no question that some boards of directors show highly respectable names. But the business is apparently being overdone; and though we see no reason to suspect the honesty of the newer companies, we are inclined to doubt the glowing promises of the prospectuses. The presumption is that American vendors are fully alive to the value of the lands; nor are they likely to accept anything less than handsome prices for their herds. Then capable and trustworthy managers are always difficult to procure; and in such cases everything must depend on the management. It is easy enough for a young man to get a place as employé on a ranche—or in other words, to be articulated to an apprenticeship as cowboy. We have conversed with more than one of those young fellows—favourable specimens too—when home for a short holiday, and we cannot think theirs is a suitable life for a gentleman. Most of them seem content to revel in the enjoyment of magnificent health, in a climate that undoubtedly is delightfully invigorating. They rise early, and go early to bed; they pass long days in the saddle, tiring out two or three of their sturdy horses, and varying the monotony of the cattle-driving with a little shooting. Their digressions are perfect, as they ought to be, for the fare is as rough as the fellowship. But they have no leisure to think, they don't

think, and the mind lies fallow. They learn to live in the present, in forgetfulness of the future; they become indifferent to ambition even in their particular line, and so are seldom ready to rise to such rare opportunities as may offer themselves. A man who has influence with the board or the manager, as well as brains, aptitude, and energy, may rise from the ranks to a situation of greater trust, in which his services are more liberally remunerated. Otherwise the apprenticeship leads on to little, except an occasion for investing any money of your own; and then you are a minnow sent afloat among leviathans.

In short, it cannot be denied that, in the present day, the prospect of a parent with several boys to send out into the world is a gloomy one. Were he to sit down deliberately to forecast the chances of success or failure in each case, he would be almost tempted to despair. And the end of the whole matter seems to be that, barring any singular stroke of good luck, some money is indispensable, sooner or later. The recognised professions are so much overstocked, that the inclination of the man with straitened means is naturally to avoid them. Indeed Law, Physic, and Divinity would be almost debarred, were it not for a certain number of side-paths that diverge from the beaten high-roads. There is one pull in Holy Orders nowadays—that curates are far better paid than they used to be; and the supply seems generally to fall short of the demand. There are no such lamentable cases as that of the Rev. Amos Barton, who starved, with his wife and six children, on a pittance of £80 per annum. The curate nowadays can calculate on £150, and, choosing his rector, may indulge his particular sectarian preposses-

sions, and range from Roman Catholic ritualism to the lowest of the Low Church. There is the danger that preferment may be indefinitely postponed; but then as compensation he enjoys extraordinary advantages in the way of matrimony. A young divine of personable appearance and mildly dignified manners—and it is all the better if he be something of an athlete, with a weakness for lawn-tennis—should have half his fair female parishioners at his feet. We say nothing of his having the persuasive gifts of an orator, and of his lips dropping honey and launching thunderbolts from the pulpit; because, in that case, he should certainly make his way by other roads than that of marriage. Then the pleasant-mannered clerk in Holy Orders may secure a lucrative appointment as travelling tutor, where the pupil, or the pupil's grateful friends, may have family livings in their gift. The tutor is pretty sure to hold good trumps in his hand, and he must be a fool if he does not play them to some purpose. And still more magnificent prizes are to be found in a career which, in former days, was one of the humblest. In Goldsmith's days, as we know from the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' an usher was supposed to be ready "to lie three in a bed," to have had the small-pox, and a capacity for digesting anything. There are ushers and ushers now; and the lot of many of these gentlemen must be trying enough. But high-class schools have been multiplying, and steadily growing in reputation. An assistant master of cultivation, who unites the *fortiter* to the *suaviter*—who can "command the respect and secure the attachment of his pupils"—is very sure to rise to distinction. Head-masterships are enviable berths; and unless a head-master deliber-

ately run his head against some stone wall, he should look forward to dying on the Bench of Bishops—unless he dislikes the labour of the episcopacy and despises the emoluments. Then if a clergyman and tutor have the special talent, and desires to become a wealthy man with little personal trouble, he has only to direct a staff of capable but underpaid assistants, and drive a manufacturing establishment for the competitive examinations as an advertising crammer.

Feeling the way towards a handsome income in medicine is perhaps more heart-breaking work than in the Church. There are no tolerably paid curacies of the body, to begin with. The hospitals and lecture-rooms are far from being schools of the graces, recommending their *élèves* to the favour of the fair sex. Flirtations with the curacy come as matters of course: the curate even in the bloom of his youth is half a father confessor, and is necessarily in double sympathy with the females of his flock. There is popular prejudice to be overcome in the case of the young doctor. However unjust the suspicion may be, the taint of dissipation and recollections of Bob Sawyer are supposed to cling to him, and the routine of his daily duties is unromantic, or even repulsive. It is one thing to come to a lawn-tennis party from the oratory or ministrations at the altar; quite another to come from some curious anatomical investigation. Yet even more in medicine than in the Church, is the young practitioner bound to marry. A married doctor may make his way, where the bachelor will be brought up at each turn by the *convenances* and obstacles of delicacy. And poverty is a tradition of the primitive church, which worthy and well-to-do women in

all ages have felt it a sacred duty to alleviate; while a poor doctor is popularly though most unfairly presumed to have no skill to recommend him. So that practitioners in the metropolis and in the great towns are bound to set up a brougham as soon as possible; and if they desire to drive on swiftly and smoothly, a jobbed pair of horses is all the better. We do not pretend to be in the secrets of the profession; but we suspect that advertising at the start must often be a dangerous speculation. Solicitors or bankers, if not the thorough-paced usurers, must surely often be in the secret of it. Be that as it may, the regular mediciner needs money, for in any case he must have a respectable house and a consulting-room, where he may sit in expectation sickening amid the “pleasures of Hope.” But even in medicine there are side tracks that may be trod with satisfaction, though they may stop short at a competency instead of leading to a position. Certain diseases are perhaps more common than elsewhere in thinly-settled countries, where serious accidents besides may be irremediable evils. The colonists are said to pay liberally, though the work is hard—harder even than that of the country doctor at home, whose duties may take him about half-a-dozen parishes, and who is liable to be knocked up at all hours of the night. Then there are the sea-going steamers and emigrant ships, which must be provided with surgeons. In the one case the doctors are well paid by companies; and it must be the aspirant’s own fault if, in his peculiar circumstances, he does not avail himself of serviceable connections. We can hardly conceive a more advantageous opening than soothing the fears of a nervous old

woman of either sex, when seasickness has brought her to the verge of despair, and the rest of the passengers keep selfishly aloof. The surgeon of an emigrant vessel has no such chances; but being paid so much per head, the profits are considerable, seeing that emigrant ships are almost invariably over-crowded, while the opportunities of extending his experience are unrivalled, as nobody knows or greatly cares what may be the results of empirical treatment. Then agreeable young doctors have other opportunities, now that travelling and ocean-yachting are so much the fashion. We are sorry to think that few millionaires carry chaplains in their *suite*; and knowing the invariable delays of the law, there is no need for them to have consulting lawyers at their elbow. But life is as precious as health is uncertain; and it is well worth paying a trifling insurance against the risks of sudden and severe illness. And as we remarked in reference to passenger steamers, the doctor-companion must be worse than a fool, if he does not get more out of such a connection than simply his salary and some sight-seeing.

The law has always cast its nets for many sorts and conditions of men. "Mad Shallow" was a member of an Inn of Court, when he listened to the chimes at midnight; and in the dissipated days of the Stuarts, the Templars were a distinguished community, who drank, dined, and drabbed with the best, and waged civil wars with the denizens of Alsatia. The law was a favourite education for elder sons, who, as their parents fondly hoped, might learn to manage their own properties; while younger sons were sent to study it, as a preliminary to sinecures or profitable appointments. Should any of them

take to study seriously, and turn out a Coke or a Bacon, so much the better. But again the Temple was the resort of the plodding and hard working, who were prepared to make sacrifices, and to go through a great deal, so that they succeeded in the end. An educated student, resident in the great metropolis, could turn his talents to a variety of uses. When he scraped the fees together, and went in for the course of dinners, he was supposed to be specially eligible for various occupations. The Temple was at no great distance from Grub Street and Paternoster Row; and many a Templar was indebted for lodging and board to the intimate relations he established with the booksellers. After the debates in Parliament and the proceedings in the Law Courts came to be regularly reported, a new vocation was opened to him. Not a few Lords Chancellor, like Lord Campbell, and many of our most eminent judges, climbed to the woolsack or the bench by the stairs of the Reporters' Gallery. With a practically unlimited capacity for work, the one pursuit did not interfere with the other; though now that reporting is more systematic and infinitely better paid than formerly, we fancy that a fatal facility in shorthand cuts short some tolerably promising careers.

But literature nowadays is the seduction that in one shape or another changes the bent of many a young barrister's ambition. And the cleverer he is, if he have no legal connections, the more likely he is to be tempted aside. Should he be a literary genius, there is nothing to be said against that; but the danger is that he slips down between the two stools. He may miss the professional success that perseverance and study would have assured him; and never rise

in the army of the pen beyond the rank of a carefully-drilled subaltern. To be sure the seduction of literary pursuits is very great in many cases. Semi-starvation or rigid economy are disagreeable things at the best; and it is even more trying perhaps to a man of energetic disposition to put himself into indefinite training for the performances that may never come off. He sits in his solitary chamber, buried among his books, listening to the steps up the staircase that never stop at his door. The heart is sickened with hopes deferred, as the banker's account is drawn down to a shadowy balance. He seems to have gathered law enough at the least for all he is likely to make of it in the meantime; it will be time enough to extend his reading when the briefs and fees begin to tumble in. Meanwhile his neighbour Smith, a dull enough fellow in all conscience, has a profitable engagement on the staff of the 'Morning Star'; while Jones, who is shallow if he can sparkle occasionally, has been pushing an extensive connection with the magazines. He decides to try his own luck, and possibly succeeds. He makes a certain mark as a political critic, and is retained as a writer of leading articles. He is on duty three or four nights in the week, till all hours in the morning. The pay is good—he may afford to marry on it; but then, so far as the bar is concerned, he goes no further. Very few men have either the strength or the versatility to shift their seats between a couple of boxes and drive so different a pair of teams; so law goes to the wall when journalism engrosses the intellect. That is still more the case with the fascinations of lighter literature. The study of the law must be dry at the best before it is

sweetened by forensic triumphs and by sovereigns; and it is difficult to turn back to Blackstone and the Reports from following the fortunes of some favourite heroine through beds of flowers and thickets of bramble.

Literature ranks high now among the irregular professions; nor need one pay entry money at the gloomy gates of the Temple to enter the Elysian Fields on fair terms. Most clever boys—girls too, for that matter—are more or less inclined to scribble; and they are so disposed to think highly of their own performances, that till they are disillusioned, they are buoyed up by delusive hope. And literature is become a profession like another, and a decent and reputable profession for those who are adapted to it. It is not now as in the days of Samuel Johnson, when a steady literary genius might be doomed to take his victuals behind a screen because his clothes were disreputable even to indecency. There is no reason now why a brilliant Savage, starving one week and carousing the next, should be hurried by ill-regulated talents to the devil, and brought to sleep on the benches in the parks, because he cannot hire a bed in a garret. Successful literature depends on fair health, like the law and medicine, and many other callings; but with fair health it offers safe emoluments, on the strength of which the family man may insure his life. Many a leading leader-writer on the metropolitan press has the income of a dean: many a rector or vicar, with glebe lands sinking in value or tithes falling in arrear, might gladly change places with not a few of the minor lights. The provincial press pays liberally likewise: and there are scores of editors of flourishing provincial

journals who would not be easily tempted to London. Make a name by a book on some special subject, and the name will sell very indifferent articles at fancy prices. Literature must be treated as well as politics, and there is a steady demand besides for general articles, so that writers of versatility have many strings to their bow. Novels have become so common, the market has been so overstocked by the swarms of facile females who rush into it, that we cannot speak confidently of profits in that department. Nevertheless there are still good prizes to be gained by the novelists who attain to notoriety and popularity; and the demand for serial fiction in the provinces and in the colonies opens broad vistas of speculation. And in literature, according to the branch that is followed, one may either make a considerable name, or else exert a secret influence on events which may be more gratifying to many people. The popular novelist or poet is *fêted* and flattered in his *coterie*, if not by society in general. The influential editor, or leader-writer, or critic, is followed and toadied by many folks, who frequently carry obsequiousness the length of servility; while the brilliant essayist, dropping the anonymous in an appreciative circle of his own, perhaps savours the sweetness of an incense more quietly gratifying than any other. For the chances are he is an entertaining companion, with gifts that make him the delight of a small round dinner-table. But we need hardly repeat that the aspirant must have natural aptitudes, otherwise he need count upon nothing but disappointment and heart-breaking failure. We have no faith in the theory paradoxically set forth by some of our successful writers, that a youth may be trained to the author's blotting-

pad as to the three-legged stool in a merchant's office; though dogged determination may make him a literary drudge—which is among the worst-paid as it is the most precarious and repulsive of callings.

But we cannot dismiss the career without allusion to the department which is the romance of the profession. We refer, of course, to the war-correspondence of the journals. It is melancholy to think how much our histories might have gained had the war-correspondent been among the camp-followers of a Marlborough, a Peterborough, or a Wellington. Though, on second thoughts, it is absurd to talk of the war-correspondent as content to take his place among the camp-followers. On the contrary, it is his business to be always in the front, and to face the shells and the bullets without the hope of medals or promotion. Should he fall, the utmost his modesty need expect is an obituary notice by his colleagues, and a tribute in the journal he scribbles for. Yet, in a way, the ingenious and dashing correspondent does gain reputation at the cannon's mouth and social distinction besides, to say nothing of more solid advantages. Commanders-in-chief and generals of division may dislike him: they may dread those trenchant and unprofessional criticisms which he strikes off, almost in the saddle, at a moment's notice: they detest him when fortune is declaring against them. But for their own sakes they are bound to be civil to him, since they know how much he has in his power. It is not so easy to fight down a condemnatory letter that has been condensed into half the European languages. So the correspondent in the rush of the invading columns that peacefully carries some stagnant provincial town, has snug quarters assigned

him by a grumbling quartermaster. He is invited to take camp luck on *filets* of horse-flesh, when the fighting men are sighing for the rations that are far in the rear with the commissariat waggons; and he smokes cigars of a quiet evening with statesmen who are already revolving momentous conditions of peace. Though it is *de rigueur* that his letters should be unsigned, if they make their mark they give his name a wide notoriety; and the proprietors of the paper make much of the man who could so easily provide himself with another situation. The life is rough and often perilous; but then the pay and allowances are good in proportion. The correspondent at the top of the tree has *carte blanche* for horses, conveyances, &c., and, of course, for telegrams, while sometimes he receives almost fabulous pay, which naturally he has few opportunities of spending. Happily for him, there are always "little wars" by way of interludes to the big ones, though a march to Ashanti or through the Mountains of the Moon may be more trying than the sharpest campaign on the Danube. But even the piping times of peace are by no means an unmixed misfortune to him. They give him leisure to "recuperate," as the Americans say, from a strain that would become insupportable were it never to be relaxed. The man who can scribble brightly in the saddle or over the camp-fire, is sure to have considerable versatility of talents; and in any case it is worth while to give him a handsome retaining fee to keep him available for the next emergency. He makes a small fortune besides, by signing his name to magazine articles, in which he works up his waste material till his webs become flimsy and threadbare. While,

above all, if his tongue be as fluent as his pen, he may fill a hall, from the reserved seats to the upper gallery, with an audience assembled to cheer his reminiscences. Then fancy may be invoked to the assistance of the memory, and it is his own fault if he do not make a hit and a sensation.

That lecturing, by the way, is by no means a bad trade for a gentleman who catches fire on the stump, and can choose his subjects discreetly. It is not given to every one to sail to Corinth. It is not every one who is invited over to America, to be paraded by *impresarios* and persecuted by interviewers; to travel in sumptuous special Pullman cars; to be smothered in showers of bouquets, and surfeited with food and flattery at banquets; and what is much more to the purpose, to transmit dollars by the thousand to his bankers in London. To achieve that, one must play comparatively on velvet, and have already attained to a transatlantic reputation. But a good deal of tolerably profitable lecturing is done in a quiet way at home, by men who enjoy a certain credit as specialists. There are lecturers, religious, political, and scientific; there are lecturers who work up the materials of other men, expatiating on stories of travel and adventure. They are paid more or less liberally, according to results: in any circumstances, with their free quarters and their travelling expenses, they see something of their native land very cheaply, and are more or less lionised wherever they go. And we might discourse on the subject of those side-professions indefinitely; but the sum and conclusion of the whole matter seems to be, that where one cannot be sure of a promising start, the secret of life is seizing on opportunities.

THE WATERS OF HERCULES.—PART IV.

CHAPTER XIII.—“SIR HOVART.”

“Bring the rod, the line, the reel,
Bring, oh bring the osier creel,
Bring me flies of fifty kinds,
Bring me clouds and showers and winds.”

—THOMAS STODDART.

IN spite of the seclusion of the Hercules valley, such things as postmen were not entirely unknown, and letters and newspapers occasionally did stumble upon the right address: so also an epistle of Belita's, the answer to that last of Gretchen's, written before the journey. The signature this time was no longer Belita *Pegrelli*, but Belita *Francopazzi*; for the mystic words at the altar-foot had some weeks ago transformed her into that ideal of happiness—a rich Contessa.

She wrote from Switzerland, and after a description of her wedding-dress (not of her wedding); she put some questions as follows: Tell me by return of post what your watering-place is like; I mean, whether the *Cursalon* is favourable for showing off dresses? Promenade ditto? Would Parisian toilettes find a *public sympathique*? Is it the sort of place where one can change dresses three times a-day? The truth is, I am sick of Switzerland: we meet nothing but dowdy German women, who wear hats which make my blood run cold, and who, I am certain, cling secretly to the tradition of the crinoline; or else big English ladies, coated, cravat-ed, and booted like men. There is no triumph in eclipsing such rivals. I like to feel that my foemen are worthy of my steel. Besides which, Margherita—I blush for my weakness, but I have a sort of notion that I should like to see you again; or, more properly speaking, I should

like to see what acquaintances you have found in your barbarous valley. You are at a critical period of life, *Bambina*, and I do not mean to lose sight of you until you have made your fortune as brilliantly as I have made mine. (Talking of that, by the by, Draskócs would, of course, be all very well, if that sleepy lawyer of yours had it in him to finish the eternal suit.) Do you know, Margherita, that your last letter made me rather uneasy? You have a clear head, to be sure; but Germans are never quite to be trusted. I am afraid you must have been reading some very second-rate novels. Do not again let me hear you talk such rubbish about a man saying to a woman “that she is the only woman to him, &c.” Where did you pick up these ideas? I should like to see Ludovico try to say that sort of thing to me! I promise you he would not do it again. I am happy to say that I have observed no such sign of mental aberration in him. He is a nice sensible creature.

Gretchen, replying to this letter, said she believed there was no objection to Belita changing dresses six times a-day, if it gave her any pleasure. “Come and see for yourself,” she added.

“But I think I have awakened the sleepy lawyer,” said Gretchen to herself. “What does Belita know about his being sleepy? She has never seen him in her life.”

The letter altogether was not

satisfactory to Gretchen. What did Belita mean by these uncalled-for and wholly superfluous warnings against sentiment? And what could she herself have meant by retaining and repeating such a ridiculously stilted phrase as the one quoted, and which she certainly had never read in any novel, whether first or second rate?

It was some weeks after their arrival in the valley that this letter had reached Gretchen's hands; and during these weeks many more travelling carriages, with jingling bells, had rattled round the corner. The place was slowly waking into its summer life; the hotels began to look inhabited at corners, and rows of closed eyes opened in turn. The shops commenced a languid trade. The five men who composed the musical band played night and morning to a slowly increasing audience. At the *restaurant* where the Mohrs took their meals, the inferior waiters had retired into the background to make way for superior attendants; the landlord exchanged his shabby coat for an official-looking black garment, and the oleanders and pomegranates appeared along the verandah in an alternate row, quite green and flowerless as yet, as if scarcely awake after their long sleep.

The small handful of guests had now grown into a large handful. Roumanian ladies—swarthy, dark-eyed, large-featured, and stout, in some cases adorned with moustaches, in one case even bearded—sat all day long in the *Cursalon*, languidly doing nothing, and very much exhausted in consequence.

"It would take very little to make any one of these Roumanian women beautiful," the precocious Kurt had remarked one day; "but they all just miss it somehow."

The increase of the guests

brought with it an increase of duties to the large Roumanian Dr Kokovics—social duties rather than medical. Preparations for public amusements were started on a vast scale. There were to be musical entertainments, and entertainments with fireworks, and entertainments without fireworks. The over-taxed doctor staggered under the weight of the self-imposed burden. At every hour of the day he was to be met, covering the ground with enormous strides; his hat pushed far back from off his heated forehead, his unwashed hands crammed with paper-slips, his haggard eyes restlessly perusing the lists that those slips contained. The lists were not the names of his patients; they were usually connected with public amusements, or sometimes they were the rough cast of a couplet; for to write love-verses in summer-time was as necessary to the doctor's nature as it is necessary for a thrush to sing in April. The only difference which the verses showed this year was the sudden appearance of grey eyes in the lines, as opposed to the dark eyes of former seasons. Blue or grey eyes were scarce in the Hercules valley, while black eyes shone there as plentifully as blackberries; and perhaps for this reason Gretchen began to find herself subjected to a species of slow persecution, not the less harassing because poetical. Dr Kokovics's muse haunted her footsteps. At all hours of the day, in every imaginable place, her attention was claimed by a class of composition which would perhaps best be described as "medicinal lyrics." Omnipresence was the chief characteristic of these couplets. There was no escape from them; they came by the post, they lay in her work-basket, they fluttered down before her eyes on the

pathway, they dropped out of her napkin at dinner. Dating from the moment when the doctor had thought fit to celebrate Gretchen's arrival with the cry—

“Daughter of Germania !

Welcome to our vale !

Though its rugged beauty

Beside thine turns pale—

the flood of poetry thus heralded poured down upon her thick and fast.

These verses, which, if unsigned, were also unmistakable, breathed in their lines a scientifically coloured but not the less ardent admiration. The poet-doctor seemed to be for ever hovering between the extremes of his two rôles ; for while, as the former, he celebrated the

“Nymph-like, sylph-like grace”

of the adored object—as the latter, his professional anxiety could not fail to be aroused by the apparent delicacy of that,

“Alas, too fairy-like form !”—

and if she dazzled him as a brilliant beauty, she likewise interested him as a possible patient. A continual hesitation betrayed itself as to which light she should be viewed in.

But notwithstanding all this broadcast sowing of verses, Doctor Kokovics had as yet reaped nothing but contemptuous silence. The German family had made no acquaintances, and, probably by reason of Herr Mohr's precarious health, did not seem inclined to make any. Baron Tolnay alone, whose position was exceptional and supreme, had the *entrée* of their rooms. Nor was the Baron behind-hand in using his privilege, nor did he appear to waste a single thought upon the remarks which his constant visits could not fail to call forth. He had been discarded as a guide, it is true ; but it was quite evident that he was accepted as an acquaintance, and as yet the only acquaintance of the family.

But there came a day at last on which the circle of the Mohrs was unexpectedly widened ; and it so happened that within the same hour Kurt and Gretchen, respectively and independently, formed each an acquaintance of their own.

Brother and sister were strolling one evening up the valley, by the river's side. The weather had become too hot now for anything but the laziest, most leisurely stroll ; and even this was not to be enjoyed till near sunset. The sunny day-hours were hotter here than anywhere else ; for the sun having once gained its height, poured down its fire into the narrow valley, and the glowing rocks threw back the reflection of their heat, until a strong man would have found it an effort to crawl from one end of the short street to the other.

Kurt and Gretchen, as they strolled along by the river, perceived that a broad-shouldered gentleman in a wideawake hat was walking in front of them. They knew him by sight ; he was the pride of the season, the flower among the flock of guests, and popularly designated as “the English lord.” The English lord had never been seen to talk to anybody, except to his invalid wife on the rare occasions when she was visible. Every day he might be remarked stalking up and down the promenade for a certain number of hours in grim and unapproachable dignity, and every day he was to be observed taking his meals in solitary grandeur at a table apart from the rest, and bullying the waiters in a mixture of bad French and execrable German.

It soon became evident to the two promenaders that the English lord was behaving in an even more extraordinary and eccentric fashion than usual. He walked with his eyes on the water, coming to a standstill every now and then,

and frowning severely at some pool in the river. Two or three times he descended with considerable difficulty through rolling stones and weedy undergrowth to the river-side, and proceeded to probe the shallow places with his stick; and finally, after several of these descents, he took up his position on a bridge, and leaned there with folded arms, and his eyes still fixed on the water.

It was just at this moment that Kurt, who amongst other precocious habits had acquired that of smoking, fumbling in his pocket, discovered that he had no matches. There being no one else in sight, he applied to the Englishman; while Gretchen wandered on by herself, expecting to be rejoined within the next dozen paces.

The Englishman, hearing himself asked for a light, took his eyes off the water, and turning to the questioner, gazed at him in surprise. He saw an individual whom he did not know whether to classify as an undersized man or an oversized boy, but who returned his look with perfect ease, and politely repeated his demand.

There are in life two contingencies in which even an Englishman considers that the ceremony of introduction may be dispensed with: one of these is the saving of life. If, for instance, you should see a fellow-creature who cannot swim tumbling into deep water, the usages of society are lenient enough to sanction your pulling him out without pausing to name yourself or to hear his name in return. In this contingency the ceremony will follow of course; supposing the deep water not to have quite put an end to the fellow-creature. But in the second contingency the ceremony is absolutely dispensed with. You can ask for a light, and you can be asked for a light, without any anxiety about

your fellow-creature's position and antecedents: you do not require the presence of a third fellow-creature to wave his hand and mumble your names, and cause you to bow and scrape at each other; but having taken your light, or given your light, and having stood for one brief second with your two noses in affectionate vicinity, and not as much as the length of two cigars between your two faces as the spark is kindled in the sacred weed, you each turn upon your respective heels, and quietly drop out of each other's respective lives.

The Englishman, having recognised the second of these contingencies, complied with the request; and then, very much to his surprise, he perceived that this fellow-creature was not preparing to drop out of his life just yet.

"Have you lost anything valuable in the river, if I may ask?" began Kurt, with his cigar between his teeth.

He had become possessed at school of a respectable stock of French—not large, perhaps, but quite as much as the Englishman himself could boast of; and it was in this language that he opened conversation.

The Englishman, who had resumed his fixed gaze at the water, gave him a look of haughty astonishment.

"Thank you; I have not," was the freezing reply. But Kurt was not to be frozen in that way.

"I thought it likely, from the way you were staring at the pools."

The Englishman looked at him again distrustfully. He had a true Englishman's distrust of foreigners, and this youth was evidently a foreigner. National traditions had taught him that when foreign youths address middle-aged Englishmen without introduction, it is usually for the purpose of ob-

taining money. This particular young man did not look much in want of money, thought the Englishman, as he ran his eye critically over his person; but it was better to be on the safe side, so the Englishman still felt distrustful.

"I fancied you might be looking for your watch or your purse, which you had dropped into the river," remarked Kurt, negligently.

The allusion to the purse was suspicious; it confirmed the Englishman's worst apprehensions.

"I have not lost my purse; I have got no purse with me," he said, speaking distinctly, so as to be heard through the loud rush of the water, and keeping his eye severely fixed on the young man; "and I have only got an old watch on, a silver one," he added emphatically. By thus removing all inducement and crushing all hopes, the Englishman hoped to get rid of the young man's society; but the young man smoked on complacently, and did not move an inch.

"If you *had* dropped anything into the river," persisted Kurt, "you would not be likely to get it back again at the rate the water is going on down there."

The bridge on which they stood was the last bridge up the valley, and looking down from it, you looked straight upon a foaming and gurgling spot of the Djernis, commonly called the waterfall. When the river was very high, the water, falling right over the two large boulder-stones which stood with a short space between them, made a fair imitation of a cataract; but on warm days like the present, the boulder-stones were dry, and only a narrow stream trickled down between them.

The Englishman stood contemplating the large flat pool below the waterfall, and felt in his mind rather doubtful as to the young

man beside him. He still wished to be on the safe side; but there was a flavour of audacity in the young man's manner which, against his own will, was arousing his admiration. Kurt, on his side, was quietly examining his companion, and wondering whether he were quite mad, or only suffering from some slight mental affection. He would not have been in the least surprised to hear him disclose himself as a raving lunatic in his next words; Kurt would have taken it quite for granted. His reflection seemed to have some ground when suddenly the Englishman, without turning his head, clutched his companion's arm and pointed towards the pool.

"Did you see? Three pounds weight at least; three and a quarter, I daresay." His whole countenance was transfigured in a way which suggested the rapture of a celestial ecstasy.

"Really?" said Kurt; "three pounds of what?"

"But a salmon-trout, I tell you—a salmon-trout three pounds weight in that pool, jumped just that moment; didn't you see it?"

Kurt had only heard a slight splash and seen a tiny ripple, but he had now got the clue to the Englishman's apparent insanity, and his mind was at rest.

"Is not that another?" he inquired, as a second splash and a second ripple disturbed the surface of the pool.

"Yes; not such a fine one, though."

The Englishman had by this time quite abandoned the safe side,—the weight of that salmon-trout had broken the ice. Kurt inquired whether the Englishman had caught many fish yet, and the Englishman replied that he had not had a throw.

"In the first place, there is no

water in the river; in the second place, my tackle requires overhauling; and besides, I am not sure that I have the right flies with me for these pools."

"So you fish with flies, do you?" asked the innocent Kurt.

His new acquaintance turned and gave him a glance of wounded dignity. "Do I look as if I fished with WORM?" He pronounced the name of the ignominious reptile with an unspeakably contemptuous elongation of the word.

"Well, perhaps not," said Kurt, to whom fly-fishing and worm-fishing meant much the same thing; different forms of the same class of insanity—that was all. "So, as you can't fish for want of the water, or the flies, or whatever it is, you spend your days in walking up and down—is that it?"

"Yes, in walking up and down," repeated the Englishman, in a sort of grimly complacent tone; "there is nothing else to do in this con-founded valley—nothing to do and nothing to eat. Not that I am particular on this last point; but when a man on his arrival comes to the supper-room famished, and having merely asked for a mutton-chop, a plain mutton-chop, is stared at in consequence as if he were a lunatic at large—do you not call that a hard case?"

"Perhaps so," said Kurt, out of regard for British insanity, and thinking of Chinese bird-nest soup and roast puppies as specimens of barbarous taste. "Why don't you ask for beef-steaks?"

"Didn't I ask! And do you know what happened? I said to the waiter, 'Bring me a beef-steak,' and the waiter said interrogatively, '*Englisch?*' I said, 'Of course, English,' being too happy to have discovered anything approaching to home food. Exit the waiter with alacrity; re-enter with the

same alacrity after an incredibly short time, bearing on a plate a piece of meat raw and dripping with blood. When I protested indignantly, they told me it was *Englisch*; I had asked for *Englisch*, and I had got *Englisch*—why was I not satisfied? I don't believe the piece of meat had ever been within sight of the fire. And then of course they rush to the other extreme; they give you things uncooked which ought to be cooked, and *vice versa*. When I explained to the milkman with great politeness that I object to buying boiled milk, what does the milkman do but fly into a passion and cast up my nation in my teeth, by declaring, through the midst of very profane language—I concluded that it was profane by the tone—that English people always eat everything raw. If it had not been for my wife Lady Blanche Howard's nerves, I should have taken some severe measures against that milkman."

"Lady Blanche Howard," repeated Kurt; "then you are——"

The Englishman, who had been staring moodily at a pool, started up and interrupted Kurt almost with violence. "*Not* Mylord Ouare, and *not* Sir Hovart, and *not* Mr Blanche, Esq.—I entreat of you not to call me by any of these preposterous names. You may not believe it, but it is a fact that since my arrival here I have daily had my temper tried by being thus addressed; by each and all of these abominations have I been separately called. I put it to you as a man, whether this is not hard?"

"Very much so," agreed Kurt, whom nothing but the merest chance had saved from a similar offence.

"I put it to you as a man, whether this is not a simple case: My name is Howard, and I married

an earl's daughter, being a commoner myself; consequently my wife is Lady Blanche Howard. I have explained this over and over again, until I was hoarse; and at the end they smile thankfully and say, 'I understand, Sir Hovart;' or they simper and murmur, 'Good morning, Lady Houare.' If my father were alive, they would compromise the matter by calling me Sir Howard, junior; I know they would. They persist in turning me into a lord, and my wife into a commoner, and they harp upon the subject with every imaginable variation, only that they never alight upon the right one by any chance: enough to try the serenest temper on earth." And Mr Howard, as he gave his pent-up feelings play, exercised part of them upon his wideawake, which he had taken from his head and was twisting between his hands with an energy which only the texture of a best London-made hat could triumphantly resist. The crushing of the wideawake was an evident relief to his feelings, for after a minute he put it on again, and drawing a long breath, turned a composed face upon Kurt.

"If you don't fish, what do you do?" he asked abruptly. The transition from excitement to calmness took place without any intermediate phases.

"I mean to go up the mountains when the heat permits it."

"Ah!" Mr Howard looked interested. "What is your object on the mountains?"

"Historical investigations, I believe. We are looking for a place which my father discovered years ago."

"Discoveries!" Mr Howard looked more interested. "Do you go alone?"

"I go with my sister."

A sister! Mr Howard lost his

interest at once. He would have preferred the young man to be an isolated fact, unhampered by relations. This foreign youth was abnormal and exceptional, but a sister was a terrible disadvantage.

"Would you like to come with us?" suggested Kurt, good-naturedly.

"Thank you; you are very kind," said the broad-shouldered Englishman, staring down at the gnome-like figure beside him; "but—but I do not mean to make more acquaintances at present."

"Well, I thought you did not look very keen about making my acquaintance."

"H'm," said Mr Howard. "The truth is, that when you addressed me, I thought—in fact, I—I fancied——"

"Don't be shy, please," said Kurt, kindly.

"Well, I fancied that you were going to ask me for money. You were not thinking of it, were you?" with a faint revival of the former anxiety.

"No, it did not occur to me at the moment," said the imperturbable Kurt, "or I certainly should have done it."

Mr Howard grasped the hand of his new acquaintance. "You ought to have been born an Englishman," he exclaimed, with an almost fierce energy. The coolness, the self-possession, the *insouciance* of this strange boy-man was exactly the thing which hit Mr Howard's crooked fancy to a nicety. It was almost a regret to him when, a few minutes later, the young foreigner took his leave, saying that his sister was waiting for him on in advance.

But in this Kurt was mistaken. His sister had long since given up waiting for him, and, wandering on unprotected, had met with an adventure of her own.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE BOHEMIAN.

"Now, if ye ask me from what land I come——"

—MORRIS.

Gretchen's reflections were profound as she slowly followed the path by the river; and it was with a look of dissatisfaction that her eyes swept the steep hillside. She was almost tired of scanning the green wooded slope, and of wondering where lay *Gaura Dracului*, and where stood the giant beech which her father had marked with three crosses twenty years ago. Even had the heat been less intense than it now was, her investigations must needs have come to a standstill. All her inquiries had not even enabled her to find in the valley any man, woman, or child who knew the fabulous hole, except through tradition. After the glimpse she had had of the world above, she no longer spoke of seeking *Gaura Dracului à la bonne aventure* amongst its mazes. The mountains had baffled her for the moment; Baron Tolnay had failed her—as a guide: and yet, so keen was the interest which she felt in her father's old manuscript, that as she now wandered beside the Djernis, it was *Gaura Dracului* alone which filled her thoughts. After having succeeded in rekindling the flame of interest in her father's mind—after having been witness of the genuine disappointment which the first failure had brought him,—she felt that now to abandon her project would be tame and spiritless. Something of obstinacy too—something of pugnacity—may have served to fix the idea in her head. At school she had never tried for a prize without getting it; and she had no more idea of being beaten by these mountains than by her schoolfellows.

Meanwhile the last glow of sunset had faded from the mountain-tops; and the voice of the river grew more mysterious in the shadow. It craved Gretchen perforce to listen to the songs it was singing; and presently it seemed to her that the river was singing a song about *Gaura Dracului*—or was it her own thoughts that lent the words to the music? *Gaura Dracului*, and again *Gaura Dracului*, its bubbling voice proclaimed. It grew more distinct; it grew more human and less watery,—till Gretchen, standing still to listen, could hear a man's voice singing somewhere close at hand:—

"Bats now sleep,

Flowers peep,

Red the dawn upon the hill.

Wherefore art thou watching, lady?

Wherefore art thou watching still?

Beware, beware!

Of *Gaura Dracului* beware!

Flies the night?

Dawns the light?

Without him it dawns in vain.

E'er another day have broken

From the wars he comes again;

Then, then,

He comes again!

Breezes sigh

Far and nigh,

Green the mountain, green the vale.

Wherefore art thou weeping, lady?

Wherefore is thy cheek so pale?

Beware, beware!

Of *Gaura Dracului* beware!

Sighs the breeze?

Bud the trees?

Shines the summer sky still blue?

Tears do blind me; for my lover

Calls me false, though I am true.

False, false,

Though I am true.

Thunders growl,

Storm-winds howl,

Death upon the blast doth ride.
What is it thou seek'st, dark warrior—
Seek'st thus in the forest wide?

Beware, beware !
Of Gaura Dracului beware !

Blows the gale ?
Storms the hail ?
Nought I hear but fury's cry ;
For a grave I seek, a deep one,
And therein my love must lie :
Deep, deep,
My love must sleep.

Clouds are rent,
Tree-stems bent,
Forkèd tongues of lightning pierce.
Wherefore must thy love die, warrior ?
Wherefore is thine eye so fierce ?
Fly, fly !
There Gaura Dracului doth lie !

Tears the blast ?
Speeds it fast ?
Nought I feel but fury's sway ;
For my love she hath betrayed me,
Whilst I tarried far away.
Far, far,
'Twas far away !

Spectres moan,
Branches groan,
Shrieks the death-crow : Thou shalt rue !
For 'tis here thy lady sleepeth,
Sleepeth with her heart so true ;
Alas, alas !
In Gaura Dracului, alas !"¹

Thus ran the plaintive song, monotonous and melancholy, and the Djernis played a wild accompaniment to the melodious voice of the singer.

The singer ? Yes ; but where could he be ? In the clouds apparently, for no human being was within eye-range. Where Gretchen now stood, the valley was extremely narrow ; but the rocks at the mountain-base were broken up, and between these blocks small patches of Indian corn waved their array of broad blades, apple and cherry trees stood squeezed wherever space would

permit, and despite their cramped positions had thrived so luxuriantly that a corner of thatched roof was all that betrayed the smothered farm-hut.

It was at the foot of one of the apple-trees that Gretchen's surprise had brought her to a stand-still. Of the whole Roumanian song, she had understood nothing but the ever-recurring words of *Gaura Dracului*: they were enough to make her turn her eyes eagerly and curiously about her, and finally above her ; for from the branches of the apple-tree a shower of fresh-scented hay now came rustling down upon her.

Raising her head, she perceived that the apple-tree, curiously enough, was doing duty as a haystack. With its branches groaning under the double weight of green fruit and newly cut hay, the over-worked apple-tree did not look unlike some strange sort of giant toadstool sprung up in the shade of the rocks.

"The singer is up there," thought Gretchen, as a renewed rustling swayed the branches above her head ; and for a moment she stood hesitating as to how to address him, for to address him she was resolved.

Her hesitation was not long ; calling all her linguistical powers to her aid, she raised her voice and hazarded a rather uncertain "*Bunje sara !*" (Good evening).

The rustling ceased, and a moment's silence followed ; then a branch was bent aside, and a head which looked anything but a Roumanian head, dived out of the green leaves.

Gretchen had expected to see one of those dusky physiognomies with which the valley abounded,

¹ In rendering this song, more attention has been paid to literal translation than to the exigencies of English versification.

but to her surprise she found her glance met by a pair of singularly clear blue eyes, which gazed at her with a sort of timid inquiry from out of a pale narrow face, sun-tanned in complexion, but of a curious delicacy in all its lines. Having made a rapid inspection, Gretchen decided that this man would serve her purpose. If this gentle-looking creature possessed the necessary knowledge, there surely could be no difficulty in bending him to her will.

The blue eyes gazed at her full for some seconds, and then a sad and gentle voice answered her greeting with "*Guten Abend!*"

"German!" said Gretchen in astonishment. "Are you a German?"

"I am a Bohemian," said the man in the tree. "I come from near Choteborschwitz."

"Really?" said Gretchen, much relieved; for her first address had exhausted the entire stock of her Roumanian. "And how do you happen to be here?"

"I was born here."

"Then how did your father come here?"

"My father also was born here."

"Oh," said Gretchen, beginning to think that this was a rather strange sort of Bohemian; "and your grandfather, was he born here too?"

The question seemed to agitate the man in the tree considerably; and the apple-tree branches caught the agitation from him and rustled noisily.

"No," he said hurriedly, while his clear blue eyes clouded, "my grandfather was not born here, but he—died here." The man nervously plucked off a leaf and tore it in two.

"He was born at Choteborschwitz, I suppose," suggested Gretchen.

"Yes, of course, where I come from."

"Have you been there much?"

"I have never been there at all. I was born here, and have lived here all my life."

"And you call yourself a Bohemian?"

He gazed down at her wonderingly with his straight blue eyes.

"Of course I am a Bohemian; I come from near Choteborschwitz."

"Is your wife a Bohemian too?" she asked, afraid of having hurt this curious man's feelings.

Perhaps, after all, the gentle timid creature might not be as easy to deal with as she had fancied; there was a tenacity about his ideas which she had not expected to meet.

He shook his head sadly. "I have got no wife; there is no wife for me here."

"Oh, but there must be," said Gretchen, whose curiosity began to be piqued.

The Bohemian shook his head again with the same gentle subdued melancholy. "I cannot afford the journey; my country is too far off."

"The journey! But are there no women here?"

Again from out of the frame of green leaves and unripe apples the clear eyes were fixed on her with an expression of surprise and reproach.

"But they are Roumanians!" he said, in a tone which was only a gentler and softer edition of that in which the Englishman had pronounced the obnoxious "*Worm.*" "How could I marry a Roumanian?"

"I don't know," said Gretchen, rather puzzled, for she was not aware that to marry a Roumanian is as much beneath a Bohemian's dignity as to fish with worm is for an Englishman.

"My father fetched his wife from home," went on the Bohemian. "He had more money than I have. It does not matter much," he added, simply; "perhaps it is the wish of Providence that our family should die out: this place brings us no luck."

"And you live quite alone?"

"My old mother lives with me; she has broken both her legs."

"Poor woman!"

"Oh no; she is quite happy: she lies in bed and says her beads all day. She could not be more contented if she was at home in Bohemia, instead of in this strange land."

This picture of the household in the valley was not enlivening.

"Why did your family settle here at all," asked Gretchen, "if they did not like the place?"

"He was tempted by the Government," said the Bohemian, looking not at Gretchen, but at his own apples.

"Who was tempted?"

"My grandfather. The Government wanted a man of my nation to supply the visitors here with milk and butter. They promised him this farm if he would settle here; and the prospect of fortune dazzled him, for he loved money, my grandfather—he loved it more than his soul." The Bohemian heaved a profound sigh. "But the place brought him no luck. It would have been better for him had he never seen another land but his own, and never heard or spoken another language but his own Bohemian tongue."

It was evident that for some reason this grandfather was a sore point; and afraid of having touched upon some painful family history, Gretchen left the subject for another.

"But that song you have been

singing was not a Bohemian song," she said; "it was Roumanian."

"So it was," conceded the man, as reluctantly as though he were apologising for his past performance. "I have had to learn the language of this foreign land, just as I am obliged to have my milk carried by a foreign girl. But I know plenty of Bohemian songs," he added, promptly.

"I suppose so," said Gretchen, rather apprehensively, for her object was not to hear Bohemian songs just then. "But I wanted to ask whether you would translate for me the words you were singing: I only understood two of them."

"Immediately, *Fräulein*." His face disappeared among the leaves, the branches closed over him for a moment, in the next he had slid down the trunk, and stood before Gretchen.

Unencumbered by the apple-tree leaves, the strange refinement of this peasant was even more conspicuous. He was of middle stature, slight, fair-haired, and not looking much over thirty; though the melancholy grace which pervaded his face, his manner, and his tone, made him look older in expression.

He removed his cap with a gesture of courtesy that might almost be called polished; his movements and his voice were softened and moderated as the manners of peasants rarely are.

"It is only a foolish Roumanian song, *Fräulein*," he observed, having translated to her the verses as she asked.

"Foolish? Well, yes; all songs that are mixed up with love must be more or less foolish," said Gretchen, whose fancy was taken by the song, despite the folly. "But is there any foundation for it? Is there any truth in it?"

The Bohemian shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot say, Fräulein, whether there is any truth in it; if there is, it is not the fault of the Roumanians,—for when they speak the truth, it is usually by accident. They *do* say that long ago a Roman soldier, believing that his lady-love had betrayed him, cast her down an abyss, and went mad when he discovered her innocence."

"It does well enough for a song, at anyrate," said Gretchen,—“and the tune suits the words.”

"Did not the Fräulein say that she understood some of the words?"

"Yes; but only two of them. I do not speak Roumanian, but two of the words you sang were familiar to me."

"And which were those two words?" he respectfully inquired.

"Those which occur oftenest."

"*Gaura Dracului*?" he asked, —a little anxiously, it seemed to Gretchen.

"Yes; *Gaura Dracului*."

The Bohemian twisted his straw hat between his hands, then put it on his head nervously, and took it off again.

"These are only silly old legends," he exclaimed in haste. "Those foolish Roumanian tales are not to be believed."

"But such a place as *Gaura Dracului* does exist?" asked Gretchen, keenly eyeing her informer.

"Why should such a place not exist?" answered the Bohemian, faintly.

"And do you know the place?"

He hesitated for a moment, and then, with his eyes fixed on a far-off patch of corn, he answered—

"No, I do not."

"Yes, you do," said Gretchen, gazing still attentively at the Bohemian, as he stood two paces from her, a foreground figure, painted in pale touches and seen full against the background of dark-green mountains, fast deepening to black in the gloom.

The Bohemian looked from the corn-blades to the thatched roof of his hut, from the roof to his apple-trees, from the apple-trees to his own feet, from these finally straight into Gretchen's face. He could not meet her eyes for a moment without speaking the truth.

"God help me," he said, "it is the first lie I have told in my life. Yes; I know the place."

"And will you take me there?" asked Gretchen, joyfully.

"Take you there?" cried the man, starting back. "*Heilige Mutter-Gottes* of the Wunderbaum at Choteborschwitz! Not for all the gold that lies buried in that Devil's hole!"

"Gold?" repeated Gretchen, forgetting her astonishment at this sudden energy in the surprise of the revelation. "Is there gold in *Gaura Dracului*?"

"Thirty-eight Turkish gold-bags, one hundred and fifty silver-bags, nine hundred and ninety Russian roubles, five thousand *Bejas Jirmilik*"¹—enumerated the Bohemian rapidly—"three golden chalices, seventeen golden necklaces, and ear-rings as much as would fill three full-grown skulls; that was the list which the last of the brigands confessed in the Arad prison."

"Then it is a brigands' treasure," said Gretchen, somewhat bewildered by this dazzling list. "But how does the brigands' treasure

¹ The Turkish *gold-bag* (at 30,000 piastres) amounts to about £225; the *silver-bag* (at 500 piastres) to about £3, 15s. Both the Russian rouble and the *Bejas Jirmilik* are worth 3s.

come to be down the Devil's hole?"

"Just because it *is* the Devil's hole, Fräulein. The brigands knew well enough that they could find no safer hiding-place for their gold than this spot haunted by evil spirits. No one knows how they reached the bottom of the terrible place, or whether they knew some secret outlet which led to and from it. The story runs that the gold lies exposed bare and open to the light of day, at a spot where the mid-day sun strikes it daily."

"But what good could they have of their treasure down there?" asked Gretchen, whom the whole proceeding struck as deficient in logic.

The Bohemian gave a contemptuous laugh.

"They were Roumanians, Fräulein; and give only a silver florin to a Roumanian, and he will bury it at once, as a dog buries a bone. Each of these brigands had pledged himself by the most horrible oaths never to touch the gold except in presence of the others. But the band was dispersed, and the last survivor died in prison at Arad two hundred years ago. The treasure was sought for, but never found."

Gretchen stood pensive; not a word of the story had escaped her, and with each of them her interest in the mysterious hole had steadily increased.

"Will you show me the way there?" she asked again.

It had grown too dark to judge of the Bohemian's expression, but his voice betrayed renewed agitation.

"*Heilige Jungfrau von Choteborsch*——"

Gretchen cut the exclamation short.

"You call yourself a Bohemian," she said, scornfully, "and you are as frightened by the fool-

ish superstition as any Roumanian could be."

An instant change came over the man. He grew all at once very quiet, and in a solemn whisper he replied—

"Frightened? Yes, Fräulein, I am frightened; but not of the devils: it is of the *Heilige Jungfrau* of Choteborschwitz that I should be frightened, were I to show you that place."

"Of Choteborschwitz?" repeated Gretchen, at a loss to see any connection between a far-off Bohemian place of pilgrimage and the abyss among the mountains.

The Bohemian had come a step nearer, and spoke still in a whisper, as though afraid that the chattering Djernis should catch up his secret and publish it to the world.

"Fräulein," he said, slowly, "I have made a vow——"

"Yes?" she asked, with strained attention.

"——Never to reveal the spot of *Gaura Dracului*."

She gazed at him searchingly and in silence.

"And the reason of the vow?" she asked at last.

"That I cannot reveal. My father made me swear it to the Blessed Virgin of the Wunderbaum at Choteborschwitz. I was only seven years old at the time."

"No vow made at that age could be binding."

"Every vow is binding, Fräulein. You would not have me load my conscience with a broken oath?" and he looked at her with his beseeching blue eyes, as if entreating her not to lay this burden of guilt upon his innocent soul.

Baffled again! She could scarcely believe it. What was she to do? How overcome these mysterious

obstacles which on every side encompassed the discovery of *Gaura Dracului*? The person who was willing to take her there was ignorant of the spot, and the person who knew it was not willing to take her.

"And yet I must find it!" she exclaimed aloud.

"I cannot break my vow," said the Bohemian, simply.

She argued eloquently in the falling dusk, and the Bohemian listened patiently, opposing to the active attack nothing but a passive resistance, repeating only in his sad voice that he could not break his vow. The melancholy politeness of this gentle-spoken man was far more difficult to deal with than would have been the boorishness of a common peasant. It was hardly possible to find an answer to this despairing simplicity.

He would guide her to any other place she wished, the poor

man humbly explained; he would take her up every mountain in the neighbourhood—he would do anything except show her the way to *Gaura Dracului*. But nothing except *Gaura Dracului* would satisfy Gretchen. She coldly declined the proffered services, and with rising temper she declared that she would find the place without his help.

"I hope to God that you will not, *Fräulein*; for that terrible spot will bring you no luck."

"I am not superstitious, though you may be," called back the incensed Gretchen over her shoulder, for she had already turned from him; and, without vouchsafing any answer to his timid "*Gute Nacht, Fräulein*," she walked quickly along the homeward path, leaving the Bohemian standing alone under his apple-tree, and repeating mournfully to himself—

"I cannot break my vow."

CHAPTER XV.—DEVOTIONS AND EMOTIONS.

"Yes, the fashion is the fashion."

—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

"Yes, my dear, it is all very pretty," said the Contessa Belita Francopazzi, sauntering along the arcades on the arm of her friend—"it is all excessively pretty, but I see no toilets."

The sleeve which rested on Gretchen's arm was a *chef-d'œuvre* of fashionable elegance, the colour known in the Parisian world as *fumée de cigarette*, and the shape as *pétroleuse*. The dress of which that sleeve was a part, expressed in the drapery of the tunic, in every inch of the *volant à la nihiliste*, in the lustre of each button, that it was a dress constructed and modelled after the highest laws of French taste. The wearer of this

faultless costume was a tall, yellow-skinned, vivacious Italian. She was not handsome; and devoid of this excess of elegance, it is impossible to say whether she might not perhaps have been ugly. But she never was visible except *en toilette*; and when thus seen, it was not possible to fix your attention on the wearer, so rapidly were your thoughts taken up by the intricacies of the toilet itself. The weaker sex fell down and adored, the stronger sex stood dazzled and bewildered.

The woman was so entirely lost sight of in the dress, that no one ever thought of criticising her features, any more than people

think of criticising the features of the *figurine* on a French fashion-plate; and if any one ever happened to notice the proportions of her stature, it was only to remark that she made a good lay-figure for displaying the draperies of an elaborate dress.

It was but yesterday that Belita had arrived, and already she was beginning to reproach Gretchen with her "heartless deception," as she called it. Beside her there walked a small, pale, whiskerless man, carrying her parasol, and looking up with humble admiration into his wife's face.

"But it seems to me there are a good many toilets," said Gretchen, looking about her.

"*Misericordia!* those are not toilets; they are mere dresses. I shall leave this place to-morrow."

"Nonsense! you will not. Wait till Sunday—you may see some toilets in church; and then, after that, wait till Thursday—they dance in the *Cursalon* on Thursday."

"Do they? and they pray on Sunday! That may suit. I have a *toilette de prière*, designed expressly for a kneeling posture, and with an *abbesse* train which is very effective. And for Thursday—let me see,—my *Wörth* with the mother-o'-pearl embroidery would be the right thing; *couleur jambe de nymphe*,—not the ordinary shade, you know, but the new tint: *jambe de nymphe émue*."

The arcades at this hour held all the essence of fashionable life under its Byzantine columns. Every bench was occupied, every shop was plying a busy trade; voices ran high, and, as a sort of harmonious background to this foreground of discord, the variations of a Servian *Stolo* floated out through the open door of the *Cursalon*.

"Who is that bowing to you?" asked Belita, as a large black hat came off to Gretchen. Dr Kovics was passing with a packet of lottery-tickets in one hand, and a roll of tinsel-paper in the other, but had found time to execute an eloquent bow and direct a languishing glance towards Gretchen. The glance did not escape Belita's attention.

"*Touché au cœur?*" she inquired. "Ah, I thought so; and now, my dear, that brings me to the question I wanted to ask. Margherita"—this more solemnly—"how stand your chances of fortune?"

"They could not stand better," was the perfectly ready answer, in which rung an unmistakable triumph. "In the first place, as I told you, Draskócs——"

"Oh, spare me Draskócs! That sleepy lawyer of yours will never——"

"The sleepy lawyer, it so happens, is down at Draskócs at this very moment; who knows what he may do there? And, Belita, in the second place——"

"Here is another hat coming off," interrupted Belita. "Who is this?"

Gretchen had no time to answer, for Baron Tolnay was already close. He stopped, as a matter of course: there was an introduction, in which the Conte was forgotten by everybody, and then Baron Tolnay turned to walk once down the arcades with them.

"I wish it could be more than once," he said, with a sigh, "but I have business this afternoon. Tiresome business! never so tiresome as when it robs me of such pleasure!"

The turn down the arcades did not occupy more than three minutes, but these three minutes were put to good use by Belita. In the

first minute she suspected the truth, in the second she was certain of it, in the third she mentally analysed, dissected, summed up, and approved of the case.

"My dear child," she broke out, when, after much outspoken regret, Baron Tolnay had bowed himself off—"my dear child, is that what you meant by 'the second place'?"

"Yes," said Gretchen, in an entirely matter-of-fact tone. "Baron Tolnay is in the second place."

"Then I should certainly put him in the first; the cut of his coat is simply divine. He is the omnipotent Baron who reigns in the valley, is he not? Yes? I thought so. This is a perfect prize to have gained; only—only Margherita——"

"Only what?"

"Only you have not gained him yet. Oh, I have good eyes, my child; I can read a man at a glance, and Baron Tolnay is what I should call a slippery man. Yes, just because of those fiery eyes; they have had much practice, those eyes—frequent practice and hot practice. Don't look discouraged, *Bambina*; though no other woman has caught him yet, there is no reason why you should not catch this light-hearted Baron. If you can, it will be a triumph!"

There was a moment's silence as the two women walked on, arm in arm. Gretchen's cheek was slightly flushed, but her lips remained locked, for no suitable answer occurred to her, and it would not have done to betray to Belita that which she did not like to confess to herself—namely, that her vanity was smarting sorely under the doubt thus thrown upon the conquest which she had looked on as complete. The seed, unknown to herself, was already growing fast. "If I can, it will be a triumph!" it echoed in her secret heart.

"Yes; a triumph," repeated Belita, as her friend did not speak; "but it will require management. It will require also a little of what people call 'flirtation.' Not a bad thing in its way, though I never cared for it myself—my toilets did not give me time to cultivate the accomplishment; but I dare say, in countries where your marriages are not arranged for you, it may sometimes be useful. Such eyes as yours, however, are almost too dangerous for the game; and I perceive with anxiety that you know how to raise and lower that silken curtain with a terrible effect."

"Only as a necessary part of the process," Gretchen hastened to reply; and then went on to explain that, from her point of view, flirtation, together with dancing, social gatherings, and morning visits, ranged as a certain set of means, through which help a certain end was to be reached. It appeared further, from the tone of her apology, that what charms she possessed were regarded in the same light; and that her eyes, her complexion, and her hair were valued by her only so far as they represented a certain amount of capital to be judiciously invested.

Belita listened, and burst out laughing. "You are wasting your trouble, child. What is the use of putting on those little strong-minded airs with me? You know you only do so in order to keep up your reputation for logic. I am not in the least convinced, and again I say that flirtation may not be a bad thing—in moderation; only I fancy that it is easily overdone, and I hope, Margherita, that you do not overdo it?"

"But have I not explained myself? Why do you ask again?"

"Because, my child, I have been a little uneasy about you since that

letter,—you know which,—that phrase about there being only one woman.”

“Oh, don’t tell me that again,” cried Gretchen, putting her hands to her ears.

“*Misericordia!* what a temper! Well, never mind, *Bambina*. I meant to preach; but seeing that you are on the right road after all, I defer my sermon. Mind, you must give me *carte blanche* for the *trousseau*—that is all I stipulate; and, of course, you must visit us in Italy. I hope we shall not quarrel. I will tell you what you must not do if we are not to quarrel.”

“Flirt with your husband?” suggested Gretchen.

“No, my dear child; you may flirt with my husband as much as you like, but you must not dress better than I do. My friendship is very strong, but it is not quite strong enough for that.”

“If that is all, our bond shall be immortal.”

“By-the-by, what do you think of Ludovico?” asked Belita, shrugging her left shoulder towards the Conte, who had dropped behind, and who appeared quite satisfied with gazing up at the back of his wife’s coiffure.

“He seems very fond of you,” said Gretchen.

“Margherita! I am surprised at you! I don’t mean that; I mean his height. Ah, that is the one point I envy you in! You two will be a perfect match. You have no notion what difficulties I have about Ludovico’s hats. I can’t find them tall enough, and I can’t find them to fit tight on his head. Just the one which became me best, which almost put us on the level, was blown away on the Danube. I must try the hat-shops here. Ah, there is a good hat, a wideawake, and coming off to

you too. Another acquaintance?” The Contessa sighed regretfully. “Ludovico can never, *never* wear a wideawake: it would be perfect for setting off my bonnet, but it would cost him half a head in stature. *Pazienza!* Everybody has a cross to bear in this world.”

Mr Howard was passing, and it was he whose wideawake had been removed to Gretchen, for it was some time now since this Englishman had got over the disadvantage of his new friend having a sister. And more than this, he had been admitted into the secret of *Gaura Dracului*, and had developed an interest and energy which exactly suited Gretchen. Not that Mr Howard, in his own language, cared a rush for historical investigation, nor for the idea of a black abyss without bottom; but the thought of being baffled by a set of foreign fellows was enough to set his British pugnacity in arms. He promised Adalbert, while he nearly crushed the sick man’s hand between his two, that the place should be found, even though he had to knock down a few Roumanians *en route*. In the meantime, he cultivated Kurt’s society, using him as a confidant in whose ears to pour his daily stock of grievances. To-day the accumulation was larger than usual, but it was not until later in the afternoon that he came across the listener he required. “Do you know what they have done to me?” said Mr Howard, walking up to Kurt without further preamble and button-holing that young man.

Kurt confessed his ignorance.

“They have sent me Shakespeare to read,” snorted Mr Howard, “and Longfellow. Did you ever hear of such an insult? I suppose I may expect a spelling-book next.”

"Who is the offender?"

"That wretched little Dr Funk ; and what he means by it, I cannot imagine. He looked quiet and unassuming enough ; I should never have suspected him of such—such gross insolence."

"Perhaps he meant it well," suggested Kurt.

"If you had seen the note he had the audacity to send along with it, you would not think so. 'Sir, as you give yet three months to our mountains, I dare to offer you some distracting lecture,' and addressed—'Lord Hovart, Esq.' I put it to you as a man, whether that is not hard? The whole thing is a hoax, you know. If it were not for my wife Lady Blanche Howard's health, I should have nothing more to say to that doctor. And Shakespeare is not all ; my temper has never before been tried to such an extent. Take my tub in the morning : what have I to undergo every day? I say, 'Give me a tub of cold water.' Can anything be simpler? Do you know what they do? They give me a little tepid water in a foot-bath. I despatch the foot-bath, and ask for a tub. Next day I get a narrow barrel four feet high, smelling all over of salt her-ring. I can't get into that, you know, for I don't happen to have been educated as an acrobat. I explain myself clearly then,—too clearly, it seems, for the result is, that my room has become an exhibition for all sorts of water-holding vessels : there are low tubs and high tubs standing in unexpected places at all hours of the day ; I dare not make a step without looking before me. Yesterday I stumbled over one and flooded the passage. The waiter and the housemaids appear six times a-day, with a grin and an inquiry whether

I don't want more *Wasser*? *Wasser*, *Wasser*, *Wasser* is being dinned in my ears from morning to night. When are you going to try the hills again?"

Kurt was accustomed to these sudden transitions of ideas. "Not while this heat lasts. And when are you going to try the river?"

"When there is a little water in it."

To Kurt's uninitiated eye there seemed to be a good deal of water in the river, but Mr Howard declared there was none.

The hills were continually in Gretchen's thoughts ; but they were unfeasible for the moment, and a more immediate object occupied her. Belita had persuaded Madame Mohr to take Gretchen to the *Cursalon* on Thursday evening, when there was to be dancing. Baron Tolnay had supported the idea, and Ascelinde had consented. "Come to me to-morrow afternoon," the Contessa said to her friend, "and I will show you my *jambe de nymphe* silk." Accordingly, Gretchen went, but entering, she found Belita pale, and wringing her hands with an emotion of which Gretchen had scarcely thought her capable.

"You find me dishevelled and despairing," said Belita to her visitor.

"Has anything happened?"

"Eh, *sicûro* ! a misfortune has happened."

"To the Conte?"

"Oh, not to him ; I have sent him to the telegraph office."

"To whom, then?"

"But to me, to my Wörth dress. My dear child, imagine the scene which has just taken place. I begin to unpack it—the dress I am to wear on Thursday. I knew it was in box No. 9. I open box No. 9, and there lies the body ; it

was like seeing the face of an old friend. I lift it out tenderly—ah, so tenderly—and put it on the bed; then I return for the skirt. I cannot believe my eyes as I look into the box, for the skirt is not there. I call my maid. ‘Marietta,’ I say, as calmly as I can, ‘where is my *jambe de nymphe* silk skirt?’ She suggests box No. 13. A minute later she returns as pale as a sheet, and says, ‘No. 13 is not there.’ ‘Not where?’ I ask. ‘Not here in our rooms; not here at all—not come to the Hercules Baths!’ Margherita, can you understand my sensations? can you feel for my sufferings?” The Contessa had risen as she reached the climax, but now sat down again, wringing her hands as before; as before, despairing and dishevelled—that is to say, clothed in a perfectly got-up *robe de chambre*, whose details were more elaborate than the visiting dresses of ordinary mortals, and with a *négligé* cap of real lace perched upon her head.

“Wear something else,” said Gretchen, unfeelingly.

“My dear child, I have nothing else.”

“Wear that lilac,” pointing to a rich satin.

“Impossible! That dress needs a combination of circumstances. It can only be worn in the *foyer* of a large theatre in the height of the season, and on the evening of a *première*.”

“That dirty-white, then, might do.”

“That is not dirty-white, my dear child; that is the newest fashionable shade—*brebis égarée*. But it is only a standing dress—it is not meant to sit down in; and really, in this heat I do not feel equal to standing a whole evening.”

“That dark silk, then.”

“That Carmélite? Why, that

is a *toilette de carême*; you taste fried fish and *maigre* soup merely by looking at it. No,” said the Contessa, “my Wörth dress was the dress for the occasion. Poor Ludovico! I do not blame him; he is as much in despair as I am. I have sent him to telegraph to every station on the road, but I have little hope of recovering it in time. No,” with another sigh, “it is not on Thursday that my hopes are now fixed; it is on Sunday. Woe to you if you have deceived me about the toilets in church!”

Sunday came in due time,—a broiling hot Sunday, when the sun, hanging in the quivering sky, glared down upon the rocks and made the cold Djernis warm. Belita’s *toilette de prière* was a little oppressive in this weather, but she could be heroic in moments like this. The point to be aimed at on such a day, as she explained to Gretchen while resolutely making her way down the old street towards the Latin chapel at the end, was not so much to *be* cool, as to look it. The Latin chapel stood at the spot where, centuries ago, the old temple of Hercules had stood in the time of the Romans. The Conte, in the tallest of hats, carried his wife’s prayer-book after her. Gretchen was with them; for when the decisive moment came, Madame Mohr, trembling at the idea of crossing that burning space, had become imbued with a sudden desire to sit beside poor Adalbert. “I really do not feel up to the exertion,” she had said with dignified melancholy; “I shall not attempt to leave the house to-day.”

The church-goers had reached the steps which lead up to the chapel.

“Does my tunic fall in good folds?” asked Belita of her friend,

pausing half-way up the steps, and throwing an anxious glance over her draperies.

To the left of the chapel the wooded bank sloped upwards, dark-green against the clear blue sky; from below on the right the sound of rushing water came up, where the Djernis tossed moaning over its stony bed.

"Oh, quite right," said Gretchen, looking the other way.

"You are not attending," said Belita, with displeasure; "you are looking out for Baron Tolnay, instead of telling me about my tunic."

"Oh, your tunic does not need me, you vainest of all Contessas; the folds fall smoother than any moonbeams."

"Then let us come and pray," said the Contessa, with a sigh of satisfaction; and they disappeared together within the shade of the chapel.

The chapel was small and crowded, the *toilette de prière* fitted very tightly, and at the end of three-quarters of an hour, the Contessa was glad to emerge from her bench, and to exchange the stuffy air even for the roasting sun outside.

"You have deceived me," was the first thing she said, apparently the upshot of her devotions; "there was not a toilet in church."

Gretchen made no answer; she was gazing curiously at something in the street.

"What are you looking at?" asked Belita, standing on the steps and unfurling her grey silk parasol.

"Can it be?" said Gretchen. "No, it cannot be—yes, it is—it is mamma."

"*Misericordia!* so it is! Coming down the street without a bonnet. My dear child, what does

this mean? Your mother declared herself too weak to leave the house to-day, and here she comes in a dress which ought never to have been seen in public, and without a bonnet."

"She has got something in her hand," said Gretchen, pressing forward.

"A piece of paper," said Belita.

"A letter," suggested the Conte, humbly.

"She is laughing," said Gretchen.

"No, she is crying."

"I think she is doing both," said Ludovico.

They had got near enough to the approaching figure to perceive a strange tumult of expression on Ascelinde's features. She advanced towards them with the step of a tragedy heroine, her skirt trailing heavily in the dust, her uncovered head exposed to the beating sun, while with the fixity of a stage-gesture she held out a sheet of writing towards the approaching party. Her eyes shone in a sort of intoxication, like the eyes of a queen who has been newly crowned.

"What has happened, mamma?" asked Gretchen. "What is that letter?"

"Embrace me, my daughter," said the mother, superbly opening her arms. "Come, let us return thanks for the greatness of this blessing;" and she dragged Gretchen forward towards the chapel. "Ah, have they closed it already?"—for just this instant the key grated in the lock, and the sacristan tripped down the steps, light of heart, having shut up devotion for another week.

"That is a letter from Dr Komers," said Gretchen, as she caught sight of the writing.

"Have you had good or bad news?" inquired Belita.

"Good!" said Ascelinde, in a tone of passionate grief. "Dr Komers is a villain, a heartless unscrupulous man," she added, in the same breath.

"Mamma!" cried Gretchen, beginning to tremble, she knew not why.

"Who is Dr Komers?" asked Belita. "Is that the sleepy lawyer?"

"He is a lawyer, at any rate," said Gretchen; "but whether sleepy or not, this letter will perhaps tell us."

"He is the family adviser," said Ascelinde; "but he is without conscience and without heart, and I—I am the happiest woman in the world;" and suddenly producing a handkerchief with an embroidered monogram and coronet, she burst into tears before their eyes.

Of the whole party, Gretchen alone retained presence of mind. Leading her mother to a retired bench, she proceeded to do the only rational thing that was to be done—namely, to extract from Madame Mohr's fingers the letter, on which several enormous tear-drops had already splashed. With the eyes of the Conte and Contessa upon her, Gretchen read aloud the following communication:—

"HADHÁZA, July 7th.

"DEAR MADAM,—I reached this five days ago, and send these few lines in hurry to give you a strange piece of news. There being only one post a day from this place, I am forced to be very short in order to catch it: I can do no more than state the facts without details. I have, quite by accident and in the most extraordinary manner, come upon a will, which, though roughly drawn out, is indisputably valid, signed by your grandfather,—by reason of which will Draskócs now,

beyond the possibility of a doubt, belongs to your brother Alexius; though it will take a few weeks before his rights are established. I am truly sorry for any disappointment which you may feel, and hope you may not be disagreeably touched. A detailed account shall be forwarded shortly. At this moment I am called home by news of my sister's illness.—Yours truly,
"VINCENZ KOMERS."

"Draskócs is won," said Gretchen, looking up with a slight flush on her face.

"*Feliscio!*" cried Belita, exultantly; "I would embrace you, my dear child, if it were not for my sleeves."

"*Feliscio!*" repeated the small Conte, like an echo.

"But it is not ours," sobbed Madame Mohr. "It would have been ours if I had not allowed myself to be persuaded out of it by Dr Komers. He may well be sorry for the disappointment which I feel, as it is his fault alone. To think that the home of my ancestors might have been ours for ten thousand florins! I shall never have such a chance again."

It was a delicate point to determine whether condolences or congratulations were the most appropriate for the occasion.

The Conte looked at his wife for instructions, but Belita looked at nothing but her friend. Gretchen's face was still flushed, her eyes were shining. It was more to herself than to the others that she said, half aloud, "So, after forty-three years, it is he who has ended it."

"What a triumph!" burst out Ascelinde, with kindling eyes; "but there is no merit in finding a will when once it is there."

"Only that nobody else found it," said Gretchen.

"The family glory is retrieved. Dear Alexius! I shall never forgive Dr Komers. It is the happiest day in my life. Ah, but—if Draskócs were ours!"

The struggle between smiles and tears, between triumph and dejection, was so violent, that Gretchen thought it advisable quickly to regain the privacy of their apartments. Arrived there, the first thing that Ascelinde did was, with the help of the whole family, to write out a telegram of felicitation to her brother Alexius, and then burst into violent sobs as soon as it was gone. Till evening closed, and her weary head sank down on her pillow, Madame Mohr continued to vacillate between the extremes of passionate joy and frantic grief. Glances of triumph were quenched in tears; phrases begun in lamentations rose to exultant speeches. A bitter drop fell into the glass in which she was drinking her brother's health.

Alexius was alternately designated as the most exalted of mortals, and the unworthy inheritor of so much magnificence. The memory of her guardian Jósika was treated sometimes with veneration, sometimes with abhorrence. On one point only did the agitated Ascelinde remain firm—persistent abuse of the family lawyer. All the evils and none of the goods of her position were to be attributed to Dr Komers. He had misguided her by his advice; he gave no details about this mysterious will; he was leaving the place, instead of remaining there to guard her brother's interests—alas! that they were not her own! "And," said Ascelinde, coming to this climax regularly at the end of every hour's talking, "he does not even take the trouble to mention how many years ago my guardian died."

It was the happiest and the most miserable day in Ascelinde's life.

AN ARTIST'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

SIGNOR DUPRÈ is one of the best known of Italian sculptors. His works are pointed out to the traveller in many places where they stand in comparison with the greatest works at least of the old Italian masters, and his influence upon modern art in this particular domain has been great. If any living artist has a right to be listened to respectfully when he speaks of the principles and processes of the work to which he has dedicated his life, he is the man who should command our attention. Through a period of so many changes, in which so many new forces have come into being, during which his country has been so entirely reorganised—its very constitution and forms of existence altered—he has lived and laboured with never-failing energy, with an aim entirely undiverted by the great events going on around him, in his own particular sphere. The successes he has attained in that sphere, and the influence he has had upon contemporary art in Italy, may be matters somewhat difficult to make clear to the general reader; for Signor Duprè's great works are all, or almost all, in his own country, and it is there that his influence has told most. But the autobiography of a lively, sincere, and vigorous mind, full of interest in life, and warmly devoted to an object worthy of the highest exertion, possesses claims upon human attention which are more irresistible even than art. The book before us, in which his experiences are set forth, in a translation not only wonderfully true and accurate,

but which has preserved much of the native ease and spirit of the original, is one in which the reader, even if indifferent to art, will find interest and pleasure. Signor Duprè, though his name sounds rather French than Italian, is a typical Tuscan, with all the homely humour, the quips and jests that have made the Florentine workshops merry from the time of Giotto. He belongs, as near as is possible in the much altered conditions of this time, to the same class and the same atmosphere as those in which the old stout-hearted workmen of the arts developed into greatness without knowing it, without alteration either of their habits or surroundings. Rising, as if he had been born in the fifteenth instead of the nineteenth century, out of the *bottega* of the wood-carver into the sculptor's studio, there is no dandyism of art about him, no struggle to rise in the world, no aim except the honest and noble one of doing his best and highest at all times, and growing in knowledge of the principles as well as the methods of execution by which his art should most fitly be pursued. To rise in the world is a fine thing—it is the chief object, even of genius, in these days; but there can be little doubt that it is far more interesting and amusing to read about the primitive artist who has no ambition that way, whose mind is too much absorbed in the success of his statue to think whether or not he is sufficiently taken notice of in society or asked to dinner by the right people. The Florence in which Signor Duprè

writes might be the Florence of those grandest days when Giotto and his workmen were not ashamed of the shop, or when Botticelli hung up a bag to put his earnings in, from which all the comrades were free to take a handful of coins as they wanted them. There is even, indeed, something in this modern artist, though unlike in every moral quality, which reminds us now and then of that old swashbuckler, that quite disrespectful, bragging, lying, swaggering dare-devil of a Benvenuto, whose delicate genius and amusing blackguardism have been the admiration of the world for a couple of centuries. Different in every moral attribute, a devoted husband, a fond father, a blameless citizen, the Florentine sculptor of the present day has yet a whimsical resemblance to him of old. They are of the same *naïf*, robust, and pertinacious race, with the same fervour of personal life, the same impulses and excitements. It is true that where Benvenuto had always his dagger handy, and spared nobody that came in his way, our good Sor Giovanni has nothing worse to tell us of himself than a passing box on the ear bestowed upon an impudent varlet in a crowd. In a literary point of view, however, we can say nothing better for the irreproachable autobiographer of modern times than that his narrative is almost as interesting and amusing as his unscrupulous predecessor's wild story, and breathes of the same atmosphere, though the lawlessness and licence are gone.

Giovanni Duprè was born in Sienna in 1817, the son of a poor carver in wood, neither clever nor successful. Life had fallen to a very low level in those days after the Napoleonic passion had subsided, and Italy, fallen back into

the old bonds, was weary with exhaustion and hopelessness; but yet there was this advantage of the grand-dukes, that they were good in a way for art. Duprè the elder had bits of work to do in various shops, now at Florence, now at Sienna, to which latter place both he and his wife belonged; but he earned very little, and the family was very poor, especially when want of comfort produced quarrels and partial separation. The mother lived in Florence with her children, the father went where he could get work, taking with him poor little Giovanni, the eldest boy, who felt to the bottom of his heart his separation from his mother, but did his best to make life bearable by childish ventures in art, improving upon the coloured red and green stucco parrots sold in the streets, and trying to copy figures out of prints, working late and early, "my little head on fire" with the vague fermentings of creative power. His little troubles at this period are told with wonderful feeling. One of the masters to whose shop he was sent struck him when he spoiled his work, telling him that he would always be an ass, even when he had a beard on his chin. Another, still more cruel, took out of his hand an eaglet with thunderbolts in its claws, which the little fellow had been set to model, and "dashed it to the ground, breaking it to atoms in spite of the thunderbolts. Viewed from this long distance of time, this scene has a somewhat comic character," he says, "and must seem especially so to one who hears it described. But for me, a poor little boy, anxious to learn and get on, so as to lighten as far as possible the burden on my father—who, poor man, earned little, and of that little was obliged to send a portion to his family in

Florence—it was quite another thing; and though I felt within myself that I was not a complete donkey, still to see my work thrown thus brutally on the ground was so painful to me that it took away all my little strength.”

The poor child was badly cared for, badly fed—had to get up in the early mornings and go with his father to the shop, while sitting up at night to copy and carve after his own quick-coming fancies, until he dropped to sleep over his pencil. On one occasion the longing that he had to see his mother grew so strong, and the repeated disappointments of this hope so bitter, that he could bear it no longer. He had been told that he should be taken to see her at Easter; but, on the eve of Easter, he discovered that his father had no intention of going. They were then at Siena, and the rest of the family in Florence.

“Now, however, my patience gave way before my loving desire to see my mother; and without saying a word, I rose early and ran away from the house. Passing out of the Porta Camollia, I set off on my walk with only a bit of bread in my pocket, in the boyish hope of reaching my destination the same day, and so passing my Easter with my mother, without reflecting that, by so doing, I should pass it neither with my father nor my mother. I was about nine years old, and walked on with courage beyond my strength. So great was my desire to get to Florence, that I passed Staggia and Poggibonsi without feeling tired; but near Barberino—which is about twenty miles from Siena, and half-way to Florence—my mind misgave me that I should not be able to arrive in Florence that evening; and then my strength abandoned me, and I was so overcome with fatigue that I could not get up from a little wall on which I had seated myself to rest. I had not a penny. No carts or carriages were passing that way. It was Easter, and every one was at home

resting for his holiday; and I, there I was alone in the middle of the road, oppressed with weariness and remorse for having left my father in such anxiety. At times I hoped that he might come after me with a carriage to take me up, and I quite resigned myself to a sound beating; but even this hope was vain, and I had to continue my walk. How many sad thoughts passed one after another through my little tired head! What will my mother, who is expecting us, do or say? What will my *babbo* think, left alone, and not knowing where I am? He will be certainly looking for me, and asking after me from every one in Siena. What will become of me in the middle of the road if night overtakes me? This thought gave strength and energy to my will, and on I went. I don't think that I was frightened. At length my strength was exhausted; the sun began to set; I was seven or eight miles from San Casciano, and I could not be certain of arriving even there to pass the night. I stopped at a wretched little house to rest, and asked for a glass of water. A man, a woman, and several children were eating. They asked me where I came from, and I told them. With expressions of compassion, especially from the woman, they gathered round me, gave me some bread, a hard-boiled egg, and a little wine, and I thanked them with emotion. They wanted me to stay with them until the next day—and tired out as I was, I should have stayed and accepted their kindly offer; but at this moment a *vettura* for Florence passed by, and with my eyes full of tears I told them how infinitely grateful I should be if I could be allowed to fasten myself in any way on to the carriage. The driver, who had stopped to get a glass of wine, seeing the state I was in, and hearing my story from these good country people, took me up on the box by his side, and carried me to Florence, where we arrived in less than three-quarters of an hour, an hour after nightfall. As my mother and the other children lived in Via Toscanelli, when we were near the Sdrucciolo de' Pitti the good driver set me down there. I descended from the box and ran,—no, I could not run, for my feet were swollen, and my

sides numb, but my heart was glad, exultant, and throbbing. I knocked; my mother came to the window and saw me, but she did not recognise me until I spoke, and then she gave a scream and came down."

Babbo (a word which corresponds to daddy) pursuing, arrived next day with threats of a whipping; but the mother interposed, and poor little Nanni was let off on humbly begging pardon. He was left with the mother he loved and sent to a shop in Florence to learn his trade, where the eager little soul, devoted to his work, and always experimenting, drawing, and carving little heads, never idle, pleased everybody. There was no luxury to be found in the crowded little house inhabited by this poor family, where penury and labour reigned. The poor mother was blind, or almost blind, incapable of needlework, and gained a scanty living by buying and selling old clothes. The eldest of the children, a pretty young girl, died the same year—the younger brother had to learn his trade in a charity school; but in spite of all these difficulties "I was light-hearted," says the story-teller. There were plenty of casts to draw from, and good-nature and kindness about him. He had a little library of seven or eight books which he kept in a box, thinking "that all books were good—good because they were printed—and not only good at home, but good everywhere else; and so I used to take my books to read in church during the Mass." One Sunday his master saw him devoutly poring over the 'History of the Pazzi Conspiracy,' while the sacred office was going on in Sant' Jacopo, and gave him to understand that this was not an appropriate study for the place and moment. Thus the little fellow went on making discoveries both in life and art.

Time passed, however, and the boy became a young man. He grew into great favour with his master and advancement in his work, so that he was put at the head of the younger workmen in the shop, and all the principal portions of the work were committed to his hands. Then came the period of temptation and wavering. He began to be less interested in what he did, less contented at home, more disposed to pleasure than to work. How he was delivered from the dangers of this perilous moment by the efficacy of a pure and worthy love, he tells with simple grace and genuine feeling. "Now," he says, "that I must begin to speak of her who saved me, and loved me, and whom I loved and esteemed always because she was so rich in all true virtues, I feel my hand tremble, and the fulness of my love confuses my ideas." One day after he had begun to frequent public-houses and billiard-rooms, to be discontented at home and idle abroad, he suddenly saw a little figure passing with quick steps by his shop. It was only a momentary vision, but it would not leave his mind; "that upright, modest little figure, those quick little footsteps," the air and manner of a young creature occupied and impervious to all foolish impressions, going about her honest business, had charmed him in spite of himself. As he sat at his work he glanced up from time to time in the hope of seeing her pass once more, but in vain. At last—it was again an Easter morning—he saw her once more:—

"I was at Mass in the Church of the Santi Apostoli near by. Suddenly lifting my eyes, I saw facing me the dear young girl on her knees. Her face was in shadow, as it was bent down, and the church was rather

dark, but the features and general expression were chaste and sweet. I stayed there enchanted. That figure in her modest dress and humble attitude, so still, so serene, enraptured me. When Mass was finished, the people began to go away, but she still remained on her knees. At last she rose and went out, and I followed her from afar. She stopped at a house on the door of which I saw the sign of 'laundress.' I could not believe that such a modest, serious young girl could be so employed; for, as a general thing, laundresses are rather frisky and provocative, turning their heads and glancing about, and sometimes very slovenly in their dress—in fact, the opposite of all that dear good creature was. From the first moment that I saw her, I felt for her a respectful admiration, a tranquil, serene, brotherly affection and trust. I was seized with an irresistible desire to love her, to possess her, and to have my love returned. Often, without her knowing it, I followed her at a distance, to assure myself of her bearing and her ways, and always observed in her a chaste, serious, and modest nature. At last I attempted to follow her nearer; and when she became aware of it, she hastened her steps and crossed to the other side of the street. I was disconcerted, but at the same time felt contented. One day, however, I decided at any cost to speak to her, and to open my heart to her; and as I knew the hour when she was in the habit of passing by the Piazza di San Biagio, where I was at work, I held myself in readiness, and as soon as I saw her, went out and followed her, that I might draw this thorn out of my heart. Yes, I somehow thought she would not take my offer amiss. She crossed the Loggia del Mercato and took the Via di Baccano and Condotta, and turned into the Piazzetta de' Giuochi, and I always followed her nearer and nearer. At last she became aware of this, stopped suddenly, turned, and without looking me in the face, said, 'I want no one to follow me.'

"I stammered a few words, but with so much emotion in my voice, that she again stopped, looked at me a moment, and said, 'Go home to your mother, and do not stop me again in the streets.'

"I gave her a grateful look, and we parted. I returned to the shop with my heart overflowing with love and hope."

Here we must pause to ask, with much deference to the superior knowledge of the translator, whether she has not a little failed in perceiving the full meaning of the young woman's sensible and modest speech? *Vada a casa dalla mamma*, of course may mean, "Go home to your mother;" but this would be a little pert on the part of Marina, and there would be no reason in it for the "grateful look" of her young lover, and the overflowing of love and hope in his heart. What she meant to say evidently was, "Go to our house to my mother. Speak to my mother,"—the proper and decorous way of bringing his suit—which she did not disdain—under her notice. That this was how he understood it seems plain.

"From that day a great change took place in me: companions, rioting, and billiards disappeared as by enchantment from my life. That same evening I went to the laundry. I saw the mistress of it, and with an excuse of having some work to give her, I spoke to her casually, and in a general way, of the young girl (whose name I did not know); but she being very sharp, smiled and said—

"Ah yes; Marina—certainly—I understand. But take care and mind what I say; Marina is such a well-conducted girl that she will not give heed to you."

"But I did not say that I wanted to make love to her."

"I know; but I understood it, and I repeat that she will not listen to you,—and if you want to do well, you will never come here again. Here there is work and not love-making to be done. But if you like, you might go to her house and speak with her mother. Perhaps then—who knows? But I should say that nothing would come of it, and it would be better so. You are too young, and so is she. Now you un-

derstand. So go away, and good-bye.'

"'Thank you, I understand; but where is Marina's house?'"

The young man was only eighteen: but youth is precocious in Italy, and he was already a good workman, with no apparent prospect of being anything more, which is the condition of all others, except perhaps that of a man of hereditary fortune, which makes early marriage appropriate. Still it is not wonderful that his own mother wept and opposed the idea, and that the girl's mother would not consent until she had consulted with his family. All, however, yields, in real life as well as in fiction, to real and honest love. For a little while he was allowed to go to the house, and sit with them, talking of his hopes and of his work, while Sora Regina span, and the young Marina plaited straw, looking up sometimes with astonished eyes when the youth expressed, in words which she could but half understand, the confused audacious hope that was in him of some time or other being able to work at the human figure, even perhaps in marble! After a little of this intercourse, however, the two mothers began to fear that things might go too fast, and young Nanni was requested to forego his visits—to be content with the girl's promise to wait for him, but not to compromise her by "sitting about on my chairs," as the mother says. "If it is a rose it will blossom," she added, by way of consolation. This, however, was a dreadful blow for the young man: and he describes the conflict of his feelings, his inclination sometimes to throw away his good resolutions, to take his pleasure like the rest, and forget the little Puritan who had won him back to the ways of self-denial and virtue for love of her. If, however, he dropped back a little

into foolish ways, his backsliding was brief; and by great good fortune he met his little love and her mother in the street immediately after a boyish scuffle, which his hot temper had betrayed him into, and with bewildering delight and astonishment found himself suddenly and most opportunely taken back into their good graces. After this he felt there was no longer time for any trifling, and that to marry Marina was the way of salvation. His hot young logic, his passion and eagerness, ended by convincing the mother, and all was settled for the marriage. Here is a pretty little scene out of the austere love-making which was all that was permitted, in which we have a charming glimpse of the reticent Italian girl, full of all those delicacies of reserve which the Latin races think essential for their young women:—

"My eagerness to see her every evening, my exactness in carrying her all my savings, and the respect which I showed her by my words and acts, made me dearer to her eyes than I ever was before. One evening we were standing at the window of our little parlour, which overlooked a garden which was not ours. On its ledge were some pots of flowers reaching out over the windows, and among the flowers was a plant of verbena, which she liked above all things. I talked to her of my studies, of my hopes, of the happiness I felt in being near her; and all the time I was so close to her, that our two breathings were mingled together.

"She was silent, her face and eyes lifted to the starry heavens. The perfume of the flowers, the silence of the evening, and her sweet and chaste ecstasy so touched me, that, impelled by an irresistible force, I reached my lips towards hers. My movement was instantaneous, but I failed to carry out my purpose; she turned away her face, and my lips only brushed against a lock of her hair, and then she immediately moved away and seated herself beside her

mother. After forty years this comes back to me as if it had just happened. . . . When she perceived that I was serious and a little mortified, she said with calm benignity—

“Do you like verbena?”

“Oh yes; I like it so much.”

“Then quickly rising, she cut off a sprig, put it in the button-hole of my coat, and said—

“There, that looks well!”

The marriage took place shortly after, in the year 1836, when the young bridegroom was but nineteen. “This,” he says, “was in truth the great event of my life, and that which exercised the most salutary influence over my studies, over my peace, and over the prosperity and morality of my family.” He never altered this opinion; and throughout all the long after-course of his life there are a series of charming glimpses of the excellent wife, the good mother, the wise and sympathetic companion, whose lowly origin made her a no less fit mate for the laborious artist. (We are a little at a loss to know why the translator should give her the name of Marina, when, except in the brief conversation quoted with the laundress, who uses the diminutive, she is called Maria by her husband; but this is a trifling matter.) As soon as the tremors and agitation of the love-episode were calmed by marriage, the young artist returned to the ambitious, nay, audacious, hopes which had already risen confusedly in his mind—“*to be a sculptor*.” It was “the dream of my life,” he says; but as yet, this dream had gone no “further than merely to be a workman in marble.” His mother listened, half sympathising; his father frowned and objected; his young wife “would look at me sadly, and, quietly smiling, would say, ‘We are very well off as we are;’” but the fire of ambition in the youth’s heart was not to be

thus easily quenched. Without slackening in the work by which he made four pauls (two francs) a-day, and many pretty things in wood-carving, he began to employ his evenings and every moment of leisure in study. Marina carried on her own occupation, thus aiding in the expenses of the little establishment, while her young husband spent his dinner-hour in modelling, and his evenings with his pencil.

“It was indeed a life full of agitations, anxieties, fears, and privations, but animated with what joyous hopes! Every evening when I came back from my work, I devoted myself at home to making anatomical drawings from casts, while my wife did her ironing in the same room; and I drew till the hour of supper came. It was a pure sweet pleasure to me to see that strong and lively creature coming and going with her flat-irons from the fire-place to the table, and gaily ironing and singing as she smoothed and beat with the flat-iron on the linen, while her mother sat silently spinning in the corner. Truly that blessed woman was right when she said, ‘We are so happy as we are’—for one of the purest joys that cheers my present life is the memory of those days. No joy is purer than that which comes from the memory of that past time of work, of study, and of domestic peace. Those days of narrow means and agitations now shine upon me with a serene and lovely light; and I bless the Lord, who softens by His grace the bitterness of poverty and the harshness of fatigue, and so preserves this sweetness of remembrance in the heart, that neither time nor fortune has the power to extinguish it, or even to diminish it.”

Experiences of this kind have another advantage beyond the higher one which the good Duprè acknowledges so gratefully. Such a pretty scene, lighted by the three-beaked *lucerna* of native use, high up in one of the many storeys of a tall Florentine house, is infinitely more charming and touching to hear of than the flat evenings

that so often follow the honeymoon for Edwin and Angelina in another sphere, in which there are no privations nor hard work to encounter, where the young husband starts off to his club, half ashamed of himself, now that there is no more uncertainty of love-making to occupy him, and the young wife goes dully to bed with nothing to do. Marina's bright face, as she puts down her flat-iron with a little thump, keeping time to her song, is much more interesting and pleasing to behold. This is perhaps a compensation for hard work which the worker rarely thinks of, and which indeed only comes in, in rare cases, when one of the pair has the faculty of speech.

We must not, however, allow ourselves to be seduced any further by Signor Duprè's delightful domestic interiors. The honest and kind Italian is not disconcerted, it will be perceived, even by that silent figure of the mother-in-law spinning in the corner, which is the bugbear of all the wits, any more than he was afraid of the little band of daughters who after a while filled his house. His progress in art was rapid. His first work done in these hours of recreation, was a little statuette which gained him a word of praise from Bartolini, then the great name in Sculpture, the leader of the rising school of Realists, who had begun to rebel against the excessive dominion of the classical ideal. All this gradually worked in the mind of the young workman an impatience with his trade, not, he is careful to tell us, because he thought wood a less worthy material than marble—"for the excellence of a work depends upon the skill and knowledge of the artist, and not upon the material he has used"—but "because it was my business at the shop to make all sorts of little things, such

as candlesticks, cornices, masks, &c." When by rare good fortune he was employed to make a crucifix, he threw his whole heart into it,—worthy work was what he wanted. His preparations for his future art-life, made in so much humility and ignorance, and as yet only with the hope of achieving the modest position of assistant in a studio, were checkered with discouragements as well as success. Here is one which he recounts with natural satisfaction:—

"One day, in the studio of Magi, I and another young man were modelling together a man's *torso* which had been cast from nature. A friend of Magi, a painter, as he passed by us paused, and after looking at our two copies, said, turning to my rival and patting him gently on the shoulder, 'I am delighted: this is an artist!' Then turning to me with an expression of regret, he said, '*A rivederla.*' My good reader, do you think that made me despair? No, by the Lord! I tell you rather that these words were seared upon my brain as with a red-hot iron, and there they still remain—and they did me a great deal of good. The Professor who spoke them (yes, he was a Professor), three years afterwards embraced me in the Accademia delle Belle Arti before my 'Abel.' My rival? My rival is perfectly sound in health, and is fatter and more vigorous than I am, but he is not a sculptor. So, my dear young artist, courage!"

We must quote the passage which follows, not only because it is in itself admirable, and well worthy of the study of the young artist whom he addresses, but also as an excellent specimen of the "thoughts on art" with which Signor Duprè accompanies his personal records:—

"But be careful to consider well what your vocation really is, and do not allow yourself to be deluded by false appearances. It is absolutely necessary that your calling should be

imperious, tenacious, persistent; that it should enter into all your thoughts; that it should give its form and pressure to all your feelings; that it should not abandon you even in your sleep; and that it should drive from your memory your hour of dinner, your appointments, your ease, your pleasures. If, when you take a walk in the country, the hills and groves do not awaken in you in the least the idea that it would be pleasant to own them; but instead of this, if you feel enamoured by the beautiful harmony of nature, with its varied outlines, and swelling bosoms, and slopes sadly illuminated by the setting sun, and all seems to you an exquisite picture—then hope. If at the theatre you see a drama represented, and you feel impelled to judge within yourself whether this or that character is well played—whether the gestures, the expression of face, and the inflections of voice are such as properly belong to the character, and accord with the affections that move him, or the passions that agitate him—then hope. If, while you are walking along, you see the face of a beautiful woman, and if it does not immediately awaken in you the idea of a statue with its name and expression, but, on the contrary, you idly or improperly admire it—then fear. . . . And if you do not feel your faculties debilitated by the long and thorny path of study, but, on the contrary, tempered and strengthened every day by constant and patient labour, then hope—hope—hope. Otherwise, if you have property, attend to the management of it. If you are poor, learn some trade. It is better to be a good carpenter than a bad artist."

The record that follows is one of a persistent struggle—a struggle in which the high-spirited young man was often discouraged and cast down, but always got up again and struggled on, gaining a little way after every downfall. He had to fight his way through all the early mysteries of an artist's training, almost at hazard, finding out a hundred things laboriously by himself, which are the earliest elements of academical training. He

had no art-education whatever except that of the carver's workshop, and of those interminable studies on paper and in clay, which he pursued to the sacrifice of every moment of leisure, at the time when he should have been eating or resting, and in the evenings, while his wife ironed her fine linen. The authorities frowned, or, when a smile was extorted from them, smiled but coldly upon the indomitable young fellow, who was of no school, who called no man master, and who struggled along by the light of simple genius, and that inborn perception which all the academies in the world cannot give. In no branch of art is it so difficult to struggle against the conventional, the accepted laws of tradition, as in the art of sculpture. It says something in favour of the popular prejudice against the testimony of experts, that had young Duprè been produced before a tribunal of art-professors and *cognoscenti* in Florence, it would certainly have been proved against him that he knew little or nothing about art. "The imitation, the character, and the form of this statue show that you are not of the Academy," said the most favourable critic. When, by incredible exertions, he had managed to complete and exhibit his first statue, the "Abel," the art-world of Florence was rent in two by a bitter controversy as to whether this work was not a mere cast from the life, and not a work of art at all. "This scandalous talk, which was as absurd as malign, originated among the artists, and especially among the sculptors," who went so far as to measure the model in an attempt to prove their theory. It was a moment when the work of the self-taught artist answered the purpose of both parties in one of those struggles which diversify the history of art. After a long reign

of the Classic Conventional, the sculptor Bartolini had upset the gods, and established, with all the fervour and some of the violence and extravagance of a revolution, the one goddess, Nature, in their stead. His description of this movement, and of its effect upon contemporary art, is one of the best things in Signor Duprè's book. Bartolini had been quite recently appointed to the Professorship of Sculpture in the Florentine Academy, and had "taken possession of the school with the air of a conqueror." His appointment to the post was in itself a proof of the triumph of the principles by which he had made his reputation, and he began at once to overturn all the landmarks established by his predecessor.

"He altered everything, theories and systems. . . . He prohibited all study from statues, and restricted the whole system of teaching to an imitation only of nature; and he pushed this principle so far, that he introduced a hunchback into the school and made the young students copy him. This daring novelty raised a shout of indignation: they cried out against the profanation of the school, of the sacred principles of the beautiful, &c.; said that he was ignorant of his duties as master, and that he misled the youths, extinguishing in them the love of the beautiful by the study of deformity. . . . Bartolini was right in carrying back art to its first source—that is (and we should thank him for that), to the imitation of nature—he went beyond bounds in proposing a deformed person as a model. It is very true that Bartolini never affirmed, as his enemies assert, that a hunchback was beautiful. He said that it was as difficult to copy a hunchback well as a well-formed person, and that a youth ought to copy as faithfully the one as the other; and when the eye had been educated to discover the most minute differences in the infinite variety of nature, and the hand able to portray them, then, but only then, was the time to speak, and select from nature the most perfect,

which others called the *bello ideale*, and he the *bello naturale*. But that blessed hunchback still remains, who, in the strict sense of the word, is not the real truth; for in what is deformed there is something deficient, which removes it from the truth, however natural it may be. It is a defect in nature, and therefore not true to nature. . . .

"But nevertheless, this Bartolinian reform was of great advantage. Let us remember how sculpture was then studied. The teaching of Ricci was only a long and tedious exercise of copying wholesale the antique statues, good and bad; and what was worse, the criterion of Greek art was carried into the study of nude life—the characteristic forms of the antique statues supplanting those of the living model. The outlines were added to and cut away with a calm superiority which was even comical. The abdominal muscles were widened, the base of the pelvis narrowed, in order to give strength and elegance to the figure. The model was never copied; the head was kept smaller, and the neck fuller, so that, although the general effect was more slender and more robust, the character was falsified, and was always the same, and always conventional. This restriction of nature to a single type led directly to conventionality; and once this direction was taken, and this habit of working from memory, following always a pre-established type, the artist gradually disregarded the beautiful variety of nature, and not only did not notice it, but held it in suspicion, believing that nature is always defective, and that it is absolutely necessary to correct it; and in this, they said, lies the secret of Art. And yet Bartolini cried aloud, and, so to speak, strained his voice to make himself understood, and stood up on a table and beat his drum for the hunchback. But as soon as a sufficient number of people is collected to make a respectable audience, one must lay aside the great drum and begin to speak seriously. And this is just what the *maestro* did: he gave up the hunchback, inculcated the imitation of beautiful nature in all its varieties of sex, age, and temperament. But in the ears of the greater number of persons the beat of the great drum still sounded, and the words

of Bartolini were not understood. From that time to this there have been no more statues of Apollo, Jove, and Minerva. Chased from this earth, they returned to their place on Olympus—and there they still remain.

"Still the seed of deformity had been sown, and struck strong roots. There are some men who grub in filth and dirt with pure delight, and have for the ugly and evil a special predilection, because, as they say, these are as true representatives of nature as what is beautiful and good, and are in fact a particular phase of that truth which, as a whole, constitutes the truly beautiful. And reasoning thus, this school, or rather this coterie, has given us, and still gives us, the most strange and repulsive productions, . . . a servile copy of such offensively ugly models as Mother Nature produces when she is not well. What would you say, dear reader, if you were ever to see a hideous little baby crying with his ugly mouth wide open, because his bowl of pap has fallen out of his hand? or an infamous and bestial man, with the gesticulations expressive of the lowest and most vicious desires? . . . For myself, I am not a fanatic for ancient Art: on the contrary, I detest the academic and conventional; but I confess that, rather than these horrors, I should prefer to welcome Cupid, and Venus, and Minerva, and the Graces, and in a word all Olympus."

We in this country have never got so far as Professor Bartolini carried his students. We have never got rid of Apollo and Minerva; but we too have suffered from his hunchback. Who has not seen some hideous replica of the Dirty Boy, that famous group which has proved more popular than any heroic marble? Between such vulgar caterings to the lowest tastes, and those dreadful pieces of taskwork in the shape of busts, the smirks and whiskers of the male, the simpers and lace collars of the female subjects, which line all our exhibitions, the art of rendering what is least beautiful in

nature is thoroughly well understood among us. It has been proved in recent days that London may ring with an art-controversy as hot as Florence ever saw: but abstract principles of art are not likely, perhaps, to be very warmly discussed among us. Duprè's first work, the "Abel," carried out the nobler principle of this return to nature, and, as such, was taken up by the new school with enthusiasm, as a statue "made by a youth who knew nothing of Phidias or Alcamenes, nor of the others—who had not breathed the stifling air of the Academy—but had trusted himself to beautiful nature, and copied her with fidelity and love." On the other hand, the opposition party seized upon Signor Duprè's model, and stripped and measured him in the endeavour to make out that this famous return to nature was a cast from the life. They failed, however, signally in this effort, and awoke the indignation of the authorities—whose critical judgment was thus by a side wind set at nought.

"Abel" hung for some time on the artist's hands, his enemies maintaining, though disproved, this injurious assertion about the cast, and a chill of doubt as to whether he would be able to produce another statue subduing even his friends. He had, however, many encouragements as well as drawbacks, a certain Count del Benino volunteering an advance of money to go on with, and other easements and help of various kinds falling in his way, for his honest devotion to his art, and simplicity of endeavour to "frame, he knew not what excellent thing," had won him many friends. His wife, perhaps not able to rise to the fervour of this hope, looked on with doubting, though always tender eyes, while the fate of her little household was thus held in suspense. "Without

saying it, she made me understand that she would greatly have preferred my continuing as a wood-carver, without troubling myself about an art which hitherto had given me only disappointment and worry. With her eyes she seemed to say to me, 'Don't bother yourself, Nanni, about it.'". However, in a happy hour the Grand Duchess Maria of Russia, with her husband the Prince of Leuchtenberg, came to Florence. They heard the controversy with interest, as perhaps some barbarous princess might have heard a controversy of a somewhat similar kind, which not long ago set English society by the ears; and seeing, on a visit to the young artist's studio, not only the "Abel" but the first *bozzo* of the "Cain" which he had set to work upon in a half frenzy of indignation and ambition, immediately bought the completed statue, and gave the happy young sculptor a commission for the other. "The Grand Duchess, pressing my hand, said, 'The "Abel" and the "Cain" are mine.'"

This great success and triumphant vindication of his powers—for the "Cain" when completed was as successful as the "Abel," and there were no longer any disparaging doubts about his power of modelling a standing or any other figure—did, our good Sor Giovanni confesses, a little turn his head. He received a commission shortly after for the "Giotto" which stands under the colonnade of the Uffizi, and seemed to have entered the way of triumph. He was still young enough, though the father of a family, to be excused a little foolish elation, and delight in his own surpassing powers. Here is a little penitential picture of what happened on the occasion of a visit made to Rome in 1844, in order to make studies for a statue of Pope Pius II.:—

"I must confess, whatever it costs me, that the Eternal City did not make

the most favourable impression upon me; and except the ruins of ancient Rome, the Colosseum, the Pantheon, the Forum, with its triumphal arches and colonnades, all the rest excited in me no enthusiasm. But I must admit I had been spoiled by too much praise; and I was so vain, that while I accepted everything with apparent modesty, I was so puffed up internally with pride that at times it would show itself in spite of me. I remember once at the house of the Signora Clementina Carnevali, where every evening were to be seen all the most distinguished persons in Rome, either in letters or art, strangers as well as Italians,—I remember, I say, to have replied in a most impertinent manner to some one who asked me how I liked the monuments and the art of Rome, and what above all had most pleased me. I replied—and I blush to repeat it—"What I like best is the stewed broccoli,"—a reply as outrageously stupid as insolent, and I wonder that those who heard it could have taken it in good part. For myself, as I feel to-day, if a young artist had replied to me in such a manner, he would have got little good out of it—and so much the better for him!

"But I had better luck; my foolish reply was repeated by every one, and so clouded by vanity and pride were my eyes, that I fancied it excited mirth and approbation, while it really deserved only compassion.

"O Minardi! O Tenerani! O Massimo d'Azeglio! you who were present, but now dead, cannot see the *amende* which I make. However, you knew me later, and were aware of my repentance."

Every one who can remember a similar outburst of youthful folly, which still dyes even elderly cheeks to think of, will sympathise with Sor Giovanni in his shame and penitence.

After the triumph, however, came a chill. His "Giotto" had been censured as being "too naturalistic"—and this, as the real Giotto was not an ideal of human beauty, troubled and disturbed the young artist, who felt that truth—or at least fact—and the

bello ideale did not always correspond, and who began to ask himself whether, after all, the classic-conventional were not the safest way. For a moment it seemed as if he were about to fall between two stools, unable to accept the traditions of the classicists on one hand, and revolted by the licence of the *naturalisti*, to whom "the first ruffian or harlot of the streets" was good enough for a type of humanity, on the other. The signs of this wavering and doubtful state are to be seen, he tells us, in the works executed at this time, "in which are reflected my want of faith, uncertainty, and weakness of mind during these three years of artistic irresolution." He was disturbed at the same time in his tranquil home, which had always been a fountain of peace and consolation. He had with admirable feeling insisted that his wife should give up her trade as he prospered in his; but their means were scarcely sufficient as yet to permit the loss of one source of income, and the good Maria was troubled and unhappy. Then the other members of the Duprè family,—the brother, who had ambitions too, but no power to back them, as is so often the case among the insignificant members of a family which has had the luck to produce one person of genius—the father, who was always a discouraging and feeble personage,—sowed embarrassments in the path of the young artist. And the men of the schools—even Bartolini, to whose theories Duprè had brought an unexpected support, looked jealously with no real understanding or approval upon the young man who was without the hall-mark of a regular training, and had made his way by the force of natural genius alone. Those who are conscious of having spent a great deal of

time and trouble in education, are apt to regard with a doubtful eye him who pushes past them on the road to fame without any training at all. And perhaps the self-made man is never free from a doubt whether he might not have done better had he adopted, though without full acquaintance with the meanings and motives of them, the ways of the schools. The good sense and natural judgment, however, of the young Florentine, eventually brought him out safely into the right path; but he is very eager to warn young artists of the dangers of premature applause, and of attaching too much importance to early successes.

"The young artist should take heed of all the praise that he receives. He should hold it in suspicion, and weigh it, and make a large deduction. Eulogy is like a perfume, grateful to the sense; but it is better to inhale it but little, little, little, because it goes to the head, lulls us to sleep, and sometimes intoxicates us and bewilders us so that we lose our compass. One must be prudent. Flowers of too strong an odour must be kept outside the room. Air is necessary—air. I hope that these words will fall into the ear of some to whom they may do good—I mean, of those who not only sniff up praise with eagerness, but are discontented because they do not think it sufficient, and who re-read it and talk of it with others so as to prolong their pleasure, and preserve all the papers and writings which speak of them, without perceiving that this is all vanity and pettiness of heart.

"For the rest, it is very easy to see how one may vacillate, and even fall; and on this account I deem it my duty, for the love that I bear to young men, to put them on their guard against the blandishments of praise. Imagine, dear reader, an inexperienced youth of spirit and lively fancy, who in his first essays in art finds it said and written of him that he has surpassed all others, has begun where others ended, that he is born perhaps to outdo the Greeks with his

chisel, that Michael Angelo must descend from the pedestal he has occupied for centuries, and other similar stuff, . . . and you will have the secret of his vacillations, even if with God's help he is not led utterly astray."

We may quote, however, to show that even his moment of triumph was not without alloy, the following anecdote of his early career. While Duprè was still in the workshop of his master the wood-carver, he had executed a crucifix in wood, which the well-known banker Fenzi had ordered as a marriage-present for his son. On the occasion of a *conversazione* at Fenzi's house, when Bartolini was holding forth upon the degeneracy of the existing age, its mistaken ideal, &c., and vaunting the superiority of medieval artists, Fenzi, *malizioso*, produced the crucifix and exhibited it to the eloquent professor.

"After examining it, he said: 'The proof that our artists of old were as able as they were modest can be seen in this work. The artist who made it, and who probably was only an *intagliatore*, would have been able to make a statue such as perhaps no one to-day could.'

"At this Fenzi replied, with a smile, 'Excuse me, but you are in error. This is a modern work, and there is the artist who made it,' pointing me out, who was just coming in at that moment.

"Bartolini laid down the 'Christ,' spoke not a word more, and did not deign even to look at me, although he had praised the work."

The period at which he had now arrived was as perilous for Art, as were the warring thoughts in his mind for the artist's work; for these were the troubled times of 1848, when Italy was too much excited by warlike preparations, and the sudden hopes of national emancipation, to spare time any longer for those discussions and dilettanteisms in which

all the life remaining in its depressed States had found an outlet. Duprè seems never to have taken any part in politics. He was neither Liberal nor *codino*, but an artist with his soul absorbed in his work. Giotto, too, it seems probable, cared very little what way the tide of party ran, and went to his shop in peace, indifferent whether the Guelfi or the Ghibellini were getting the best of it. The only sign our sculptor gives of any relations on the popular side, is a passing note that most of the distinguished artists and amateurs who had once frequented his studio were, after the return of the Grand Duke, and collapse of the premature revolution, refugees, *fuori-usciti*, as one-half of the notables of Florence continually were in medieval days. And he had a strong argument in favour of the existing *régime* in the fact that the return of the Grand Duke meant pecuniary salvation for himself and his family, although not perhaps in the most desirable way. Not even Grand Dukes can commission new statues for ever; and the blessed work which came to save the discouraged artist from idleness and penury, was more in the way of his early trade than of his ambition. The Grand Duke employed him to make a casket to hold his daughter's jewels. It was to be executed in ivory, and was intended to be a valuable work of art; but there was no concealing that it was a great coming down for the sculptor of Cain and Abel. He consoled himself as best he could with the recollection that Baccio d'Agnolo had manufactured *cassone*, the old oak chests which once bore decorations so splendid in Florence; and that a little terra cotta of Luca della Robbia was worth more than a hundred thousand wretched statues in marble or bronze. But still the necessity was bitter.

"Consider, friendly reader, if you are an artist, and after long study and anxiety have ever obtained the hoped-for compensations and triumphs, the more deserved because so earnestly laboured for, that you now see an artist occupied, on a work difficult indeed, but very far from being of that ideal greatness that his hopes and the applause previously given him have led him to anticipate and desire. The smallness of the work, the material, and even the tools for working it, reminded me of the humbleness of my origin. I felt sick at heart, and then flashed into my mind the fear that I might be obliged to return to wood-carving. Not that I despised that art—I have already said the material is of no account; but I wanted to be a sculptor, and meantime I had nothing to do, and my family looked to me for support. This thought gave me strength, drove away the golden dreams of the future, even the memory of the smiling past, and I worked all day long and part of the night. My poor wife, who was always so good and active, attending to the household economy and to the education of our little girls, comforted me with her simple and affectionate words. Sometimes, returning home with the children, she would stop to see me, and would look at and praise my work, and perhaps, because it reminded her of our early years, would say—

"Beautiful, this work, is it not, Nanni?"

"Yes; do you like it?"

"Yes."

"But in this exchange of loving words there was a certain sadness; and although it did not appear on the surface, yet the ear and eye of him who loves, hears and sees what is hidden below."

Wherever this gentle woman appears the scene brightens, and the husband's words glitter with a tender light. No doubt in her heart there was always a sincere conviction that the beautiful work which was within the reach of her modest capacity was really the best, and that Nanni would have been safer had he held fast by it,

and eschewed those big shining ghosts in marble, which no woman could be expected to care for. And in the meantime, though it was a humiliation, the beautiful work saved the family, and led to pecuniary comfort at least, if nothing more. The Grand Duke proved himself a generous master, giving one commission after another; and when Duprè fell ill, charged himself with the costs of an expedition to Naples, which it was hoped would cure him. He set off with his wife and one of his children by *vettura* in mellow October weather. "That eight days' journey in the sweet company of my wife, the pretty innocent questionings of Beppina about the fields, rivers, and villages, . . . the novelty of the life, the pure country air," softened his sufferings—and indeed one can well imagine such a journey to be sovereign against the malady of fatigue and over-anxiety, which is the modern artist's ill. He was cured at last, after trying all the nostrums possible, by hydropathy, or at least by so much of hydropathy as is involved in the curious process of "packing." Of Naples he gives a most amusing account, the noise and crowd filling him with "a mixture of wonder and anger." Why couldn't those good people do what they had to do without screaming and throwing themselves about? he asks, as if he had been an Englishman. The Englishman, however, would probably think all Italians the same, and would open his mouth and eyes with astonishment to hear a Tuscan complain of the coachman's whip "cracked within five fingers of his ears;" for foreigners are incapable of perceiving the fine shades of difference between one locality and another in a country which is not their own.

As Duprè returned to Florence and his work convalescent, he lin-

gered in Rome on his way, and thought over all the crude conclusions which he had come to on his former visit. The old vexed question about the ideal and nature had come back to his mind with renewed force, and tormented him till he found a solution. Perhaps, besides the abstract principle, of which it was so important to find some settlement, the question had been again forced upon him in a sharp, practical way by the problem how to represent Saint Antonino, that best Archbishop of Florence, whose statue was to be added to those in the Uffizi. The true Saint Antonino was small—hence the diminutive by which he was called—and, it was said by tradition, deformed (the latter, however, unlikely, since the Church was not apt to admit to high dignity any one thus placed at a disadvantage by nature). Was he to be rendered thus in deference to truth, or made into a dignified type of ecclesiastical sanctity in deference to the rules of art?—a question which is extremely difficult, and which we confess ourselves quite unable to solve. Duprè made a little model of what he believed to be the saint's actual appearance, putting as a staff into the hand of the feeble little figure a pen which had been used by the musician Verdi: but in the actual statue he was not so bold. He went about Rome pondering all these things in the leisure of his convalescence, seeing everything more clearly in the light of restored health and courage, but with his mind at first full of hesitation and doubt.

"E quale è quei, che disvuol ciò che volle

E per novi pensier cangia proposta."

The first gleam of light which came to his mind was from the works of Canova, especially the kneeling figure of the Pope Rezzo-

nico in St Peter's. "The movement and expression of concentrated feeling in this statue, united with a sentiment of imitation so strong, and yet so free from minute and servile detail," made a great impression upon him, especially as he found in the very same monument figures which were entirely servile and mannered, imitated not from nature but from the antique. From this he came to see that while Canova sought in the highest degree the beautiful, he yet allowed himself to be carried away by the noble force of nature, the power of higher life and sentiment, even when not in perfect harmony with academic rule; and thus attained a very much greater effect than if he had confined himself either to the inspiration of classic art or to that of nature alone: in short, that nature was not to be taken in the mass in all her manifestations, any more than art was to be followed with servile subjection; that a careful selection must be exercised in respect to models from the one, and a large interpretation of examples in the other. After his careful study of all that came under his eyes in Rome, he made a corresponding survey over again, on returning to Florence, of everything of importance in art to be found there. "From this examination I came to the conclusion that the artists of all time studied their predecessors, and only imitated nature after having studiously selected what was favourable to the idea which first rose in their minds. Henceforward, the way was clear."

It helped him a little also in coming to this conclusion, to find that in Rome there was considerably less difference between the living type and that of classic art, than in the models with which he was familiar. As he walked about the streets with his keen artist-eye, seeing everything, he found

himself nearer to the Apollos and Joves than he had believed possible. One day in particular, his spirit was stirred to wonder and admiration as he strolled along on the other side of Tiber, where dwells the race who are still worthy to represent the old gods. The sketch he gives us is not only very graphic and vivid, but affords an admirable glimpse of the true artist's power of observation, so vigilant, so devoid of self-consciousness, so absorbed in his great pursuit.

"One day (it was Sunday towards evening) I was, as usual, dreaming about those busts or necks of Minerva and Polymnia, and the Venus of Milo, and I know not how many other antique statues, which seemed to me to give a solemn contradiction to all my little models of pastry that I had left in Florence, and I fixed my eyes on the neck of every woman that I passed. This examination induced me to modify in measure my opinion as to the conventionalism of the necks of the antique statues; and I should have been satisfied, and have changed my mind entirely, even had I not purely by chance gone on into the Trastevere. Here there was a great number of young persons, both male and female,—the men either in the pot-houses, or gathered around the doors, or standing in groups, and the girls in companies of three and four walking up and down the street of the Longaretta. Among these I saw one who, if she had been made on purpose to prove that the necks of the antique statues were not conventional, could not have here offered a more absolute proof. There were three girls, two small, and one large who was between them. She walked along with a slow and majestic step, talking with her companions. A sportsman who spies a hare, a creditor who meets a debtor, a friend who finds another friend whom he thought to be far away or dead, these give a weak notion of my surprise in beholding this girl. My dear reader, I do not in the least exaggerate when I say that I seemed to look on the Venus of Milo. Her head and neck, which alone were exposed to view,

were as like that statue as two drops of water. I was astounded. I turned back to look at her again, and it would have been well for me had I contented myself with this; but I wished to see her yet once more. The girl, who had not an idea within a thousand miles of what I was pondering, nor of the corrections that I was formulating on an æsthetical opinion of such great importance, suddenly stopped, and, taking the dagger from her hair, advanced towards me, and, with a strong and almost masculine voice, said to me, 'Well, Mr Dandy, does your life stink in your nostrils?' I shot off home directly, looking neither to the right nor left; and when I arrived, I told my wife what had happened, and she reproved me gently for making my studies so out of time and place. . . . The discovery of this beautiful head and neck of the antique style and character, set upon a living girl, (and what a complexion!) led me to consider how many other parts of incontestable beauty which we find in the antique statues, and so readily believe to be born of the imagination of the Greek sculptors, are really to be found in nature; and the Greeks only selected them for imitation."

We have traced Duprè to the full maturity of his mind and powers—the educational and maturing processes being always the most interesting to the commentator. But there is still a great deal more to tell did our space permit—many amusing anecdotes and shrewd remarks, as well as the personal history which goes on for a number of prosperous years, and through some overshadowed by those clouds from which scarcely any human life escapes. Into the warmth of domestic love and association, of which he gives us so many delightful pictures, there comes the inevitable chill; and the artist's lament over his young Luiga, Luisina, Gigina, as he calls her in fond diminutives, is as touching as the picture of the united family is admirable. Indeed the light thus thrown upon the simple interior of

an unpretending Italian family is one of the most interesting things in the book. We are apt to think that only the Teutonic races appreciate the sanctity of home, for the exquisite reason that the word which expresses it has more meaning to our ears in English and German than in corresponding words in the Latin tongues. Those who still entertain this opinion should read Signor Duprè's most interesting history. It might, at the same time, afford a chapter to the more prosaic records of "Self-help," which are so popular, which would much relieve and lighten those excellent but dull annals of worldly success and prosperity—for Sor Giovanni is essentially a self-made man; and one of his chief objects in writing his memoirs is to show the long and sometimes painful processes, through praise and censure, through success and unsucccess, by which he came finally to an understanding of the open secret of art. Artists of all classes, not only those who model and those who paint, but men of letters, and especially those of the imaginative branches of literature, may study with advantage his discoveries and the manner in which he makes them—discoveries which are at the heart of every fine theory of art. That fact is not truth in an artistic point of view, that genius is not the mere art of imitation, even imitation of reality, still less of precedent; but that true art demands choice and a living inspiration of idea as well as the thorough realisation and following out of the actual,—Signor Duprè will have done a good work if he makes this principle apparent, not only to the schools of the sculptors, but to those literary workmen in his own country who take the hunchback of

Bartolini as their standard, rather than any Apollo, and consider that devotion to truth means a close and almost servile rendering of those terrible facts of existence which it should be the aim of every good man to make impossible. M. Zola and his loathsome school have so great a predominance at present in the light literature of Italy, that it would be well if Signor Duprè's conclusions were written everywhere before the rising genius of that noble country in letters of gold.

How our sculptor went to England, to Paris, to Vienna, no longer as a struggling artist, but as professor in his turn and universally acknowledged authority—how his lively observation noted everything, but sometimes with amusing mistakes and want of comprehension, as in a certain extraordinary scene at the Crystal Palace, which, however, was explained to him by a young rogue of a cicerone, who probably never expected his play upon the credulous foreigner to get into print—must be read in the book itself. It is an admirable transcript of the mind of an intelligent and clear-headed observer, trained to the use of his eyes, and to the shrewd employment of his reasoning faculties, without any of that often obscuring influence which much culture gives. Sor Giovanni sees with his own eyes, not with those of other men; and though he has his Dante at his finger-ends as becomes a Tuscan, is not disturbed by much book-learning besides, or given to reliance upon other people's opinions. Oddly enough, the absence of literature almost always gives a freshness to the intelligent spectator for the want of which no elegance of culture can make up.

ALEXANDER NESBITT, EX-SCHOOLMASTER.

My name is Alexander Nesbitt. I am, or rather I was, a schoolmaster at a Board School situated—no, I won't say where, lest I should get into a scrape. Suffice it to say that the schoolhouse is near a railway cutting on a branch line that leads to one of the most insignificant of market towns in a clay district. The country is elevated, it supports few trees, and such as grow are twisted or tortured out of shape by the winds from the sea. The place is twelve miles as the crow flies from the Atlantic; so it has all the disadvantages and none of the advantages of proximity to the ocean. There is no watering-place of any importance along this coast, and no business of any importance done in the little town; so—why the railway company made the branch, I cannot conceive. In the winter of 1880-81 the branch did not even reach this contemptible little town; it drew up in the midst of a clay moor covered with furze and rushes, and was met by a coach which carried on the passengers, if there were any, to the town, or dropped them at intermediate villages. That was a cold winter! The snow fell heavily and lay on the moor till late in February—that is, in drifts. Some of the roads were blocked level with the tops of the hedges, and communication was cut off between the villages. In some towns no supply of water was to be had. The pipes were frozen and burst. The wind from the north-east drove the snow and piled it against every obstruction, and choked with it every depression that lay across its path.

As may be surmised, our cut-

ting got clogged. The snow came on so suddenly, and fell or was driven in such quantities, that it had half filled the cutting in a very few hours. There are not many trains on the line, consequently there was plenty of time for the snow to gather between the up train and the down train. It did gather, and gather so fast, that the evening 6.35 train went into a bed of snow and stuck there. Now I had gone to look at the line an hour before that, and I saw how the snow was accumulating. I stood under the bank, and I assure you it was like a raging sea driving foam over the edge of the cutting. The snow fell in solid masses, and the roar of the wind overhead was frightening.

I put my head down and made my way to the rectory. I saw that something must be done, should the 6.35 down train arrive. The rector is an excellent man, most amiable and well-intentioned, but not reliable to do anything. However, there was no one else to apply to, so I sought him.

"Dear me! bless my soul!" said he, "I will talk to Westlake about it."

Now Westlake is his factotum, —a man who gardens, grooms, sings bass in the choir, is clerk, and sexton; he does a little carpentering when required; milks the cows, cleans the boots and knives, and pastes up notices of Temperance Meetings and Harvest Thanksgivings round the country, when the rector has determined on giving these entertainments. Nothing is done in the parish without the advice of Westlake; and the rector's opinions of the characters of his

parishioners are formed in the brain of Westlake.

What the result of this consultation was, I am unable to say, as I ran back to the cutting so as to catch the 6.35 train. I left the rector talking to Westlake in the laundry, where he was mangling, and I saw no more of them.

I got back to the cutting before the train came up, and saw that a solid bed of snow, curiously ribbed, had formed across it, making it impracticable for traffic. I ran down the line to meet and arrest the down train. I did come upon it, labouring up the gradient; but the driver either did not hear my shouts, owing to the roar of the wind, or did not see me through the blinding snow. The engine was not going fast, owing to the steep incline, and because the driver was afraid of running off the rails. Consequently, when he did run into the drift, no great harm was done,—the engine and tender were thrown off the rails and sank into the snow, but none of the passengers were hurt; and though driver and stoker were precipitated into the drift, the snow was so soft that they took no harm by their somersaults. When I arrived, I found the guard wading from one carriage to another, with his lantern, assuring the passengers that there was no danger. Some insisted on descending, but, after floundering in the snow, they thought best to retire under cover again. I went up to the engine to ascertain what was about to be done. An angry altercation was taking place between driver, guard, and passengers. The engine was off the rails, and could not be got on again without help. Only one alternative seemed feasible, and that was for the guard to go to the junction and send up an engine to take the

train back to the place whence it had started, or to go forward to the next station and telegraph for assistance.

The passengers objected that they wanted to get on, not be taken back to the place whence they had started. Whilst the altercation went on, a mass of snow on the bank behind gave way, and slid like an avalanche upon the lines in rear, completely covering them, so as to render an immediate return impossible. There was, in the emergency, but one thing to be done—the guard must go on to the next station and telegraph the state of affairs, and ask that a party of navvies might be sent up to dig out the train. There was no engine and train at the temporary terminus, consequently no means of getting forward that night was available. Fortunately the number of passengers was small. I invited them all to the school-house, near at hand, where I promised them shelter and warmth.

They followed me—a doleful procession, knee-deep in snow, and staggering before the wind. There were only two first-class passengers, a lady and gentleman. I soon learned who they were—Squire Harwood of Harwood and his wife, returning from town. Out of a second-class smoking-carriage turned Mr Parnacott, a retired solicitor, a queer little man, passionately fond of classical music, very cantankerous—hating Macfarren, Sullivan, Strauss, and Sterndale Bennett; and never weary of inveighing against the degeneracy of modern music. He was fizzing with anger against the railway company, the engine-driver, and the weather.

Several farmers issued from second-class carriages, who, I learned, lived some way down the line. One man, a miller, named

Cudmore, was tipsy. He had taken too much at the junction, and could hardly be kept on his feet. But for a yeoman named Whiteaway, who supported him, he would have lain down in the snow and gone to sleep. Whiteaway was a man of substance—a warm man, as they say hereabouts.

I am not going to occupy you with a description of all those who left the train. Suffice it that I took every one of them into the school. I lighted the fire in the stove in the large room, and also that in the class-room for the infants.

My own house adjoined, and I placed it unreservedly at the disposal of the passengers. Mr Parnacott gave some trouble. He was dissatisfied, turned up his nose as he entered, and said, "I wonder why it is that a school always smells of an uncared-for poultry-house, even after the children have left?"

I found that my guests were hungry. I therefore produced everything my larder held—a half-eaten ham, a loaf, some cold potatoes. That was all. I had two small bottles of stout, half-pints. The tipsy man at once seized and consumed their contents.

Then I ran to the parsonage and asked the rector to assist me to feed the swarm of guests. He was eager to be of use, but did not know how to help till he had consulted the cook and Westlake. Ultimately he sent up two pounds of clotted cream, but no bread. I asked for wine and brandy, but he was unprovided with alcoholic drinks, being a Blue Ribbon Army man; however, he offered to let us have as much water out of his well as we liked to fetch. He was out of bread, and did not bake till next day. There were one and a half cold rissoles in the larder, but they would be as nothing to

all those I had to feed; so he reserved them for his own supper. He was much put out, he said, that the accident had happened at the time when all his children were home for the holidays, so that he could not take any of the passengers into his rectory. If the accident had occurred in term time, it would have been different. I do the rector only justice when I say that he was not unwilling to do his utmost, but he was a widower, and completely under the domination of his servants. The cook would not find food for the passengers, and the housemaid would not find beds for them, and Westlake was indisposed to clean their boots. In the matter of the clotted cream, the rector was decided. He saw it in the pans, and he put his foot down, and insisted on having them skimmed and the cream sent to the schoolhouse. It would have been highly appreciated if there had been bread to eat with it.

The dear good rector came up to the school to see the colony there established. He fussed about among the people, insisted on their being accommodated with beds in separate rooms, and promised to send mattresses and blankets from the parsonage. But the promised bedding did not come. Westlake pointed out to the parson that the pony could not travel in such deep snow; and that without the cart, the bedding could not be transported to the schoolhouse.

Fortunately there were a couple of farmhouses near, and some cottages, and from them what was really necessary was procured. Some fowls were killed and cooked, and bread obtained; and sufficient bedding for the emergency secured. I had to see to everything—to run from one farm to the other, and tax to the uttermost the resources of my own small

establishment. I surrendered my own room and bed to the Harwoods; and my old housekeeper very good-naturedly resigned hers to Mr Parnacott.

There was not much sleep for me that night. The passengers would be hungry in the morning; so I occupied myself, together with my old woman, in kneading and baking bread out of flour I had begged at the farms and some of my own. I had to go to the rectory for milk, and had great difficulty in conveying it home unspilled through the snow.

When morning dawned, I was so exhausted with my labours—chief of which was the wading in snow from place to place, carrying blankets, fowls, a ham, cups, milk, bread—that I could scarcely keep my feet. I had got very wet in running from place to place, and very hot from kneading dough and baking it. My time had been too much taken up for me to think of changing my clothes.

I had a difficulty, moreover, in the morning in providing washing conveniences for my crew. There were but two basins and a pie-dish in my house; moreover, the pump was frozen. That my people might wash, I was constrained to dissolve snow, which is a slow process, and the result is—a little not very clean water.

Whilst the people were waiting, impatient and uncomfortable, for their washing water, Mr Parnacott seated himself at a wretched six-guinea Alexandre harmonium in the schoolroom, and played on it Bach's fugues from memory. This irritated the hungry, unwashed passengers, and high words passed. I had a difficulty in appeasing the quarrel which broke out over the harmonium.

A more difficult matter than the providing of water was the furnish-

ing of combs and brushes. Of course Mrs Harwood used mine, but Mr Parnacott positively and indignantly rejected those of my housekeeper. There was a good deal of altercation over the combs and brushes; but I was unable to attend and allay it, as I had to get breakfast ready.

I had begged a basketful of eggs at Upcott farm, but in bringing them home I had fallen and broken them. Fortunately I had a side of bacon in my kitchen, which I had recently bought—it had cost me eighteen and ninepence. I cut from this liberally, and fried as fast as I could fry, to supply my guests. How the coals went! Firing all night and all day! Why, in the time these people were under my roof, I believe the greater part of a ton went, and coals came to 25s. per ton with us. It was the same with my tea and sugar, they melted away like snow in a south-west wind.

When breakfast was over, and the company in fairly good humour, I lay on my hearth-rug, in my clothes, and dropped asleep.

I was roused by a violent hubbub, and by thrusts and shakings. It was with difficulty that I rallied my senses: when I had done so, I heard Mr Harwood say that the fire in the bedroom, where his wife was sitting, had gone out for want of coals at the proper moment, and would have to be relighted. The stove in the schoolroom and the scuttle for the classroom needed immediate replenishment, unless I were bent on killing my guests with cold. I staggered to my feet, and, half asleep and stupid, fetched the necessary coals from the coal-hole, which was outside the house. The door had been left open and the snow had driven in and buried the fuel. I had to dig it out with my hands. Next

I found, with difficulty, dry sticks, and relighted the fire in the bedroom. Wet and tired, I tried to compose myself to sleep again when this was done, but was roused by the advent of the guard, who announced to the passengers that it was impossible for the line to be cleared that day; that the roads, moreover, were so deep in snow, that it would be a matter of extraordinary difficulty to forward them to their destinations. The company was, however, using superhuman efforts, straining every nerve to furnish conveyances for the afternoon.

At this announcement Babel broke loose. The passengers asked if the company knew the dog's kennel in which they were mewed; the miserably insufficient and unpalatable food they were forced to consume? They did not believe the company was exerting itself. They knew that if some one (with a look at me) chose to make an effort and put himself out of the way, traps might be found in the neighbourhood to transport them all to their destinations. I saw that I must cater for the dinner of these castaways. I went to Upcott, and induced the farmer to kill a sheep. I had potatoes of my own. I had supplied myself with four bags before the frost set in, hoping they would last me through the winter. Some of the passengers clamoured for ale, so I brought several bottles from the village tavern. It was poor sour stuff. The miller Cudmore said, with an oath, that he could not drink it, and would have whisky or Plymouth gin; and went himself to the ale-house to procure it. On his return he encountered the rector, who had come to make inquiries how we fared. The parson was indignant, and called on me to support him in protest against the

school being made a scene of riot and drunkenness.

When the roast mutton was served, the Harwoods, Mr Parnacott, and two of the farmers refused to eat it; they could not touch mutton. All the sheep were diseased, and they had no doubt that this one was killed because so badly "cawed" that it could not live. They must have beef. But beef was not to be had; so my side of bacon was had recourse to, and almost demolished.

The Harwoods refused to eat in the schoolroom, because Cudmore had sworn and used indelicate language when tipsy the previous night; and they invited Mr Parnacott to lunch with them in my parlour. This, of course, entailed double labour on me, as I had to attend to both parties. All were impatient, and inclined to be abusive if I did not help them to clean plates, fill their glasses, furnish them with potatoes and bread the moment they felt the want of these things. I had cut some of my finest drum-head Savoy cabbages and cooked them; but Mr Parnacott and Mrs Harwood did not eat cabbage, and complained of the disagreeable odour that pervaded the house in consequence of it having been boiled. One of the farmers found a snail in his portion, and this occasioned a demonstration against me for my carelessness in insufficiently washing the vegetable. I not only gave them "cawed" mutton, but also "sluggy" cabbage.

I do not wish to make a long story out of this. Suffice it, then, for me to say, that towards dusk various conveyances arrived from the town to carry away the unfortunates who had been my guests for pretty nearly twenty-four hours.

Then when they were about to leave, and were elated at the

thought of their immediate release, I was surrounded by those I had entertained.

"You are a good fellow," said Mr Parnacott, shaking my hand. "I shall never forget your hospitality, and only hope I may have an opportunity of repaying it. Come and see me at my little place, and I will give you something there that will cheer the cockles of your heart—Bach!"

Mrs Harwood extended her little gloved hand to me. She was a pretty young woman, married to a rather oldish man. With a pleasant smile she said, "We have intruded sadly on your valuable time, Mr—Mister——?"

"Nesbitt," said I. "Madam, your presence was no intrusion; it was a privilege to me to receive you."

She bowed slightly.

"Look here!" said Mr Harwood; "if ever you come our way, Mr Nesbitt, look in on us at the Hall, and we shall be delighted to see you. You've rendered us a great service, which I shall not readily forget."

Mrs Harwood gave her husband a look which I did not then understand.

"I say, schoolmaster," shouted Cudmore, "give us your paw!" Then, with an oath, "You are a fine fellow. Come and see me when you have a holiday, and dash me if I don't make you as drunk as a fiddler!"

"No, no, Mr Nesbitt," said the burly yeoman—his name was Whiteaway,— "don't go to that walking hogshead of spirits, come to me; my missus will be proud to make your acquaintance. You know where I live."

I met, I must say, with gratitude above my deserts. Every one was full of my praise, and pressed invitations upon me, which I undertook to accept.

I was relieved when the last departed. I sighed, and sank into a chair. My feet were swollen, my head hot and spinning. All my bones ached. I had, however, still too much to do to remain idle. I had to return to the neighbours plates, mugs, knives and forks I had borrowed, and to the farm at Upcott a large table-cloth lent for the occasion. This I found inked. It had been laid in the schoolroom on the desks, and the ink from the pots had got on it. The farmer's wife at Upcott was furious, and insulted me grossly when I returned it. In the evening I went to bed utterly prostrate. I did not rise from it for several weeks. Exposure, over-exertion, and sleeping in damp clothes, brought on an attack of rheumatic gout. When I recovered from that, I found that my heart was permanently affected.

During the period of my illness the Board provided a substitute from one of the training colleges, and paid him, deducting the amount from my salary. My medical attendant sent me in a heavy bill; and I found at Lady-Day that I was in debt. However, I hoped that by pinching I might get square by Christmas.

Whitsuntide arrived with bright warm weather; and as I had a holiday on Monday, and felt in good spirits, I determined to make an excursion down the line, and visit some of the friends I had made on the occasion of the accident. I started by the early train, in order to catch which I was obliged to go without my breakfast. This did not matter, as I had to be at Farmer Whiteaway's at nine o'clock, and have something with him. I had dropped him a line on Saturday, bidding him expect me.

When I reached the station, I found that I had started without my purse. However, the station-

master gave me a return ticket, on my undertaking to pay him the money on my coming back in the evening. When I reached the terminus, I found I had three miles to walk to Yeoman Whiteaway's. I then regretted I had taken no breakfast. My illness had left me weak,—at least so much less strong than of old, that my meals were necessary for me, and I could not intermit one without feeling exhausted and faint. I had gone without my breakfast solely out of consideration for my housekeeper, whom I did not care to rouse before her proper time, and—surely I could subsist till nine o'clock without food. However, in that walk I felt that I had made a mistake. The morning was hot, and the air relaxing. My brow became covered with perspiration, and I felt the exertion of moving my feet at every step.

Three miles to Whiteaway's! It seemed to me more like four, but then I may not have gone the shortest way. I reached the house at last, at ten o'clock—not nine, as I had reckoned—and felt sick and faint.

The farm was old-fashioned, with white walls, thatched roof, and broad wooden windows. The doorway was of granite with a date cut on it, 1680, and the initials W. W. The property had belonged to the Whiteaways several hundreds of years. Behind the house was a bank of trees; in front a little garden, in which white and lilac rocket were a mass of flowers, and in the sun exhaled delicious fragrance. The beds were fringed with crimson thrift and London Pride full of flowers. I tapped at the door, and at a call to come in, entered. I found myself in the little hall or front kitchen, with a large fireplace and settles, and a recess to the south, lighted by a large window. In this recess sat a woman picking green goose-

berries for a tart. My heart rose in my mouth. Gooseberry-tart was what I relished highly, and I had tasted none that year.

"Well, what do you want here?" asked the woman.

"Is Mr Whiteaway at home?" I inquired cheerfully.

"No, he is not," answered she, without raising her eyes from the pie-dish.

"He will be home shortly, no doubt," I said, in a lower key.

"Hardly," was her reply.

"Where is he then?"

"Gone to see his brother, t'other side of Exeter."

"Dear me, how tiresome!" I said.

"Tiresome!" she echoed. "Why so? It is a bank holiday."

"Because I wrote to him to expect me here this morning, and I came on purpose to see him."

"Indeed! Very sorry, but you must go back. No letter has come."

"I wrote on Saturday."

"There is no delivery on Sunday."

"But there is this morning."

"We send for our letters, when we expect to have any."

"Have I the honour of addressing Mrs Whiteaway?"

"Whiteaway is my husband."

I was silent. I stood on one foot, and crossed my legs, out of nervousness. I twirled my hat, with my hands behind my back.

"My name is Nesbitt," said I, after a long and awkward pause.

"I daresay it may be," answered Mrs Whiteaway.

"I am schoolmaster at the place where the accident occurred in the winter,—where your husband was detained overnight. I daresay you have heard him speak of it, and mention me."

"Never," answered the woman.

Again ensued a pause. I was very uncomfortable; not only was I faint with hunger, but disappointed. I had been standing on one foot: I had curled the other in

some queer way round the standing leg, in an excess of nervousness, and now, with a sudden qualm, I tipped forward, and was obliged to catch at the table to support myself, otherwise I should have fallen.

"Now, then!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, "what games be you up to now? I'll thank you to take yourself off. I don't like intruders."

Then, in desperation, I said, "I beg your pardon humbly, Mrs Whiteaway, I could not help myself. May I ask—would you give me a piece of bread and butter? I have had no breakfast, I——"

"I thought as much," exclaimed she; "I knew this would be the end of all this palaver. Take yourself off, young man,—take yourself off at once. Bread and butter! no, not a bite! I didn't believe a word of your tale. Wrote to Whiteaway, did you? Invited yourself here, indeed? Wanted to see him on urgent business—that means, to get a shilling out of him."

I raised my hand in protest.

"I know better," Mrs Whiteaway continued. "I knows the goings-on of you beggars. You all pretend to have large families, and to be dying of starvation; and you go round the country collecting bread in a sack, and keep pigs on what the charitable give you. No. Get out of the house this instant. I am not one to be deceived. Not a crust shall you have from me."

As I retired, crestfallen, she flung this parting shot at me. "I know the sort of rogue you be. I don't like the look of you to begin with. You go round on false excuses, to see the inside of folk's houses, where you may steal a few silver spoons. If the police come this way, I'll mind to bid them keep a sharp look-out for you—There."

I left, much depressed. Now a ravening, wolf-like desire for food woke up in my vitals, and I picked grass and gnawed it. A labourer, of whom I inquired the way, told me that Mr Parnacott lived a mile further. I walked on eagerly—I was sure of food at his house.

He inhabited a trim villa-like residence with a verandah round it, about which clematis and westeria were blooming and scenting the air. I was too hungry to admire, but not to notice, the pretty combination of white clematis and blue westeria, with the delicate yellow-green young leaves of the latter.

I rang at the door, and a neat maid opened and admitted me. I was shown into the parlour. A moment later, in rushed Mr Parnacott, with both hands extended.

"So glad to see you. I wish you had come an hour earlier in time for breakfast. Now we must wait. I never, on principle, have anything between meals; but there is music, my dear fellow,—come into my sanctum and hear. I have got Bach open, and have been practising his most difficult fugue in D $\sharp$ minor. What a man that grand old Sebastian was! He lived before his time! Like all geniuses, he lived for an appreciative future. Fancy his fugues on the spinet! impossible! On the harpischord! intolerable! The pianoforte was not in his day. Come along; I have something to show you. I have just received a copy of 'Science of Fugue,' published in 1752,—an original copy,—and I have been enjoying it all the morning. Figured base. Come along. We lunch at half-past one."

He drew me into his little back room, and seated himself at the piano. He struck a chord, then turning his head over his shoulder, asked, "You are fond of music?"

"Yes, very."

"Do you play yourself?"

"A little."

"Bach?"

"N—n—o."

"Not Bach! Then you are in darkness. Are you fond of fugues?"

"I cannot say," I replied; and to this day I would make the same answer, empty or full, "I really cannot say."

Fugues are beyond my musical horizon. They may be very fine, but they are very bewildering. They appeal to the brain, not to the ear. They demand a scientific knowledge of music, not a musical soul. To me they resemble a steeplechase. Away go the parts, helter-skelter over the hedges, tripping one another up, down into the ditches, head over heels, up again. Tally-ho! away at neck and neck tear! The devil take the hindmost!

"Now we come to a very choice passage," exclaimed Mr Parnacott, "be all ear." His fingers raced, twisted, jumped, the hands played leap-frog, helter-skelter! I thought the wires must have given way.

On the table was a tumbler and a red porous earthenware water-bottle. Unobserved, I poured out a glass and drank it off. The water slaked my thirst, but did not satisfy my hunger. The fugue went on, it seemed interminable; it went on upon my nerves—they thrilled, leaped, twinged; I could bear it no more. It drove me desperate. I sprang to my feet, I put my hand down on the fingers of the instrumentalist, and whilst cold perspiration streamed from my brow and literally dripped from me, I said, with white face, and quivering lips, "A piece of bread and butter!—a piece of bread and butter is worth more than all the fugues ever written by old Bach or any other fool!"

"What!" exclaimed Mr Parnacott, springing up. "You are insane, sir! You take extraordinary liberties. This is my house, sir! This is my instrument, sir! These are my fingers, sir! This is my Bach, sir! You forget yourself, schoolmaster! Allow me to show you the door."

I left the house quivering in every fibre. That dreadful fugue had driven me to desperation. A fugue is never soothing,—on an empty stomach it is maddening.

I lurched along the road, now hot, now cold, mopping my face, then sitting down on a bank to compose myself. My head swam when I stood up, and a cloud seemed to drift before my eyes. I feared losing consciousness. I looked at my watch and saw that the time was noon. I knew that about a mile and a half across the fields was Harwood Park. Should I venture there? Mr Harwood had assured me of a welcome. He was a blunt, open-hearted man. I would tell him my need, and he would at once order me some lunch. It was now too late to think of breakfast.

I walked over the fields golden with buttercups. The hedges were full of hawthorn, and the path under them looked as though they had been snowed over,—they were strewn with the fallen flowers. The birds were singing, the flowers were expanded to the sun,—all nature was brimming with happiness, except myself, and I asked for very little to be happy as any bird or blossom. I asked for nothing but a piece of bread and butter.

The fresh grass about me, the sweet scents exhaled by the flowers, revived and soothed me. I felt better when I reached the park gates. The rhododendrons were a blaze of bloom, crimson, white, and lilac. The azaleas also, yellow, salmon - coloured, and

crushed strawberry, were a mass of flower. The red and pink thorns were also in bloom, so were the laburnum and guelder roses. The drive to the house lay between banks of colour.

The mansion is handsome, in the Italian style, built about the end of last century or the beginning of this, with Ionic pilasters, and windows let in between them, and a pediment over the door containing the arms of the Harwoods. Before the house was a terrace beautiful with azaleas, and a fountain. Large glass doors opened into the hall. I rang, somewhat timidly, and stood looking at my reflection in the panes. I admit that I did not appear to advantage. I was pale and hot, and out of sorts. Remember, I had eaten nothing for sixteen hours, and had recently recovered from a sickness. This sickness had left me thin, so that the clothes, which once fitted me, hung loose about my attenuated form. Moreover, they were not new. The knees of my trousers protruded. The seams of my coat showed white, and my right sleeve was glossy. The full blaze of sunlight was on me, as I stood before the house, bringing out these imperfections with cruel distinctness. I had intended treating myself to a new suit at Whitsuntide; but my illness, and the expense of finding a substitute, had forced me to abandon the idea. I drew a dogskin glove on my left hand. It was split at the thumb, but by folding the thumb across the palm I concealed the gap. Whilst adjusting my shirt-collar, which had become limp through the heat I was in, a footman came to the door and opened it. He was in livery, red plush and black. He eyed me superciliously. My nervousness overcame me, and I did not find voice at first. Then he

said, "Look here, young man; I think you've made a mistake, and ought to have gone round to the back door."

"I want to see Mr Harwood," said I.

"Not at home."

"Will he be long?"

"Don't know—fishing; got a party with him."

"May I speak with Mrs Harwood?"

He hesitated, and again studied me.

"What do you want? What is your name?"

"My name is Nesbitt. Mrs Harwood knows all about me; be so good as to ask her to grant me an interview."

"Come inside."

He ushered me into the hall. "There, you can stand or sit in a corner. I'll return directly."

He went leisurely away.

A handsome large hall, with the staircase opening out of it, and family portraits, full length, adorning the walls. On the right was the door into the dining-room. I saw in, because the door was open. The table was laid, and glittered with glass and silver, which the butler was arranging. I saw him with a silver basket and a fork putting bread to each napkin. I was almost irresistibly impelled to rush in and seize some of the bread. I refrained myself, but the effort was great. My hungry stomach almost cried out. Presently the footman returned. I had seated myself. I rose to receive his message.

"Werry sorry," said he; "Mr Harwood is not at home, and Missus is engaged. If you want anything particular, she said you was to send word by me."

"I want—I want," said I, trembling and gasping,—“I want some bread and butter.”

"Now, look here," said the footman; "I've done wrong in letting you in at this door. I see you are drunk. You go at once. Go peaceable."

"I entreat you," I exclaimed, "have consideration on me. I must have some bread and butter."

"Mr Newberry," said the footman, calling the butler from the dining-room, "here's an intoxicated fellow got into the 'all. Help me to turn him out before the gentle-folks arrive."

To escape the ignominy of expulsion, I left of my own accord. I walked down the drive. I turned twice and looked behind me. I saw the red waistcoat and breeches of the footman through the glass. He was watching to see me off the premises. The butler was at the dining-room window. I could see his white tie. Dejected, scarce able to walk, I staggered through the lodge gates.

I met the gamekeeper, who told me that Mr Cudmore lived a mile and a half off, on the other side of the moor. I resolved to visit him. I would not have done so had I been received and entertained elsewhere, as his acquaintance was not one I cared to cultivate; but under the circumstances, I could not help myself. There was no train back till 4.28 P.M., three hours and a half hence. I must have something to eat before then. It would take me another hour to reach home. Four hours and a half more of starvation was to me an unendurable thought. I felt that I *could* not go on so long without food. I did not ask for much; one piece of bread and butter would be enough to keep me alive, if the bread were cut in a thick slab, and the butter laid on with a trowel. There is much nutriment in butter, as much as in bread. That is why I always insist on butter with my

bread. The mile and a half across the moor seemed endless, and cost me a long ramble. There were numerous paths over it, and I did not know which to take. I had forgotten the directions of the keeper. I lost my way.

At last I reached Mr Cudmore's house. He was a miller. As I approached, I met a boy dusted over with flour, probably his son. I asked if the miller were at home.

"Yes," was the reply; "at home, and has friends."

"Friends! To dinner?" I was relieved.

"Yes, I reckon."

I hastened to the mill. My heart beat furiously with hope. As I drew near I heard a rough voice singing, then a chorus of hoarse bass, regardless of time and tune.

The voices issued from the mill. I went in. Miller Cudmore was there, with three men. A great jug of cider stood on the flour-bin; each of the men had a glass in his hand.

Directly Cudmore saw me, he knew me, and shook hands affectionately; then, with an oath, insisted on shaking hands a second time, then a third, then on his companions shaking hands with me. "All jolly good fellows!—very jolly. Jolly companions every one. Bank holiday." Evidently the men had been drinking. Whitsun Monday is a universal holiday. Friends had come to enjoy the day with him; and how could it be better enjoyed than by getting drunk? Their coats were white with flour. The flour was in their hair; their red, damp faces were dusted with it. They sat on sacks filled with grain, or on flour-bins.

"Now, then—begin again!" shouted Cudmore; and in a hoarse voice he yelled—

"Old Arscott, he was a hunting squire,¹
 Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
 He hunted a fox with a brush of fire,
 Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
 He rode a good horse, and he drank
 good ale,
 Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
 He swore, till the parson and maids
 turned pale,
 Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!"

The Tally-hoes were sung in discordant chorus, with much spilling of cider from the glasses, which were waved over the heads of the drinkers.

"By George!" exclaimed Cudmore, interrupting his song, "our good friend, the schoolmaster, has no drink. Here, man! there's not another glass, so just join lips to the jug." Then he roared forth—

"Old Arscott, he heard, of a Sunday morn,

Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
 How the bells did call, and he said in scorn,

Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
 An hour of sermons is Hell to me,

Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!
 My Heaven is to hunt through eternity!
 Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!"

"Drink, schoolmaster, drink!" shouted Cudmore. "Look y' here, lads! this schoolmaster is half a parson, and won't drink good cider. Open his mouth and pour it in."

"I will take sufficient," said I, "but I entreat you to allow me a piece of bread and butter with it. I cannot drink on an empty stomach."

"Dash me!" roared the miller, "the chap has got an empty stomach. Now you are a lucky dog to have so much room for cider. I wish we had your luck. Look here, lads! knock the schoolmaster down, and we'll pour cider into his empty stomach till he's chuck-full."

"I entreat you, forbear!" I cried, in an agony of fear.

Knock me down! They could do that with a feather, I was so weak with hunger, exhausted with my walk, and frail through sickness.

"We will—we will, by George! unless you finish the jug at a draught. Shall we not, Simon? What do you say, Dick? Eh, Thomas Langworthy?"

His companions acquiesced. I put the jug to my mouth, and drank as much as I could.

"Let us look." They caught the jug from me and peered into it. "Oh, the sneak! he hasn't half emptied it. Drink again, or we'll have you down."

I was forced again to apply my lips to the jug and take a long draught. Then I could no more; I dashed the cider out of it on the floor, turned, and sprang through the mill-door.

I heard a shout, then the tipsy men rushed after me, swearing horribly; but I hid myself behind the stable-door, and heard them stumble against each other, quarrel, and call for more drink. I waited till I heard Cudmore's voice begin—

"Old Arscott, he lay on his dying bed,
 Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Tally-ho!"

I waited for no more, but escaped on to the moor. I felt, as I tried to walk back over the moor, that I was in a worse condition than before. On an empty stomach I had taken a good deal of cider, and it mounted to my head. I knew that I reeled. I was conscious that I was tipsy, and I was distressed and ashamed at it. Nothing but solid food would recover me.

I encountered the miller's son again, and he directed me the near-

¹ Squire Arscott of Tetcott is famous in the north of Devon. He is said to be still heard riding and blowing his horn of stormy nights. He died in 1788, aged 69.

est way to the station. I must pass Whiteaway's farm once more.

Happening to look over my shoulder, after I had said good-bye to the boy, I saw, or thought I saw, the rural policeman. I hurried on. I did not wish him to see me in the condition I was in. In getting over a stile I tumbled, and tore my coat and muddled my trousers. My hat also got crushed. I picked myself up with difficulty. To compose myself, I tried to recollect a hymn from 'Ancient and Modern,' but could recall nothing save—

"Old Arscott, he was a hunting squire,
Tally-ho ! Tally-ho ! Tally-ho !
He hunted a fox with a brush of fire,
Tally-ho ! Tally-ho ! Tally-ho !"

So I sang that till interrupted by hiccup, which took me badly, owing to want of food, I believe.

I suppose I was near Whiteaway's farm when I saw before me, sitting in the sun, under a hedge in a bed of red-robin and blue-bells, the dearest little child, with fair flaxen hair, and eyes like the heavens. But the beauty of the child did not attract and rivet my attention. The child was eating. It had in its hand a large round of home-made bread, quite three-quarters of an inch thick, piled up with cream, standing on it the same thickness, and on top of the cream was a curl, like a pig's tail, of treacle. This is locally termed "thunder and lightning." Now bread and butter is a good thing to a hungry man; but bread and cream, with a curl of treacle, is enough to throw a full man off his equilibrium. If my readers are disposed to judge me harshly, let them fast for seventeen or eighteen hours, when convalescent, after an attack of rheumatic gout, and have a piece of bread and thunder and lightning passed before their eyes.

Then only will they be able to judge me with justice. If I had been only hungry I might have restrained myself, but the alcoholic drink poured into that vast vacuum had robbed me of all self-restraint. At the sight of the child with the round of bread and cream I was like one mad. That, and that only, would restore me to sobriety, would recover my strength, would enable me to reach my destination. I stood opposite the child watching it. My eyes seemed to sink in solid lumps into those creamy depths. My teeth chattered. My hands became spasmodically clenched. Convulsive movements passed over my face. Spasms contracted my vitals. I felt as if my spine yawned and closed again with a snap.

"I must, I will have your bread and cream," I said in a hoarse voice, approaching the child. "Do not scream, do not run away; I will not hurt you, but have your food I will."

The little one started to its feet, and shrieked at the sight of my wild face and ravening jaws. It tried to escape. Then I caught it by the shoulder with one hand, wrenched the bread from it with the other, and was about, with a sigh of satisfaction, to ram the whole round into my mouth and down my throat, when a hand clutched my neck. I was held as in a vice. I heard, "We have you now, you drunken vagabond, robbing and assaulting a child. I've been follering you ever so long. First, entering Mrs Whiteaway's and frightening her into fits; then insulting Mr Parnacott; then that owdacious, you invaded the Park; and last, after drinking more with Miller Cudmore, you assault and rob the child."

The bread was taken from me, to be produced at the petty ses-

sions as evidence against me. I collapsed altogether, and sank fainting at the feet of the rural policeman. I had neither strength nor spirit left.

I have not much more to tell.

I was had up before the magistrates on the double charge of drunkenness and assault. I remember every word that the presiding magistrate said in passing sentence. His words burnt themselves into my brain. I had been unable to deny that I was intoxicated, for I knew that the miller's cider had upset my head.

The magistrate said that it was a matter of regret to himself and the entire Bench that bank holidays should furnish so many cases for the interference of the police. It was humiliating for us, as Englishmen, to consider that a certain large class of Englishmen seemed incapable of enjoying a holiday without making beasts of themselves. It was especially distressing to the Bench to have brought before them one who, by his position, should set an example to old and young, and by his education should be superior to low and grovelling vices. Considering that this was a first offence, and that I seemed penitent, the Bench was disposed to deal leniently with me, in the hope that this would be a warning to me which I might never forget, and that on bank holidays I should be especially careful how I disposed of my time. The Bench would impose on me a nominal fine of one shilling, which, with the expenses, would make sixteen. The chairman, in conclusion, expressed his sincere hope that this was the last time I should appear before them under such disgraceful circumstances. He must add, for his own part, that he felt—and he had no doubt his fellow-magistrates on the Bench concurred with him—that I had

made matters worse by the altogether preposterous explanation of the circumstances which I had offered as my excuse, and which it was impossible for them to receive.

This sentence was followed by a special meeting of the School Board, attended by all the members. After the meeting I was informed by the secretary that my services would be dispensed with at the end of three months, when the substitute who had taken my place during my illness would become permanent head-master of the school. The secretary regretted, on behalf of the committee, that my recent conduct had been such as to leave them no choice in the matter.

Thus it happens that I am no longer schoolmaster. I have applied for other schools, but have been invariably unsuccessful. My evil report, as a drunkard, has preceded me. My career in the scholastic profession is closed. This is not all. I was engaged to a very charming girl with a little money of her own. Some ill-natured person sent her the local paper containing the notice of my appearance before the magistrates, and sentence. She broke off the engagement forthwith.

I am about to apply for a free passage to Australia. England is no place for me now. I may do better in a new country, but my heart is weak, and I shall never be fit for much. When I had handed over the school to my successor, I walked to the railway cutting, and sat on the bank in the sun, and watched the 6.35 down train go by.

"Oh!" said I, "if I had let that train-load of passengers stick in the snow last winter, and had not held out a finger to help them, I should now be master in the school, Polly Parkinson would be my wife, and my heart would be sound as a bell."

THREE GLIMPSES OF A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE.

Does the reader chance to know that bit of England round about Haslemere, but an hour and a half's journey from the heart of London, where three counties meet, and the traveller may see at a glance, from many a hill-top, the most rich and beautiful parts of Sussex, the wildest and most picturesque of Surrey and Hampshire? At his feet lies spread the weald of Sussex, whilst the dark-wooded promontories and long purple ridges of Blackdown, Marley, and Iron-hill curve round or jut out into this broad sea of fertility, and the distant South Downs close the view with wavy outline and fluted sides, bare of everything save fine turf, nibbling sheep, and the shadows of the clouds. Turning round, Surrey culminates, as it were, in Hind Head, with triple summit—no mere hill, but a miniature mountain in bold individuality of form. And when he climbs this vantage-ground, Hampshire lies unfolded before him as well as Surrey; Wolmer Forest—forest no longer, but brown moorland; ranges of chalk hills, conspicuous among them one with a white scar on its dark flank, which hides Selborne amid its trees; solemn distances seen against the sunset sky, clothed with a deep purple bloom, which haunt the memory like a strain of noble music.

No less beautiful and strikingly similar in general character is that part of Western Massachusetts wherein stands our New England village—Northampton,—village in size and rural aspect, though the capital of Hampshire county. But the New England valley has one advantage over the weald of Sussex in its broad and beautiful river,

with Indian name, Connecticut—Quonnektacut, the long river—which winds through it. Mount Holyoke and Mount Tom, the Sugar Loaf and the Pelham range are its Blackdown, Marley, Hind Head, and South Downs. These hills are a couple of hundred feet or so higher than their English prototypes, ranging from 1000 to 1300 feet above the sea, and their old ribs are of harder and more ancient stuff than the chalk and greensand of the South Downs and Surrey hills; witness the granite or rather gneiss boulders scattered broadcast over the land, sometimes in rugged upright masses, looking like some grey ruin, sometimes in small rounded fragments, bestrewing the uplands like a flock of sheep, and more rarely the black and still harder blocks of trap. In the museum at Amherst, just over the river, are preserved slabs with the famous bird-tracks—colossal footprints two feet long, found in the trias of this part of the Connecticut valley—all tending to prove that the sun shone down upon dry land here for some ages whilst the mother-country was still mostly a waste of waters; and that, geologically speaking, and so far as these parts at any rate are concerned, New England is old, and old England new, by comparison. Broad, fertile, level meadows border the river, and the hills are richly clothed with chestnut, birch, hemlock (somewhat like the yew in aspect), hickory (a kind of walnut), beech, oak, &c. It is hard to say whether the likeness or the unlikeness to an English landscape strikes the traveller more. There is the all-pervading difference of a

dry and brilliant atmosphere, which modifies both form and colour, substituting the sharp-edged and definite for the vague and rounded in distant objects, and brilliancy and distinctness of hue for depth and softness. Apart, too, from the brilliant and searching light, the leaves are absolutely of a lighter green, and grow in a less dense and solid mass; the foliage looks more feathery, the tree more spiral. Especially is this so with the American oak, which has neither the dome-like head, the sturdiness of bough, nor the dark bluish-green foliage of the English oak. If it be spring-time, no gorse is to be seen with golden blossom set among matted thorns, perfuming the sunshine; but everywhere abounding masses of the delicate pink-clustered, odourless, waxlike kalmia, called there laurel and growing to the full size of our laurels; and more shyly hidden, the lovely azalea or swamp-pink, as the country people call it. Instead of the daisy, the delicate little Housatonia, like Venus' looking-glass but growing singly, stars the ground; and for fragrance we must stoop down and seek the pale pink clusters of the trailing arbutus or May-flower, which richly reward the seeker. In July we miss the splendid purpling of the hills with heather blossom; but the pink spikes of the hardhack abound; gay lilies, lady's earrings, blue-fringed gentians, glowing cardinal flowers (*Lobelia cardinalis*), with slender petals of a deeper crimson than the salvia, and a host more new friends, or old friends with new ways grown democratic as befits them, scatter their beauty freely by the wayside and the margins of the brooks, instead of setting up as exclusives of the garden.

Nor are the differences less marked in the aspect of the cultivated land. The fertile valley has perhaps a look of greater breadth from not being intersected with hedges and having few fences of any kind, one crop growing beside another, and one owner's beside another's, like different beds in a nursery-garden. But the effect of these large undivided fields is to dwarf the appearance of the crops themselves. The patches of tall tasselled Indian corn, the white-blossomed buckwheat, and large-leaved tobacco, look diminutive. No haystacks, no wheat-ricks are to be seen; only here and there a lonely, prison-like tobacco barn or drying-house, full of narrow loopholes to let in air without light. Everything else is housed in the big barn that adjoins the farmhouse, which stands, not amid its own fields, but on the outskirts of the nearest town or village. Of wheat little is grown; of root-crops still less, for sheep-farming is not in favour. Tobacco, with its large, glossy dark leaves, like those of the mangel-wurzel, thrives well on the rich alluvial soil of the Connecticut valley; but, fluctuating as it is in value, exhaustive of the soil, and easily damaged by weather, the great gains of one year are often more than counterbalanced by the losses of the next. The Indian corn remains long upon the ground in autumn after it is cut, to ripen in stooks, much as beans do with us; and then come to light the pumpkins which were sown amongst it, and now lie basking and glowing in the sun like giant oranges. Glowing, too, in the splendid sunshine, are the apple-orchards, laden with fruit half as large and quite as red as full-blown peonies. Never, even in the

vale of Evesham or in Herefordshire, have I seen any so beautiful.

As to the living creatures—feathered, four-legged, or no-legged—there are some conspicuous differences which it does not take a naturalist to discover. Ten to one, indeed, if we come upon a rattlesnake; but a few are still left in snug corners of Mount Holyoke and Mount Tom, as anxious to avoid us as we them. The lively little chipmuck, diminutive first cousin to the squirrel, with black stripe along the back, is sure to make our acquaintance, for his kind seems as multitudinous as the rabbit with us, and is a worse foe to the farmer, because he has more audacity and a taste for the kernels of things, instead of merely the leaves. Strange new sounds greet the ear from katydid “working her chromatic reed”; from bull-frog with deep low, almost a roar; from grasshoppers and locusts, whose loud brassy whirr resounds all through the sunny hours with such persistency it seems at last a very part of the hot sunshine. The chirp of our grasshoppers is the mere ghost of a sound in comparison. At night fireflies glance in and out of the darkness; and, if we

remain under the trees, mosquitoes soon make us unpleasantly aware of their existence. As to the birds, the flame-coloured oriole, the delicately shaped blue-bird, flit by now and then as flashes of surprise and delight from the south; the rose-breasted grossbeak has a sweet note; the robin, not round as a ball and fierce and saucy, but grown tall, and slim, and mild—his breast not so red, his song not so sweet, his eye not so bright—is there. He is indeed a robin only in name,—really a species of thrush. A cheerful twittering, chirping, whistling, the tuning of the orchestra, a short sweet snatch or two of song I heard; but the steady, long-sustained outpour of rich melody from throats never weary, the chorus trilling joyously, with which our woods and hedge-rows resound in spring and early summer, I listened for in vain. Perhaps the pathlessness of the woods and hills prevented my penetrating to the secluded haunts of the sweetest singers, such as the hermit-thrush, and I speak only of New England. Remembering what John Burroughs has said on the subject, I will not venture to generalise the comparison.

GLIMPSE THE FIRST.

About two hundred and forty years ago, towards the close of Cromwell's life, and thirty-four years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Boston and Plymouth Settlement found itself vigorous enough to send out offshoots; and having heard from the Dutch settlers of New York of this rich and well-watered valley discovered by them in 1614, the General Court appointed John Pyncheon, Elizur Holyoke, and Samuel Chap-

in of Springfield, settled seventeen years before, to negotiate with the Indians for that tract of land called Nonotuck, where now stand six small towns and villages, chief and first built of which was Northampton. The price paid was a hundred fathoms of wampum (equal to about £20), ten coats, some small gifts, and the ploughing up of sixteen acres on the east side of the river. Wampum (Indian for white) consisted of strings of beads made

of white shells and *suckauhock* black or blue money, of black or purple shells. Both were used for more purposes than trading with the Indians, coin being scarce. Eight white and four black beads were worth a penny; and a man as often took out a string of beads as a purse to pay an innkeeper or a ferryman, or to balance a trading account.

But Nonotuck was paid for with a good deal besides the wampum and the ploughing. For a hundred and twenty-four years there was almost incessant warfare with the Indians. Treacherous ambuscades lay in wait for the trader on his journey, stealthy dark-skinned assassins for the solitary husband-man, and not a few of these fertile fields were watered by the blood of its first tillers. He carried his weapons with him to his work and to the meeting-house, and expressed his gratitude for hair-breadth escapes, Puritan fashion, by the pious names he gave his children. Preserved Clapp, Submit Grout, Comfort Domo, Thankful Medad, are names that figure in the records of this and the neighbouring villages; where we read also that one Praise-Ever Turner, and his servant Uzackaby Shakspeare, were killed by the Indians. Within sight of Northampton it was, just over the river, in the sister settlement of Hadley,—that beautiful old village, with street eighteen rods wide, set with a double avenue of superb elms, greensward in the middle and a road on either side, looking more like the entrance to a fine park than a village street,—here it was that a “deliverance” occurred, long believed by the people to have been

miraculous. One Sunday, when nearly the whole scant population was gathered for worship in the meeting-house, a large body of Indians fell upon them, and, what with the panic and the want of a leader, all seemed lost, when a majestic, venerable figure, dressed in a strange rich garb, fully armed, appeared suddenly in their midst, assumed the command, rallied their scattered numbers, and led them on to victory; then vanished as suddenly as he had appeared, no man knew where or whence.¹ No man but one—Mr Russell, the minister. This venerable apparition was Goffe, once a general in Cromwell’s army, and, like Whalley his companion in exile, one of the judges who condemned Charles to death, now forced, even in that far land, to hide for his life, since an active quest was maintained, in obedience to the Home Government, for both Goffe and Whalley. For twelve years did good Mr Russell shelter them, unknown to all but his own family. Whalley died in his house; but Goffe subsequently disappeared, and the rest of his career is unknown.

Altogether the hardy band found ample scope for carrying into practice the noble maxim of the Pilgrim Fathers rehearsed at Leyden. “All great and honourable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and must be enterprised and overcome with answerable courages.” In order to secure protection from Indians and wolves, the little community built its dwellings, not each isolated on its own farm-lands, but side by side, so as to form at once the main street; each house having its “home lot” or strip of “interval,”

¹ Sir Walter Scott, Fenimore Cooper, Miss Sedgwick, and Hawthorne in his story of ‘The Gray Champion,’ have all made use of this striking incident.

as the rich meadow-land stretching down to the river was called, and its "wood lot" on the hillside. Having chosen her "select men to direct all the fundamental affairs of the town, to prevent anything which they judge shall be of damage, and to order anything which shall be for the good of the town; to hear complaints, arbitrate controversies, lay out highways, see to the scouring of ditches, the killing of wolves, and the training of children," Northampton proceeded at once to build herself a meeting-house "of sawen timber 26 feet long and 18 feet wide," for the sum of £14 sterling, to be paid in work or corn. There was no clock in the settlement; so the worshippers were called together, sometimes by a large cow-bell, sometimes by drum, and finally by trumpet, for the blowing of which Jedediah Strong had a salary of eighteen shillings a-year. There was no minister for some years; and more finding in themselves a vocation for preaching than for listening, or at any rate for criticising than for meekly imbibing, disputes arose, the General Court was appealed to, and its decision enforced that the service should consist, besides praying and singing, of "the reading aloud of known godly and orthodox books;" and for those who failed to obey with seemly decorum the summons of Mr Jedediah Strong's trumpet, severe was the chastisement. Joe Leonard and Sam Harmon, for instance, "who were seen to whip and whisk one another with a stick before the meeting-house door," were fined five shillings; and Daniel, "for idle watching about and not coming to the ordinances of the Lord," was adjudged worthy of stripes to the number "of five, *well laid on.*"

In 1672 the town voted that there be some sticks set up in the "meeting-house, with fit persons placed near, to use them as occasion shall require, to keep the youth from disorder." Which staves were fitted with a hare's foot at one end and his tail at the other; the former to give a hard rap to misbehaving boys, the latter a gentle reminder to sleeping women.

Something besides repression was done, however, for the benefit of the youth of Northampton. The first school was started in 1663, —the master to receive £6 a-year and his charges for tuition. Bridges were built and roads made by calling out every man to labour according to his estate; and those who did not labour paid in grain at the rate of half-a-crown a-day for exemption. For more than sixty years Northampton had no doctor, only a "bone-setter": on the whole, a lucky circumstance perhaps, considering what were the remedies then chiefly in vogue. Sylvester Judd, from whose 'History of Hadley,' and also from Dr Holland's 'History of Western Massachusetts,' the foregoing details have been gathered, gives a curious list, taken from medical prescriptions of the time:—the fat of a wild cat, blood of a goat, of an ass, of a white pigeon taken from under the wing, the tongue and lungs of a fox, liver of an eel and of a wolf, horns of a bug (beetle), teeth of a sea-horse, bone from the heart of a stag, the left foot of a tortoise, &c.

After the Indian and the French and Indian wars were over, there was but a short interval of rest before the War of Independence began. The long rugged battle with the savage and the wilderness had done its work well in training men for the struggle which was to sunder all bonds, and con-

vert the colony into a new nation, master of its own destiny. Northampton was not the scene of any battles; but bore its part in furnishing some brave and leading men, and money, or money's worth, to the army. After the war was over, came a time of depression

and disorganisation in public affairs and in trade, which culminated hereabouts in what is known as Shay's Rebellion, so named from its leader; but it was soon quelled, and peace and prosperity settled down upon Northampton and upon the whole land.

GLIMPSE THE SECOND.

If we lift a corner of the veil of time at the opening of the present century, we find our handful of settlers become a population of 4000,—there was no immigration in those days to swell the numbers by thousands and tens of thousands at a blow,—and possessed of resources for their social and intellectual welfare pretty much on a par with those of an English country town at that date of the same size: a little behind still in material comforts and luxuries, a little ahead in the amount of mental activity and the spirit of progress generated partly by more complete self-dependence, by the great and stirring times men had just passed through, and by hereditary influences from the parent stock, which was the pick of Old England in these qualities.

The spirit of fellowship thrives where all are fellow-workers. There comes, it would seem, a happy transition time between the struggles, privations, isolation of the pioneers, and the wealth, luxury, and poverty (grim skeleton in the cupboard of advancing prosperity), when there yet remains a good measure of that sense of neighbourhood necessarily developed, when no man is independent of the free help and goodwill of others, no man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth,—a time, in short, when sociability

is and "society" is not, and those to whom the lines have fallen in pleasant places can stretch out a friendly hand to the less fortunate without suspicion of condescension or patronage.

For sample, we will take a single group, the door of whose hospitable house has been set open for us by the privately printed memoirs of Mrs Anne Jean Lyman. The inmates are a judge, his wife, and a large family of children of all ages, for he has been twice married. The judge is a genuine product of the soil, his family having for at least three generations back been settled in Northampton. His wife, who is from the neighbourhood of Boston, of Scotch ancestry on one side, and on the other descended from Anne Hutchinson (the eloquent woman-preacher, who, banished for heterodoxy from their settlement by the Pilgrim Fathers, was killed by the Indians in 1643), may be taken as a good but typical instance of the New England woman of that day—capable, practical, aspiring, intellectual, friendly above all.

There are no stirring adventures, no record of any achievements of genius in these memoirs, but the unpretending pages reflect a clear image of two fine characters, well adjusted to the social conditions amid which they lived. Both had beauty and dignity of

person, warm sympathies, good brains, abundant energy, and a spirit of hospitality which made their home the focus where the worth and intellect of the village were wont to gather and to shine brightest and warmest. Northampton has now its row of thriving stores, to which the people from neighbouring villages flock on market-days, making a cheerful bustle. The elms, planted by the pioneers on either side the street, from the boughs of one of which Jonathan Edwards had preached to the Indians, now spread a goodly shade. A four-horse stage from Boston, ninety miles distant, comes in every evening with bugle-horn sounding gaily. The driver is the personal friend of the whole town, for his tenacious memory never lets slip a single message or commission—save on one memorable occasion, when he forgot to bring back his wife who had been visiting in Boston, and so furnished the village with a long-enduring joke. The social judge, when he hears the horn, takes his hat and with alert step and cheerful face glowing in the evening light, hastens to Warner's Tavern where the coach draws up, to welcome the arrivals and bring any friend who may be among them to his own home—and any stranger too, who seems in ill-health or sorrow, and not likely to be made comfortable at an inn. When the judge and his wife go yearly to Boston, a throng of neighbours flock into the library overnight, where the packing goes on, not only to take an affectionate leave, but to bring parcels of every size and commissions of every variety,—a pattern with request to bring back dresses for a family of five; and “could they go to the orphan asylum and see if a good child of

ten could be bound out till she was eighteen? and if so, bring her back.” One requests them to call and seek a sick mother at Sudbury, another a sick sister at Ware. Finally, a little boy, with bundle as large as himself, asks “if this would be too big to carry to grandmother?” “I’ll carry anything short of a cooking-stove,” says the kind lady; and wherever the stage stops to change horses, she runs round to hunt up the sick friend or deliver the parcel.

Here is a picture, in brief, of a day of home-life at a later period when the children are mostly grown up and the judge has retired from the Bench. It is the grey dawn of a summer's day, and the mother is already up and doing, while the rest of her large family, all but the husband, are still asleep. Dressed in short skirt and white *sacque*, she goes with broom and duster to her parlour and dining-room, opens wide the windows to the sweet morning air and the song of the birds, and puts all in order. At six o'clock she calls up her two maids, puts on her morning-dress and white cap, takes the large work-basket that always stands handy in the corner—for she mends not only for the family but for the maids and the hired man—and works till breakfast, when often fifteen or twenty cheerful souls assemble round the table. After which, with help of children and grandchildren, the dishes are swiftly washed, the table cleared, and husband and wife are then wont to take their seat at the front door, that they may greet the passers-by or send messages to neighbours: she with the work-basket and the book that always lay handy under the work—some essay, poem, history, novel (for she is an omnivorous reader, and her

letters intelligently discuss current literary topics)—or with the peas and beans to shell and string for dinner; he with the newspaper. Among the passers-by with whom they chat come, at certain seasons of the year, the judges of the Supreme Court and other notable men,—Baron Renné, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Emerson, too, while he was yet a young unknown Unitarian minister. Seldom does the large family sit down to dinner without guests, for any one who drops in is asked to stay, or some wearied-looking passer-by is pressed to step in. In the afternoon the mother's chosen seat is at the win-

dow of the west parlour looking towards the hills, and then the young people flock around while she reads aloud through the long summer afternoons. All must share in her enjoyment, and often is the wayfarer, some "good neighbour" or "intellectual starveling," beckoned in "just to hear this rich passage we are reading,—it won't take long." If she finds any with a strong desire for knowledge, she never rests till the means to supply the want are found, and more than one youth of promise afterwards fulfilled owed his first good chance in life to this wise, generous-hearted woman.

GLIMPSE THE THIRD.

Northampton to-day carries her two hundred and thirty odd years lightly, and, save for the lofty and venerable elms, looks as young as the youngest of towns. How, indeed, can anything but the trees ever look old in America, since the atmosphere does not furnish old Time with moisture enough to write the record of his flight in grey tones and weather stains, and lichens, and worn and crumbling edges? Hawthorne's "old manse" at Concord was the only ancient-looking house I saw. Either it had never been painted, or the paint was all worn off, and so the wooden walls had taken a silver-grey colour, and, with its picturesque situation close to the Concord river and by the side of the field in which was fought the first battle in the War of Independence, it well deserves the honour and renown that have settled on it, both as associated with Emerson's ancestors, his own early days, and with Hawthorne's romance. But in general the yearly fresh coat of paint is a sort of

new birth to the old houses, which makes them indistinguishable from modern ones, wood being still the material used in country-places for detached houses. But step inside some one or two of these pretty modest-looking cottages, under the shade of the Northampton elms, and you will find the low ceiling, the massive beams, small doors and windows, corner cupboards, and queer ups and downs along the passages, which tell that they were put up by hands long since mouldered in the grave, and make you feel as if you were at home again in some old Essex village.

Socially, the little town may be regarded as a kind of Cranford—but Cranford with a difference. There is the same preponderance of maiden ladies and widows—for what should the men do there? New England farming is a very slow and unprofitable affair compared with farming in the West, and there are no manufactures of any importance. There are the same tea-parties, with a solitary

beau in the centre, "like the one white flower in the middle of a nose-gay;" the same modest goodness, kindness, refinement, making the best of limited means and of restricted interests. But even under these conditions the spirit of enterprise and of public spirit lurks in an American Cranford, and strikes out boldly in some direction or other. What would Miss Jenkyns have said to the notion of a college which should embody the most advanced ideas for giving young women precisely the same educational opportunities as young men? She would justly have felt that it was enough to make Dr Johnson turn in his grave. Yet such a scheme has been realised by one of the maiden ladies of Northampton or its immediate neighbourhood, in Smith College—a really noble institution; where, also, the experiment is being tried of housing the students, not in one large building, but in a cluster of pretty-looking, moderate-sized homes, standing amid lawn and garden, where they are allowed, under certain restrictions, to enter into and receive the society of the village, so that their lives may not be a too monotonous routine and "grind."

Another maiden lady has achieved a still more remarkable success, for she had no wealth of her own to enable her to carry out her idea—which was, to perfect and to introduce on a large scale the method, devised in Spain some hundred years ago, developed by Heinicke, a German, by Bell of Edinburgh, and by his son, in a system of "visible speech,"—for enabling the deaf and dumb to speak, not with the fingers but the voice, dumb no longer, and to hear with the eyes, so to speak, by reading the movements of the lips. Miss Harriet

Rogers, who had never witnessed this method in operation, began by teaching a few pupils privately till her success induced a generous inhabitant of Northampton, Mr Clarke, to come forward with £10,000 to found a Deaf and Dumb Institution, of which her little school formed the nucleus, and her unwearied devotion and special gifts the animating soul. Step into a class-room in one of these cheerful-looking houses, surrounded by gay flower borders and well-kept lawns, standing on a hill just outside the town,—for here, too, the plan of a group of buildings has been adopted. About twenty children, boys and girls, are ranged, their faces eagerly looking towards a lady who stands on a raised platform. Her presence conveys a sense of that gentle yet resistless power which springs from a firm will, combined with a rich measure of sympathy and affection. She raises her hand a little way, and then moves it slowly along in a horizontal direction. The children open their mouths and utter a deep sustained tone, a plaintive, minor, wild, yet not unmusical sound. She raises it a little higher, and again moves it slowly along. The children immediately raise the pitch of their voices and sustain a higher tone. Again the voices, following the hand, sustain a yet higher, almost a shrill note. Then the hand waves up and down rapidly, and the tones faithfully follow its lead in swift transition, till they seem lost in a maze of varying inflexions; but always the voices are obedient to the waving hand. The teacher then makes a round O with thumb and forefinger, gradually parting them like the opening of the mouth. This is the sign for *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. The voices

begin softly, swell into a great volume of sound, then die away again, still with those peculiar plaintive tones; yet much do the children seem to enjoy the exercise, though, to most of them, remember, the room is all the while soundless as the grave. They learn to vary the pitch of their voices partly by feeling with the hand the vibrations of the throat and chest,—quick and in the throat for high tones, slow and in the chest for low ones,—partly by help of Bell's written signs, which represent the position peculiar to each sound of the various organs of speech—throat, tongue, lips, back of the mouth, &c. This was a class of beginners chiefly learning to develop and control their hitherto unused voices. Inexhaustible is the patience, wonderful the tact employed by Miss Rogers and her able assistants in the far more difficult task of teaching actual speech. A small percentage of the children will prove too slow and blunt of perception ever to master it, and will have to be sent where the old finger alphabet is still the method in use. Some, on the other hand, will succeed so brilliantly that it will be impossible for a stranger to detect that they were once deaf-mutes,—that they seize your words with their eyes, not with their ears, and have never heard the sound of human speech, though they can speak. And the great bulk will return to their homes capable of understanding in the main what is going on around them, and of making themselves intelligible to their friends without recourse to signs.

Our actual Cranford over the sea, then, has a considerable advantage over the Cranford of romance, in that her heroines do not

wait for the (in fiction) inevitable, faithful, long-absent, mysteriously-returning—at-the-right-moment lover to redeem their lives from triviality, and renew their faded bloom. And, in the present state of the world's affairs, what is more needed than the single woman who succeeds in making her life worth living, honourably independent, and of value to others? Through such will certainly be given new scope and impetus to the development of woman generally, and in the long-run, therefore, good results for all.

Among the solid achievements of Northampton must also be mentioned an excellent free library, with spacious airy reading-room, such as any city might be proud of. There is also a State lunatic asylum, with large farm attached, which not only supplies the most restorative occupation for those of the inmates who are capable of work, but defrays all the expenses of the institution, with an occasional surplus for improvements.

If I were asked what, after some years spent in America, impressed me most unexpectedly, I should say of the people, as of the New England landscape, So like! yet so different! I speak, of course, not of superficial differences, but of mental physiognomy and temperament. Given new conditions of climate, soil, space, with their subtle, slow, yet deep and sure modifying influences,—new qualities to the pleasures of life, new qualities to its pains and struggles, new social and political conditions, new mixing of old races, different antecedents, the primitive wrestle with nature by a people not primitive but inheriting the habits and characteristics of advanced civilisation,—and how can there but result the shaping of a new race

out of old world stock, a fresh instrument in the great orchestra of humanity? Indicate these differences, these traits! says the impatient reader. They are too subtle for words, like the perfume of flowers, the flavour of fruit,—too much intermingled with individual qualities also, at any rate for mere descriptive words, though no doubt in time the imaginative literature of America will creatively embody them.

One lesson whoever has lived in, not merely travelled through America, must learn perforce. It is that the swift steamers bringing a succession of more or less keen observers, the telegrams and newspapers, which we fondly imagine annihilate space and make us fully cognisant of the character and affairs of our far-off kindred, are by no means such wonder-workers.

In spite of newspapers, and telegrams, and travellers, and a common language and ancestry, we are full of misconceptions about each other. Nay, I found the actual condition of my own country drift slowly out of intelligible sight after a year or two's absence. Even if every word uttered and printed were true, that which gives them their significance cannot be so transmitted; whilst the great forces that are shaping and building up a people's life and character work silently beneath the surface, so that truly may it be said of a nation, as of an individual, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy." Save by the help of vital literature—in that, at last, the souls of the nations speak to one another.

"OUR WILLIAM."

Who took the Government by storm
With promises, in language warm
Of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform?
Our William.

Who warnings would not understand,
And said that Erin's hapless land
Should ne'er be held by force's hand?
Our William.

Who callous saw the laws withstood,
Plundered the loyal and the good,
While Ireland's fields were drenched with blood?
Our William.

Who tampering with rebels tried
Compacts by other names would hide,
Till through his murder'd kin defied?
Our William.

Who thus from Ireland drove afar
Peace, and provoked intestine jar,
And, hardly veiled, a civil war?
Our William.

Who pledged the honour of the Crown
To put the Boer rebellion down,
Lost England's, and his own, renown?
Our William.

Who, promising from rule abhorred
Of Boers to save the native horde,
Left them to slavery and the sword?
Our William.

Who, when the sons of England died
To keep his pledge, that pledge denied,
And through the dirt dragged England's pride?
Our William.

Feigning to dread of blood the guilt,
Who stained his weapon to the hilt,
In that of Arabs vainly spilt?

Our William.

Who bears the curse of Egypt's woes,
Bechuana's wrongs, and Zulu's throes?
Truth's fixed unmoving finger shows—

Our William.

Who of each deed of blood and shame,
Of failure evermore the same,
On others always casts the blame?

Our William.

Who his fair promises to keep,
Gives with expenses yet more deep
A rule that's nasty, yet not cheap?

Our William.

Peace in a sea of blood is lost,
Retrenchment, in excessive cost.
Who Franchise tries, when tempest-tost?

Our William.

Who says he can't one moment wait
The millions to emancipate,
Yet left them four years to their fate?

Our William.

Who, when the Peers on justice bent
Ask him his whole scheme to present,
Slanders their conduct and intent?

Our William.

Who owns that Franchise for the best
Must on just distribution rest,
Yet shirks that fair and honest test?

Our William.

Who in his passion to dictate,
Kindles the flames of strife and hate,
Nor thinks how much he hurts the State?

Our William.

Who British interests betrayed,
Suez and Congo bargains made
Injurious to his country's trade?

Our William.

To Russia's blandishments a prey,
Who smiles to see her press her way,
Till India dreads her coming sway?

Our William.

Who, all his projects overthrown,
Invited Europe to condone
His failures, and was left—alone?

Our William.

How then is England to get out
Of all her ills, within, without?
By sending to the right about

Our William.

C.

FACTS VERSUS MID-LOTHIAN FALLACIES.

It must be fairly admitted that the first effects of Mr Gladstone's Mid-Lothian campaign in September were to raise the drooping Ministerial banner and make Radicals jubilant from one end of Great Britain to the other. The Prime Minister, we were told, had entirely dispersed the clouds of Tory misrepresentation which had lately brooded over the land, triumphantly vindicated the policy of his Government from first to last, and scattered his enemies before him as chaff before the wind. The haughty Peers who had presumed to thwart his will must now, pale and abashed, shrink back from a course which can only lead to their own destruction; the Conservative Associations which have ventured to approve the action of the Upper House must hide their diminished heads; criticism of the Government proceedings during the last five years must be hushed for ever; and the sound of no voice shall be tolerated which does not raise itself to swell the chorus of approbation with which Scotland has welcomed the infallible statesman.

For the moment, the spectacle of a man half-way between seventy and eighty years of age, still full of power and vigour, holding large masses of men in attentive audience by his winning eloquence, and ranging with infinite address and triumphant complacency over the whole field of political controversy, commanded not only the respect but the admiration of his fellow-countrymen, and inclined them to forget or pardon all the imperfections and shortcomings of one whose ability and energy are so far beyond those of ordinary men, and who must be admitted to be one

of the most marvellous men of this or any other time.

But since the first feelings of admiration have had time to subside, since the triumphant shouts of the Radicals have died away and calmer moments have arrived, it may well be doubted whether those three Mid-Lothian speeches, which have given the key-note to all that outburst of eloquence which has since stunned the country, will bear the scrutiny to which they must of necessity be subjected. With the first of these speeches we can only deal shortly. Its simple and palpable object was to place before the public the case of the Government against the House of Lords in as popular a form as possible. This, indeed, was most adroitly accomplished by such a clever misrepresentation of facts and imputation of motives as to make it appear that it is the Lords and not the Government who are adopting an unconstitutional course, and endeavouring to force their arbitrary will down the throat of the nation. The Peers, forsooth, according to the Prime Minister's version of the matter, deny the franchise to two million of their fellow-countrymen, pretending meanwhile to be in favour of that extension of electoral right which by "invidious and indirect means" they are striving to defeat.

Of course the truth is very different. The Peers have only claimed—and claimed, be it remembered, *on behalf of the people*—that the whole of the reform scheme of the Government should be openly laid before the country before any one part of it becomes law, in order that a complete

measure may be more satisfactorily settled. Mr Gladstone refuses this, and a House of Commons—more subservient than any which has existed since the days of Walpole—sustains him in the refusal. The constitution provides that when the two branches of the Legislature differ, an appeal to the constituencies shall decide which branch is in accord with the desires of the nation; but because certain of the Peers and their upholders venture to hint at the desirability of such an appeal, they are vehemently accused of trying to “force a dissolution.” Meanwhile, be it observed, while Mr Gladstone is condemning the Lords for their desire that redistribution should accompany enfranchisement, in one of these very Edinburgh speeches he acknowledges that although “enfranchisement is a good thing in itself,” it will be a much “greater good” when supplemented by redistribution, so that, according to his own showing, Mr Gladstone’s quarrel with the House of Lords is based upon their desire and attempt to secure for the people a “greater good” than he offers them.

That such an attempt should be the groundwork on which the enemies of the hereditary Chamber stand to direct their attacks against it, would be really ridiculous, if it were not for the fact that importance is given to those attacks by the countenance afforded them by the Prime Minister and others who affect a tone of friendly moderation towards the Peers, whilst at the same time they do not scruple to hold them up before the nation in the most invidious light. For example, Mr Gladstone coolly declares to the working men of Edinburgh that his opponents, when they demand redistribution, really mean that the extension of the

franchise is “in the nature of an evil, and of an inconvenience which can only be rendered tolerable by distributing, cutting, and carving it in a certain way.” What right has any man to attribute such motives or intentions to his opponents? Mr Bright has never been supposed to be one who considers the extension of the franchise “in the nature of an evil.” Yet Mr Bright has vainly endeavoured to wriggle out of the bold and honest advice which he formerly gave the nation, to “repudiate without mercy *any Bill of any Government* for the extension of the franchise which does not distribute the seats taken from small boroughs amongst the great city and town populations of the kingdom,” and which he supplemented by the declaration that “Redistribution is the soul of Reform.” Mr Fawcett agrees with Mr Bright, and the House of Lords is of the same opinion; and to accuse them upon this ground of being hostile to the extension of the franchise is a political dodge of a shallow and transparent character.

It is not, however, with the first Mid-Lothian speech or with the franchise agitation, which it was specially designed to encourage, that we are now principally concerned. The speech to which, in the interests of truth, and amid the gravity of the present crisis, attention ought specially to be called, is the second oration, delivered upon the 1st September in the Corn Exchange at Edinburgh. Probably, as far as eloquence and ability are concerned, this was one of the best speeches that Mr Gladstone has ever delivered. It would be well if we could say that the accuracy of his historical statements rivalled the consummate address with which they were placed before his hearers. A careful perusal of the speech,

however, by any one who has watched and studied the events of the last five years, will cause the reader to stand aghast at the extraordinary perversion and distortion of facts by which this oratorical effort is characterised.

It is no light thing to bring such a charge against a man in Mr Gladstone's position, and we should not attempt to do so if it were not one which could be proved up to the hilt, and if, moreover, the conduct and character of all those who ventured to oppose Mr Gladstone's policy since 1879 were not directly involved in the question. For if the facts were in accordance with the Prime Minister's statements, there could be very little excuse for those who, upon several important points, have stood forward to criticise and condemn his policy. Such an excuse, however, will be readily found when we take the trouble to analyse the speech and its statements, and call to mind the real facts as they actually occurred.

It is unnecessary to make more than a passing reference to Mr Gladstone's description of the career of the preceding Government, to which he thought fit to apply the words of Tennyson—

"The children born of thee are fire and sword,
Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws ;"

because the retort is very obvious—namely, that the same lines might with equal aptitude be quoted with respect to his own Government during the existence of which South Africa, Egypt, and Ireland have all been the scene of events to which they are certainly quite as applicable as to any that occurred under the Government of Lord Beaconsfield.

Of course we are all aware that, according to Mr Gladstone, every

misfortune of the kind which has happened since April 1880 has been entirely the result of the "deplorable inheritance" to which he succeeded; but this is an excuse which, in the progress of time, has become every day less and less valid, and which certainly cannot be admitted by those who take the trouble to examine the history of the period with an impartial eye. Whether in the affairs of ordinary life, or in high political transactions, nothing is more common, because nothing is more easy, than to declare that any misadventure which occurs is due, not to our own demerits or mistakes, but to the mismanagement of those who have preceded us in the conduct of the particular business in hand. It is a question which can never be absolutely decided, and upon which it is only useful to argue when, as in the present case, our decision has an important bearing upon the future. For if Mr Gladstone is correct in his contention that everything which has gone wrong since April 1880 is to be attributed to the action of his predecessors, we may lament the hardships which he has had to endure in attempting the work of amelioration, but there can be no reason why we should not continue to intrust that work to his hands. If, on the contrary, it can be shown that to his own Government and to his own legislation much of the evil has been due, our confidence must be rudely shaken in the Minister who unfairly strives to shuffle off upon his opponents the consequences of his own errors.

Let us take the case of Ireland first, and compare Mr Gladstone's speech and inferences with what we know to have occurred. Mr Gladstone accuses Lord Beaconsfield's Government of having "kept back from Parliament," or rather

of not having "been forward to lay before Parliament what was going on in Ireland until the day of dissolution came, when the address of Lord Beaconsfield was published in doubtless very menacing terms." He goes on to say that at that time he "frankly admits" he had so much on his hands "connected with the doings of Lord Beaconsfield's Government in almost every quarter of the world," that he "did not know—no one knew—the severity of the crisis that was already swelling upon the horizon, and that shortly after rushed upon us like a flood." But what Mr Gladstone forgets to tell us is this—that when by his own confession he did *not* "know the severity of the crisis," he scoffed and derided those who did, held up Lord Beaconsfield as an alarmist who had issued his letter to the Duke of Marlborough for electioneering purposes, and boldly declared Ireland to be in "a satisfactory state"! More than this: Mr Gladstone's profession of ignorance as to the agitation then existing in Ireland is doubly strange when we recollect not only that it had been going on, openly and boldly, for many months before the dissolution of 1880, but that the Land League had been formed in October 1879, and that one of the excuses which the present Government and their friends have all along made for their not having put down this organisation with a strong hand early in its existence has been, that the League was commenced, established, and widely spread under the Administration of Lord Beaconsfield, and that it is to the latter that the blame must be imputed for not having suppressed it.

In any case, if Mr Gladstone was so ignorant of the state of Ireland as he now tells us, it is a little too bad that, having no more

knowledge of the condition of the country than he avows, he should have legislated upon the hypothesis that Lord Beaconsfield had deliberately stated to the nation that which was untrue. For this can be the only excuse for the refusal of the Gladstone Government to renew the Peace Preservation Act, a refusal which had probably something to do with the subsequent increase of crime, and certainly a great deal to do with the impunity of its perpetrators. Mr Gladstone, however, does not condescend to allude to this point, but tries to find another cause for the evils. In his first Edinburgh speech, directed against the House of Lords, he says, "In 1880 we passed through the House of Commons a Bill granting compensation for disturbance in Ireland, which, I believe, would have effectually checked and moderated the tremendous disturbances and convulsions of that country that speedily followed. That Bill, unfortunately, was lost in the House of Lords." The Prime Minister here practically endorses the accusation against the House of Lords which ignorant partisans of the Liberal party have not scrupled to make, that the rejection of this Bill was one of the main causes of the outrages which prevailed in Ireland during 1880-81-82.

It is worth while to record once more the truth upon this point. The "Compensation for Disturbance" Bill was *not* one of those measures announced by the new Government upon the assembling of Parliament in May 1880. It was suddenly framed upon a clause in a Bill introduced by a Home Rule member (Mr O'Connor Power), and with difficulty pushed through the House of Commons by the force and authority of the Government. Those

who really know the circumstances under which that Bill was passed by the House of Commons, will readily admit that they reflected anything but credit upon that branch of the Legislature. It is a notorious fact that the Bill was generally condemned by the Liberal party, and that many voted for it solely and entirely on account of their unwillingness to put the newly formed Government in a minority; while not a few said, more or less openly, that they so voted because they knew that "the House of Lords will never pass such a Bill." When the measure reached the Upper House, scarce a dozen Peers, besides Ministers, and the relations or former colleagues of Ministers, could be made to vote for it, and the Bill was actually rejected by a majority of the votes of the Liberal Peers who took part in the division. In the House of Commons, where the Government, when supported, as in this case, by the Irish Home Rule members, had a majority of more than 170, they had only been able to pass the second reading by sixty-five votes (including more than forty "Home Rulers" and thirty "official members"), and the decision of the House of Lords was so emphatically in accordance with public opinion and the real sentiments of both Houses, that Government took no steps to question it.

But Mr Gladstone will find facts too strong for him when he tries to shift to other shoulders the burden of responsibility for the state of Ireland. He speaks of his Irish Land Act of 1881 as "in the main an Act of justice," and declares that "the effect of this Act is, that it is inducing the people for the first time to place confidence in the courts of justice." Are either of these things entirely true? In the first place, the Act itself is dis-

tinctly in opposition to the principles upon which Mr Gladstone passed the Act of 1870, in the debates upon which he emphatically protested against "fixity of tenure" and "judicial rents" as unjust and impossible demands. By means of this protest he conciliated much support, and he has now deliberately adopted both the points which he then repudiated. The Act is, moreover, in direct opposition to the Liberal doctrine that demand and supply should regulate prices, for the rent of the unhappy landlord is fixed for him by a tribunal in which he can rarely have confidence, without any reference to the fact that there may be—and often are—other people ready to give him a much higher rent, whilst the tenant is practically allowed to sell his interest in the holding to the highest bidder. Furthermore, the Act is in reality opposed to the theory of the Queen's right to be the Sovereign of Ireland, for the only possible pretext upon which the owner of Irish land can be thus forcibly interfered with in his dealings with his tenants is the allegation made by the Nationalist party, that the land of Ireland has been wrongfully taken from her people, and that those who possess it are invaders and robbers. Who the "rightful owners" may be would in this case be somewhat difficult to discover, but the title of the landlords to the land rests upon the same foundation as that of the British Sovereign to the throne of Ireland; and to assail the one, as has been practically done in this Act, is to impeach the other.

But whatever may be thought or said of the Irish Land Act, this much is clear, that Mr Gladstone, ignorant, as he tells us, of the "severity of the crisis" at hand, and complacently hugging himself

in the belief that his previous land and Church legislation had brought Ireland to a happy state of contentment, did not contemplate the Act of 1881 when in April 1880 he succeeded in displacing Lord Beaconsfield. What, then, caused the introduction and passing of this Bill? This is a part of the history of his administration upon which Mr Gladstone does not dwell, but which cannot be omitted by the historian of truth. We will take no Tory source for our answer to the question. We will refer to a speech recently delivered by Mr Healy at a meeting of the National League in Dublin. Having alluded to the declaration of the Prime Minister of his ignorance of the state of Ireland in 1880, he goes on to say: "Mr Gladstone had previously informed them that it took nothing less than a Clerkenwell explosion to arouse English opinion,—what was it that first induced Mr Gladstone to pay attention to the demands of Ireland? So far as he could gather, *it was the outrages committed in the country.*" And according to another report of the same speech Mr Healy proceeded to say that, "No argument, speech, or resolution *would have any effect until slugs rattled all along the roadsides: further concessions still the country meant to have, and would have. It would be a very bad day for the peace of Ireland, and for what was called 'law and order,' if the people believed that they could achieve no further concessions by agitation, because they would resort immediately to the old weapons which won so much in the past.*" It is evident from these remarks that those who control and direct Irish agitation believe that it was the outrages which took place in Ireland which prompted and caused

the introduction of the Irish Land Bill; and when Mr Gladstone tells us that the Act "is inducing people for the first time to place confidence in the courts of justice," one can only observe that if he alludes to the courts of sub-commissioners who are the fixers of rents between landlord and tenant, these courts appear so far to have given very little satisfaction to either party. The landlords complain that they have, on an average, been robbed of 25 per cent of their rents; whilst the Land League agitators encourage the tenants to believe that a great deal more should be taken off the rents of the country, and that the courts unduly favour the landlords. No one can tell where the matter is to end, especially when the "abolition of landlordism" is a doctrine freely preached by the so-called "Nationalists."

It is, however, abundantly clear, that although every credit is to be given to Lord Spencer for his vigorous vindication of the law, and that although the strong coercive and repressive measures taken by the Government have enabled the Prime Minister to point to a diminution of crime, yet, in the opinion of the leaders of agitation—as indeed in that of most people save those whose desire and interest it is to think otherwise—it is outrage and agitation which have given the Irish tenants that portion of their landlords' property which they have secured under the provisions of the Land Bill; and if they desire a larger portion, or indeed a concession of any other description, they know, so long as Mr Gladstone is in office, the most likely way to obtain it. "*Post hoc*" is of course not always "*propter hoc*," but if we were writing of transactions which had occurred between Russia and Po-

land instead of between Great Britain and Ireland, it is unlikely that any reasonable man would hesitate to say that the Land Bill was the direct result of the agitation which preceded it; and that Mr Gladstone's language with regard to the Clerkenwell explosion—whether misreported or misinterpreted it matters but little—induced in Ireland the belief that outrage and law-breaking were the surest ways to bring the demands of the "Nationalist" party "within the range of practical politics."

We do not for a moment doubt that the Government are sincere in their statement, that without such agitation they would have introduced new Land Legislation for Ireland. This of course can never be proved. What probably possessed the minds of Mr Gladstone and his colleagues was the idea that, apart from and besides the wild theories and impossible demands of the "Nationalists," there was a real grievance of over-rent and eviction of which the Irish tenants had just cause of complaint, and that by remedying such grievance these men could be detached from the "Nationalist" party, and rendered loyal subjects of the Crown. It is perfectly possible that in some cases this result may have followed; but even if it be so, the question arises whether the price paid has not been too costly. A premium has been put upon agitation and outrage, the effects of which it will take years of firmness and vigour to counteract. Loyal men have been shamed and discouraged by the attempts to govern Ireland through the agency of men whose disloyalty is imperfectly concealed, and whose aim and desire is severance from England and freedom from "Saxon rule." These are grave wrongs to the country, but there are even

worse to tell. Ireland, indeed, is comparatively quiet, kept down by coercive laws which a Tory Government would scarcely have dared to propose, and occupied as a conquered country by a force of military and constabulary too strong to be resisted. But the whole social fabric of the country has been shattered—Irish landlords have been ruined, Irish land is unsaleable; and in spite of the "remedial" measure which has produced these results, it is admitted on all sides that when the Franchise Bill shall have become law, four-fifths at least of the Irish representatives will belong to the anti-English party, unless Mr Gladstone should have the courage to engraft upon his scheme of Reform some such "minority" vote as shall ensure to those who represent the property, the intelligence, and the loyalty of Ireland, their fair share in the representation of their country. That such a scheme should be proposed by the Government is unhappily likely to be prevented by the preponderance of the Radical element in the Cabinet, in deference to which it has already been hinted that the "minority" representation in certain English counties is to be abolished; and it is to be feared that the extension of so fair a principle to Ireland will be opposed by the same school.

There is but one answer which the friends of the Government can make to the charges brought against them in respect of their Irish Land Legislation. They all, when driven into a corner, fall back upon the same sing-song phrase, "Oh! it was required by the *exceptional circumstances* of Ireland." True it is, no doubt, that "exceptional circumstances" may require "exceptional treatment"; but surely it will be the opinion of all honest men who

consider the matter, that no "exceptional circumstances" can require that justice, honour, and (as in the dealing with estates sold under the Encumbered Estates Act) the plighted faith of Parliament shall be thrown to the winds, and loyal men trampled under foot and ruined in the futile hope that disloyal men may be led to abandon their disloyalty.

Well indeed may Mr Gladstone admit that he cannot represent that "the Irish question is altogether settled." He distinguishes between "social" and "political" difficulties, but he has taught the Irish people too clearly how the one may be brought to affect the other. It is idle to talk of pursuing the course of "justice and liberality" towards Ireland. The more true description of the Government policy would be "injustice and bribery,"—injustice to the landlord, and bribery to the tenant, coupled with an entire desertion of that principle of freedom in all business transactions between man and man, which, up to a recent period, has been the very strength and groundwork of Liberal policy. We may hail with pleasure Mr Gladstone's declaration that "under no circumstances can Ireland be dissevered from Great Britain," but at the same time we cannot but feel and know that the strength of those who desire such a severance has been greatly increased by the legislation of his Government; and in however attractive a form Mr Gladstone may present the page of Irish history of the past five years to his credulous constituents, that page will be differently written by the impartial historian of the times.

But perhaps the most extraordinary perversion of historical facts in the speech with which we are dealing is to be found in its refer-

ence to the affairs of South Africa. Mr Gladstone begins with these words:—

"We told you that in our judgment the attempt of the Administration then in power to put down the people of the Transvaal, to extinguish their freedom, and to annex them against their will to England, was scandalous and disastrous. When we got into office, we were assured by all the local agents of the British Government—and I have no doubt they spoke in honour and sincerity—that the people of the Transvaal had changed their minds, and were perfectly contented to be annexed to the British Empire. That made it our duty to pause for a while; and for a short time, accordingly, we did pause. However much we had opposed the previous Government, it was our duty not to make changes without good and sufficient cause."

It is impossible to avoid saying that never was there a statement made more calculated to mislead and deceive the public mind with regard to what really occurred.

When the annexation of the Transvaal took place, in 1877, neither Mr Gladstone nor any other of the Liberal leaders said one single word against it. Mr Leonard Courtney, and some of the extreme Radicals and Home-Rulers, alone objected to the approval of the acts of Sir Theophilus Shepstone. Mr Knatchbull-Hugessen, who, for the three last years of Mr Gladstone's Government of 1868, had represented the Colonial Office in the House of Commons as Under-Secretary, as well as Mr Forster, who had previously filled the same office, both spoke in favour of the annexation, and spoke, as it was understood, with the sanction and approval of the late Cabinet. The former gentleman, indeed, has not only since stated that he believed such to have been the case, but has declared his conviction that if Lord Kimberley had been in office

when the annexation was proposed, it would have been accepted and approved exactly as it was by Lord Carnarvon. Never, in fact, was there a more candid, complete, and fair endorsement of the policy of a Government by its parliamentary opponents than in the case before us.

The truth is, that any one who had possessed opportunities of studying the history of the Transvaal Boers must have well known that, at the moment it took place, annexation was a necessity. The facts are exceedingly simple. When, long ago, the British Government agreed not to interfere with the independence of those Boers who crossed into the Transvaal, the engagement was of a reciprocal character, and, moreover, by one of the articles of the "Convention," slavery was strictly forbidden to be practised by the Boers. How did the latter keep their engagements? They oppressed the natives from first to last, they created a state of things which constantly endangered the peace and safety of the adjacent British possessions, and undoubtedly, in the matter of slavery, they broke their engagement again and again. Both in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords evidence of these facts has been given which has never been satisfactorily rebutted, and the Blue-books presented to Parliament prove the truth beyond doubt.

Yet it was not only the danger to British territory and the violation of their treaty engagements which brought about annexation, —the main reason was that the Transvaal Boers themselves were in a desperate condition: without a shilling in their exchequer, disorganised, disheartened, in inextricable confusion and difficulty.

They were pressed by the powerful chief Sikokuni on the one hand, and threatened by the Zulus on the other, in such a manner that there appeared to be every prospect of their annihilation. It was at such a time that Sir Theophilus Shepstone appeared on the scene, and came to the conclusion that the only way of saving the Boers from destruction was to declare the Transvaal to be part of her Majesty's dominions. Mr Gladstone talks of the annexation as if it had been accomplished by force of arms, and tell his Edinburgh audience that out of 8000 European heads of families in the Transvaal, 7000 were Dutchmen, and that these 7000 unanimously subscribed to a petition protesting against annexation to England. Does Mr Gladstone know, or does he only conveniently forget, that Sir Theophilus Shepstone had only some twenty persons with him when, at the capital of the Transvaal, he proclaimed the country annexed to England? Does he know that so enfeebled and disorganised were the Boers at that moment, that there was practically no Government existing; and that although the President himself made a formal protest, there was no real protest and no resistance whatever? Does he know, moreover, or does he not know, that many addresses with numerous signatures (which duly appear in the Blue-books) in favour of annexation were presented to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and that many Boers, under no compulsion whatever, took the oath of allegiance to her Majesty, including some of those who were afterwards ringleaders in the rebellion, one at least of whom actually took office under the British Government?

Mr Gladstone exactly reverses the truth of history upon this

point. It was not that the Boers disliked annexation first, and that the "British agents" averred that they had "changed their minds," but that they, for the most part, welcomed annexation when it saved them from destruction; but when the power of England had destroyed Sikokuni, and was about to break up the strength of the Zulus, they so far changed their minds as to return to their old dislike of the British Government, which required regular taxes to be paid and forbade slavery,—and then it was, when they were no longer in fear of their native foes, that they raised the standard of revolt.

Then and then only was it—and let this be well noted—that Mr Gladstone, *who had been silent in his place in Parliament, and neither by will nor vote had uttered any protest whatever against the annexation during the long discussions on the subject*—then it was, when there appeared an opportunity of discrediting an act of Lord Beaconsfield's Government, that Mr Gladstone, in December 1879, discovered that the rebel Boers were injured patriots, talked about the "free subjects of an empire oppressing the free subjects of a republic," and gave a support and countenance to those who were in rebellion against the authority of his sovereign of which they were not slow to take advantage.

We do not speak unadvisedly when we say that it is more than doubtful whether most, if not all, of the subsequent bloodshed and disaster in South Africa would not have been avoided if Mr Gladstone could have restrained himself from using this one weapon of attack against his political opponents in England. As it was, his speeches were translated into the

Dutch language, and circulated in South Africa; the rebel Boers were agreed that they had the sympathy and support of one of the leading statesmen in England, and the greatest encouragement was given to the rebellion.

The sequel is briefly told by Mr Gladstone, who informs his admiring hearers that after the Boers had "obtained several successes over the limited number of British troops then in South Africa," the Government "sent a sufficient number of troops to make it certain that we could have prevailed, and that then, being strong, we could afford to be merciful, and therefore, out of considerations of 'honour and policy,' we permitted the independence of the Boers." This is not the way in which an impartial historian will be able to tell the story. Before any declaration of war, the 94th Regiment, under Colonel Anstruther, were marching to their appointed station, when they were waylaid by a Boer force (the leaders of whom stated that they "did not know whether it was peace or war"), and pitilessly shot down and butchered by men who had prepared the ambush, measured the distances, and deliberately planned the massacre. Subsequently, Sir George Colley, advancing with inadequate forces against the rebels, was twice repulsed, and in a third attempt lost his life upon Majuba Hill, at a time when the reinforcements spoken of by Mr Gladstone were actually in the country.

Now what was the position of the British Government? In the speech from the throne they had solemnly declared that the demands of the Boers could not possibly be considered whilst they were in arms against her Majesty, and that her Majesty's authority must be re-

established in the Transvaal. It is easy to talk about what "could have been done" by Sir Evelyn Wood's reinforcements. Did the Boers believe that they could have been so easily subdued? Not a bit of it: they knew well enough what *did* happen—namely, that immediately after the events we have narrated, Mr Gladstone's Government "caved in," and, allowing an armistice whilst the enemy was actually encamped on British territory, surrendered to the rebel Boers pretty nearly all that they demanded. One victory won by Sir Evelyn Wood, if it had been permitted by the Gladstone Government, and could have been obtained so easily as Mr Gladstone alleges, would not only have enabled Great Britain to dictate terms of peace, but would have saved infinite trouble and much bloodshed in the future. But the statesman who had spoken of the rebels as patriots struggling for freedom—even though he had afterwards treated them as rebels, and declared that the Queen's authority must be re-established over them—was unlikely to permit this course to be taken. For the first time, so far as we are aware, in British history, the massacre of a British regiment was condoned without even so much as a protest, the slaughter of our soldiers left unavenged, and a complete triumph permitted to those who had shown their gratitude for the act which had proved their salvation from annihilation by repudiating the authority and slaughtering the soldiers of the sovereign who had saved them.

Not only did Mr Gladstone and his Government surrender the rights of their sovereign, and suffer the flag of England to be dragged through the mire, but, in their considerations of "honour and policy," they practically left to the

tender mercies of the victorious Boers those native tribes who had believed in Great Britain, and had been loyal to her flag, and thus lowered the name of our country in the eyes of the whole population of South Africa. We are not speaking at random. Any one who has studied what has been going on in that part of the world since the day of Majuba Hill knows the truth well enough. Up to the time of Mr Gladstone's assumption of office, the English were still considered the dominant race in South Africa; and whether in the Cape Colony, Natal, or elsewhere, it was a proud thing to be able to call one's self a British subject. It is so no longer. Those who are of Dutch origin hold themselves as something superior to the race whose Government has meekly endured the massacre and defeat of its soldiers, and has lowered before rebels the once proud standard of England. The Dutch language is superseding the English, Dutchmen are supplanting Englishmen in official and influential positions; and unless some turn in the other direction should be given by unforeseen events, Great Britain is being gradually shouldered out of South Africa.

And what of the native tribes which had believed in us, trusted in us, and supported the authority of our Queen? They are daily being crushed out of existence by the Boers, who, having already wrung from our feeble Government further concessions since the convention which followed Majuba Hill, are persisting in their course of spoliation and robbery of the natives, well knowing that those who have yielded so much will yield still more, if they can only avoid the responsibility and expense of supporting their treaty engagements by force. If

any one doubts these words, and this estimate of the Boers, let him turn to the leading article of the 'Times' of September 6th in this present year, bearing in mind that this newspaper is no opponent of the Government, but is at this moment warmly supporting them in their attempt to crush the House of Lords. "If," says the 'Times,' after alluding to the debates in the Boer Volksraad upon the new convention of the present year, in which further concessions have been made, and calling attention to the "impossibility of placing any confidence in the pacific intentions of the Boers,"—if any "still cherished the hope that they were about to settle down to peaceful pursuits, and *cease from wanton aggression* upon their neighbours, that hope must now be waxing very faint indeed." The 'Times' then proceeds to show how these people—the patriots, be it remembered, who so nobly resisted "annexation"—are "annexing" native lands right and left, and have just established a new republic, "*in territory to which the Boers have no sort of claim.*" It goes on to show how the Boers, "in their capacity of peace-makers, have managed to inherit the earth to some purpose;" it points out that they have "acquired a very good pretext for future conquests," and tells how we, the English, "have been playing jackal to the Boer lion;" how we "have broken the power of the natives, or hampered them by our alliance, only to retreat in the hour of danger, and leave them at the mercy of the Boers."

"We are indeed," says the 'Times,' "bound to defend the Reserve;" and "the recent proceedings of the Boers give little hope that our position will long be respected in Zululand." And what

if it is not respected? Will Mr Gladstone's Government trail the British colours once more, and let the Boers work their wicked will upon the Zulus, whose power we have broken and whom we have left at the mercy of their enemies? or will he oppose force to force, and fight for his convention engagements? If the latter, he will only be doing that which could have been done under more favourable conditions, after Majuba Hill, when much of the subsequent slaughter and spoliation of the unhappy natives would have been avoided. If the former, it will be one more disgrace which will have been inflicted upon Great Britain by those who at present administer her Government. Probably this is the more likely of the two. From first to last the main objects of the Gladstone Government seem to have been to escape from responsibility and to keep down expense at any sacrifice of national honour. They will know the force with which a reduction of taxation appeals to the pocket of the British elector, and how ready he is to believe, as regards other matters, the statements of those who come to him with such an argument. Nevertheless, we cannot yet be sure where considerations of "honour and policy" may yet land Mr Gladstone in South African affairs. What we do know, and what it is important for British electors to remember, is this—that his statement to his Mid-Lothian constituents is a statement utterly misleading and incorrect, and that his unhappy policy in that quarter of the globe has caused rather than prevented bloodshed, and has been an act of treason against the British Colonists in South Africa, against the loyal native tribes, and against the power, the reputation, and the

character of his country in every part of the world.¹

We have dwelt at such length on Ireland and South Africa, that we must curtail our remarks on Egypt. Here again, as usual, Mr Gladstone endeavours to throw all the blame that can be imputed to anybody upon his predecessors, and especially upon the "meddlesome disposition" of Lord Salisbury. He tells us that "the Tories" are the men "whose acts and whose covenants compelled us to do what we have done." But sooner or later the country will ask itself the question which thinking men have long been asking—"How long is this to last? Is there any period at which the responsibility of a defunct Ministry ceases, and that of an existing Ministry begins?" The point to be considered is not whether Mr Gladstone is responsible for having gone to Egypt, but whether, having gone there, he is responsible for anything which has happened since he took office in April 1880? Of course, if Alexandria had been bombarded, Arabi's forces slaughtered, and that general himself captured under the auspices of a Tory Government, it would clearly have been another instance of "fire and sword, red

ruin, and the breaking-up of laws," which are the children, according to Mr Gladstone, which we expect to see "born of" such wicked people. But as these events occurred under his own Government, equally, of course, we must look somewhere else for their origin.

Seriously speaking, the present Government have undoubtedly had a hard task to perform in Egypt, and in their attempt to perform it they have steadily adhered to their usual principle of acting upon no definite principle at all, but endeavouring to shirk responsibility wherever and whenever they could. They have had to steer between the Radical section of their party, who would have left Egypt to manage her own affairs, and the more moderate section, who have some regard for "covenants," and also for the interests as well as the honour of England. Public opinion having been behind the latter section, the Government have been pushed in the direction of their views,—although, being always fearful of their "advanced" friends, they have acted spasmodically, and not without continual pressure. They have endeavoured to assume an impossible position in Egypt—namely, that of possessing power,

¹ The following extract from a letter recently received from a South African colonist of thirty years' standing, and a strong Liberal in politics, may serve to show that the views expressed in this article upon South African affairs are not without foundation:—

"English negrophilists have on a sudden changed their course. Lately it was,—The brutal colonists and the Boers must not oppress the poor natives. Now it is,—Let the natives kill each other till the strongest is master. Let the Boers take land, break all the treaties that we made with them. We shall only confine ourselves to Natal and the Reserve; and the Reserve we shall neither annex nor abandon, only hold in *semi-quasi* rule, to foster crime, bloodshed, and uncertainty. This is what Gladstone's Government has done for South Africa. Great as he is, it is my firm opinion it had been better for Natal had he never been born.

"The name of England has only a fishy savour for Boers, British, and natives. Her prestige is entirely gone. The Boers are masters of the country, and will be; they own the land, they are hardy, trained from infancy to the saddle and gun, the best shots in the world. If England will ever gain the prestige she has lost, it will be at the cost of millions of money and thousands of lives."

without its accompanying responsibility.

Time and space forbid me from entering into detail; but let any one who doubts ask himself whether the British Government could or could not have prevented the expedition of Hicks Pasha, and further, whether their partisans would not have claimed credit for them if that expedition had been as successful as it was the reverse? If so, how can they pretend to be free from responsibility and blameless of the catastrophe? Look again at the questions connected with the mission of General Gordon. Mr Gladstone boasts that the Government "are considering the best means we can adopt in order to fulfil our obligations to the gallant General Gordon." We are not told how much pressure, how many votes of censure, and how many threatenings from his own friends of withdrawal of confidence it has taken to bring the Government to this point. Some day or other we shall know General Gordon's own opinion upon the matter; but so far as we can see and judge, Government have "shilly-shallied" as usual in their treatment of General Gordon and his affairs, and have been trusting to the chapter of accidents to get them out of their difficulties. Public opinion has at last forced them to take vigorous action, and if that action be followed by success, it is very probable that the errors of the past will be condoned or forgotten. Meanwhile Mr Gladstone confesses that throughout all these occurrences he and his Government have not known "as much as we desired;" that the public have known "less," and his opponents "nothing at all." Why the latter should know less than "the public," of whom they form a part and with whom they may

be presumed to have at least equal sources of information, is a question hard to solve. We can only put the statement down as another instance of the "Liberal" spirit in which Mr Gladstone regards and speaks of all those who are so audacious as to dispute his policy.

In any case, Mr Gladstone is at variance with public opinion upon one point—namely, in his regret that the Conference recently held should have resulted in failure. Probably this is regretted by scarcely any other man in her Majesty's dominions, since the failure freed the hands of Great Britain, which Mr Gladstone had proposed to tie. When, however, he speaks of a "gross failure" of the European Powers "in the execution of a duty which was perfectly practicable," the tone employed is hardly one to be commended; and his boast that "we have contracted no embarrassing engagements" reminds us that this could hardly have been said if that failure had not involved the abandonment of what the Prime Minister calls "the arrangement partially made with France." In a word, Mr Gladstone's allusions to Egypt, if less absolutely opposed to historical accuracy than those which he makes to Ireland and the Transvaal, so entirely fail to convey to the public the whole truth of the case, that they can only be considered as an imperfect and very partial account of a history which has yet to be written.

Another instance of inaccuracy must yet be stated. Mr Gladstone, in grandiloquent language, tells his constituents that

"The British Government had, in the latter portion of Lord Beaconsfield's administration, taken away from the people of India that precious boon of liberty of the freedom of the press, which had been given them half a

century before, and which they had never misused. Suddenly, in the dark, in the privacy of the legislative chamber, *I believe in answer to messages sent by telegraph without the knowledge of Parliament*, without the knowledge of the country, a law was passed which totally extinguished the freedom of the native Indian press. We denounced that law; have we redeemed that pledge? Yes; the law has been effaced from the statute-book of India; and never, I am sure, while the Liberal party has a voice to raise in this country, or a share in the Government and its affairs, never again will such an outrage be perpetrated upon every principle of freedom which is dear to the heart of England and Scotland."

This statement has not been suffered to remain unchallenged. Mr Roper Lethbridge, who was Press Commissioner in India during the whole of the time that the Act in question was in operation, writes in the 'Times' of 6th September, that Mr Gladstone's account, if unexplained, would amount to "*a simple perversion of history*." The Act, in point of fact, "substituted for the terrible penalties of felony," to which the writers of libels had previously been subject, milder penalties "of a pecuniary nature in the shape of confiscation of printing materials and plant." Moreover, although it "substituted summary procedure for the cumbersome machinery of a State trial," it surrounded that procedure with so many checks in the way of notice to the persons accused, and the right of appeal to those convicted, that every protection against its abuse was afforded, and, as a matter of fact, it was not once put into operation whilst it continued to be law. True it is that the law was repealed by Mr Gladstone's Government; for, says Mr Lethbridge, "the substitution of a 'mild and workable' law for one which was 'rigorous and unwork-

able,' was unpopular with the writers of seditious libels, 'both those who aspired to martyrdom and those who hoped to get off scot-free.'" The Act, misrepresented in India and by a portion of the home press, became unpopular, and, says Mr Lethbridge with cutting irony, "undoubtedly no Government that regarded its own interests and popularity more than the public weal would ever have had the courage to face certain obloquy in the discharge of imperial duty." So, of course, Mr Gladstone's Government repealed the Act, and, of course, Mr Gladstone loudly boasts of this courageous deed before his applauding constituents.

But the best of the story has yet to be told. This terrible act of Tory oppression originated in "an urgent official application" from Sir George Campbell, then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and now one of the most vehement of Scotch Radical M.P.'s, to Lord Northbrook's Government, "eloquently describing the political danger of the dissemination of seditious literature among the martial and excitable races of Upper India, and pointing out the absurdity, nay, the impossibility, of dealing with obscure sedition-mongers, often mere schoolboys, by the elaborate and sensational methods of a State trial and the Penal Code." Sir Ashley Eden (Sir G. Campbell's successor, and now one of Lord Kimberley's Council) took the matter up with equal warmth; so did every public official in India, with the one exception of the Duke of Buckingham (who, by the way, was and is a "Tory"); and it would have been impossible for Lord Lytton or Lord Beaconsfield to have withstood such a consensus of opinion. These facts all stand written in Blue-books presented

to Parliament; and Mr Gladstone's insinuation that the order to pass the Act was telegraphed from home, is, by whomsoever invented, a groundless fabrication. It would have been more to the purpose if Mr Gladstone had spoken of the Ilbert Bill, and of the various other measures by which India has been alarmed and irritated under Lord Ripon's administration. Upon these points, however, he was discreetly silent, and we have therefore no inaccuracies to contradict.

There are other points in these Mid-Lothian addresses to which attention might well be called, but for the present enough has been said to disabuse those who may have been disposed to accept without question Mr Gladstone's history. It may be noted, however, that the inaccuracy of which we complain pervades even the Prime Minister's account of the intentions and proceedings of his own colleagues during the present crisis. With some ostentation he informed his constituents that although the leaders of the Opposition were running about all over the country to obtain support for the House of Lords, the wise and grave statesmen who compose the present Government would take no such unworthy course, but would confine themselves to addressing their own constituents. Yet within a few days afterwards Mr Gladstone himself was addressing Scotch audiences which had nothing to do with Mid-Lothian; and, following his example rather than his precept, we have had Sir Charles Dilke in Lancashire, Mr Chamberlain in Wales, Mr Shaw Lefevre at Bristol, Sir William Harcourt at Chatsworth, and other Ministers, deviating widely from the sedate and dignified course proclaimed, though not followed, by

the Prime Minister. However, the eloquence of orators on either side has now been expended. It remains to make an earnest appeal to the people of Great Britain — and more particularly to the people of Scotland, whom the Prime Minister has specially striven to captivate with the glamour of his eloquence — not to be misled by high-sounding words and well-turned phrases, but to test these by facts, and to reflect calmly upon the course into which the Prime Minister and his Government are endeavouring to lead them. However it may be attempted to deny or to explain away the truth, it is beyond all question that since the formation of the present Government in 1880, the old principles of the Liberal party have been discarded, and a Radical and Democratic platform substituted in their stead. The Liberal party of Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell exists no longer. Those great statesmen would never have been driven by agitation to break the plighted faith of Parliament, confiscate the property of loyal Irish landlords, and cast to the winds the settled and boasted principles of Liberalism, in the vain attempt to conciliate those to whom conciliation was but a sign of weakness. They would never have suffered the flag of England to be lowered before rebels, or permitted the massacre of British soldiers without so much as a protest. These things and more have the Gladstone Government done. No man can travel on continental Europe without discovering in how little estimation the name of England is now held. No man can converse with continental Europeans or with Americans without learning the contempt with which the home and foreign policy of the Gladstone Administration is regarded by in-

telligent men of every nation. The time has indeed come when "moderate Liberals," and indeed all men who do not desire to see their country drifting along a course which leads directly to a Democratic Republic, must rouse themselves and unite with those who fight to defend our Limited Monarchy and mixed Constitution.

It is difficult to see how this battle is to be successfully fought save by rallying under the Conservative flag, and strengthening the hands of the Conservative leaders. Whatever of Conservatism may still be latent in Mr Gladstone's composition will soon be entirely eradicated by the exigencies of party strife. His whole energies are at this moment bent to secure a victory over the House of Lords. Excited and impelled by the popular clamour which his eloquence has aroused, and which the organisation of the Radical party sustains, it is to be feared that he will go any length to make this victory certain. And yet what is the question after all? whether a measure upon which all parties are agreed shall at the most be delayed one, or possibly two years, in order that it may become law in a perfect rather than an imperfect state; or whether, to avoid such delay, we shall destroy or render powerless a branch of the Legislature which has been that one of our institutions which, perhaps more than any other, has excited the envy and admiration of other nations, and which has never yet

resisted the constitutional expression of the wishes of the people. The issue of the battle mainly depends upon whether or not the people of Great Britain and Ireland will be deceived by the persistent misrepresentation of the action of the Lords upon the franchise question in which the Government and their supporters indulge, and whether they are credulous enough to believe Mr Gladstone's perversion of history in his speeches at Mid-Lothian and elsewhere. It is the duty of every true lover of his country at this moment to investigate and declare the truth. And what is the truth? Not, as Mr Trevelyan puts it—faithfully following his chief in misrepresentation of his opponents—that Lord Salisbury has prevented the work of Reform from being the joint work of both political parties, but that, if this be the outcome of the present crisis, it is absolutely and entirely due to the action of the Government. If, as they constantly tell us, Reform was part of the mandate given them by the constituencies at the general election of 1880, how can they excuse themselves for having delayed its introduction until the fifth year of the Parliament? or what can have been their reason for such delay, except to create some such crisis as the present, under cover of which they might escape the consequence of five years of mistakes and misdoings? But, if they so escape, alas for our country!

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THE WATERS OF HERCULES.—PART V.

CHAPTER XVI.—PATER DIONYSIUS.

"What a strange thing is man, and what a stranger
Is woman!"

—BYRON.

ANNA KOMERS was lying on the sofa, paler and thinner than her usual self. She had been very ill, and her brother Vincenz, whom in the first fright of the attack she had summoned, sat beside her. It was but an hour ago that Vincenz came; he had been telling his sister the result of his journey.

"As I was saying," he resumed, "the house was quite shut up. I could not get admittance, and no one seems to know who is living there at present. The matter looked very hopeless. I think I might have turned back in discouragement if it had not been for the thought——"

"What thought, Vincenz?" asked Anna's thin voice, so much more quavering than it was three months ago.

Vincenz passed his hand across his forehead.

"Never mind; it is only that I cannot bear being beaten. I was

resolved to do something decisive. As a first step I returned to the little inn where I had left my things, and I searched among all the papers I had brought with me—there were some addresses which Madame Mohr had given me. I scarcely hoped that they would prove of any use; but having no other clue to hold by, I remembered them now. There was, amongst others, the name of a family with whom Madame Mohr's mother had been intimate. I took the slip of paper to the landlord of the inn and showed it to him. To my agreeable surprise he seemed to understand what I wanted in a moment. Could he direct me there? I asked. He would not only direct me there, he would show me the way there himself; and taking his cap from the nail, he led the way into the street. Every house in the street was of the humblest and rudest descrip-

tion. I could hardly fancy that the family I was in search of resided in one of these. However, my conductor never faltered; he went straight up the whole length of the squalid street: it was evident that the family lived outside in the country. After the last of the houses there stood a low church of wood, stained brown; beside it a square enclosure of planks with an unlocked gate. The landlord walked in here, apparently with the intention of taking a short cut through. I found myself in the middle of an irregular and hillocky burying-ground, where the nettles grew on the neglected graves. My conductor stopped and pointed to a long row of mounds, some marked with crosses and some without. 'That is them,' he said, laconically. Five green hillocks was all that remained of the family! I stood and stared at the hillocks for I don't know how long; but suddenly I remembered that I was losing my time. I thought I would ask to see the grave of Jósika Damianovics, and I turned to ask the question; but the landlord was gone, and I was quite alone in the cemetery. I made my way from one cross to the other, trying to read the names on them, but many were worn out with decay. On the fifth or sixth cross that I examined, I found the name of the old priest who had been the friend of Madame Mohr's grandfather. He had been dead for nearly fifty years. In leaving the cemetery I perceived, close alongside of the church, a house, which was a little whiter and a little larger than its neighbours. It was easy to recognise this as the residence of the priest; and there I went, with what object in my mind I really did not know, feeling more hopelessly discouraged than I had ever

felt before in all my life. I found a young, raw-looking priest in possession; he welcomed me much as a good-natured peasant would, and informed me in Latin—a language which I found much spoken by all classes down there—that he was the third successor of the old priest whose name I mentioned, and whose grave I had seen. I assure you, Anna, that at this stage of the proceeding there came over me a sort of Rip van Winkle feeling. It seemed to me that I had slept a hundred years, and had awaked two generations too late. Fancy what dreary work it was—making inquiries about people who had died fifty years before!"

"As if those Mohrs were worth all that trouble," said Anna, plucking with restless fingers at her coverlet. "Ah, Vincenz, believe me, they are not worth it!"

"Do not say that," said Vincenz, with a frown; "let me finish my story. I plied the young priest with questions. He could not tell me who lived at Draskócs; he had not been here long, and nobody came to church from there. He informed me that his immediate predecessor had died of low fever, and the one before that of cholera. He expected to die of the fever himself some day. 'None of them lived so long,' he said, 'as the old Pater Dionysius whose grave you have seen.' I asked whether Pater Dionysius had died of the fever also. No; he had died of some other complaint. He had preached remarkably good sermons when he was at his prime, but later he had become rather weak here—and the young priest touched his forehead significantly. It appeared that for the last few years of his life Pater Dionysius had suffered from softening of the brain. After a quarter of an hour's conversation I made my way out; there was nothing to

be got here. My visit had flattered the priest beyond measure. He accompanied me out of the door, pressing both my hands cordially. At the last moment, when I had one foot in the street already, the young priest, whose good-nature was certainly greater than his intellect, seemed suddenly to have been inspired by a new view of the case. He ran after me and caught me by the sleeve. 'Are you a relation of his?' he inquired, curiously. I did not know what he meant. 'A relation of the old Pater Dionysius whose grave you have seen?' I disclaimed any connection with Pater Dionysius, and the young priest dropped my sleeve in disappointment. My curiosity was aroused in turn, and I questioned him closely. He told me that when Pater Dionysius died, there had been neither relations nor friends forthcoming to claim his few worldly effects. They had therefore been put into a wooden box, and sent to the nearest town to be deposited at the *Bezirksgericht*, where they lay ready to be claimed; but nobody had ever claimed them. I asked, with some faint movement of interest, what those worldly effects consisted in. 'Only a few rings and a few books, I have heard,' said my host. 'If you are a relation,' he said, taking hold of my sleeve again, 'I should scarcely advise you to go and claim them now. They say that after forty years, unclaimed effects are sold for the benefit of the poor. Those rings and books may be sold now; and even if they are not, you will have to pay a sum as inheritance-tax—it will probably be greater than the value of the things. I should not advise you to go.' He meant it very well by me, honest man; but I went all the same. I spent two hours in searching for a conveyance, and after I found

it, I spent eleven hours on the road."

"Ruin to your health," murmured Anna's pale lips.

"My health can afford it," laughed her brother. "I hardly felt the want of food, I assure you, though I subsisted on raw bacon during the drive."

Anna, thinking of the dainty dishes which she loved to serve up hot to Vincenz, could find no words here, but wrung her hands in silent anguish, as a vision of raw bacon rose before her eyes.

"I employed those eleven hours," said Vincenz, "principally in reflecting upon my folly. It did seem rather a wild-goose chase to start off on the track of the meagre property of an old priest, long dead. The very fact of its lying unclaimed proved that it must be worthless. But in my profession we are taught to leave no stone unturned. I was resolved to do my best; and she should know I had done my best"—he broke off, for he met his sister's eyes fixed hard upon him. Anna did not speak; but that glance was so piercing, so penetrating, that Vincenz coloured as no word could have made him colour.

"It is no use," he resumed quickly, "to give you all the details of my journey and of my search. I was sent from one place to another, and from one man to another, until my brain began to reel. There was a want of limits and order at the *Bezirksgericht* down there, perfectly perplexing to a civilised mind. Finally, the right box was hunted up, worm-eaten and falling to pieces. In it there were two rings of little value, a large stone seal, and three or four books in mouldy covers. The walls of the *Bezirksgericht* were so damp that one of the books had green marks on the binding. It was the first

one I took up, and in it I found some loose papers, a bill for wax candles dated 1820, an episcopal letter with a red seal half crumbled away; this was wrapped up in silver paper, and had evidently been prized as a treasure. There were also some papers, apparently in the dead priest's handwriting, headings for a sermon which perhaps had never been preached, also a list of the couples to be married shortly. Caligraphy and spelling did little honour to Pater Dionysius's education; but I fancy I recognised among the betrothed couples some of the names I had seen the day before on the wooden crosses in the cemetery. Alongside of this list there was another paper, and in another handwriting. It was not more than a few lines and a signature, written out in Latin, but it was enough to repay all my trouble. Here was a contingency upon which no one had ever reckoned. The will of old Count Damianovics, Madame Mohr's grandfather, had lain here for nearly fifty years among the unclaimed effects of Pater Dionysius; and this will in a few words left the whole of his property to his eldest son Alexius, declaring that the younger, Jósika, had received his portion and was entitled to no more."

"A nice sort of friend," said Anna, querulously, "who hides away a will in that way!"

"My dear Anna, remember that the poor old man suffered from softening of the brain. The matter can never be entirely cleared up now; but as far as I understand the case, old Count Damianovics must have confided his will to the hands of the old priest, thinking that such an unusual document would be safer under ecclesiastical protection; and no doubt down in those wild parts

it ought to have been. But the Pater's brain must have given way very soon after his friend's death; or else, seeing the property pass into the right hands, perhaps he did not think it worth producing. It is difficult to say whether Madame Mohr's father knew that such a will existed or not. You have no notion of the way in which things are conducted down there; or rather, are *not* conducted, being left entirely to themselves. However, it is no use conjecturing; there the will is now, and according to it, Madame Mohr's brother is the present proprietor of Draskócs. The claim is not established yet, but the matter is clear as daylight. It was on the same day on which I found the will that your message reached me, and I came back here straight without returning to Draskócs. The rest can be done by writing, and if Madame Mohr must see the place, she will scarcely need me for that."

"So you have ended the cause after so many years," said Anna, while her fingers crept over the coverlet towards her brother's hand.

"I am proud to have done so, though it is no merit of mine; the matter was such a chance, and yet so absurdly simple. Who would have thought of a wooden box at the *Bezirksgericht*, while we were breaking our heads over irregular documents?"

"Who would have thought of it? Of course nobody but you; and you don't imagine that that precious Count Alexius will thank you for having driven eleven hours in a cart and lived on cold bacon?"

"Poor man!" said Vincenz, with a calm smile; "I do not expect much thanks from him. I fancy he is seldom sober enough for any such sensation as gratitude. I have had no answer from

Pesth, though my letter must have reached some days ago."

"You will get no thanks from anybody, Vincenz."

"I did not do it for the sake of thanks."

Anna looked at him piercingly, while she held his hand. "You are still thinking of that girl, Vincenz."

Vincenz turned away and sighed. Yes, he was still thinking of that girl; her image was burnt into his soul. He did not care to deny it; he never attempted to struggle with it. He thought of her, and of her always.

Anna drew her hand slowly away, and watched him as he sat plunged in thought. Surely there had never been so fine a man as her brother Vincenz. No one was as happy as Anna Komers in her blind idolatry of devotion.

"I hardly expected you to answer my summons so soon," she said presently; and Vincenz started out of his thoughts. His thoughts had led him so far away that he had a long way to come back. "Of course I came when I heard you were worse, Anna."

Anna plucked at the coverlet again. "Yes, yes," she said, with some asperity; "but I fancied that, being down there in those parts, you would have found it shortest to return by the Hercules Baths."

"Oh, you thought so?" said Vincenz. He had thought so himself. While he was down there, he had taken much trouble to rack his brain for a plausible excuse which would justify him in going round by the Hercules Baths. He had rejected them all in turn as groundless and shallow. It had been almost a relief to turn his back upon the country, for the yearning had been a torture; but now that he had put half an empire between himself and the Hercules

Baths, all those rejected reasons grew plausible again, and the torture was worse than before.

"You may be right, Anna: it would, after all, have been wiser if I had gone to the Hercules Baths and talked over the matter with Madame Mohr. However, there is nothing to be done now; I must give the details in writing."

Saying this, Vincenz went to the writing-table and laid out a sheet of letter-paper. Anna followed him with her eyes, and a very faint smile flickered round her pinched lips for a moment; but that was while his back was turned.

"Yes, it is too late," repeated Vincenz, as he slowly dipped his pen in ink. He said it as if he wished to be contradicted; but Anna did not offer to contradict him.

"Let me see; I must give the details in writing."

"Of course you must," she said; "why don't you begin?"

"I was thinking," said Vincenz, laying down his pen for a moment, "that if I had known that this attack was going to be past its worst so soon, I *would* have followed your advice, Anna, and gone round by the Hercules Baths. It is so much easier to explain things verbally; and a business conversation——"

"*My* advice!" broke in his sister, shrilly. "I never advised you to do anything so insane. If you follow my advice, you will never go near that girl again—cold and heartless coquette as she is—who does not even know the meaning of the word 'love,' and who intends to sell herself to the first rich husband she can catch. Yes, she does. You need not shake your head,—she told me so herself; and her courage in saying it is the only thing I like about her. Crush her out of your heart—that is my ad-

vice. Business conversation indeed!"

Vincenz took up his pen again hastily and began writing rather at random. Feeling guilty made him feel angry; he had to constrain himself to be silent. He wrote half a page, but his heart was not in his writing: his eyes wandered away, and he was staring at the dusty ivy-plant in the window; he looked at the shabby carpet; he counted the flowers on the wall-paper, which was a strange thing for a lawyer to do. He went through a minute calculation as to how long the letter would take to reach the Hercules Baths. On Thursday evening it might be there; a person starting to-day could be there as soon as the letter.

"Did you say anything, Anna?" asked Vincenz, turning his head; he thought he had heard a sound coming from the sofa. But there was no answer, and he returned reluctantly to his writing. When he had written another line he got up quickly, for he had heard that sound again. It was not a word being spoken, but it was a sob; and as he went up and leant over his sister, he saw that she was crying.

"Anna, dear, are you worse?" but she had taken both his hands and was kissing them.

"Vincenz, you must go; it is not right that I should keep you."

"Where to? I cannot leave you."

"You can, you must. Go down to the Hercules Baths. I shall never get well while I see you unhappy. Vincenz, if you love me, you must go."

To the Hercules Baths! Vincenz felt his heart leap with a sudden shock of joy. A delightful melody seemed to chime in his ears, as if bells were ringing all around; and they all rung out with

musical tongue, "To the Hercules Baths! To her! to her!" How triumphant was the sound! He felt like a conqueror; he drew himself up, letting Anna's hands drop without noticing it. And this tumult of joy was all because he was going to avail himself of the right which every free man has of taking a railway-ticket in any direction he chooses. He was not a conqueror—he was a rejected lover; but he was to see his scornful beauty again, and he was happy. Ah, but could he see her again? could he leave Anna just now? What selfishness to accept her sacrifice! Vincenz began to tremble as he saw his vision fading; it had sprung into life but a minute ago, yet so precious was it already that it left everything black behind it. Through the black confusion, he held blindly to one point—his duty to his sister. He would not be less generous than Anna was.

"No, Anna, I cannot go," he said, bending over her again. The sacrifice was made, but the struggle had been so fierce that Anna, looking up at him, wondered at the pallor of his face.

"There is no one to take care of you, Anna, if I go."

Anna thought deeply for a moment. "If you do not go," she said, mysteriously, "you will have to live here alone."

Vincenz did not understand.

"Did I not tell you that I have promised to visit Barbara Bitterfreund? You know how she has nursed me in my illness."

Yes. Vincenz remembered some talk of that sort. Barbara Bitterfreund had recently opened a choice establishment in a house outside the town, where young ladies were to be prepared for medical examination.

It gave Anna very little trouble

to convince her brother that the country air was a necessity, if she was ever to recover her strength; and after a few minutes' talk, Vincenz, nothing loath, had become impressed by the belief that his staying in the town at present would be unpardonable selfishness on his part.

In five minutes more he was looking up time-tables with feverish eagerness. A few days ago, when down at Draskócs, it had appeared to him a ridiculous and illogical proceeding to make a journey of twelve hours in order to visit the Mohr family; now he was starting on a journey three times

that length, with the same object in view, and yet he quite failed to be struck by any want of logic in the proceeding.

"If any message should come to me, Anna," said Vincenz, when the moment of departure was reached—"anything relating to Draskócs or the Mohrs—forward it on to me at once; here is the address"—and he scribbled it down upon the blank sheet of the letter which lay on the writing-table. It was the letter he had begun to Madame Mohr; but now it need not be finished, since he himself was going in its place.

CHAPTER XVII.—BROKEN GLASS.

"Auch ich war einmal auf dem Tanz Salon."

—KARL DAHLGREN.

It was quite dark when Dr Komers reached the Hercules Baths on Thursday evening. The dim outlines of a few large buildings, and a flood of light streaming from the central one, was all that Vincenz could gather of his surroundings. Having made his way to the Mohrs' apartments, he found them dark, and apparently deserted. A sleepy housemaid informed him at last that Herr Mohr had retired for the night, and that the rest of the family were in the *Cursalon*.

"What are they doing there?"

"Dancing, of course."

"Dancing?"

"Yes, and the Baron is with them."

Dr Komers descended the stairs, feeling a little chilled. Into a place where they were dancing he could not go, for he could not dance, and he was in his dusty travelling-clothes. But perhaps, reflected Vincenz, as he made his way towards the central building,—perhaps he could catch a glimpse of Gretchen through the windows:

without such a glimpse to live on, he did not think he could sleep that night. Who was "the Baron," he wondered, while he stumbled up and down steps in the dark, and just saved himself on the verge of a stone pond in the Curgarten. Who was the Baron, and why need the Baron be with them?

Drawing near to the central building, the strains of music floated towards him through the open doors. All the doors stood open to the night air, and a small crowd of lookers-on were grouped at the entrance, under the covered arcades. Vincenz stood among them, and from over their heads he scanned the ball-room.

Between dancers and spectators there was a large society assembled; but the spectators were the larger portion, for it was only the very youngest of the young who could brave the exertion of dancing on a still and sultry summer night like this. Of the Roumanian women present, even the youngest of the young were stout, and therefore pre-

ferred to sit fanning themselves indolently with palm-leaf or feather fans, rather than exert themselves in waltzes or even quadrilles. There was a pleasing medley of costume, even among the men. Wide Turkish trousers and broad leather belts were as frequent as dark coats; every shade of grey and brown was amply represented; while tail-coats were almost exclusively confined to the waiters, who darted black and noiseless across the scene—skimming between the whirling couples, and carrying refreshment to many a panting Roumanian lady who languished upon her velvet seat.

Vincenz had twice looked round the room without seeing anything that he thought worth seeing, when all at once a tall slight figure, draped in soft pink shades, floated towards him—past him. It was over in a moment, but she had been so near that he could have counted even the pearls on her neck. Would she come again? Yes, the figure in pink was coming round once more on the arm of the same partner; and this time Vincenz did not look at her, but only at the partner. He was a young man, faultlessly attired in evening dress, waltzing to perfection, and smiling as he looked into Gretchen's face. Oh, the torture which that smile was to Vincenz!

"Will you please let me pass?" he said to the person in front of him.

The person complied, and Dr Komers entered the big room. Perhaps the sight of so many varieties of coats had encouraged him to put his own travel-stained suit under the lamplight, or perhaps he had lost sight of all such social considerations.

It was towards Ascelinde, sitting in solitary state, that the lawyer made his way. Before he reached

her, Gretchen had returned to her mother's side. Vincenz hastened his steps, but in the next moment slackened them, for the partner in the faultless evening dress had sat down beside her.

"Dr Komers!" cried Gretchen, in an accent of unspeakable surprise.

"Dr Komers!" echoed Ascelinde.

"How have you come?"

"When did you come?"

"Why have you come?"—this last question from Ascelinde, and with rising agitation, for the horrible thought had occurred to her that Dr Komers might be come to tell her that Draskócs was, after all, not won.

"Well," said Dr Komers, who was not quite clear in his own mind as to why he had come, "I thought it better to make a run down here, and talk over business personally."

"Then you did not go home after all?"

"Not exactly; that is to say—yes—I did go home, but I somehow forgot that I should have come here first."

Madame Mohr was mystified, but at the same time pacified. In her gratification at this tribute of respect, she quite forgot all the indignant speeches which were to have crushed the faithless lawyer.

Vincenz, from the first word that he had said, had felt a pair of eyes fixed hard upon him. They were black, brilliant eyes, and he took an instant dislike to their expression. His answers to Ascelinde's remarks were absent and irrelevant, for no business conversation could be attempted in a ball-room; and besides, the whispering alongside disturbed his peace of mind.

"Who is that gentleman?" Baron Tolnay was inquiring, in a tone

which, because of the gentleman's vicinity, had to be considerably lowered.

"He is Dr Komers, our family lawyer."

"Oh, your family lawyer!"

There was in Baron Tolnay's tone and eyes a return of that mockery which Gretchen had found so provoking on the day when they had sat on the green meadow. She answered, therefore, a little coldly—

"He is not only our lawyer, he is also our friend."

"Friend! friend! what a wide expression! the most elastic word in the dictionary."

"Do you think so?" said Gretchen absently, for she was just then listening to Dr Komers's stammered excuses to her mother. She decided that the excuses were lame.

"Whose friend do you mean?" Baron Tolnay asked. "Your friend? Your mother's friend?"

"Everybody's friend, of course."

"What horrible generalities! I should never be satisfied with being everybody's friend."

"Are you in danger of being that?"

"Fräulein Mohr, you crush me, you misconstrue my words."

"I hate roundabout speeches."

"I shall never be roundabout again; in future I shall speak like this: There is only one person whose particular friend I care to be. Is that distinct enough?"

"I think I like your roundabout speeches better, after all," said Gretchen.

By dint of listening with her left ear she had ascertained that Dr Komers had not offered a single rational explanation of his appearance here; and she was asking herself, merely out of curiosity, what then could have brought him?

"I am sure," said Baron Tolnay, while he gazed down reflectively at

his beautifully pointed, beautifully polished, and altogether beautifully fashioned evening shoe—"I am sure that your family lawyer, or family *friend*, never makes roundabout speeches."

"Never; but how do you know that?"

Baron Tolnay cocked his right foot, which was crossed over the left, so as to get a view of his shoe *en profil*.

"Oh, because he does not look like it. A man who has so much—what shall I call it?—self-possession as to come into a ball-room in his travelling-coat, could never be guilty of any such weakness. He has a fine disregard for personal appearances;" and Baron Tolnay broke into a very subdued and perfectly inoffensive laugh. The tall stooping man with the spectacles and the loose grey coat, certainly did make a conspicuous figure even in this big room. Twice already had unwary dancers been all but tripped up by his long legs, which he was now attempting, not very successfully, to dispose of under the red velvet bench.

After a minute it struck Gretchen that Baron Tolnay had laughed quite enough; so she attempted to damp his merriment by inquiring whether he imagined that he would have appeared to greater advantage under the circumstances.

Of course Baron Tolnay thought so, although he did not say so. He stopped laughing and looked grave, all except his eyes, and resumed, at the same time, the examination of his shoe, gazing at it from a bird's-eye point of view for a change.

"It is not fair to make me criminate myself; but given these circumstances, I think I should have the sense to keep clear of a ball-room."

István privately thought that it would require a great deal to make

him put himself as much to a disadvantage as this German lawyer was doing.

"But supposing you were very anxious to see somebody who was in the ball-room?"

"Ah!" Baron Tolnay stroked his black moustache and raised his eyebrows: "now you come to particulars; I always like particulars. In such a case"—and as he met her gaze full, there burned in his black eyes an ardour which was quite new to Gretchen—"in such a case, neither fire nor water would keep me back, let alone a dusty travelling-coat."

Gretchen wished most heartily that she had kept to generalities; she sat twirling the bracelet on her arm and made no answer. These skirmishes with Baron Tolnay were always like playing with fire; there was something in his eyes, now and then, which a word or a touch could strike into flame. He frightened her somewhat, and he puzzled her still; he was both cool and hot, both self-possessed and impetuous, this brilliant, fascinating, perplexing man.

"But, Fräulein Mohr," said Baron Tolnay, gravely examining the sleeve of his evening coat, "to pursue the subject. You know more about your family friend than I do. You do not suppose that there is anybody here whom he is especially anxious to see. I thought he only came here to talk over business with Madame Mohr?"

Baron Tolnay looked up so innocently as he asked the question, that Gretchen, though she opened her lips for an impatient answer, felt herself disarmed. She was puzzled again: was this question to be taken as a piece of audacity, or was it as harmless as it pretended to be? She answered, with great decision, that of course Dr Komers had no other object but business.

"Only business; yes, I thought so," said Baron Tolnay: "when people have reached that age, they usually do not care for anything but business."

"What age do you suppose he has reached?" asked Gretchen, who felt it her duty to defend Dr Komers, as a friend of the family. She was quite accustomed to regarding him as belonging to an older generation, but she did not see that Baron Tolnay had any right to make jokes upon the subject.

"Oh, nothing very high; something about twice my age (twice twenty-four does not make much), and about three times yours."

Baron Tolnay happened to be twenty-eight; but he went by the elastic principle that a man is only as old as he looks.

"That would make me twelve years old. Thank you; I don't aspire to quite as much youth as that."

"Strange! I suppose it is his spectacles that make him so old-looking."

"How ill-natured you are!"

Gretchen wondered how she ever could have made the mistake of describing Baron Tolnay as the opposite. The word "good-natured" was mentally erased. Baron Tolnay's place in the catalogue was all corrections and erasures.

"Ill-natured! I! Have you not found out yet that I am the best-natured man in the world?"

He looked so genuinely surprised at her want of perspicacity, and so utterly without any ill-nature as he said it, that again Gretchen felt ashamed of having doubted him.

"Have you never seen a short-sighted man before?" she asked.

"Plenty; I can tell you some excellent stories about some, about one in particular, who reminds me very much of Dr Komers. I must

keep them for later though—I see, alas! that I am wanted. There is Kokovics making signals of distress. I cannot be blind any longer.”

Dr Komers moved into the seat beside Gretchen. He believed he had a great many things to tell her; but the only thing he could think of now was an inquiry after her father's health, to which she responded by an inquiry after his sister's. And then Vincenz appeared to be lost in thought, and Gretchen examined her fan in silence.

“You have had a great deal of trouble about Droskócs,” she observed at last.

“Oh no, it was no trouble at all,” said Vincenz, with a rush of joy at his heart. What were now eleven hours in a jolting cart, and three meals on raw bacon, compared with this crumb of thanks from her? What had he done to be thus rewarded?

“And you have really seen Draskócs?” she said, looking at him with a sort of envy. “Please, Dr Komers, tell me all about it.”

Dr Komers took off his spectacles and rubbed them. “I will tell you another time—to-morrow if you like.”

“Yes, to-morrow,” she agreed. It stood to reason that such a vast subject could not be done justice to in a ball-room. “Only tell me,” she began; but at that moment she felt a quick tap on her shoulder, and looking up, became aware that Belita was standing before her in a magnificence of attire which baffled all description. Every face in the room was turned towards her, like flowers towards the rising sun. Before the eyes of the lazy Roumanian women who paused in the middle of their ices with the cooling spoon at their lips, there seemed to float a far-off vision of Parisian glory, conjured up by

that resplendent figure. Never before had such a triumph of millinery adorned this oriental *Cursalon* at the foot of the rock.

“Only tell me what?” repeated Belita, sending her eyes with the rapidity of lightning up and down the lawyer's figure, holding at the same time her handkerchief to her cheek as if she were in pain.

“So you have come after all,” cried Gretchen, “in spite of your toothache. How foolish of you!”

“Congratulate me, my dear child, instead of abusing me; I have got my *jambe*! How could you expect me to stay at home? Let me sit down near you,—there—a little more room for the train,—and I will tell you about it. An hour ago imagine my dejection, as, brooding in my dressing-gown, I was just resigning myself to bed and to a stocking full of hot salt for the night, when enter Ludovico in a state of excitement which has doubled him in my estimation, and crying out, ‘The box is come—the box is here!’ Do not try to imagine my joy, for your fancy would fall short. *A basso il sale*! I flung the stocking to the ground. I am suffering the tortures of a martyr on the rack, but I am happy!”

Although Belita's left cheek was swollen out of all proportion, in a manner which gave her the appearance of a fashion-plate out of drawing, the expression of her countenance did not belie her words. There was something heroic in her bearing.

“How could you be so ridiculous as to come like this?” said Gretchen, indignantly. “Why did you not send your dress instead of you; it would have done just as well.”

“No, it would not, my dear child; it would not have been doing justice to the dress.”

"How vain you are, Belita!"

"Oh, if it comes to that, not half as vain as you are, *Bambina*. I am only fond of my clothes; that is what confuses you. You know you would rather die than show yourself with a swollen face."

"Much rather," said Gretchen.

At this juncture Dr Komers was introduced by Ascelinde.

"Very happy to make the acquaintance," said the Contessa aloud. "Coat fits ill—shape of necktie out of fashion—boots antediluvian," she noted mentally. "Don't like his look at all. Come to talk over business, has he?—hm! Where is Baron Tolnay, my dear?" she asked Gretchen.

Baron Tolnay was here, there, and everywhere. He was making himself universally agreeable and useful in his character of *quasi* host,—getting chairs for old ladies, and ices for young ones; directing the waiters, and attending to every one's wishes. Finally, he made a rush to the musicians' gallery, and presently Gretchen heard her favourite quadrille striking up. Baron Tolnay was down again in the room. Could Gretchen tell him where her brother Kurt was? There was a dancer wanted to complete the quadrille. Gretchen believed he was in the supper-room, smoking with Mr Howard. Baron Tolnay was in the supper-room in an instant. Had Kurt any objection to take a place in a quadrille? No, Kurt had no particular objection, provided that the lady was not positively bad-looking, and that her moustache was not more than an inch long. A minute later Gretchen was led off by Baron Tolnay, and Vincenz found himself alone with Madame Mohr and the Contessa. He scarcely counted the Conte, who stood alongside with his crush-hat

in his hand, finding it happiness enough to look at his wife, and take note of the jealous glances which every woman in passing threw upon the *jambe de nymphe émue*.

"No, Ludovico caro, you had better not sit down," Belita had said earlier, when the small Conte had attempted to rest his legs for a moment. "I am sorry for him," she had added aside to Gretchen; "but you see it is the only way to make up for his not being able to wear a hat in a ball-room."

Vincenz sat watching the maze of figures in a sort of dream; but he saw only one couple in all that crowd. He knew now who was "the Baron," and already he had begun to hate the Baron with a most unchristianlike vehemence. The unusual sounds and sights were working upon his fancy; he felt first a faint regret at not being able to dance, then an ever-growing wish that he could turn, and twist, and hold his partner's hand, as Baron Tolnay was doing over there. He never listened to the conversation beside him.

"It is a fundamental rule," the Contessa was observing, "that a blonde should never wear pink—the result is usually fatal; but Margherita must be put down as an exception. I am bound to confess that I have never seen her look as lovely as she is looking to-night, and her dress is the prettiest among the dancers. You see toilets here that make you feel quite ill. Look at that colossal Roumanian in green! Those rubies are lost upon such a creature! Not that perfect rubies are the fashion now; there has been quite a run upon flawed stones lately at Paris."

"Ah," said Ascelinde, "I remember some magnificent rubies among our family jewels at Dras-

kócs. I wonder if Alexius would lend them to me? They would be mine now, had I only followed my own instinct and paid these 10,000 florins,"—and she cast a bitterly mournful glance towards her legal adviser.

Thus conversation flowed on; Belita talking of dress, and Ascelinde of Draskócs. But Vincenz never talked at all until the quadrille was over.

It was past eleven now; many people were gone; the group of spectators was dispersed, and some of the glass doors had been half closed. When the next waltz struck up, there was a visible decrease in the number of the dancers.

The waltz was no better than the quadrille for Vincenz. What good was there in sitting beside Gretchen, since she never sat for more than a minute at a time?

"You have started a search, I hear," he began; and then a black shadow was hovering in front of Gretchen, and she was whirled off round the room.

"You have started a search among the moun—" thus he began again as soon as she had returned, and again with the same result.

"You have started a search among the mountains," he succeeded at last in saying.

She was opening her lips to answer, when once more a partner presented himself. It was Baron Tolnay this time; and it seemed, from the smile on his face, that he took a particular pleasure in interrupting conversation.

This sort of thing was very irritating, Vincenz felt; and he wished more and more that he had learnt dancing in his youth. It did not look so very difficult to do after all, he thought, as he observed how Baron Tolnay turned now to the

left, now to the right, sometimes getting over a great deal of ground with a few steps, sometimes revolving for a minute together on one spot.

Gretchen returned on Baron Tolnay's arm.

"You were going to tell me about the search," resumed Vincenz, doggedly.

"A search!" exclaimed Baron Tolnay, sitting down at Gretchen's other side. "Is there anything lost? I shall have the room ransacked at once. But"—in a lower tone—"if it is a glove or a flower, I hope you will not be so cruel as to ask for it back again."

This was getting more and more irritating, Vincenz reflected, and the room certainly felt uncommonly hot.

"You will stop dancing now, I suppose, Fräulein Mohr?" he broke in; "you must be too tired almost to stand."

"Don't you know yet that nothing ever tires me, Dr Komers?"

"Dr Komers does not seem to have much patience for the follies of youth," laughed Baron Tolnay, in his light-hearted fashion. "Think of our tender years, and forgive us, Dr Komers."

That "us" and the laughter in István's eyes jarred upon Vincenz. To think of "their" tender years was to think of his own sober age, and just at this moment he did not feel drawn to think of it. Before he had found an answer, again a black shadow fell, and again Gretchen was off round the room.

Baron Tolnay and Vincenz were close to each other now. Baron Tolnay, with his head thrown back against the wall and his legs crossed, fanning himself with his fine cambric handkerchief, looked as thoroughly in his element as a trout in a river or an eagle on a mountain-

top; and Dr Komers looked as thoroughly out of place as the eagle could have looked in the river, or the trout on the mountain.

"This is a tropical heat," said Baron Tolnay, opening conversation.

"Quite," said Vincenz, coldly.

Baron Tolnay fanned himself more vigorously than before.

"Ah, you non-dancers have the best of it; I declare I almost wish that I was out of the lists."

Vincenz was silent.

"It is hard work in such weather for us poor dancers, while you others can look on in coolness and comfort."

"I know that I do not feel cool," said Vincenz, with an unaccountable movement of temper; "in fact I was just thinking that I have never before had such a clear idea of what a red-hot furnace is like."

Baron Tolnay raised his eyebrows and stroked his moustache.

"Really?" he said, with polite concern. "Perhaps your journey has knocked you up?"

"I am not in the least knocked up, thank you."

"I beg your pardon; you seemed to imply it. No doubt you are tired?"

"I am not in the least tired."

"Tired travellers seldom enjoy themselves in a ball-room," went on the Baron, unheeding. He threw a glance which just passed over the dusty travelling-suit, and then returned to the contemplation of the dancers. A hint that he would be better out of a ball-room was the very thing to make Vincenz stay there.

"You must find it dull work looking on," added Tolnay, flapping his handkerchief slowly up and down. "Perhaps you would find more amusement in the card-room; I shall be happy to show you the way. There are some old gentle-

men playing whist there. I believe they want a fourth player."

"Thank you, I don't play whist," said Vincenz, feeling hotter and hotter every moment. "And I am not an old gentleman," he added to himself, with indignation.

"Ah, you don't play whist, and you don't dance," observed Baron Tolnay, with a glance which seemed to say—Then, what do you do? "But I suppose you have danced in your day, Dr Komers? Am I right? Every one dances when they are *very* young and foolish."

There was not a single word in any of Baron Tolnay's remarks at which a rational man could have taken offence, nor anything which, taken separately, had any value in itself. Yet upon Vincenz each acted like a pin-prick, and all the pin-pricks together exasperated him beyond the bounds of endurance. He saw that figure in pink coming back towards her place, and his heart began to beat with violence, as an idea, born of desperation, took sudden shape in his head.

"Did you give up dancing long ago?" Baron Tolnay was inquiring with civil indifference.

Vincenz felt the blood rushing to his face and tingling in his ears; and in the same moment, to his own great surprise, he heard his own voice saying suddenly, "I have not given up dancing at all;" and then he perceived that he had risen to his feet, and was asking Gretchen to waltz with him.

With a look of surprise she accepted him; and Vincenz, putting his arm round her waist, as he had seen other men do, began to tremble with a sort of tumultuous exultation at the thought that he had a right to do it as well as the others.

Now for a bold plunge into that whirlpool of dancers! He felt

several pairs of eyes fixed upon him; but he was not afraid of anything at that moment, for a little hand rested on his shoulder. He forgot that he was in the dusty travelling-coat; he forgot that he could not see six yards distinctly in front of him; he forgot everything except that he was holding her hand, and that he must vindicate his youth.

He made the plunge; they were carried away in the stream; other dancers made way for them precipitately, for Vincenz, resolved not to be timid like some chicken-hearted youths he had noticed, plunged onwards, dancing more wildly than the wildest dancer in the room. It was not so very difficult after all, he thought, having got half-way across the floor. He had no notion of the strange and eccentric picture he made as he whirled along, storm-wind fashion, with his stooping figure, and long, unpractised legs: self-consciousness was not one of his weak sides. Gretchen felt her breath swept away in the first second, and herself carried off the ground as if she had been a feather; her fingers were half crushed, she fancied her arm must be bruised. Vincenz got a train under his feet, and staggered for a moment; but he recovered his balance, and Gretchen was aware of being borne down towards the lower end of the room. She could see the lamps outside through the glass doors, which stood half closed. Only a few yards more, thought Vincenz, and the triumph would be complete; but the unaccustomed motion was making his head swim round, till the revolving couples became vague coloured blotches. In an unlucky moment he bethought himself of the skilful turns to the left with which Baron Tolnay had diversified his dancing; this would be

the occasion for such a turn. He changed his direction so unexpectedly, that he caused two other couples to stumble with violence; he changed it again, seeing nothing but a mass of lights and colours before his eyes, and feeling Gretchen cling more desperately to his shoulder. There was a check, a crash, some heads turned towards them, and at the same instant Vincenz, in a sudden rush of cool air, found himself standing under the arcades outside, with a heap of broken glass at his feet, and Gretchen leaning breathless against a pillar beside him.

"What have I done?" he gasped, thunderstruck.

"Only danced through a glass door," she answered, still breathless.

"I hope you don't mind it much," said Vincenz, rather ruefully. "I really am very sorry." She began to laugh, looking down at her arm.

"I hardly expected to get through alive; but I have come off cheap, you see—only a little scratch."

He felt that he could breathe again. The sudden transformation-scene had been rather bewildering at the moment; but having realised the state of the case, his spirits began to rise. He felt on the whole that it was an exhilarating thing to have danced through a glass door: not for the last twenty years had he done anything so inspiring. No one could say that he had not vindicated his youth. He was convinced that none of the old gentlemen who were playing whist in the card-room could have accomplished this feat. It made him feel ever so much younger than he had felt five minutes ago. He cheerfully proposed that they should dance back again.

"No, thank you," said Gretchen, retreating a step. "Perhaps we had better take a turn before going in again; it would be as wise to wait until the sensation has subsided a little. We might be mobbed, you know."

"Do you think anybody noticed it?" he asked, in perfect good faith.

"The music was very loud, I think," said Gretchen, evasively.

She turned to walk down the arcade, and he walked beside her. The place was quite deserted now, except for a drowsy man who came slowly along with his ladder, putting out, one by one, the lamps which burned under each arch. The waltz-music still played on inside, and on the spot where they had first stood, the broken glass lay scattered, and each glass splinter shone as in turn it caught the lamplight. They walked half-way up the arcades in silence, their steps echoing from end to end; then Gretchen stood still under an arch, and leant against the stone pillar, still a little short of breath, while the lamplight streamed down full upon her.

It was not one of the rare moonlight hours which visit the Djernis valley. Straight opposite, the mass of mountain was black and unbroken; the sound of water breaking over marble and granite rocks made the night feel deliciously cool after the heat of the last hour. Gretchen drew a long breath, her lips were parted, and the pearls on her throat heaved gently with each breath.

Vincenz had gone through much experience lately. Forty-eight hours ago he had been a dry lawyer, immersed in parchment documents: now he found himself standing in the stillness of a summer night, having just danced through the glass door of a ball-

room; and he was alone with the woman he loved. On one side the floating music, on the other the rush of the water; nothing to disturb the solitude except the sleepy man with the ladder, who had been darkening the arcades by degrees, and now put out the light above their heads, leaving them in a sort of semi-darkness. The garden, which sloped down from their feet, was deserted,—all but one figure, which came along slowly by a winding path, drawing nearer and nearer, unnoticed.

What wonder if, in the silence, Vincenz felt a thrill of wild hope shoot through his heart? He knew now what he had come here to do. Why should he not be listened to this time? After what he had seen in the ball-room, he felt he would be a fool to give more time to his rival; for Baron Tolnay was his rival—already he acknowledged that. Why should he not have as good a chance as that polished man of fashion with his beautifully fitting coat and his beautifully pointed shoes? Vincenz, in his largeness of ideas, would never have stooped to believe that a woman could marry a man, or perhaps even love him, because of a beautiful coat or of pointed shoes. This was his time, he felt; no moment could be more favourable. If he now thought of the scattered glass at all, it was only as a pleasant recollection. He was impressed with a sort of conviction that his luck was on the turn; and that if his dancing had succeeded so well, everything else must be crowned with the same triumph.

He did not pause to look for words, but he took hold of her hand, and pleaded his cause in a hurried and impassioned voice, more eloquently, more fervently

than he had pleaded it on that Ash-Wednesday evening when the rain was falling in the street.

It came upon Gretchen so suddenly, so utterly without warning, that she started back trembling, and stood shrinking against the broad stone pillar, staring back at him in speechless surprise. She could see the light of love shining out of his deep-set eyes—for, as in all critical moments, Dr Komers had taken off his spectacles; but all he could see was her shrinking figure and her round arms, bare to the elbows, shining white as marble in the dim half-light.

When her first surprise was past, she drew her hand away impetuously; but she had not yet said a word, when they both started at the sound of broken glass on the pavement. An approaching figure had stepped upon one of the scattered fragments.

Vincenz relinquished her hand: he saw some one close, and there were more figures crowding out of the ball-room; but he whispered—

“Gretchen, will you not give me your answer? Only one word, I implore!”

She shook her head, and shrank farther into the black of the arch.

“To-morrow, then,” said Vincenz. “I will ask for my answer to-morrow. Here they are all coming.”

Here they were all coming, indeed, and in the midst of them came a man with a telegram. He put it into Dr Komers’s hand.

“Anna is worse,” was Dr Komers’s first thought, as he took it to the light, and putting on his spectacles in haste, tore open the paper.

Gretchen felt herself drawn out of the dark arch. Belita had put an arm round her friend’s waist.

“*Misericordia!* my dear child, I could not imagine what had be-

come of you. What are you doing here?”

“I was so—so hot,” stammered Gretchen, feeling still rather confused.

“Hm—you look hot;” and the Contessa threw a curiously scrutinising glance towards Dr Komers. She liked his looks less than ever this time.

“Is it a business telegram?” inquired Ascelinde, burning with curiosity.

Dr Komers started, and crushed the paper into his pocket.

“No, not exactly,” he said slowly, looking at Madame Mohr doubtfully in the light of the lamp. “It is a—startling piece of news.”

Dr Komers was going to have said a—sad piece of news; but, considering all the circumstances of the case, he really could not find it in his conscience to use the adjective “sad.” The expression of his face was certainly that of a man who has received a shock of surprise.

“Madame Mohr, you are going home now, I presume? You will allow me to accompany you as far as your door. This telegram affects you more than anybody else.”

The two walked on in advance.

Belita had her arm still linked within Gretchen’s. “I shall see you to-morrow, Margherita, — *early*. Good night, *Bambina*.”

Gretchen walked away beside her brother; the tall Contessa and the little Conte disappeared their own way; the last of the ball-goers dispersed. In the *Cur-salon*, grown suddenly dark, there was the creak of some chairs pushed aside, then the twang of a fiddle dropped to the ground by a departing musician. All was silent after that; there would not be a step more in the arcades until daylight to-morrow.

CHAPTER XVIII.—TRISTEZZA.

“Es sind ja so mancherlei schlaue Betrüger.”

—Voss's *Odyssey*.

Early in the course of the following forenoon, the Contessa was to be seen making her way from one monster hotel to the other. The little Conte, left at home, thought that his wife must have some very weighty object in view; for during the six weeks of his matrimonial experience he had never known her to have got further than her dress-gown at ten in the forenoon.

Belita found the Mohrs' apartments in a strange state of tumult. Something abnormal had occurred; she saw that at a glance. The first visible symptoms were two youths in the passage, one holding a yard-measure, the other with a packet of stuff under his arm. A little of the stuff peeped out of the paper, and Belita saw that it was black. In the first room she entered, there was a big-nosed Israelite standing sentinel beside a pasteboard box, which overflowed with fringe as with a torrent of water; but the fringe, like the stuff outside, was black. Belita opened the door of the sitting-room; and there, over all the seats, over the backs of chairs and trailing down to the ground, hung materials of all descriptions, heavy and light, thick and transparent, but all, like the packets outside, like the fringe in the box, black—a dead, unbroken black. Belita saw another larger, bigger-nosed Hebrew standing in the centre of the apartment and discoursing eloquently, as he waved his hand from object to object. She caught sight of Gretchen, barricaded by piles of black stuff; her eyes fell on Madame Mohr, sitting pale and red-eyed on a chair; and standing

still at last in the doorway, she asked what had happened.

The talkative Hebrew checked his eloquence, and retired discreetly to a window, while the Contessa was being told what had happened.

The greatest part of Ascelinde's tears had been spent in the night-time; but she had a few convulsive sobs remaining wherewith to adorn more becomingly the melancholy news, which last night, on the homeward way, Dr Komers had already broken to her.

Alexius was dead. His precarious health, it appeared, had not been proof against the shock of joy which the sudden accession of fortune had brought him. The thought of becoming thus, by one stroke of luck, the possessor of Draskócs, had been too much for his delicate constitution. This was the version which Madame Mohr gave to Belita, and the version to which she clung until her last day; but there was another version.

When Dr Komers, in writing to his sister, mentioned the event, he expressed himself thus: “Drank himself to death immediately on getting my letter; passed twenty-four hours in his favourite pot-house, and was found at the end of that time a corpse, with fifteen empty bottles beside him. I had been told previously that the next attack of *delirium tremens* would be fatal.”

It would be a wilful waste of ink and paper if I attempted to depict the struggle now taking place in Ascelinde's breast. It had been her creed throughout life that Alexius was her idol. At the same

time, it was a clear fact that the fall of this idol opened the direct road to Draskócs. The contention of feelings awakened by the ending of the case was weak compared to this new phase. If that had been a storm, this one was a hurricane.

"What are you going to do?" asked the Contessa at the end of ten agitated minutes.

"Go to Draskócs at once."

"What! to-day?"

"To-morrow: our mourning must be made first; we shall have to employ every tailor in the place. I cannot live another week without seeing Draskócs. It will only be a run over to see if any new furniture will be required before we settle down there. I have not had time to put any questions to Dr Komers about anything yet; and he has not been inside the house, it seems."

"How many of you are going?"

"Marguerite, myself, and Dr Komers—he accompanies us."

"Ah! he accompanies you," said Belita, reflectively.

The shopman began to insinuate some remark about material and fashions; and Belita, looking round her with the eye of a diver who scans the waves, took off her gloves instinctively and prepared for a plunge into the sea of black.

"These blacks are all abominable," she announced; "there is not one real black among them." Everybody felt rather bewildered as Belita proceeded to prove to the indignant Hebrew that he did not know black when he saw it. These were all "cheerful" blacks, a great deal too frivolous in appearance. Did he mean to say that he had none of the new *noir de cercueil*, or of the last fashionable material called *le désespoir*? "My dear," she said to Gretchen, who sat staring in amazement, having al-

ways hitherto believed that black was black and white was white, "if you could have seen the lovely dress I was shown last month at Paris at Madame Ernestine's, in the 'Deep Affliction Department.' Just the thing to set off your hair and colouring. What a pity one cannot have presentiments!" the Contessa heaved a passing sigh. "It was of a light stuff too, for summer wear—*tristezza*, and all trimmed with that new fringe *cascades des larmes*. I liked it even better than the *in memoriam* toilet they made such a fuss about. Oh, I tell you it is a luxury to bewail your relatives when you have Madame Ernestine to equip you. Ha!" cried the Contessa at that moment, pouncing upon something which her practised eye had detected.

"What do you call this?" she asked in triumph, dragging some flimsy black stuff to the light.

"*Barège*," said the much-trying Hebrew.

"Oh, man, man! not to know a thing when you have it! This is *tristezza*, I tell you! Not *quite* the real *tristezza*, but not far from it. This is the only thing that will do for Margherita."

Gretchen resigned herself, so did Ascelinde; everybody had to surrender to the irrepressible Contessa. There followed a quarter of an hour's wrangling, which was happiness to Belita, perplexity to Ascelinde, and weariness to Gretchen. What with "cheerful" blacks and "sad" blacks, and there being too little of this and too much of that, Belita contrived, in a wonderfully short time, to drive everybody to their wits' end.

"And now," she exclaimed, when at last alone with Gretchen—"now I have got you all to myself! Come out from behind that fortress, Margherita, and tell me all about

it." She cleared a chair for herself as she spoke, and sank into it.

Gretchen was leaning with her elbow on the top of a black heap. She had been very silent during the discussion, but there was a flush of excitement on her cheek.

"I know nothing more than mamma has told you," she answered. "Poor uncle Alexius——"

"Whom you have never seen, and therefore cannot be sorry for, has died very opportunely, my dear. It is not that I mean,—I am coming to that subject later; there is a more immediate point. Tell me the truth: has he proposed to you or not?"

Gretchen started. "What makes you think so?"

"Exactly what made everybody else think so: he danced with you the whole evening."

"Are you talking of Baron Tolnay?"

"Of whom are you talking?"

"Never mind."

"I will mind," returned Belita, with a charmingly frank smile.

The Contessa knew perfectly well that there could be only one other man in the question besides Baron Tolnay.

Last night, as she stepped out of the *Cursalon*, she had seen Dr Komers standing beside Gretchen under the arch, and her sharp eyes had enabled her to notice a circumstance which, in the dark, had escaped the others; Dr Komers had been holding Gretchen's hand.

Of course, Belita being what she was, could not be clever about anything but trimmings and millinery, or the cut of a cloak, or the fall of a train-skirt; but undeniably she possessed a certain feminine wit, sharp as—let us say—the scissors which shaped her fashionable garments, and bright as the needles which stitched them together. Her quickness of percep-

tion corresponded to the quickness of her ever-moving eyes, and enabled her to put twos and twos together with an almost electrical rapidity, and never allowed any chance detail, within the range of vision or hearing, to escape unnoticed. If the subject had a claim upon her interest, then Belita's eyes, both mental and bodily, quickened in proportion; and everything concerning Gretchen had an interest for the Contessa. The existence of this interest was not easy to explain; Belita herself regarded it as a weakness. Constant companionship at school had first made her grow accustomed to Gretchen, as she expressed it; and intercourse had shown her in the German girl a docile disciple of her own doctrines. Since then she had watched the progress of her pupil with mingled anxiety and pride, and to-day the anxiety was uppermost.

Stepping out of the *Cursalon* last night, Belita had rapidly reviewed the situation, and reflected that a man does not stand under deserted arcades, holding a girl's hand, for nothing. A certain uneasiness had preyed on her mind ever since, and it was this uneasiness which had caused her to brave the hot sun this morning, and it was the same reason which moved her to say, a minute ago, "Yes, I will mind."

Looking across the black pyramid, she now said, "You look feverish to-day, Margherita; your cheeks are burning."

"It is the heat," said Gretchen, shortly.

Very likely it was the heat, or possibly also her broken sleep, for her night had been restless. She had dreamt of palaces and parks, and coming drowsily to her senses this morning, her first thought had been, "My fortune is made!" Her

sensations were those of a person who has suddenly been lifted on to a high pedestal. The new elevation made her feel giddy. She was scarcely calm enough to enjoy it yet.

"My dear child, you don't suppose that I have come out this way, with nothing on me, merely to get evasive answers? Beating about the bush is just the thing I cannot stand. I like things to be to the point. If Baron Tolnay did not propose to you last night, it is because you did not give him an opportunity; and if he never proposes at all, it is because of your wicked imprudence."

"Do you call it wicked imprudence to take a turn in the arcades?"

"I call it wicked imprudence to stand under an arch alone with Dr Komers. It is a mystery to me how you came to be there at all."

"We fell through a glass door."

"No reason for not coming back through it again."

"But I had hurt my arm; it was scratched."

"I don't pity you in the least; it serves you right for dancing with that enormous man in the despairingly ugly coat and the antediluvian boots. The story will be in everybody's mouth to-day. Baron Tolnay says he will write to Pesth for unbreakable glass to put into the *Cursalon* windows."

Certainly no one could accuse Belita of beating about the bush. Until this morning Gretchen had looked upon the smash of the glass door as an amusing incident; but contemplating it from Belita's point of view, it became an ignominy. That allusion to the unbreakable glass was peculiarly mortifying.

"So you have no excuse to make," said Belita. "Do you know that you were playing a very dangerous game last night?"

"I was not playing any game at all," said Gretchen, rather sulkily.

"He was not playing any game," the Contessa returned with emphasis.

"How do you know?"

"By the evidence of my own eyes and the calculation of my own brains. What Dr Komers said to you last night was a serious thing."

Gretchen made no denial.

"My dear child, you cannot deceive me. Perhaps you think that because I have the good fortune to live in a country where marriages are arranged, that I do not know what a man looks like when he is asking a girl to be his wife! If I had not been inspired to interrupt your *tête-à-tête* last night, that man would in another moment have had the unparalleled presumption to ask you to marry him."

"You did not come in time," said Gretchen, with a rather malicious delight.

Belita was taken aback. She had attempted a random shot; she was horrified to find how truly she had aimed.

"Do you mean to say that he had done it already?"

Gretchen nodded.

"And, my dear child, if I may ask, how did he take his *congé*?"

"He did not take it at all, because you were inspired to interrupt us just then."

"*Misericordia!*" The Contessa rose from her seat in great perturbation, and going to the glass, stared at the reflection of her hat, for the first time in her life without seeing it.

"Then he can be expected to begin again?"

"I suppose so."

"And the telegram came just at that moment," observed the Contessa. "Yes—I see."

"What do you see?"

"It is as clear as daylight," said Belita, coming to a conclusion with her usual lightning-like rapidity. "It is very evident that Dr Komers is a lawyer."

"I don't in the least understand you."

"Don't you? Don't you see that I have wronged Dr Komers?"

"In what way?"

"By taking him for a sleepy lawyer, when in reality he has proved himself a remarkably wide-awake member of his profession."

"I don't understand," said Gretchen again.

"Not yet? Well, to be sure, you have hardly had time to realise that your fortune is made at last."

"Of course I have realised it; but what has that to do with Dr Komers?"

"Everything possible. He has seen the advantages of the case, and he has tried to take his luck at the flood."

"That is not true, Belita!" cried the justice-loving Gretchen. "The telegram came afterwards. Dr Komers knew nothing about it when he spoke to me. It is now that you wrong him."

"Now do not excite yourself; there is no reason whatever. I am only putting two and two together, and you can follow my calculations if you pay attention. Dr Komers arriving thus suddenly without any visible pretext, the telegram following on his heels, his audacious declaration,—it is simple enough, in all faith, to see what it means. Your uncle died two days ago; it would be strange if Dr Komers, who is a lawyer, could not obtain the information a little earlier than other people, even though he found it better, for his own reasons, to keep the information to himself."

"He could not have heard be-

fore; he had only just returned from Draskócs."

"Another proof for my case!" cried the Contessa. "Draskócs was still fresh in his mind when he learnt that it had become your mother's. Nobody could better estimate the value of a place like that, than a man who is a lawyer. He has been able to calculate what your fortune would be, and he has tried to carry the situation with a bold *coup-de-main*. Dr Komers is really a clever man, my dear. I am ready to stake my two best silk dresses that he has refrained from dwelling upon the subject of Draskócs before you. What description did he give you of the place? None?—I thought so," as Gretchen shook her head; "exactly what I expected. Will you confess now that I am right?"

"No!" burst out Gretchen, rising in her black fortress; "you are wrong! Dr Komers proposed to me three months ago, while Draskócs was still in the clouds!"

The Contessa stood rooted to the spot, and for a full minute her tongue refused to move.

"Three months ago!" she managed at last to stammer. "Good heavens, child! why did you never tell me this?"

"Are you my spiritual director?"

"I almost think I am: you never made any secret about Baron Tolnay, nor Federbusch, nor any of the others. Perhaps—perhaps"—with a ray of light—"perhaps you were ashamed of this one?"

Gretchen stood silent. She was looking back at that Ash-Wednesday interview. There had certainly been a keen sense of shame in the discovery that the expected suitor was not one of the coveted *partis*, but only the family lawyer. And yet, after three months' familiarity with the idea, her indignation of then appeared to her to have been

almost greater than the occasion demanded.

Meanwhile Belita had recovered her presence of mind, and rallied her scattered forces to a fresh attack.

"I understand," she exclaimed, for she chose to take Gretchen's silence for assent, "and I forgive you; the suitor certainly was not one to be proud of. But a clever man he must be all the same, though unpardonably audacious. And his ambition in wanting to marry you——"

"Belita," interrupted Gretchen rather hurriedly, "of course I put no worth on that sort of thing; but still—still, I do not believe that ambition had anything to do with it. I really think he cares for me."

"There!" cried Belita, with a sort of triumph, "did I not tell you that you are ten times vainer than I am? I blush for you, Margherita; a girl of your acuteness of perception to persist in believing that it is her charms that have fascinated that middle-aged man of the law, while it is as clear as daylight that his only motive is interest! Nor do I blame him either: for a man in his position to marry a girl in your position would always be a rising in life, even before your accession to fortune. And now that Draskócs is won, of course his ardour is redoubled. I will engage never to look at a French fashion-plate again, if you can deny that his second declaration was a much more passionate affair than the first."

Of course it had been much more passionate, thought Gretchen, though she did not choose to admit it. Her clear head was not as clear as usual to-day; her ideas were entangled and her vanity alarmed. Was it indeed possible that Dr Komers had wanted to

marry her merely out of ambition? Well, and what of that? Why should she resent it? The point of view from which he regarded her would then be the same as that from which she herself regarded István Tolnay. It stood to reason that he had as much right to his ambition as she had to hers.

"And now, a last word of advice," said the Contessa, as she drew on her many-buttoned gloves. "You will remember that only the other day I expressed a fear as to whether you might not carry flirtation too far; and though, of course, Baron Tolnay could not possibly be jealous of a man who wears a coat of that make, still I think you have been imprudent. If you really find any amusement in it, there is no reason why you should not flirt with Dr Komers—*moderately*, of course. I don't see the pleasure of that sort of thing myself; but I believe many people do. The mistake was, ever letting him come to a distinct declaration. Now that it has happened, all you can do is to use him prudently: play cat and mouse with him, if you like; a *soupçon* of jealousy may help to bring on Baron Tolnay."

"I thought you said that nobody could be jealous of a man with a coat like that?"

"Did I? I daresay. Let us not try to be logical, my dear; I cannot stand your logical deductions. What I advise——" The Contessa raised her hand and listened to a step in the next room. "That is Dr Komers, my dear; he is coming for his answer. I shall leave you to demolish him; but I must have a word with him first. He shall see that he is not the only person with sharp eyes in his head."

Gretchen did not understand what Belita meant by her last

hurried words; and there was no time to question, for Dr Komers was in the room. She gave him her hand, without looking at him, and then sat silent, trying to collect her thoughts; while Belita, having first rescued the *tristezza*, on which the short-sighted lawyer was about to sit down, entered into a rapid conversation with him.

Gretchen's thoughts were not easy to collect. During the present interval of respite, she was, so to say, arming herself for battle. She began to go through again the addition of those various twos and twos which Belita had summed up for her; and in the new light thrown upon the subject, it looked almost as if the sum-total were, after all, correct. Nothing is so persuasive as an honest tone of conviction; and Belita's words had been imbued with the honest unwavering belief that her view was the only right one. And were not many of the things she had said the very echo of Gretchen's own thoughts on Ash-Wednesday afternoon? Had she not herself been aghast at the lawyer's presumption? Penetrated by the sense of her new importance, Gretchen was more than ever ready to agree that the position in which she stood was incalculably higher than that of a poor, portionless, drudging lawyer. And yet she would have liked—she would have liked very much to know whether Belita was really right. The question could not fail to interest her vanity; for however little a woman may value a man's love, it always remains a disagreeable surprise to discover that it is not herself but only her position or her fortune that he covets.

"Ah, good morning, Dr Komers," had been Belita's first words. "I hope you have recovered from the shock of your accident yesterday. You have come, no doubt, like me,

to offer your congra—— your condolences, I mean," corrected Belita, as her eye fell on the *tristezza*, which covered the sofa in a heap. "I dare not stay longer; I scarcely feel the right to take up more of Margherita's time. She has important duties now: this change of position is so sudden, she scarcely realises it herself, poor child. But I am a woman of the world, and you are a lawyer; we must help her to understand the importance of her new place."

Vincenz, who had been favoured with very few words last night, did not know what to make of this gracious volubility.

"Good-bye, my little heiress," said Belita, pressing Gretchen's hand with warm significance. "She is turned into an heiress now, is she not, Dr Komers? I suppose you will soon be having the pleasure of drawing up the marriage settlements,—we all know how heiresses are snapped up nowadays. I have been trying to preach prudence a little; I think you had better do the same"—and she kissed her friend affectionately on the forehead.

"I am sure Dr Komers agrees with me, my dear. There is so much interested motive in the world. Good-bye"—she was out of the room, throwing one more glance of warning over her shoulder.

Vincenz stood for a while, looking puzzled; he was ruminating uneasily on the meaning of the Contessa's words.

Gretchen furtively watched his expression. Her own face had changed; the flush of excitement had died away, leaving her paler than usual.

Meanwhile Belita, as she buttoned her gloves in the passage, was feeling well satisfied with herself. She took no pleasure what-

ever in being cruel; but she saw no cruelty in what she had been doing. It was with perfect honesty that she believed in Dr Komers's interested motive; for she had the great advantage, or the great disadvantage, of not believing in the existence of love. The burden from which her mind now felt lightened was a fear that Gretchen, by indulging in a little too much foolish flirtation with Dr Komers, might frighten off the other valuable

captive. This was the whole extent and limit of her apprehensions.

Having buttoned her last button, she opened the door once more and stuck in her head.

"One word more: you have not seen Baron Tolnay to-day, Margherita?"

"Certainly not," said Gretchen, much annoyed.

"He will be here soon, I fancy, to congra—— to condole. Good-bye."

CHAPTER XIX.—MORE TRISTEZZA.

"Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thine estimate."

—SHAKESPEARE.

It was not until the Contessa was half-way home that Dr Komers spoke.

He was not embarrassed, but he was somewhat perplexed. Perhaps also, his hopes, which last night in the silence of the deserted arcades had appeared to him to be nearer fulfilment, faded back into their former incertitude when looked at by this broad light of day. Even the black colour on all sides tended to depress him; it threw in a gloomy background to the picture. And here, in the middle of the lugubrious piles and mournfully trailing folds, sat his lady-love in a listless attitude, looking pale by contrast to her dark surroundings.

In that moment of passion last night, when he had lost guard over himself, and avowed his love in words which he had never learned (for assuredly he had not read them in his law-books, nor dug them out of his legal parchments), and which yet came so easily to his lips, he had felt it not impossible that that dimly seen, pink-robed figure should answer him with "Yes." But now she was pale, she was in black, the

brilliancy was gone: what else could the black-robed figure say but "No"?

Last night had been one brief moment of happy dreaming; this was the reality of life again. Who knows? If the dream had lasted but a little while longer. . . .

But those were foolish thoughts, useless speculations. Vincenz, passing his hand over his forehead, roused himself with an effort.

"Perhaps I ought not to have disturbed you so soon after the melancholy news which arrived last night," began Vincenz; "but you will understand my anxiety, and excuse me."

She made a sign as if to wave off the apology, but she remained silent, and Vincenz went on speaking. That burst of eloquence which had come to him unawares last night, did not return to his aid now. He spoke soberly, constrained almost; the invigorating sensation of youth had quite departed.

"It is no use to tell you again what are my feelings towards you; you are aware of them already, and I do not want to weary you. Do not suppose me vain enough

to imagine that I have won your love yet; but I still continue to hope now, as I hoped then, that I may win it in time. Can you encourage me to hope? Is it quite impossible that in time perhaps you may get to care for me?"

"Quite impossible," said Gretchen, very hurriedly.

"I beg you to reflect. I can wait for your decision, and I can wait for your love. I will wait, if you only give me hope." He looked at her wistfully, but she did not meet his eyes. It was harder, she felt, to refuse a man the second, than it had been the first time.

"It is no use your waiting, Dr Komers."

"You are deciding too hurriedly," he said. "Is my love to go all for nothing?"

His love? Gretchen's curiosity as to the existence of that love returned in double force. She wished more than ever that she could feel quite convinced by Belita's theory, for that would at once have disposed of this troublesome feeling of pity, of which she was becoming faintly aware. But it was difficult to reconcile that theory with his tone and his look. She would have liked to gain some proof of the truth, whichever way it lay.

"Why will you ask me again, Dr Komers, when I have given you one answer already?"

This was the exact juncture of the interview which an experienced coquette would have made use of for playing a game of cat and mouse, as Belita had suggested. Even Gretchen, little schooled as she was, understood that if she wished to prolong the torture of her suitor, she had only to veil her answers in a gentle cloud of vagueness, and to dole out hope and despair in equal portions. Per-

haps her preoccupation to-day was the cause of her missing this opportunity, or perhaps she felt instinctively that this particular sort of mouse might not understand the fun of being played with, and that so large a mouse might, when under provocation, turn upon the cat. Whatever the reason was, Gretchen, with a shake of her head, added decisively,—*"I can never give you another answer than the first one. Pray do not think of it any more."*

"I have thought of nothing else," broke out Vincenz,—*"of nothing else for the last three months; my wishes are as hot to-day as they were on Ash-Wednesday."*

"Hotter, it seems to me," said Gretchen, bitterly.

"Ten thousand times hotter," echoed Vincenz, scarcely noticing the strangeness of the tone and words. "You surely do not think that any—any altered circumstances could have had effect upon me?"

"I hope not, Dr Komers," she answered gravely, and this time the emphasis of the phrase made him wonder for a moment.

"Do you remember," he said, speaking almost timidly for such a giant as he was, "you said then that you would never marry a poor man? but I thought——"

"That I might have changed my mind now, because we have grown rich." And as she spoke, again there rushed upon her the desire to obtain, to call forth, to provoke if necessary, the answer which her curiosity demanded.

"Rich?" Vincenz repeated the word with a peculiar accent, and then paused as if checking himself on the brink of some further speech. In a moment he seemed to have recovered all his clearness.

"No," he answered very quietly, "it was not of the change I was

thinking, not of Draskócs. I never thought that Draskócs had influenced you."

"Though it may have influenced others," said Gretchen, following a sudden impulse. In themselves the words might have been mistaken; but the quiver of her scornful lip, the flash of her proud eyes, made their meaning clear, terribly clear, to Vincenz, whose sensitive pride, put on the guard by Belita's chatter, pierced her thought on the instant. His gaze met hers: he understood, and Gretchen saw that he understood.

"Do you mean to say," asked the lawyer slowly, having sat for a moment rigid under the effect of this revelation—"can you really believe that it is because of Draskócs that I have professed to love you? Because of Draskócs?"

"It would not be so very unnatural to suppose," stammered Gretchen, "with some men;" and she got no further than this, but sat silent.

Dr Komers made a quick movement as if he were going to speak, but checked himself as suddenly as before, and for a full minute also sat silent.

During that minute she began to tremble. This pause was fearful;—Dr Komers, in his rigid attitude, with his spectacles in his hand, and a dark flush spreading slowly over his face, struck her with a sudden awe. She fancied he was crouching for a spring like a lion, which, in her folly, she had provoked.

The spring came, suddenly, at the end of that minute; and at the sound of his voice, so altered, so passionate, that she scarcely recognised it as his, Gretchen shrank back, as though to intrench herself behind the black fortress.

"With *some* men, you say? Ay, I believe that there are such men,

but I am not one of them. Oh, you misunderstand, you misunderstand me most cruelly! You insult my honour and you insult my love to you by hinting at such things. With *some* men? I dare say! You are free to refuse my love if you will not have it, but you are *not* free to insult it," he brought down his clenched hand on the table beside him, so that it shook beneath his fist.

Gretchen sat quite still, but her breath came quick, and her eyes dilated. She had never seen Dr Komers, the gentle, the courteous Dr Komers, in this mood. She had never even suspected him of such passion. There was a fire in his eyes which seemed to scorch her, and yet she could not look away.

"I have loved you as few men love a woman," said the lawyer, still speaking in that rapid, deeply moved tone, and with the flush still darkening his pale face. "I have offered you my love twice, and you have refused it twice; you have rejected it, and you have doubted it. I shall never offer it again, remember that!—never! I shall not beg for your love, like a beggar for a crust. If you will not give it me freely, I shall live without it." He broke off with the same abruptness which marked his first angry words, and remained sitting as he was, staring in deep abstraction at the ground.

Still Gretchen's self-possession failed her; still she sat in spell-bound amazement. Was this the same man who a little while ago had pleaded so wistfully for her love?

It was no longer than half a minute that Vincenz had sat thus silent, when, starting out of his passing abstraction, he rose and half turned to the door; then

stopping, he wheeled right round, and coming two steps straight towards Gretchen, he spoke in an altered voice, while the flush slowly faded from his face—

“I beg your pardon most humbly, *Fräulein* Mohr. I forget sometimes that I am no longer a young man. I have no right to lose my self-control in this way. Will you excuse my violence? I hope I have not frightened you. What I meant to say is, that as you have twice given me so decisive an answer, I shall never trouble you on this subject again.”

Helooked most sincerely ashamed of himself; in his heart he felt as deeply humiliated as if he had used his brute strength against a woman. There was something tragical in the alarm with which he gazed at the fragile girl before him, as though half expecting to see her shattered before his eyes like a figure of brittle porcelain.

Never again! He was gone—penitent for his outburst, but immovable in his decision.

When Gretchen met the lawyer after this, immediately before their departure, he looked a little pale, but otherwise unchanged, except that to the few hurried questions concerning Draskócs that Ascelinde found time to put to him, he gave short and rather ungracious answers. “You will see everything for yourself,” he said, curtly, as he noted some necessary arrangements in his battered pocket-book.

Thanks to the united efforts of all the tailors in the place, the *tristezza* had been got into shape for the mourners. The *casca*des *des larmes*, so warmly recommended

by Belita, were not to be procured, but an inferior sort of “tears” glittered along the outline of Ascelinde’s tunic. As she walked down the staircase in her trailing black garments, where here and there a basting thread still lingered, Madame Mohr felt that the most solemn epoch of her life was about to commence. For it was to take possession of the home of her ancestors, from which cruel injustice had excluded her since her most tender childhood, that she was setting off in this state of ghastly splendour.

The party of mourners had not driven more than a hundred yards down the valley, when another set of bells jingled round the corner, and one travelling-carriage, followed by a second, met them, and passed on at a sharp pace towards the Hercules Baths. In the first carriage there were several people,—an old gentleman, a young man, two boys. In the second there were two ladies and a child.

For one minute Gretchen found herself close to the younger of the two. She was leaning back, muffled in a coloured burnoose; but her eyes were raised, and Gretchen saw a face which, in the dusk at least, looked beautiful. The vision swept past, vanishing into a cloud of dust.

The driver turned on his seat, and with an accent of pride, as if he were showing off a sight, he announced: “*Le mare Principe* (the great Princes) *Recsulescu*!”

“And the lady in the second carriage, who is she?” inquired Gretchen. But the driver had cracked his whip, and the question was lost in the jingle of the bells.

LIFE IN A DRUSE VILLAGE.

[OUR readers who have followed Mr Laurence Oliphant's wanderings in Palestine, as described by him in the pages of 'Maga,' will be interested in this account of his summer lodge on Mount Carmel.—Ed. *B.M.*]

IN one of the loveliest valleys of Carmel, near the south-west extremity of the mountain, and distant about fifteen miles from Haifa, stands the Druse village of Dahlieh—or, as it is more properly called, Dahliet-el-Carmel, to distinguish it from another place of the same name, on the "Ruhah," or "Breezy land."

It is situated on an abrupt spur of the mountain, at the base of which two narrow glens unite into a gorge that ultimately widens into a valley winding down to the sea. The village which crowns this eminence is composed of a congeries of dwellings, scarcely imposing-looking enough to be dignified with the name of houses, and yet much superior to the huts of which an Arab village generally consists. Indeed the traveller versed in fellaheen domestic life would be struck with an air of comfort, prosperity, and cleanliness here, foreign to native abodes generally. The low habitations which flank the narrow streets seem all to have been newly plastered with light-yellow-coloured mud. They are generally situated in courtyards, where the neatly dressed female occupants may be observed pursuing their various avocations. The streets themselves are kept clean, and the only eyesores are two gigantic manure-heaps—one at either end of the village. These heaps are common to all Arab villages, and are generally used by the fellaheen as fuel for their ovens: the atmosphere is, in consequence, pervaded with an odour

of burnt manure, the taint of which, under the influence of a lively imagination, may even be extended to the bread. From this all-penetrating perfume Dahlieh is free. The Druses who inhabit it don't bake their bread in ovens, and don't use the manure for fuel.

On a plateau at the back of the village are the extensive threshing-floors which belong to it, during the summer months filled with conical mounds of grain, which look at a distance like the huts of a golden encampment. At the opposite extremity of the little town is the Druse *khalive*, or church, a picturesque construction, with two rows of arches inside, and a broad verandah, trellised with vines, outside. It is separated, by a field enclosed with cactus-hedges, from a grove of fig-trees which crowns the edge of the spur overlooking the gorge; and on a terrace in the midst of this grove stands a white stone dwelling with a somewhat pretentious castellated roof, a generally unfinished appearance, and suggestions of landscape-gardening not altogether in keeping with the native surroundings. This dwelling is mine! And at the risk of appearing egotistical, I propose to narrate how I came to build it, and the sort of life I lead in it. But I must first conclude the description of my surroundings. From the terrace, on which is a broad verandah, I look down the steep slope—where there are more terraces, planted with vines, olives, pomegranates, and fig-trees—into the rocky gorge,

which expands as it nears a copious spring a mile distant giving birth to a tiny stream, that once watered the gardens of a now deserted village, where a solitary date-palm, and a magnificent grove of figs, pomegranates, and some olive-trees attest its former beauty and luxuriance, which I am not without hope may some day soon be restored to it. Beyond this, I look from my verandah over the hills swelling gently back, where the grain-fields, which have now been reaped, appear like brown islands in a sea of the dark-green copse that clothes the mountain-sides. In the distance beyond the mouth of the valley, which narrows again and enters the plain through a wild precipitous gorge, is distinctly visible the old Crusading ruin of Athlit, its huge fragment of masonry standing on a projecting promontory over the sea to a height of 120 feet, and with a length of 100 feet, forming a striking feature in the landscape, with an elevation of 1300 feet above the ocean, from which we are distant six miles. We thus command a splendid sea-view, with a foreground of precipitous mountain, of smiling cultivated valley, and of rolling wooded hills, all charmingly blended. Both sides of the spur on which Dahlieh is situated are terraced with gardens, as well as the steep slopes of the hillsides opposite, and present an appearance of rich cultivation not common in this part of Palestine. The hills at the back form a sort of amphitheatre, rising in one place to a height of 1810 feet above the sea: this is the loftiest summit in Carmel.

A year ago, when in search of a retreat from the summer heats of Haifa, I instinctively sought the highest village in the mountain, which is Esfia, also containing a

Druse population, but with an admixture of Christians of the Melchite or Greek Catholic persuasion. Here I was presented with the alternative of hiring a native house or forming a camp. The objections to the native house seemed almost insuperable. They may be summed up in two words—smells and fleas. The whole place reeked with the odour of burned manure; while the effort of perpetual scratching produced too great a sense of weariness and fatigue to be endured for many consecutive days and nights. On the other hand, while the nights were deliciously cool under canvas, the days were oppressively hot with no better protection than it afforded against noonday rays. I therefore determined to combine my resources. First I hired the only stone vault there was in the village—a chamber of about thirty feet square. The walls and roof of massive blocks of limestone, which had formed part of some ancient edifice,—for Esfia is built on the ruins of an ancient site,—secured me mid-day coolness; and for the few hot hours, we determined to put up with the odours and the insects—waging, nevertheless, incessant war against the latter with powder and other appliances. Then I hired from a Bedouin encampment in the neighbourhood their largest tent, and procured from Haifa a number of rafters and mats. The Bedouin tent I stretched on the rafters, which were supported by uprights, so as to form a roof; the walls I made of mats, which were each six feet square, and could be bought for a shilling apiece. This gave me a room 32 feet long, 7 feet high, and 12 broad, which I subdivided into apartments; besides which, I had an ordinary fourteen-rope canvas tent, and put up a kitchen and shelter for the horses with

brushwood. I also strewed as many branches on the roof as the Bedouin tent would bear—thus gaining additional protection against the sun. By these means I obtained accommodation, such as it was, for our whole party, which generally numbered six, and on the occasion of visitors eight, and sometimes even ten, including several ladies; but not, of course, without some unfortunates being condemned to sleep in the vault, to which on any hot days we all repaired for our siestas. On these occasions it often used to represent the mixed appearance of an artist's studio, a schoolroom, and a dormitory, as we pursued our varied avocations of sketching, studying Arabic, writing, and snoring. As soon as it got cool enough in the afternoon, we made exploratory expeditions on horseback, sometimes taking with us our afternoon tea. In the course of these I visited, within easy riding distance of my camp, no fewer than twenty sites of ancient towns and villages—six of which I had the interest and pleasure of discovering, and at all of which the massive remains bore testimony to the vast and highly civilised population which must have at a former period inhabited this historical mountain. Putting it at a very low estimate, Carmel, which has a circumference of thirty-five miles, contained probably a population of at least 50,000 souls, who must have made of this enchanting highland region a perfect paradise. Indeed, from the nature of the frequent references to it in Holy Writ, it is clear that in Biblical days the "excellency" of Carmel, or, as its name literally signifies, "God's vineyard," was synonymous with everything beautiful; and any one who should spend months, as I have, exploring its infinite variety of wild and hid-

den valleys, will not fail to understand why this should be so. If in imagination we build up its now ruined terraces and cover them with vines; if we clothe its hill-sides with pendulous forests of heavy timber, and fancy its level plateaus and fertile valleys waving with grain; if we crown almost every eminence with stately towns, where now we find fragments of columns, carved capitals, immense rock-cut cisterns, huge stone olive-mills, and wine-presses hewn from the solid rock,—we may begin to realise the nature of the architecture and of the industries of its once teeming population. Now, with the exception of two small villages whose united population does not amount to a thousand souls, all is silent, desolate, and waste: one rides for hours without meeting a soul, following the cattle-tracks which lead through the thick brushwood—now under lofty beetling crags perforated with caves, now across high breezy plateaus, now along smiling open valleys, now into gloomy gorges, until we almost despair of exhausting the novelty and variety of the scenery.

If we combine the tendencies of the sportsman and the archæologist, these rides offer other inducements besides their mere scenic attractions. At one moment you stumble unexpectedly upon a carved stone, upon which you see, or fancy you see, an inscription; you put down your gun to examine it, and up gets a covey of partridges within ten yards of you; you mark them down, and lo, they have led you to an extensive area of ruin, hitherto unknown and unsuspected by Palestine explorers. For the rest of that day you don't think anything more about partridges, but linger so long over your new discovery, that you lose your way in the dark—for you naturally despise

guides, and altogether dispense with them—and on your arrival find your household, or rather “camphold,” consumed with an anxiety which is principally compounded of disgust for having been kept so long waiting for dinner; or else you give yourself up to a day in the tombs. This is a more lively occupation than it sounds. You provide yourself with a candle and matches, and go to certain ruins, in the neighbouring rocks of which you have “marked down” tombs. How torn and hot and dusty you get by the time you have examined a dozen of these subterranean abodes of the dead, scrambling about on all-fours or *à plat ventre*, tearing away the brushwood which conceals their arched entrances, and counting and measuring their *kokim* and their *loculi*, and making plans thereof, and sketches of such ornamentation as may exist! I have become *blasé* in regard to tombs: as I have scrambled into certainly at least a hundred, my mortuary appetite is satisfied. I am only tempted now by one that never seems to have been opened. That, I confess, is irresistible.

Hitherto I have never found anything more interesting than bones, or more valuable than broken pottery jars. There is an odour about a tomb that has never been opened, when you are the first to roll away the great circular stone that has closed it for the last 2000 years, which, I suppose, would kill you if you inhaled too much of it, and is certainly the most sickening smell I know. But how encouraging it is! There is a flavour of hope and anticipation in it that compensates you for feeling inclined to faint. Some of these stones are fancifully engraved—sometimes with a seven-branched candlestick on each side of the door, sometimes

with a sort of cinquefoil or rosette. Moreover, on the stones in the ruins, one comes across some on which are devices indicating various historical periods down to the Crusades,—the Christian warriors having evidently discovered the charms of Carmel, and had their outposts and summer retreats up here, while they were keeping watch and ward in the strong fortress of Athlit—the “*Castellum Peregrinorum*”—which was one of the landing-places of the pilgrims to the Holy Land. So we find occasionally their shields and bosses and crosses on these old stones. But it is not without a certain kind of risk that we rummage about for these records of the past; for, as a general rule, they are so overgrown with brushwood, that we have to push our way without being able often to see where we are going, or knowing what kind of creatures we may have to encounter apart from the snakes and scorpions which abound—the former, I believe, rarely venomous, the latter sometimes as large as moderate-sized crabs. I have in some of these caves come across traces of more formidable animals. On the soft soil at the bottom of a large natural cavern which I was one day exploring, I came upon the recent footprints of a leopard: and lest there should be any doubt as to the existence of these animals on the mountain—which, I observe, some writers have denied—I may mention that I received notice one morning that a Bedouin had shot one the previous night; and riding over immediately to his tent, I found he had killed a very handsome specimen, measuring a little over six feet from the snout to the tip of the tail—the skin of which I have now in my possession.

There is another animal the habitat of which in Palestine has

been deemed doubtful. About ten miles from Dahlieh the Crocodile river flows into the sea, and it has always been said to derive its name from the presence of that reptile in its waters. The other day a man brought me a piece of crocodile-skin about a foot square, as a present, which he had himself cut from the belly of the animal, which he had assisted in killing only a week previously in this stream. In regard to other *feræ naturæ*, I have several times found the quills of porcupines; young hyenas have been brought to me for sale; gluttons are said to exist, and one or two species of wild cat. In some of the thickly wooded bottoms there are wild boar, and a friend of mine killed one recently in the marsh near Athlit. In the course of the year I saw altogether two deer and five gazelle at different times, but never when I happened to have a gun. Venison is, however, a luxury in which we are occasionally able to indulge, and I took a handsome pair of horns from the head of a buck recently brought to me. But summer-shooting on foot is hot work for the sportsman; and if one rides, the rocky and precipitous nature of the country often involves a wild scramble for the horses, more especially as the paths we generally follow are those made by goats. My horse has a habit, when he is going down a perfectly smooth piece of limestone rock, at an angle of 45° , which overhangs a precipice, of stopping to scratch his ear with his hind foot, which interferes for the moment with my respiration, and of which I have in vain tried to break him.

In the course of these scrambles I have three or four times come upon curious square erections, which I have not observed mentioned in any work upon Palestine. The largest of these was fourteen

feet high by twelve square, and formed of slabs of stone averaging three feet by two, by one in thickness, laid upon each other without cement, but evidently hewn so that the construction should be symmetrical. I thought at first there might be a chamber inside; but on examining one of the smaller ones, I found it to be perfectly solid. From the weather-beaten appearance of the stones, they seem to have been in position from great antiquity; but whether they were altars, or monuments over tombs, or served some more practical purpose, I leave for those skilled in such matters to decide. The huge millstones are numerous, and are to be found, sometimes far removed from any ruin, in the most remote valleys. The lower one usually measures from 8 to 10 feet in diameter, with a raised rim round the circumference, 8 or 10 inches high, and a square hole in the centre: they are about 2 feet 6 inches thick, but they are often hewn out of the living rock, as well as the basin for the receptacle of the oil below them. Then there are rock-cut reservoirs: the largest I have seen was about 100 feet by 45, and 15 in depth; but it was half filled with vegetation, and was originally much deeper. And there are trap-like and deceptive cisterns, the mouths of which are about the size of the coal-hole in the pavement of a London street; but when there is a bush instead of a lid over it, a false step may land you in a circular pit perhaps 20 feet deep, of a demijohn shape, and with smooth sides, from which escape would be hopeless. It was into such a pit probably that Joseph was let down by his brothers. These cisterns are very numerous at some of the ruins, and prove how dependent the population were upon rain-water, and

how glad they must have been when Elijah saw the cloud from this very mountain, after a three years' drought, which indicated a rainfall.

My two summers' experience of Carmel, however, would lead me to conclude that clouds are the rule, and entirely cloudless skies the exception. Whether it is owing to the high Nile at this time of year, as has been suggested, or to whatever cause, the fact remains, that the midsummer heats are remarkably tempered by the cloudy skies. Although rain never falls between April and October, there are many mornings so damp and cloudy in the middle of summer, that in any other country one would certainly predict a rainy day; and although the sun soon drives the damp feeling away, the cloudy sky remains more or less all the day. This, combined with a strong fresh sea-breeze, always keeps the temperature cool. In Esfia last summer, the thermometer on the hottest days only reached 81° in the vault, and at night it generally fell to 70° in the tent. Here at Dahlieh it is a little hotter, ranging sometimes in the day to 85°, but only occasionally. As the altitude of our camp at Esfia was 1750 feet, not only did we enjoy a most agreeable climate, but a magnificent view—of a very different kind, however, from that at Dahlieh. There it was panoramic. Immediately at our feet, scarcely a mile off as the crow flies, was the plain of the Kishon, with that stream winding through it, and issuing from the plain of Esdraelon, over which we also looked by the narrow valley formed by the approach of the low wooded hills of Galilee to the base of Carmel. Sitting at our tent-door, we could see the bay and city of Acre, and the sea-coast as far as the ladder of Tyre. The irregular out-

line of the mountains of northern Galilee, the highest reaching an elevation of 4000 feet, limited our view in that direction. To the north-east we faced Hermon, with its snowy crest. Nazareth, about twelve miles off, seemed almost at our feet; beyond it was rounded Tabor, the plain of Jezreel, with the villages of Endor and Nain, and Mount Gilboa, with the mountains of Gilead plainly visible in the distance. To the south we looked over the hills of Samaria, and on a clear day could make out the outline of the ruins of Cæsarea on the margin of the sea, which bounded our horizon in that direction.

While, however, enjoying an almost unrivalled prospect and a cool climate, our residence upon this exposed mountain-top was not without its *désagrémens*. As often as not it blew a gale of wind, generally from the south-west, and I sometimes feared that our whole fragile construction would be blown clean down the Wady Shomariyeh, 1800 feet, into the plain below. This was a rocky gorge, on the edge of which our camp was situated, so precipitous that there was not even a goat-path down it. Then our *cuisine* left much to be desired. The cook, in his windy brushwood shed, and without even a table to cook on, struggled manfully with dust-clouds and prowling dogs, performing wonders on a couple of little iron tripods, on which he built charcoal-fires; but as he generally cooked enough for the whole day at one time, the seven-o'clock dinner was merely the twelve-o'clock breakfast, sodden and warmed up, with a great deal more dust in it. Our apartments were so breezy that only large stable lanterns could stand the racket: and they are bad to read by—indeed they are not good to eat by, but the less

we saw of our food under the circumstances the better. Fortunately we often had partridges, to vary the stews of chicken and mutton, and plenty of *leben* or sour milk, tasting very strongly of goat. The flavour of goat is an acquired taste. Then we were rather short of water. All of this necessary of life had to be carried nearly a mile up a steep rocky path: two donkeys were perpetually employed on this service. There was a spring nearer, called "the spring of the leeches." Unwarned by the name, I once watered my horse there, and for some days afterwards was occupied extracting leeches from under his tongue and the recesses of his throat. I pulled out eleven altogether, so the spring was not misnamed. I thought of trying to use it for bathing purposes, but was afraid the ladies might object, even though the alternative involved a certain economy in tubbing arrangements, which did not comport with our usual habits. We also had nightly visits from jackals, which sometimes had the boldness to poke their noses into our bedrooms in the dead of night, causing our small dog to burst into frantic fits of barking, and producing general consternation and wakefulness. Now and then a scorpion was found under a pillow or in a shoe. But these were little incidents which gave an interest and piquancy to existence unknown in civilised life. I merely mention them to show why, in order that they should not become monotonous, we determined not to subject ourselves to them another year, but to build something more substantial than our mat-shed. There was, by the way, one especial inconvenience, a recurrence of which was, it was to be hoped, not to be anticipated, and this resulted from the visitation of cholera in Egypt. When it was reported

that some cases had occurred in Beyrout, a panic was produced in Haifa. A cordon was put round the town, some six or eight families of the richer native inhabitants flying from it, and taking refuge in Esfia. All postal communication by land and sea was stopped. For two months we were without news of the outside world—even the telegraph was forbidden to perform its functions, lest news should be conveyed of the spread of the disease which should increase the panic. The consequence was, that the wildest rumours were afloat of the daily mortality in Beyrout, which had never exceeded two doubtful cases in all; and the scare was only thereby increased, till it culminated in a visit to my camp by the police in search of a Haifiote who had been in Beyrout at the moment when these deaths occurred, who was supposed to have fled from that town, and as he was known to be a friend of mine, was suspected of being in hiding in my tent. This conjecture was enough to infect Esfia: for two days we were put into quarantine, and prohibited from going to Haifa, and I had some trouble in convincing the police that I knew nothing whatever of the refugee in question.

When I expressed to the natives of Esfia my intention of building at their village, the proposal was received with acclamation. My presence, they said, would be a protection against the thieving propensities of the inhabitants of Tireh—a Moslem village in the plain, with a notoriously bad reputation—who were so daring in their depredations that they would come in broad daylight into the vineyards of the Esfiotes and carry off their grapes under their eyes, without the latter venturing to make any resistance. That they

had not suffered that summer from any of these predatory incursions the villagers attributed, rightly or wrongly, to my presence. Under these circumstances they declared, in the first flush of their enthusiasm, that they would present me with a building-site. This I declined, preferring rather to pay a small sum for the land. In my innocence I took their offer for a *bond fide* one; and it was only when I came to make them what I believed was a reasonable proposal, that I discovered they had been indulging in complimentary figures of speech, and that they demanded 150 napoleons for a piece of ground which was certainly not worth above twenty. Although they came down in their price 100 napoleons at a bound, they had shown the cloven foot in too marked a manner for me to choose them as neighbours. It would be no satisfaction to me, I remarked, to protect from the thieves of Tireh as big a set of thieves after another fashion, and I declined having anything more to do with them. It must, in justice to the Druses, be remarked, that this part of the village did not belong to them, and that the chief offender in the matter was the head of the Christian community there.

It was about the middle of last winter, when I was beginning with some perplexity to revolve in my mind summer schemes for avoiding the heat of Haifa, that I one day received a visit from a venerable old man with a grey beard and a dignified bearing, who announced himself as the *kiatib* or spiritual sheikh of the Druses of Dahlieh. His story was a pitiful one. The term of the annual draft of conscripts for the Turkish army had arrived, and his only remaining son, the husband of a very beautiful young woman whom I remembered

having seen, was to be carried off as a soldier. The old mother, and the young wife, who had a baby, were in despair. One son, they said, had been taken under the conscription ten years before, had deserted to his co-religionists in the Hauran, and had been lost to the family for ever; and now its last prop was to be snatched from it, unless fifty Turkish pounds were forthcoming to purchase a substitute. The object of the old sheikh's visit was to borrow this amount from me. It occurred to me that if, on inspection, Dahlieh suited as a summer resort, I might kill two birds with one stone, by helping the sheikh out of his difficulties and obtaining a site for a house. I had already visited the place and been struck with its beauty, but I had not looked on it as a possible residence, and I now lost no time in riding up on a tour of inspection. The result was in every respect satisfactory; for it so happened that, besides the sheikh being the owner of a good vineyard, the best situation in the village for a house belonged to him. We therefore had no difficulty in coming to an arrangement to our mutual satisfaction, whereby he saved his son from the army, and I became a landed proprietor in Dahlieh.

I now found I had no time to lose if the house was to be built before the hot weather. Fortunately there were extensive ruins of an ancient town a mile off; and here was an unlimited supply of stones which had been cut for me by the Romans, or possibly an anterior race. The name of this place is Dubil. It is situated on a hill about two hundred feet higher than Dahlieh, from which it is separated by a valley terraced with orchards and gardens; and upon comparing it with the numerous other remains of ancient

towns which I have visited, I have little doubt that in old times it was the principal city of Carmel, though it has not, so far as I am aware, been identified with any known historical place. It has served as a quarry for the surrounding country for so long, that all its best stones have long since been carried off—indeed I felt myself somewhat guilty in following the general example. But in the absence of any law for the preservation of ancient monuments, it is difficult to be the only person in the country who respects them, the more especially when it involves a great saving of money to use them. Most of those I took were undrafted stones. And are they not as well preserved in the walls of my house as lying on the barren hill-top? I was in hopes of finding some with devices or inscriptions. Many of those which have been procured from here by the villagers of Dahlieh, and built by them into the walls of their houses, are thus decorated; but I was not so fortunate. There is a handsome sarcophagus, some fragments of columns, and stone basins, however, which I have my eye upon, and which at some future period I may succeed in transporting to my new abode. Meantime, curiously enough, I had no sooner begun to dig the foundations of the house, than I struck those of one of a period long gone by. I found, when I got two feet below the surface of the ground, that I could put the whole back wall upon a solid basis of hewn masses of stone, which were so appropriately placed that they might have been put there to order. I also came upon great quantities of *tesserae*, and hoped to find a tessellated pavement also ready for immediate use. In this I was disappointed; but I came upon a good

stone floor, in which was cut a groove about three inches deep and two wide, the object of which did not at first occur to me. Loath to cover it with any cement, it now forms, in all its original rudeness, the floor of a back passage. Near this the workmen came upon a dozen or more iron rings, from two to three inches in diameter, attached to nails about eight inches long, which had been clinched at the opposite end. These were found about three feet below the surface, and were, of course, heavily rusted. I think it is likely that they may have been used for fastening horses. At any rate, I have passed some of them through the fire, and find them excellent as stable rings. The others I have kept as curiosities. Besides this, we came upon a large fragment of a carved cornice, which I had carefully put on one side, and which, to my intense disgust, the workmen, by mistake, squared into a building stone; also half a stone basin, a copper coin of the time of Constantine, and a great quantity of broken glass and pottery. In moving a stone wall for a new terrace, I found one of those curious huge rollers mentioned in the Survey of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and which seem peculiar to Carmel—at least I am not aware of their having been found elsewhere in Palestine. There are some twenty of them scattered over the ruins of Dubil, and almost the same number at a ruin about two miles from Dahlieh, called Khurbet Semakha, where are also to be found the remains of one of the eleven Jewish synagogues of old date which have been as yet discovered in the Holy Land. I unearthed my roller, which now decorates what I hope some day to call a lawn. It measures eight feet long, two feet six inches in diameter at the centre, but

tapers to two feet at one end, and has four parallel rows of grooves. Each groove is about a foot long and two inches deep; they are a foot apart.

It has been conjectured that these rollers form some part of an olive-pressing machinery; but I have failed in imagination to construct a machine in which they could be employed—though it is evident, from the remains of the olive-mills at Dubil, that it was a great centre of an olive-oil industry. There are some prostrate stones there 10 feet long, which were evidently uprights, and which are perforated with holes and carved with slots and grooves, showing that they formed part of a massive mechanism connected with the huge circular millstones in their immediate vicinity; and in some instances the rollers above described are near these. But the most fortunate discovery—and this was not made till the house was built—was an ancient cistern, which luckily did not happen to be in the middle of the sitting-room, but just outside the back wall, exactly where I should probably have had to build one. The use of the groove in the stone floor of the back passage was now evident. It was to conduct the water into this cistern, which had an opening, 18 inches square, into the solid rock, and swelled out below into the shape of a bottle 15 feet deep and 8 feet in diameter. As the rock from which it is hewn is very hard, the ancients have saved me from £20 to £30 in providing me with this reservoir, which I am enlarging, and shall have to cement, as the old cement, though still adhering to the sides in many places, has of course become useless. It was full of earth and *débris* to the brim; and in clearing it out I got much fine mould, besides a great quan-

tity of broken pottery, and some stems and fragments of glass vases, the rims of which were turned over and lined with silver—unfortunately none of them perfect.

In front of the house, about 20 yards from the verandah, I observed a fig-tree growing out of a suspicious-looking hole, and on clearing away some brambles, perceived that it led down into a cave. Into this I descended with a light, and found myself in a circular underground chamber 100 feet in circumference, the roof supported by a rude column of the living rock. Loose stones now cover the floor to a depth of two feet; but when they are cleared away, it will give a height to the roof of about eight feet, which can easily be increased if necessary. It had a second small opening under a rock at the opposite side, and near it what appeared to be a blocked-up passage. This I had cleared out, and found that it led to a second smaller cavern very much choked with stones. A dozen yards lower down I found the entrance under a rock to a third cave, which, I suspect, communicates with the other two. They do not appear to have been used as tombs, though the rocks have been hewn in places, especially at the entrances. In their immediate neighbourhood the field is strewn with *tesserae* and fragments of pottery and glass, and the natives tell me that if I dig, I shall find remains. This had produced a disagreeable conflict of sentiment in my mind. Regarded from a purely practical point of view, I think it will pay better to plant this field out in vines than to excavate in it. On the other hand, I feel I have already done a heathenish thing in building a house on the top of the foundations of one of the Byzantine period, without examining them thoroughly. From the relics

I found, my predecessor must have been a man of wealth and position, or he never would have used such elaborate wine-glasses; and it may be that I am living now on the top of something interesting. But had I, as I was sorely tempted to do when I found the carved cornice, gone on digging, I should have turned the site of my future house into a pit, broken my contract with the builder, and had no place to come to this summer—all which would have involved great loss and inconvenience, on the chance of contributing my mite to the existing collections of Palestine antiquities. I console myself, therefore, by the reflection that these remains are relatively modern, and that the chance of there being a trilingual stone with an inscription which may throw light on the earlier religions of mankind buried under my bedroom, is exceedingly remote. Rather than spend my substance in seeking for it, I will convert what the ancients have left me to practical purposes. There is a hole two feet deep and two feet square hewn out of the solid rock near where I propose to build a stable, which I will turn into a horse-trough. These caves shall become cellars; the modern wines of Carmel shall be stored away in its old tombs, the bottles packed neatly into *loculi* or stacked away in *kokim*, and the various vintages allowed to mature in the sepulchres

of a bygone race. I will put hogs-heads into the caverns once occupied by hermits; the grottos of ascetics shall become storehouses for the ruddy juice that maketh glad the heart of man; and the irony of fate shall, through my instrumentality, work its revenge upon the haunts of these misguided anchorites. As for the evidences of luxury that I come across, they only aggravate me. When I think of my Byzantine predecessor seated beneath marble porticos, drinking out of the most exquisitely shaped flagons of delicate blue glass, golden and silver tipped, his eye ranging over the same view that mine does—the same, and yet so different, with its hanging forests and terraced vineyards, its columned temples, its teeming population—and compare the mud-built village, ruined terraces, naked hills, and unpeopled valleys, with all this vanished luxury and beauty, I don't want to find anything that reminds me of the contrast. The future, not the past, seems to claim our energies and resources. When every man, free from the tyranny of the unjust judge or the extortionate tax-gatherer, can sit in peace and happiness under his own vine and his own fig-tree, it will be time enough to begin to excavate under them. Meanwhile, be mine the task, however feebly, to labour for the restoration of this land to its former condition of fruitfulness and abundance.

RONSARD: ON THE CHOICE OF HIS TOMB.

"Antres, et vous fontaines."

YE caverns, and ye founts
That from these rocky mounts
Well forth, and fall below
 With glassy flow;

YE forests, and ye waves
Whose stream these meadows laves;
Ye banks and copses gay,
 Hear ye my lay.

When Heaven and my last sun
Shall tell my race is run,
Snatched from the dwelling bright
 Of common light;

No marble chiselled be,
That boastfulness may see
A grander pomp illumine
 My lowly tomb.

But may, in marble's stead,
Some tree with shading head
Uplift its leafy screen,
 For ever green.

And from me, grant, O Earth!
An ivy plant its birth,
In close embraces bound
 My body round:

And may enwreathing vine
To deck my tomb entwine,
That all around be made
 A trellised shade.

Thither shall swains, each year,
On my feast-day draw near,
With lowing herds in view,—
 A rustic crew;

Who, hailing first the light
With Eucharistic rite,
Addressing thus the Isle,¹
 Shall sing, the while:—

¹ "The poet doubtless here refers to his Priory of St Cosme-en-l'Isle; of which, Duperron, in his funeral oration on Ronsard, has said: 'This Priory is placed in

*"How splendid is thy fame,
O tomb, to own the name
Of one, who fills with verse
The Universe !*

*"Who never burned with fire
Of envious desire
For glories Fate affords
To mighty lords ;*

*"Nor ever taught the use
Of love-compelling juice ;
Nor ancient magic art
Did e'er impart ;*

*"But gave our meads to see
The Sister Graces three
Dance o'er the swarded plains
To his sweet strains.*

*"Because he made his lyre
Such soft accords respire,
As filled us and our place
With his own grace.*

*"May gentle manna fall,
For ever, on his pall ;
And dews, exhaled in May,
At close of day.*

*"Be turf, and murmuring wave,
The fence around his grave :
Wave, ever flowing seen—
Turf, ever green.*

*"And we, whose hearts so well
His noble fame can tell,
As unto Pan, will bear
Honours, each year."*

*So will that choir strike up ;
Pouring from many a cup
A lamb's devoted blood,
With milky flood,*

*O'er me, who then shall be
Of that High City free,
Where happy souls possess
Their blissfulness.*

a very agreeable situation on the banks of the river Loire, surrounded by thickets, streams, and all the natural beauties which embellish Touraine, of which it is, as it were, the eye and the charm.' Ronsard, in fact, returned thither to die."
—Sainte-Beuve, 'Poésie Française au XVI^e. Siècle' (Paris, 1869), p. 307.

Hail hurtles not, nor there
Falls snow, in that mild air;
Nor thunder-stroke o'erwhelms
Those hallowed realms:

But evermore is seen
To reign, unfading green;
And, ever blossoming,
The lovely Spring.

Nor there do they endure
The lusts that kings allure
Their ruined neighbours' State
To dominate:

Like brothers they abide;
And, though on earth they died,
Pursue the tasks they set
While living yet.

There, there, Alcæus' lyre
I'll hear, of wrathful fire;
And Sappho's chords, which fall
Sweeter than all.

How those blest souls, whose ear
Shall strains so charmed hear,
In gladness must abound
At that sweet sound;

When Sisyphus the shock
Forgetteth, of his rock;
And Tantalus by thirst
Is no more curst!

The sole delicious Lyre
Fulfils the heart's desire;
And charms, with joy intense,
The listening sense.

J. P. M.

DOROTHY: AN INTERLUDE.

"Man
Of his own happiness is artisan."

ON one side a white glaring road, upon which the sun, early as it yet was, shone burning down; on the other, a narrow path by a sweet-scented bean-field, the morning dew still sparkling on the delicate blossoms, and between the two a tall dividing hedgerow, crowned with honeysuckle and wild roses.

A man sauntering slowly along the dusty road paused involuntarily as the sound of a voice disturbed his reverie. So close was it, that he looked up as if almost expecting to see the speaker, but the thick green leafy screen lay between the two.

There was no mistaking, however, the age of the invisible speaker. Youth, youth, was in every tone of the voice, in every word that fell on the listener's ears.

"Do not walk so slowly, Elise," in fluent but unmistakable English-French. "Suppose—just suppose—that we should miss the train."

"Mademoiselle will have twenty minutes to wait at the station, if not half an hour."

An impatient exclamation from the first speaker; then silence for two or three minutes, whilst the three—the two women and the lonely man—pursued their way.

Silence broken then by something like a cry of despair.

"Elise, Elise! I have not brought my purse! Have you? No, don't shake your head,—feel in your pocket."

"Mademoiselle, there is not the slightest use; I have no money with me. But there is plenty of time; have I not just told Made-

moiselle so? We will go back to the convent."

"Oh, is there indeed? Well, I will go, but not you. I can run much more quickly. You walk slowly on towards the station, and I will return."

Almost involuntarily the man, at the first sound of the discussion, had put his hand in his pocket and drawn forth his purse—vague ideas floating through his mind; but as the young voice told its plan, and repeated, "You are sure, Elise, sure that there is plenty of time," he took out his watch, and from it glanced to the small station, that a sudden dip in the road disclosed to view beneath them—then backwards towards the white building, that he knew to be the convent of the *Sacré Cœur*.

"If her feet are as young as her voice," he thought, "she will do it easily." And so thinking, sighed, perhaps almost unconsciously envying her her youth, and feeling hardly used, that his own should have slipped by; missing, in the swift retrospective glance, the brilliant gleams of colour that had lightened his path at times, and which made the surrounding blackness so much blacker; failing entirely to acknowledge the justice of the law of compensation, the justice of that law which gives us everything for which we are willing to pay.

A few steps more brought him to the stile, which served as the narrow means of communication between the road and what lay hidden from sight by the high rose-crowned hedge, and, arrived at it, he paused and looked over; but the

sweet bean-flowers softly stirring in the early breeze, the glittering dewdrops still upon their leaves, were all that rewarded his hasty glance. Even Elise was hidden from sight; or she had perhaps turned back with her young mistress.

He felt a sensation of disappointment, as he took his arms off the narrow wooden bar, and resumed his walk. Apparently Elise had a little exaggerated the time to spare, in her eagerness to demonstrate she was right, or perhaps the watch to which she had trusted did not coincide with the clock which created time for the village of Trécour; anyhow, when the man's slow steps had led him down the little steep hill, across the broad unfrequented road, and he found himself standing on the small deserted platform, the massive hand on the clock above his head pointed already to a quarter past seven, and in five minutes the train would be due.

He walked up and down several times, always lengthening his walk, till no intervening building lay between him and the hill that led to the bean-field; but the minutes slipped away one by one, and with the last a white puff of smoke came round the sharp angle which seemed to cut off the railway line a few yards ahead, and the train moved slowly into the station.

The one porter rang the bell, and called out to the passengers to take their seats for —; then followed a long list of unintelligible names, given in the voluble French tongue —and the one passenger catching the word Sérizay, nodded lazily to the porter to unlock the door of the carriage by which he found himself, his head turned all the time towards the spot where, close at hand, on the sunny shadowless hill, were visible two dark figures—

one running with fleet young footsteps, with which the other strove in vain to keep up.

"Wait one minute," the solitary traveller said to the station-master, standing by his side. "Yonder comes a lady who is most anxious to catch this train."

The man paused, whistle in hand, to turn in the direction whither he pointed, and even as he looked, through the dark narrow entry ran a slight girl's figure. She did not hesitate, though the slow train, which called at every village between Trécour and Sérizay, was already, though almost imperceptibly, in motion; but ran straight on to where the two officials stood by the already closing door.

"Let me in," she cried. Then the door was thrown open, a hand, slender and brown, was held out, and clasped hers, and a second later she was in the carriage, and an angry voice was pouring forth a fierce list of broken rules and consequent penalties, through the open windows, the while the owner of the said voice was turning the key in the lock. But what cared she? For the moment nothing mattered, now that she was in the train, safe so far, on her journey.

She leant out of the window, nodding and smiling towards the platform, where Elise, dusty and hot, stood watching the receding train.

All the disagreeables were forgotten—the hot walk, the steep hill down which she had run so fleetly, whilst Elise stumbled on behind, grumbling loudly the while.

And quite forgotten also the fact that she was not alone; that the window out of which she leant and nodded was usurped; that its rightful owner, to whom she had so much cause to be grateful, was fain to be content with other than the

one he had chosen, or do without altogether.

Her unconsciousness amused her fellow-traveller; it fitted in, all unconsciously, with the preconceived opinion of her that he had formed as he had listened to her voice.

She was just what he had pictured—young, very young, perhaps not more than sixteen. English, of course, that he had guessed; not beautiful, but as pretty as bright brown hair, and soft grey eyes, and a mouth as full and red as a pomegranate, could make her. And, in addition, youth and innocent enthusiasm in every tone of the voice, every movement of the slight figure. Suddenly, as he watched and speculated as to what especial form of pleasure this day's outing tended, she turned her head, and faced him with a look of blank despair.

"Monsieur," speaking so hurriedly that he could scarcely follow her words, "what shall I do? I never took a ticket!"

The movement of the train unsteadied her, and he held out his hand, fearing she would fall, as she stood thus before him; and as he did so, the sight of it recalled the assistance he had before rendered her.

"Tell me," she cried, sinking down into the seat opposite him, "what must I do?"

"Oh, it will be all right," he answered, quietly. "Do not distress yourself. I will speak to the station-master at Sérizay."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks. How good of you! I was so afraid for the moment that they might send me back. Do you know, I have never travelled alone before, and I have been most unfortunate."

"Yes," he assented. "First, you left your purse behind; then—No," he went on, "I am not

Mephistopheles, you need not look so startled. I was on the other side of the hedge when you found it out."

She gave a low laugh.

"How very amusing," she answered, "that you should have met me again! What a curious coincidence that you should have helped me twice! First, with your hand; for, I am sure, if it had not been for you, they would never have let me in. Did you hear that the porter kept saying, 'No, no!' when I cried to get in?"

"I was not observing him, but he was very angry afterwards."

"Yes," she laughed again.

And then for one brief moment there flashed through her mind all the lessons she had received anent men. How men, and, above all, strange men, were, as a race, to be avoided, and only spoken to, even those whose antecedents were unimpeachable, when protective females were at hand, ready to turn aside the dangerous shaft which the stronger sex only sought time and opportunity to let fly.

But those men of whom, in her careless youth, she had received so many warnings, were quite different from this one, she decided, confidently.

Those of whom she had heard as prejudicial to the safety and happiness of girlhood were young themselves,—blond and blue-eyed, stalwart and strong, rejoicing in health and strength; such a one would be known afar off.

But this man was very different; and she raised a pair of frank grey eyes to take note of his appearance, by way of proving her carefulness.

He whom she watched noted in a moment the little check when, the anxiety subsiding, she was enabled to review her position, and was well aware of the feeling that

had prompted it, or, at any rate, made a good guess at it.

He drew a letter out of his pocket and read it through, whilst his opposite neighbour took a few brief notes.

"Not at all young!" That was the mental summing up. "Not at all," decidedly, her eyes wandering over the small dark head, where one or two grey hairs showed. "Not handsome,"—slowly,—"no, not handsome, but possibly might have been long ago when he was young."

Then her reflections were cut short by a pair of dark eyes suddenly meeting hers, and the doubtful "I think" was changed for a decided "I am sure he has been handsome." Thus sixteen epitomising eight-and-thirty. A few minutes later, the story of this sudden, unexpected holiday was being told him.

"My uncle, Monsieur de Croye is at Sérizay for two or three days, and he remembered I was at the convent at Trécour, and has sent for me to spend to-day with him. And if I had missed the train, as I so nearly did, and all through Elise's obstinacy, I should not have been able to go till three this afternoon: the whole day would have been lost."

"And what are you going to do at Sérizay? It is not a very lively place."

"Oh, but monsieur, I don't think you can know it, for indeed it is. And I will tell you what I hope"—her voice fell a little. "To-night there is a dance at the Casino, and I hope from something my aunt said in her letter, that they are going. If there is one thing I long for, it is to go to a dance. I have never even seen one."

Her eyes travelled past the man opposite towards the brilliant sum-

mer sunshine outside, and up to the clear blue early morning sky overhead, her lips parting into a little smile at the joyful prospect her words had conjured up.

But suddenly the eyes returned to his face, the mind's flight was checked, those accents of despair that he had learnt to know fell on his ears.

"Elise had it," she cried. "Oh, I wonder what she did with it? Did you see? No, of course you were not looking out. I never thought of it for one moment. It was my bag," she went on in a more explanatory voice; "she was carrying it. Oh, what shall I do?"

"Surely she will send it after you. You say there is another train at three."

"Yes," despairingly; "but Elise is so stupid."

"Well, you must telegraph," he said decidedly. "We shall arrive at Courville in five minutes, and you must send a message from there."

A look of relief passed over her face. He took out a pocket-book and tore off a sheet.

"Have you a pencil?" he asked; and when she shook her head, he unfastened a small gold pencil-case from his watch-chain and held it out to her. She took it absently, unbuttoning her gloves, the while her mind sought the right words in which to frame her message; but at the sight of the little gold toy, the perplexity for the moment was banished.

"How very, very pretty!" she exclaimed.

His eyes following the direction of hers, noted the little pencil-case, made in the form of an anchor. "Yes," he said, "I have had it ever since I first went to school. There is the anchor itself to represent Hope; on its two points are engraved the names of my sister

and myself—she gave it to me—Louis and Cécile. It is very small. I daresay you cannot make it out.”

“Oh, but I can—quite easily; and there is a cross engraved above for Faith, and”—she paused, her eyes roving over the little ornament for the third symbol—that of Charity.

“The little piece of gold cord that fastens it to my watch-chain is meant to represent Love,” he said, in answer to the inquiring look.

“Of course, the threefold cord that is not quickly broken. It is one of the prettiest things I ever saw. And you say your sister gave it to you when you first went to school. You must have taken great care of it.”

“It was a long time ago;” and he smiled, but a moment afterwards sighed.

“Yes,” she assented, “it must have been.”

“I was ten, and she a little girl of eight—a very pretty little girl; and she gave me this because she was so unhappy at my going—we had never been separated before. My father gave me a watch and chain by way of inaugurating my entrance into life, and Cécile brought me this, her chief treasure, for my further adornment.”

He smiled a little sadly as he spoke, watching the pretty girlish face listening so interestedly, and brought his mind back from the past into which it had strayed, with a little effort.

“It must be very pleasant to be two,” the girl remarked thoughtfully, fingering the little ornament; “to have either a brother or a sister. I have always wished for one. But I am quite forgetting the telegram,” beginning hastily to write. And a minute later her fellow-traveller saw that he, his

words, everything about him, was forgotten in the all-absorbing anxiety of striving to bring home to Elise’s mind the necessities of the case in as few words as possible. At last she lifted her head, a frown on her smooth white forehead.

“If only Sister Clementine had been at home,” she sighed, “it would have been all right; she would have understood.” Then her anxious glances encountered his, and, “It is really very important,” she said, hesitatingly.

And he understood, as well as if she had explained it in words, that the bag contained the requisites for the possible ball.

“Of course it is most important,” he assented, rousing himself and leaning forward; “but between us we will overcome all the difficulties. You write the message, and I will get out at Courville, and see that it goes.”

“It is very good of you;” but she was thinking far more of the probabilities of the three o’clock train bringing her that of which she stood in need, than of the polite answer to his speech.

She wrote in silence for a moment, then handed him the slip of paper.

“I don’t think they can make any mistake; do you?”

A very slight smile, so swift that it had scarcely time to lighten for a second the gravity of his eyes, appeared, as he read the words:—

“From Dorothy Vyse to Sister Josephine. Send my bag by Three train. Very important.”

“Yes, Sister Josephine is the best person,” she repeated, meditatively. “She is younger, and more likely to understand.”

“I think it is sure to be all right,” he assented; “you must make your uncle send some one to meet the train, so that you get it at once.”

"Yes, I might do that."

A moment later the train drew up at Courville, and Miss Vyse was left alone whilst her fellow-traveller got out to send off the message.

She stood at the window watching where he had vanished through the door that led into the telegraph office, and the train was on the point of starting when he reappeared. "Here," she called, as she saw him glance up and down in uncertainty, and, guided by her fresh voice, he made a few hasty steps towards where the brown head and slim young figure awaited him. Then the door was noisily slammed, and they were off again.

"I thought *you* were going to be left behind this time," she said, laughing.

"Yes," he answered, "but we have been able to save one another from that misfortune."

"You sent it?" she questioned, ignoring his remark. "Oh, I hope it will be all right."

"It is sure to be," he answered. "Don't be uneasy about it, or you will spoil a bit of your holiday, and you ought to enjoy every moment of it."

"So I mean to do, but I think—I hope—that to-night will be the best part of it."

"Are you very fond of dancing?"

"Very!" decidedly.

"And do you expect to have much? Do you know many people likely to be there?"

"Not one. But I should think," she went on confidently, "that uncle must. And if he takes me, I should think he is sure to find me partners."

"It seems to me it is the very least he can do."

"Of course it would be pleasant anyhow—I mean I should

like to go, if I did not know a soul in the room; but still it would be rather disappointing to go to a ball and not dance once—wouldn't it?"

"It would indeed; but I hope that is not likely to be the case."

She remained silent a moment, apparently reviewing the situation, and then—"A Monsieur de Mornay is staying with them. His brother lives near Sérizay, so of course he will know people."

"Of course. De Mornay—let me see. I have met him in Paris, or at least seen him. A short, fat, bald man, with a very black moustache—and an eyeglass."

It did not sound an exciting description of the cavalier upon whose kindness she was to be dependant. But Miss Vyse's thoughts flew past the personal description to the more important fact that had attracted her attention.

"Do you know him? How very odd!" the largeness, not the smallness of the world, having so far impressed itself upon her.

"I don't know that I have ever spoken to him; but if I come across him, I will try and recall myself to his remembrance."

"Are you going to stay in Sérizay?" It was the first question that had passed her lips, and it came swiftly, unpremeditatedly, and was followed by a little hasty blush, that showed she felt herself to have been indiscreet.

"I am not sure." He spoke doubtfully, as if reviewing his plans; but the girl only read in the dubious answer a rebuke for her question, and blushed again. He saw it, and probably guessed its origin. For—"Perhaps we shall meet at the Casino; who knows?" he said. "That would be one partner—better than none, would it not?"

"Yes," the blush fading, and her eyes growing glad once more. "But——" and then she paused.

"Oh, if I come, I will find De Mornay, and be presented in due form."

The momentary cloud cleared again, but the train was slackening speed, the last little station had been passed, the dew had vanished from the flowers wherewith the wayside banks were bright, the sun shone broadly down on golden corn-fields, and Sérizay was close at hand.

"This is our destination," the man said, rising and looking forth. "A quarter past eight—we are only five minutes late."

"I am hungry," Miss Vyse remarked.

"Well, in a quarter of an hour you will be at breakfast. I suppose you will be met?"

"Yes, I think so," rising and leaning out of the window; "I expect Anne—that is my aunt's English maid—will be here."

"Well, you must tell her to wait one minute, whilst I see if there is an answer to your telegram. I asked Sister Josephine to send one here."

"How very good of you!" she said, drawing in her head and turning her pretty eyes towards him.

"Suspense is too terrible to bear," he answered lightly, "if it can be avoided."

"I shall never forget," she answered, "how much I owe you for your kindness to-day. My whole holiday would have been spoilt if it had not been for you."

Then the train stopped, and, "There is Anne," she exclaimed, and a moment later was by her side, pouring forth a voluble stream of chatter, chiefly anent the disasters that had befallen her in the hour and a half since she had

quitted the sheltering roof of the *Sacré Cœur*.

"We are to wait one moment, Anne, for an answer to the telegram;" and whilst Anne was striving to grasp the story, and to understand why Miss Vyse had no ticket, a tall, dark-haired man came up to them where they stood together, letting the few passengers drift by, an envelope in his hand.

"It is all right, I hope," he said, lifting his hat, as the girl tore it open.

"Yes," she answered, becoming once more aware of his presence, "it is all right. Sister Josephine will take it herself to the train."

"That is well: and about the ticket; I have spoken to the station-master, and all you have to do is to pay seven francs fifty centimes. Then all your troubles are over, I trust, for the day, and you are free to enjoy yourself."

With a courteous "Good morning" he turned away; but the girl made one little step to his side, and speaking quickly and impulsively, "You have been very kind," she said. "I do hope I shall see you at the ball to-night."

"I shall be there," he answered. Then the slim girlish figure passed away into the distance, following in the wake of the other passengers, her bright brown head bent down towards her short, plump companion, as she poured forth an endless stream of question and answer.

He watched her for a moment, till a turn of the building hid her from sight, then took out the letter from his pocket he had been reading in the train, and glanced through it again.

Having read it, he tore it into fragments, and entering the telegraph office, wrote a message:—

"From Armand to Dubois. Shall stay here to-day, and go to Brussels by midnight train."

Having sent his message, he quitted the station, smiling a little as he sauntered down the narrow street, with its few passengers hurrying by to their marketing in the early sunshine, at the thought of the effect its reception would have upon the friend to whom he had addressed it.

But the smile had quite vanished by the time he had arrived at the entrance into the dark courtyard of the "Lion d'Or," with its fat landlord on the look-out for a chance guest.

"Monsieur had ordered a room from Paris?"

"Yes."

"And Monsieur's servant had arrived the previous day—with his luggage. Yes, it was quite right, quite right; and if only the servant had said the time at which Monsieur was expected, or a message, *un petit mot*, had been sent announcing his arrival, he, Léon Duval, would have sent the carriage to meet him. But as it was, he," with a shrug of his fat shoulders, "was desolated, though not to blame."

Scarcely hearing his landlord's apologies, the stranger mounted the stairs to the room which had been reserved for him, and flung open the door.

An elderly man-servant was its only occupant; he rose with a military salute as his master entered, but did not say anything until the door was closed between them and Monsieur Duval's voluble apologies.

"I will take breakfast here," Monsieur Armand then said, and the servant went away to repeat the order.

But when he came back, his master was pacing up and down the room, pausing generally by the large window which gave a glimpse of blue sparkling waters, far be-

yond the little town; and once when he had arrived there, without turning his head—"There is no letter for me, Jean, I suppose?" he said.

"No, Monsieur," Jean replied, lifting his eyes as he spoke, and looking sadly at the tall figure. And a moment later, suddenly, as if unable to keep silence: "Monsieur stayed at Trécour last night?"

"Yes," he assented.

"And did Monsieur——"

"No," he interrupted, speaking more quickly, "she would not see me. I thought she might have written here."

The old man only shook his head mournfully, whilst the younger seated himself before the breakfast now awaiting him.

"Did you go to her, or write?" the servant hazarded by-and-by, as silence again fell between them.

"I sent a letter by a messenger, asking her to see me to say 'good-bye,' telling her I was leaving France; but the only answer was a few words by the messenger, saying she could not see me; so I came on, meaning to go to Brussels this morning."

"And now?" questioned Jean.

"Now," smiling a little, "I have changed my mind. I have telegraphed to Monsieur Georges to tell him I shall leave here by the midnight train instead."

"But Monsieur——"

"I have made up my mind," Monsieur answered shortly. "I have an engagement, but it will not take me long. We shall be able to start by the midnight train easily."

"Monsieur is not very wise," began Jean.

"Most unwise," interrupted his master; "but I am afraid it is too late to begin to be different. Get me a newspaper—of the place, you

understand—if they have such a thing, and paper and ink.”

It was half-past nine, and the weekly ball to which the second-rate Casino of Sérizay treated its *habitues* during the summer months was drawing to an end—half-past ten being the legitimate hour for its closing.

The dancers in the centre, the lookers-on around, all alike seemed to be enjoying themselves in a greater or less degree, and the rash attempts of the shopkeeping element to master the intricacy of the lancers—the scorn of the more aristocratic parties from neighbouring houses, who, in Paris toilets, and with Paris manners, had availed themselves of the amusement offered by a tolerable band, and a good floor—was very entertaining to the non-combatants, safely drawn out of the reach of danger. A tall, slightly-built man, with a smooth dark head, coming into the room, by one of its many entrances, paused in the doorway, as if to take a survey. First, of the dancers; but neither the energetic *bourgeois* nor the aristocracy of the neighbourhood seemed to interest him.

Then, to the lookers-on; rows of mothers, fathers, and other relations, all alike filled with joyful pride, till his eyes reached the party he was apparently in search of.

A stout good-humoured-looking man, a stout good-humoured-looking woman, and between them a girl in white,—a girl with glad grey eyes, and pretty bright brown hair.

He watched her for a moment, and then, “Pardon, Monsieur,” diverted his attention; and he became aware that he was lounging in the doorway, to the inconvenience of the passers in and

out,—apparently to the great inconvenience of a short fat man, with an eye-glass and a very dyed moustache.

“Pardon, Monsieur,” he answered, drawing himself out of the way, and then looking at him with more interest. “Monsieur de Mornay?” he said, interrogatively.

“The same, sir,” lifting a face that was rather pleasing, despite the obvious dye of the hair.

“You do not remember me, I daresay, but I have met you at the house of the D’Artignans.”

“Assuredly,” replied the other. “One grows so forgetful as one gets older. But I must not delay,” fussily; “I am with a party.”

“And I am all alone. May I, perhaps——”

“Certainly, do come and join us. Perhaps,” stopping suddenly, “you dance?”

“I do, or should say I did.”

“Oh, you should not speak in the past tense. Now I—well,” confidentially, “to tell you the truth, I never did do much in that way. But to-night I have felt really sorry I could not get through a waltz; for we have a little school-girl from the Sacré Cœur with us who is wild to dance. There she is,” stopping short, “and if you would—just one, you know. It was so very unkind of Mademoiselle de Villeron,” irrelevantly; “for I am sure her *fiancé* would have given her a turn, but she would not allow me to present him. So if you——”

“Of course,” said his listener, courteously; “and it certainly seems as if Mademoiselle de Villeron had been a little unkind. But girls, you know,”—smiling—“sometimes think it as well to let no temptation come in the way of a *fiancé*.”

“It is as well to be careful,” as-

sented Monsieur de Mornay; "but still circumstances alter cases."

"And in this case you think there was not much danger?"

"Girls of sixteen are not dangerous," asserted Monsieur de Mornay, confidently. "So"—laughing heartily—"I think you may run the risk."

Then a slight tinge of colour coming into his broad face—"Ten thousand pardons, Monsieur; but names are treacherous things, and yours, I am sorry to say, has quite escaped me, Monsieur——?"

"Armand," replied the other, quietly.

"Thank you," effusively. "Mademoiselle"—leaning across the guardian to attract the girl's attention—"have you changed your mind? Are you still longing for a waltz? Because I have found you a partner."

At the sound of his voice the girl turned her head quickly; but before she could speak, if she had had any such intention, "Monsieur Armand," went on Monsieur de Mornay; "Miss Vyse, Madame de Croye." Madame bowed pleasantly; and it was to her Monsieur Armand addressed a few polite words, whilst Miss Vyse awaited his leisure.

She no longer looked tired, which was what he had noticed when he first saw her. Her eyes were as fresh and eager now as when he had seen her at seven that morning.

There was still a little smile about her young red mouth. She was looking down towards where, below, the last figure of the lancers was being danced by several sets, all more or less inefficient; whilst the master of the ceremonies looked on, despair written in his countenance; but the gambols of the crowd for the moment scarcely interested her.

"He looks younger than I

thought him this morning;" no shadow of doubt crossing her mind as to the comparative deceptiveness of subdued gaslight and brilliant early morning sunshine. "And it is odd, but I think he is quite handsome now. Not what I admire," slowly; "a fair, curly-haired man is what I admire," with a swift glance at the dark, smooth head above; "but for a dark man he certainly is handsome."

"There, Mademoiselle," he said, "that is the end of the lancers. Now for our waltz."

"Yes," she answered quickly, "do not let us lose any of it."

He smiled.

"Well, if Madame will permit, let us go and seat ourselves in the front row; and I promise you, you shall not miss one bar unless you so please."

"Yes—go, child, by all means," Madame replied, kindly. "I am sure it has not been very lively for you."

"Well, Mademoiselle," was his first question, "how has the holiday been? Everything your fancy painted when you started from Trécour?"

"Yes, very nearly so. Somehow things never go quite right in this world——"

"No, it is rather the way of this world," he interposed. "But excepting for these necessary drawbacks?"

"Yes, excepting for those—and there were several, you know, before we started," and she laughed—"and for my not being able to dance,—everything has gone well."

"That was rather a pity."

"Yes," with momentary asperity—"could you believe any one could come here every summer, as Monsieur de Mornay does, and not know one man to ask to dance a waltz? He asked that lady opposite,—do you see a lady in pink

muslin?—well, he asked her if her *fiancé*, who is with her, would. But she said No; she could not spare him. I think it was rather unkind, even if it did bore him,—and, after all, I am sixteen; in another year I shall be out.”

“It was most unkind, I consider,” he answered, trying to follow the thread of her remarks.

“So my partners were reduced to Uncle Henri and Monsieur de Mornay; they each danced a quadrille with me. It was a very funny affair,”—with another little laugh,—“for they did not in the least know what to do. Still, it was better than sitting still. You can imagine, therefore, how glad I was when I saw you,—or rather you can’t, because you are a man, and of course have been to many, many balls?”

“A good many,” he assented. “But never to one in Sérizay, so here we start on equal terms. In a few minutes we shall have to make our *début*. And as to your gladness at seeing me,—a possible partner,—I quite believe it. I was standing in the doorway behind you, and shall I tell you what I saw?”

She nodded.

“I saw a great many people dancing, and a great many more looking on, all apparently quite happy; but besides all these I saw a man, and a lady, and a girl in a white muslin frock; and it seemed to me that this girl looked rather disconsolate, as if she were getting tired of watching other people enjoying themselves.”

“Yes,” she interposed softly, “I was.”

“So I changed my mind, for I had meant not to come in, although”—smiling—“I had promised, and came under Monsieur de Mornay’s wing to the rescue.”

“It was very good of you; and,

do you know,” her voice falling, and speaking very quickly, “I am afraid I am rather ungrateful; for although you were so kind to me this morning, I never remembered to tell uncle about you until I got here this evening, when I hoped you would be here for one dance; and that reminded me, and I told my aunt. I only tell you,” the red burning into her cheeks, “because I daresay you might think it odd of uncle not to thank you for all you did; but you will understand now that it is not his fault.”

“I hope you and your uncle had many more important things to talk about.”

“Yes, indeed!” Then colouring again, “I mean we had something of great importance to discuss. My cousin Clementine, their only child, is going to be married, and I am to be bridesmaid, and there is to be a ball.”

“I don’t wonder you forgot me,” Monsieur Armand answered. “That was a piece of news indeed. But there, the band is beginning, and, you know, we are to lose nothing of this.”

“Nothing,” she repeated, rising to her feet, the soft colour coming into her cheeks, her grey eyes burning with excitement.

Waltzing can be raised to the level of a fine art; and with a good floor, and Strauss’s softest, tenderest music sounding overhead, and such a partner as Monsieur Armand proved himself to be, Dorothy Vyse felt that her holiday would have lost its chief attraction had he failed to present himself. He moved so quietly, so gracefully, amongst the rash, the headstrong, amidst whom he found himself sharing the honours of the Casino, that no untoward incident marred the full pleasure of the dance. And it was the girl who first paused after all.

"Tired?" he questioned.

"Oh, no," her words coming with soft little pants between; "but I am so much out of breath that we must wait for a few seconds."

"You dared me to do it, you know," he said. "There was not to be one pause from the first bar to the last."

She smiled.

"I was afraid you would be one of those men—I have been watching them this evening—who just take one turn, and then stand still and talk."

"And conversation has no charm for you?"

"Oh, one can talk at any time," she answered, carelessly; "but a waltz, that is another affair."

"That depends surely upon the conversation and—the dancing."

"Yes, of course. But you," speaking more enthusiastically—"you dance beautifully; better than Jeanne Dupuy, and she is the best dancer in the convent."

"I am proud, Mademoiselle, and feel encouraged to take another turn. Come! And you," putting his arm round her slim waist, "how do you stand as compared with Mademoiselle Jeanne Dupuy? I don't think there can be much to choose between you."

"No," she answered, indifferently; "we are about equal. But as we are the two best, we are not allowed to dance together, but we have to waltz with those who are very bad. It rather spoils the pleasure."

"Yes, I should think so."

"But we get on very well together, I think; and that is a comfort, because——"

"Well?" he questioned, as she stopped.

"Well, you see," she went on, "we have sometimes feared, Jeanne and I, that perhaps we were not learning the most fashionable step,

and that when we left Trécour we should find no one able to dance with us; but now I can tell her that it is all right. At least," stopping short, "you would tell me——"

"Certainly; I should think you had learnt in a Paris ball-room."

"You have been there lately," she queried, "and know the fashionable step?"

"Yes," he assented; "I am quite a critic."

Perhaps because of the distinct opinion that had been vouchsafed him on the subject, Monsieur Armand did not attempt much conversation; but the dances were not very long, and all too soon, at least in as far as Miss Vyse was concerned, the music ceased.

"Do you think Madame would trust me to take you into the buffet, and give you a glass of lemonade? I believe that light refreshment is to be had."

"Oh, I should think so."

Madame, conversing with a newcomer, tall and thin—and these facts exaggerated by comparison with the party with whom he found himself—scarcely turned her head to say "Yes, yes, child—certainly." And Miss Vyse, with her hand on Monsieur Armand's arm, was led away through a narrow passage into another well-lighted room, where was a table with light refreshment, in the shape of sweet cakes and syrup. Her partner procured what she wished for, and then drawing a chair up to a little table, sat down beside her.

She ate her cakes and drank her syrup and water with the most evident enjoyment, and after a little while volunteered a remark.

"I think I may safely say that I have never enjoyed any day in my life as much as I have done this one."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"You see," she went on explanatorily, "I have been four years in the convent, and have never been out, except to spend a few odd days at the other girls' houses in the neighbourhood. It is a very monotonous life, and I have often wished for a change. Now to-day——"

An expressive silence.

"Has been full of change, I suppose?"

"It has," she assented; "I shall never forget it."

She was still mentally passing in review the various joys and anxieties of the day, when a tall soldierly servant came up to her companion and said something to him rapidly,—something, of which Monsieur Armand repeated after him the last words.

"A letter—give it to me;" then the anxious tones of his voice softened, and he looked round at the girl with a smile.

"Mademoiselle will excuse me if I read a letter and a telegram which have come for me."

He opened the envelope and glanced at the message, then put it in his pocket.

"It is all right," he said to the servant. "I am going by the midnight train to Brussels. Get me a sheet of paper, and I will answer it."

In silence the man gave him one, with which he had evidently come prepared.

Instinctively Monsieur Armand took hold of his watch-chain in search of the little pencil, but it was no longer there. A bewildered expression crossed his face, and he turned his perplexed eyes to his servant; but in a moment Dorothy, noting the look, interpreted and answered it.

"I have it," she exclaimed; "you lent it to me, don't you remember?" searching her pocket, "and I never

gave it you back. I found it after I got home. I meant to give it to you directly I saw you," flushing a little, "but I quite forgot it. I am so sorry!"

"Well, you remembered it, after all, at the most opportune moment," he said kindly, taking it and writing rapidly.

"There!" turning to the servant, "send that off directly—and tell——"

He hesitated for half a second, glancing from the clear frank eyes of the child to the tall soldierly figure, then—

"Tell her to wait," he said; "I will come."

The man turned away, but paused a moment to say, significantly, "At once."

"At once," repeated Monsieur Armand.

As the servant disappeared, "Monsieur," said Dorothy, quickly, "you have been sent for—I could not help hearing the message; I have finished my supper. It was very good of you to wait, for I am afraid you are in a hurry."

The little slip of paper the man had given him was still between his fingers; written across it, in a trembling woman's hand, were a few words.

"After all, I cannot let you go without saying 'Good-bye.' Come." He looked at it again, then tore it into tiny scraps. And turning to the girl, "It is my sister," he said, a little abruptly. "She sends word she wishes to see me to say 'Good-bye.' I hoped to have seen her yesterday, but I did not do so."

"To say 'Good-bye,'" repeated Dorothy.

"Yes. I am on my way to Brussels to meet a friend there, and after that I am going—oh, hundreds of miles away."

"Where?" she questioned; and then her young eager eyes falling,

"I beg your pardon——" she began.

"No, don't," he interrupted; "it was a very natural question. I am going to Algeria."

"You are a soldier?" she questioned.

"Yes," he assented.

"I suppose," she began, whilst buttoning her gloves, "that it is the sister who gave you this whom you are going to see?" taking up the little anchor which still lay on the table. "Cécile," reading out the name. "You had better put it back on your chain," holding it out, "or you will forget it again; and you see," laughing, "there is no use trusting to my memory."

"The last time I went that journey," he said a moment later, rather irrelevantly, "I was with her—Cécile; I was bringing her also to spend the day here from the *Sacré Cœur*."

"How very extraordinary!" ejaculated Dorothy. "Do tell me about it. How old was she? Did she enjoy it?"

"She was about sixteen also. But I remember she told me when I took her back, that it was the most miserably disappointing day she had ever spent. But then, you see, she had not been four years in a convent."

"Ah! that would make a difference."

"I was her guardian," he added. "Poor Cécile!"

"Of course I don't know what you may have been like all those years ago," Miss Vyse vouchsafed, "but I should imagine you would have made rather a nice guardian."

"Looking back," he went on, pursuing his own train of thought more than answering her, "one can see so clearly how much better one might have been."

"Yes," she assented; "even I, though I can only look back a

little way, often wish I had done differently. It does seem such a pity, doesn't it," she added, "not to have done it the right way at the time?"

"Well, if you, with your little scrap of experience, have felt that, what would you think of one as old as I am, who, on looking back, saw that everything ought to have been done differently—that his whole life had been one huge mistake?"

"Oh, but no one could think that," she replied confidently, "unless they had been very wicked; and then, of course, all they have to do is to be sorry and try to be better."

"Yes," he answered. His dark eyes were lifted to hers, looking gravely at her. "Yes, you are quite right; that is the only thing to be done. But I often think that for those kind of people—wicked people, you know—the worst part of the looking back is that they see how, if they had been better themselves, those whom they loved would perhaps have been better also."

"Well," she said, "I have never met a wicked person, never," reflectively; "but I think, if I ever did, I should like to tell him that he would be far happier if he was good. I don't mean only in heaven, I mean here. Sometimes I have been utterly miserable, but it has always come from doing wrong."

"That is a very good piece of advice, Mademoiselle; I will remember it, and give it to the first person who seems to require it."

He had picked up the pencil, but his efforts to fasten it on his chain were not crowned with success. It slipped through his fingers and disappeared on to the floor, where, after much searching, it was discovered at Dorothy's feet.

"Even Hope, you see, Mademoiselle, is trying to escape me to-night. I feel quite superstitious. First I lost it, and never even missed it; and then, when I try to put it back into its accustomed place, it escapes me again. It is evidently going to forsake me."

"But it shall not," said Dorothy, determinately. "You shall have nothing to do with it; I will put it back."

"Well, perhaps you may bring better luck."

He took off his watch and handed the chain to her, and she put the little ornament back into its place.

"There!" she cried triumphantly, "it is as firm as possible," giving it to him.

He put it on and smiled.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle, I feel the good effects already."

The tall man was still standing making conversation to Madame de Croye, and she, still striving to hear all he said, at the immense distance which an unpropitious fate had placed between their two heads, when Monsieur Armand took back his young companion to her friends.

Uncle Henri was still gazing as if mesmerised at the gambols of those below, which had now taken the form of a particularly wild cotillon.

It was Monsieur de Mornay who moved to make room for them.

"I am not able to stay any longer," Monsieur Armand said. "I have brought Mademoiselle back, and I am sorry to say I have not even time to wait for a turn in the cotillon. But we had our waltz, and you enjoyed it, Mademoiselle," he went on, addressing himself to the girl, who had not seated herself, but was still standing beside him.

"Enjoyed it!" emphatically. "The pleasantest part of my day would have been left out if I had missed it."

She moved a step nearer, and her voice sinking a little, "And I know," she added, "that you only came to give me pleasure. It was very kind, and I wish I could do more than say 'Thank you.'"

"I am very glad I came," he replied, "and I also say 'Thank you,'" with a bow, which included all the party; then, with a little especial "Good night" to Dorothy, he turned away; but after a hesitating step or two, came back, and held out his hand.

"Good-bye" was all he said; but Dorothy felt there was a certain significance in the action, because to all the others he had simply said, "Good night"; but to her, his friend, on this eventful day, he had said "Good-bye," in token that they two alone knew that the parting was final.

She watched his tall, slight figure till he had disappeared from view; at the door he looked back, and meeting her eyes, smiled, and bowed again.

A little later, they were all walking back through the narrow, roughly-paved streets of Sérizay that led from the Casino to the hotel. In that primitive spot cabs were not to be had for the asking. They were always specially ordered luxuries.

Madame de Croye leaning on the arm of her new friend; Uncle Henri and Monsieur de Mornay behind; and Dorothy, wrapped in a day-dream of her own, pursuing her solitary way.

But arrived at the hotel, "Good nights" were exchanged, and they separated—the two ladies going up to their own rooms, whilst Monsieur de Croye lingered to smoke a cigar

with his friends before parting from them.

"Well, Dorothy," questioned Madame, when they stood in the bright little French drawing-room, "I hope you enjoyed yourself. Are you very tired?"

"Oh no, aunt, not in the least; and I have enjoyed myself. It was good of you sending for me."

Madame de Croye, who was divesting herself of numerous wraps, wherewith she had striven to counteract the evil influences of night air, came across the room, and kissed the girl kindly.

"I am very glad you enjoyed it, dear. I only wish we could have done more for you. But never mind,—at Clementine's marriage you shall have as many partners as you can wish for. I hope Monsieur Armand—was not that his name?—waltzed well."

"Perfectly," cried the girl, enthusiastically. "It was a treat! Was it not curious his being there? It was the same man, you know, that I told you about this morning, who was so kind to me in the train."

"Yes, of course," replied Madame, a little absently, folding up her many wraps. "I have been wondering about your bridesmaid's dress, dear. Have you any particular choice? I think it would be better for you to come to Paris a short time before the wedding, so that you can have what you like best."

Into this new important topic, her thoughts being thus diverted, Dorothy plunged with great energy; and when it had been discussed at much length, the door opened, and Monsieur de Croye made his appearance.

"Not in bed!" was his exclamation on entering. "My dear child, what shockingly late hours you are keeping!"

"It is only once in a way," she pleaded. "And I wanted to see you before I went to tell you how very much I have enjoyed myself."

"Even at that poor attempt at a ball?" he said kindly.

"Yes, indeed, it was too delightful."

"Though you only danced once, did you not?—for you can scarcely count my attempts, or De Mornay's."

"Yes, only once," she repeated; "but all the same, I don't think I ever spent a more delightful evening."

"You are a very good, grateful girl," he said kindly; "I hope I shall be able to do more for you one of these days."

"Annette,"—the tones of his voice altering,—and turning to his wife, "fancy who was in the Casino to-night! the Comte de Rivaulx."

"Comte de Rivaulx!" echoed Madame, pausing in her tidying; "why, what was he doing there?"

"Yes, what? But there is a man down-stairs who is at the 'Lion d'Or,' and has just been telling us all about it. It seems he is staying there, though apparently not under his own name. This man, a friend of De Mornay's, Frédon by name, was in his room with the door open, when, at about ten o'clock, he saw a lady heavily veiled go past, and knock at the next door to his."

"A servant came out, and she said very quickly; 'Is the Comte de Rivaulx in? I must see him. Has he started?'"

"Not *that* name," the servant replied. And then added, "I wish he had started, but he said he must go to the Casino first. He had promised——"

"How heartless!" Madame remarked.

"It is disgraceful," Monsieur

de Croye went on. "My first thought was thankfulness that that stuck-up Mademoiselle de Villeron would not let De Mornay introduce her *fiancé*. Of course he was one of that party—vulgar, fast set. I have no doubt his sister was with him!"

"That," Madame remarked, "was scarcely likely, under the circumstances."

"What circumstances?" inquired Monsieur, testily. "She has left her husband," he went on; "we all know that."

"Henri!" exclaimed Madame in tones of horror, "do not forget the child is in the room."

He stopped abruptly, and turned towards the corner where Dorothy, with wide-open grey eyes, in her white muslin gown, was staring at him.

"What has he done?" she questioned, coming a step nearer.

"Done?" repeated Monsieur, still incensed at the contaminating presence that, all unknown, had been so near to him; "he has done nearly everything he should not have done. Ruined, obliged to leave his regiment, penniless,—when, fifteen years ago, he had as fine a fortune as any man could wish for; and then a duel to wind up with. The wounded man lying in Paris not expected to live, and he idling about a casino. That, I think, pretty well shows the kind of man he is. But women are all alike. I believe Annette would say something in his favour if she could."

"No, Henri," she began doubtfully, "I suppose he is a very bad man. I have always heard he is; still this duel, I was told, was forced upon him, that he was insulted most openly."

"I daresay, I daresay. Still he need not go flaunting about as if he were proud of his heartlessness—and with his sister, lost to

all sense of shame, living with D'Elvas."

"Henri!" exclaimed Madame "I insist upon your changing the subject, or waiting until Dorothy has gone to bed."

Her husband was silent a moment, and she asked a little curiously, "What kind of a looking man is he? I wish I had seen him."

"Frédon says that he thinks he saw him go down, and that he never saw a face which bore so plainly the distinguishing marks of the kind of man he is. The expression was horrible, so he says."

"What is he like?" questioned Dorothy, gently. She was gathering her wraps together, preparatory to departing.

"His looks don't matter much," replied her uncle. "Suffice it that I consider him to be the wickedest man in Paris."

Having made this sweeping assertion, Uncle Henri's feelings seemed a little relieved; for, "He is not handsome," he added; "at least I have always heard that his fascination does not lie in his good looks."

"Does he dance well?" Dorothy hazarded, lighting her candle.

Monsieur de Croye laughed. His good temper seemed restored.

"His dancing," he said, "to quote Frédon down-stairs, is historical."

"Well," put in Madame, soothingly, "perhaps he could not resist going to the ball, if he is so fond of dancing."

"That's right, Annette," remarked her husband; "hear how bad he is, and then make excuses for him. And you, Dorothy, you hear also,—and only regret, I see, that you had not a chance of knowing him."

But Dorothy did not answer, did not smile at his light words,

but said "Good night," and taking up the candle, went to her own room.

She was not thinking of the doubtful hero of many Paris escapades of whom her uncle had spoken,—of the man who had run through a large fortune, wasting his patrimony on the idle amusements which his life had suggested,—of the man who, in disgrace and ruin, had thought it advisable to leave his country, and strive to carve out a fresh career as a nameless soldier in another land, whilst he, with whom he had fought, lay hovering between life and death in Paris.

No; her innocent, girlish thoughts were with some one very different; some one who had been kind and helpful to her when she had been perplexed and anxious—who had smoothed many difficulties in her path, which had threatened to interfere with her happiness—and had, at the cost of trouble to him-

self, given her the crowning joy of her holiday.

Some one who had looked at her with dark, grave eyes, and told her the bitterest punishment of wrongdoing is to find out we have been a bad guide to those we love,—some one who had placed in her hands the little symbol which had served as the connecting link between brother and sister, whose love, formed of the threefold cord, no dividing sin and shame could sever.

Of the voice that had said that Hope was forsaking him, but that her young innocent hand should give it back to him.

And it seemed to Dorothy, standing in the bare French room, with the moonlight falling across the uncarpeted floor, that, of a sudden, a great window had been flung open before her, out of which, gazing, she saw, for the first time, all the sin and sorrow that there is in the world.

JOHN WYCLIFFE: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

THE quincenary of the death of John Wycliffe occurring on the 31st day of this month (December 1884), invites us to review the work with which the name of Wycliffe is associated and identified. "John Wycliffe," says Dean Hook, "may be justly accounted one of the greatest men that our country has produced. He is one of the very few who have left the impress of their minds, not only on their own age, but on all time."¹ He is also one of the few who are known to us only in their work, and by their work. For it may be said that, apart from Wycliffe's work, we know nothing of the man. His work is his memorial: in it he lives.

Wycliffe's work may be viewed in its relation to the University—Oxford; to the Crown—the national independence; to the hierarchy—the clergy; and to the laity—the people. According to this method of survey and review, Wycliffe appears successively in history as a student and scholastic disputant; as a politician and patriot; as a theologian and reformer; and as a Christian evangelist and preacher of grace, righteousness, and truth. These successive phases of Wycliffe's work correspond with the events of his life; and they indicate the progress of the great work to which Wycliffe had dedicated his powers. This, again, implies that it was only step by step—little by little—that Wycliffe's views assumed that form in which they were developed and expressed in the later years of his life.

It is impossible to determine either the date of Wycliffe's first admission to Oxford or the college in which he first studied. Of his early life at the university, as of his earlier life at home, we know nothing. According to the statements of some of his biographers, Wycliffe was born in the year 1324, in the hamlet of Spreswell, near Old Richmond, in Yorkshire. In 1340 he went to Oxford, and was one of the first commoners received into Queen's college—an institution opened that year for the first time. After a short attendance in Queen's, he joined himself to Merton, and became a fellow of that famous College. The historian Fuller says that Wycliffe was a graduate of Merton, but he makes no mention of his having been at an earlier time connected with Queen's College. "We can give no account," he says, "of Wycliffe's parentage, birthplace, or infancy; only we find an ancient family of the Wycliffes in the bishopric of Durham,² since by match united to the Brackenburies, persons of prime quality in those parts. As for this our Wycliffe, history at the very first meets with him a man, and full grown, yea, graduate of Merton College in Oxford."³ Of the six Oxford colleges of that time, Merton had acquired for itself a splendid and well-deserved reputation. "And, indeed, malice itself cannot deny that this college, or little university rather, doth equal, if not exceed, any one foundation in Christendom, for the famous

¹ *Lives of the Archbishops*, iii. 76.² *Camden's Britannia*.³ *Church History*, Book IV. 1.

men bred therein.”¹ Roger Bacon (1280), *Doctor Mirabilis*; John Duns Scotus (1308), *Doctor Subtilis*; Walter Burley (1337), *Doctor Approbatus*; William of Ockham (1347), *Doctor Singularis* or *Pater Nominalium*; and Thomas Bradwardine (1350), *Doctor Profundus*,—were all bred in Merton College. John Wycliffe seems to have early entertained and cherished the ambition to add his name to the number of those renowned doctors who as students had preceded him in Merton College. If this was his ambition, he attained to the object of his desire when, by his contemporaries, he was recognised as *Doctor Evangelicus*. It would appear that, at an early period in his life, he had, after much deliberation, made choice of the Bible or the Gospel as his great theme. To be a “Biblicist,” or Bible student and interpreter, was not considered a high or honourable distinction by the schoolmen—the men of “culture” of that age. But to think for himself and to choose for himself was a notable characteristic of the young Yorkshireman, John Wycliffe. In making his choice and in linking himself indissolubly to the Word and “cause of God,”² he seems to have been much influenced by the example and by the teaching of Bradwardine. But he made it his aim to be a proficient, and, if possible, a master in all attainable science and learning. That he had been a thorough student of the Trivium and Quadrivium is proved by his works, for they all bear the impress of the disciplined scholastic and the skilful dialectician. In all respects he was a worthy successor of the distinguished band of men who had been his predecessors in Merton.

The writings of Wycliffe show that he had studied very carefully the works of Roger Bacon, of Duns Scotus, and of William of Ockham. But the same writings show that he had early learned to call no man master—for while he accepts much from Duns Scotus, he also accepts much from William of Ockham. Truth seems to have been the object of his early, eager, and constant pursuit.

The first notable and formal recognition of Wycliffe’s eminence within the university, is found in his appointment to be Warden or Master of Balliol. In this honourable office he continued only for a few years—1360-1362. From Balliol he received nomination to the rectorship of the parish of Fylingham, in Lincolnshire. Soon after his appointment to a pastoral cure, he resigned his position as Master of Balliol. Wycliffe’s connection with the diocese of Lincoln, through his being rector of Fylingham, seems to have had an important influence on the progressive development of his ecclesiastical and religious life. A former Bishop of Lincoln—1235-1254—Grossetête (Greathead), was spoken of by Roger Bacon as “the only man living” in that age “who was in possession of all the sciences.” The writings of this great and good bishop are continually quoted or referred to by Wycliffe.

A most significant testimony to the standing influence and reputation of Wycliffe in the university was given in 1365 by Simon Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury, who appointed him Warden of Canterbury Hall. In the Archbishop’s letter of institution, Wycliffe is described “as one in whose fidelity, circumspection, and pru-

¹ Church History, Book III. century xiii.

² Causa Dei—the title of Bradwardine’s great work.

dence his Grace very much confided, and on whom he had fixed his eyes on account of the honesty of his life, his laudable conversation, and his knowledge of letters." The significance and worth of this testimony can hardly be overestimated. It is all the more significant because of the circumstances in which it was given, and the nomination to which it was designed to give effect. In founding Canterbury Hall, Islip had appointed Woodhull—a monk of Canterbury—to be Warden. With him three other monks and eight secular scholars were associated in the government of the hall. After a trial of four years of this mixed administration, finding that it did not work well, more particularly because of the jealousies, contentions, and collisions between the monks and the secular associates, Islip, in the exercise of a right which he had reserved to himself, displaced the Warden and the three other monks, and appointed Wycliffe in the place of Woodhull; and three secular priests, Selby, Middleworth, and Benger, to be associates or fellows in the room of the three monks. This action on the part of the Archbishop gave great offence to the monks of Christ Church and to the whole order of the Friars. It was regarded as virtually and in effect an act by which the Archbishop of Canterbury gave the weight of his high position and great authority to those who in Oxford were the resolute and strenuous opponents of the mendicant friars. Consequences that could not have been foreseen by any concerned in this action flowed from it. For not long after Wycliffe's appointment to the Warden-

ship of Canterbury Hall, Archbishop Islip died on the 26th April 1366, and was succeeded in November by Simon Langham, who had been monk, prior, and abbot of Westminster. By this Archbishop, Wycliffe and the three secular priests who had been so recently appointed to govern Canterbury Hall were removed. Woodhull and his associates were reinstated in the position from which they had been expelled by Islip, and, in violation of the founder's will, the eight secular scholars were ejected. The hall thus became virtually a monastic institution. Wycliffe's appeal to the papal court at Avignon was of no avail. After a protracted process and long delay, the Pope gave judgment against him in 1370. We cannot better conclude this chapter in Wycliffe's life than by quoting the words of Godwin. They will prepare us for what comes next in the order of events:—

"From Canterbury College, which his predecessor had founded, he (Langham) sequestered the fruits of the benefice of Pageham, and otherwise molested the scholars there, intending to displace them all and to put in monks, which in the end he brought to pass. John Wycliffe was one of them that were so displaced, and had withstood the Archbishop in this business with might and main. By the Pope's favour and the Archbishop's power, the monks overbore Wycliffe and his fellows. If, then, Wycliffe were angry with Pope, Archbishop, monks, and all, you cannot marvel."¹

Notwithstanding the very reasonable remark of Godwin that we need not wonder much if Wycliffe, considering the treatment which he had received at the hands

¹ A Catalogue of the Bishops of England, by Francis Godwin, now Bishop of Landaff: 1615.

of the Pope, the Archbishop, and the monks, should be angry against them all, there is no proof or evidence whatever in support of the allegation of his adversariés, that his antagonism to the friars and his attitude towards the Pope proceeded from irritated feeling, discontent, and disappointed ambition. On the contrary, the absence of all such feelings is one of the most remarkable and characteristic distinctions of his numerous writings.

Wycliffe's nomination by Islip to the Wardenship of Canterbury Hall is dated the 9th of December 1365. In that year Pope Urban V. revived and urged a claim against Edward III. which had been in abeyance for thirty-three years. This was the demand that Edward should pay the feudal tribute or annual fee which for the crown of England he owed to Urban the Fifth of that name, exercising the functions of Bishop of Rome in the place of the papal captivity at Avignon. The Servant of servants at Avignon—moved by that necessity which knows no law, or by an equally lawless covetousness and ambition—demanded of Edward III. of England payment of the feudal tribute-money alleged to be due by that monarch to the Holy See. The demand of the Pope was for payment of the sum of a thousand marks annually due, and for payment of the arrears that had accumulated for thirty-three years, or since Edward, ceasing to be a minor, had exercised his sovereign rights as monarch of England. This papal claim was accompanied with an intimation to the King of England that, in case of his failing to comply with the pontifical

demand, he should appear to answer for his non-fulfilment of this duty in the presence of his feudal lord and sovereign, the Pope of Rome, at Avignon. It is difficult to say whether the arrogance or the folly of Pope Urban V., in reviving and urging this claim at this time, was the greater of the two. Edward III., even in his decrepitude, and in the midst of the reverses which marked his declining years, was not likely to crouch, like John, under the ignominious burden laid on him in the time of his adversity by the Papacy. The Pope's claim proved the occasion of uniting the King and the nation in a common assertion and vindication of the national independence, and of the inalienable rights and prerogatives of the English Crown. It was the occasion of Wycliffe's first public appearance as the champion of the royal supremacy and national independence against the usurpation and arrogance of the Court of Rome. The papal claim was submitted by Edward to the Parliament which met at Westminster in May 1366. After deliberation, the answer of the Parliament—the Lords and Commons of England—to the demand of the Pope, concluded with these weighty and well-measured words:—

“Forasmuch as neither King John nor any other king could bring this realm and kingdom in such thralldom and subjection but by common consent of Parliament, the which was not done; therefore, that which he did was against his oath at his coronation, besides many other causes. If, therefore, the Pope should attempt anything against the King, by process or other matters in deed, the King, with all his subjects, should with all their force and power resist the same.”¹

¹ Cotton's Abridgment of Records, p. 102, quoted by Lewis, in his *Life of Wycliffe*, p. 19.

At the time when this resolution was come to, Wycliffe was Warden of Canterbury Hall. At this time, also, he stood in some very special relation to the King, as the King's private secretary or chaplain—"Peculiaris Regis Clericus." And his argument—"Determinatio de Dominio"—in vindication of the Crown and the national independence, consists mainly of a statement skilfully compiled by him out of what, according to the report which he had heard, had been spoken by the secular lords in a certain meeting of council—"Quam audiui in quodam consilio a Dominis secularibus esse datam." Soon after the decision of Parliament to repudiate the Pope's claim, a monastic and anonymous doctor, writing in support of the papal demand, challenged Wycliffe by name—singling him out from all others—to refute, if he could, the argument urged by him on the part of the Pope; and to vindicate, if he could, the action of the English Parliament in refusing to pay the feudal tribute demanded by Urban the Fifth. Wycliffe showed no hesitation in accepting the challenge of this anonymous doctor. And it must be confessed that he conducts his argument with consummate skill, moderation, and ability. His challenger had laid down the position that "every dominion granted on condition, comes to an end on the failure of that condition. But our lord the Pope gifted our king with the kingdom of England, on condition that England should pay so much annually to the Roman See. Now this condition in process of time has not been fulfilled, and the King, in consequence, has lost long ago all rightful dominion in England." Wycliffe's answer is, briefly, that England's monarch is King of England, and has domin-

ion there, not by the grace of the Pope, but by the grace of God. Two other positions were maintained by this polemical monk—namely, that "the civil power may not under any circumstances deprive ecclesiastics of their lands, goods, or revenues; and that in no case can it be lawful for an ecclesiastic to be compelled to appear before a secular judge." Against these claims of exemption and immunity, Wycliffe urges with irresistible force the argument, that as the King is under God supreme in his kingdom, all causes, whether relating to persons or to property, must be under his dominion, and subject to his jurisdiction. Wycliffe, in beginning his reply, says: "Inasmuch as I am the King's own clerk, I the more willingly undertake the office of defending and counselling *that the King exercises his just rule in the realm of England when he refuses to pay tribute to the Roman Pontiff.*" Wycliffe constructs his argument out of what, as reported to him, had been spoken at a conference or council of the barons or the lords temporal of the realm. It is not Wycliffe but the noblemen of England who refute the monk and repudiate the Pope's illegitimate and arrogant demand. An abstract of the speeches of seven of the barons met in council is so given as to be an exhaustive and unanswerable argument against the papal claims. "Our ancestors," said the first lord, "won this realm, and held it against all foes by the sword. Julius Cæsar exacted tribute by force; but force gives no perpetual right. Let the Pope come and take it by force; I am ready to stand up and resist him." The second lord thus reasoned: "The Pope is incapable of such feudal supremacy. He should follow the example of Christ,

who refused all civil dominion; the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air their nests, but He had not where to lay His head. Let us rigidly hold the Pope to his spiritual duties, boldly oppose all his claims to civil power." In support of this the third lord said: "The Pope calls himself the Servant of the servants of the Most High: his only claim to tribute from this realm is for some service done; but what is his service to this realm? Not spiritual edification, but draining away money to enrich himself and his Court, showing favour and counsel to our enemies." To this the fourth lord added: "The Pope claims to be the suzerain of all estates held by the Church; these estates, held on mortmain, amount to one-third of the realm. There cannot be two suzerains; the Pope, therefore, for these estates is the King's vassal; he has not done homage for them; he may have incurred forfeiture." The fifth argument is more subtle: "If the Pope demands this money as the price of King John's absolution, it is flagrant simony; it is an irreligious act to say, 'I will absolve you on payment of a certain annual tribute.' But the King pays not this tax; it is wrung from the poor of the realm: to exact it is an act of avarice rather than salutary punishment. If the Pope be lord of the realm, he may at any time declare it forfeited, and grant away the forfeiture." Following up this view of the case, the sixth lord says: "If the realm be the Pope's, what right had he to alienate it? He has fraudulently sold it for a fifth part of its value. Moreover, Christ alone is the suzerain; the Pope being fallible, yea, peccable, may be in mortal

sin. *It is better as of old to hold the realm immediately of Christ.*" The seventh lord concluded the argument by a bold denial of the right of King John to surrender or give away the sovereignty of the realm: "He could not grant away the sovereignty of England; the whole thing—the deed, the seals, the signatures—is an absolute nullity."¹

It cannot now be known how far Wycliffe's conduct in connection with the claim for the payment of the feudal tribute influenced the papal decision in his appeal; but that decision was given after the publication of Wycliffe's treatise, 'De Dominio.' And there can be no doubt that from May 1366, Wycliffe was marked at Avignon as a dangerous man. To be nearer to Oxford he exchanged, in 1368, the rectory of Fylingham for that of Ludgershall in Buckinghamshire, and he became Doctor in Divinity about the year 1370.

The ability, prudence, and courage with which Wycliffe had vindicated the action of the Parliament and of the Crown against the papal claim, as asserted and defended by the anonymous monk, recommended him as singularly qualified to be one of the Royal Commissioners appointed in 1374 to meet with the papal Nuncios at Bruges, to negotiate a settlement of the questions in dispute between England and the Papacy. In this Commission the name of Wycliffe holds the second place, being inserted immediately after that of the Bishop of Bangor. The negotiations terminated in a sort of compromise, according to which it was concluded "that for the future the Pope should desist from making use of *reservations*

¹ See Milman's *Latin Christianity*, Book XIII. chap. vi., and the document itself as given in the Appendix (No. 30) to the *Life of Wycliffe*, by Lewis.

of benefices, and that the King should no more confer benefices by his writ *Quare impedit*." Although this was but a very partial and unsatisfactory settlement of the matters in dispute, yet the part taken by Wycliffe in the negotiations at Bruges appears to have met with the approbation of the King and his advisers. For in November 1375, he was presented by the King to the prebend of Aust, in the Collegiate Church of Westbury, in the diocese of Worcester. He had previously, in April 1374, received from the Crown, in the exercise of the patronage that devolved on it during the minority of Lord Henry Ferrars, nomination to the rectory of Lutterworth, and had resigned his charge of Ludgershall.

In the same year in which the treaty was concluded (1376), a most elaborate and detailed indictment against the usurpations and exactions of the Papacy and its minions was submitted to Parliament, and after being considered, was passed in the form of a petition to the King, craving that measures of effective redress and remedy should be taken against the notorious and intolerable evils complained of. The Parliament which presented this complaint and petition to the King so commended itself to the people of England that it received the singular designation of "The Good Parliament." Although the royal answer to the petition was far from being satisfactory or encouraging, yet the Parliament that met in January 1377 presented another petition to the King, craving that the statutes against *Provisions* passed at former times should be put into effective operation, and that measures should be taken against certain cardinals who had violated those statutes, and against

those who in England collected the papal revenues, and by so doing oppressed and impoverished the English people. So vividly do the propositions of these two Parliaments express and represent the ideas and opinions of Wycliffe, that Dr Lechler concludes that he was a member of both of these Parliaments. But there is no necessity for this inferential assumption. Wycliffe's doctrines respecting the kingly sovereignty and national independence, and his sentiments regarding the intolerable abuses of the papal officials, were by this time the doctrines and the sentiments of not a few among the lords and commons of England. And without being himself a member of Parliament, Wycliffe had ample opportunity and means for using his influence to stimulate, direct, and guide those who in the National Assembly gave voice to the complaint and claim of the English people as against the usurpation and exactions of the Papacy. To this sort of influence on the part of Wycliffe, as also to the weight attached to his judgment in a case involving a knowledge of canon and civil law, significant testimony was borne by the action of the first Parliament of Richard II., which met at Westminster on the 13th of October 1377. By this Parliament the question was referred to the judgment of Dr Wycliffe, "Whether the kingdom of England, on an imminent necessity of its own defence, may lawfully detain the treasure of the kingdom, that it be not carried out of the land, although the Lord Pope required its being carried out on the pain of censures, and by virtue of the obedience due to him?" As might be expected, Wycliffe answered that it was lawful, and demonstrated this by the law of Christ, urging at the same

time the common maxim of divines, that alms are not required to be given but to those who are in need, and by those who have more than they need. "By which," says Lewis, "it appears that Dr Wycliffe's opinion was, that Peter-pence paid to the Pope were not a *just due*, but only an *alms*, or charitable gift."¹

The action of the English Parliament referring this question to the judgment of Wycliffe, is all the more interesting and significant if respect be had to the time and circumstances in which Wycliffe's opinion was required by Parliament. It was not only after the death of Edward III., which occurred on the 21st of June 1377, but also after the almost tragical though picturesque incident in Wycliffe's life, when, accompanied and protected by the Duke of Lancaster and Lord Henry Percy, he appeared in the Ladye Chapel of St Paul's Cathedral on the 19th of February in the same year, to answer for himself and his doctrines before a convention of ecclesiastics, presided over by Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by Courtenay, the Bishop of London. It was, also, after no fewer than five papal bulls, dated at Rome on the 22d of May, had been sent forth against Wycliffe. These things give great significancy to the action of Richard II.'s first Parliament, when for its guidance it desired to have the opinion of Wycliffe respecting the lawfulness of refusing to comply with certain papal exactions.

The position and influence of Wycliffe, his standing in the university and among the representa-

tives and leaders of the people, may be judged of by the elaborate and complicated measures taken against him. One of the Pope's missives was addressed to the King, another to the University of Oxford, and no fewer than three to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. These documents were accompanied by a schedule or syllabus of nineteen articles which had been reported to the Pontiff, "erroneous, false, contrary to the faith, and threatening to subvert and weaken the estate of the whole Church," said to be held and taught by Wycliffe. Acting on these instructions, and proceeding in the business with the greatest wariness, the Archbishop summoned Wycliffe to appear before a synod to be held in the chapel at Lambeth early in the year 1378.² On this occasion the Duke of Lancaster and Lord Percy were not with him to protect him, but he received effective though tumultuous and boisterous help from the citizens, who might be heard by the bishops shouting such sentences as, "The Pope's briefs ought to have no effect in the realm without the King's consent;" "Every man is master in his own house." But even more effective help than that of the angry citizens was at hand. "In comes a gentleman and courtier, one Lewis Clifford, on the very day of examination, commanding them not to proceed to any definitive sentence against the said Wycliffe." Never before were the bishops served with such a *prohibition*; all agreed the messenger durst not be so stout with such a *mandamus* in his mouth, but because backed with the power of

¹ See Lewis's Life of Wycliffe, p. 55, and Foxe's Acts and Monuments, vol. i. p. 584.

² The date of this meeting has not been determined with certainty.

the prince that employed him. The bishops, struck with a panic-fear, proceeded no further "¹—or as a contemporary historian (Walsingham) says: "Their speech became soft as oil; and with such fear were they struck, that they seemed to be as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no re-proofs." Wycliffe passed as safely out of Lambeth Chapel as on a former occasion he had passed out of the Ladye Chapel of St Paul's. Not long after the sudden conclusion of this Lambeth synod, intimation of the Pope's death, on the 27th March 1378, was received in England. This so arrested the process against Wycliffe, that no further action was taken under the five elaborate bulls of Pope Gregory XI. A new chapter in the life and work of Wycliffe begins with the great papal schism of 1378.

Till recently it was supposed that Wycliffe had early assumed the attitude towards the friars which had been taken by Richard Fitzralph, who, after he had been Chancellor of Oxford in 1333, and Archbishop of Armagh in 1347, died at Avignon in 1359. This supposition now appears to be historically without ground; and Dr Lechler's researches tend to show that Wycliffe's controversy with the friars belonged not to the earlier but to the later period of his life. This view agrees with all that we know of the method according to which Wycliffe conducted and developed his great argument against the Papacy. Wycliffe's study of the papal claims, pretensions, usurpations, and exactions, led him to investigate the grounds and foundations, not only of the political, but also of the ecclesiastical and spiritual, power and au-

thority of the Popedom. In his reply in 1366 to the anonymous monk-champion of the Papacy, he had represented or reported, with manifest approbation, the statement of one of the secular lords, declaring that the Pope was a man and peccable (*peccabilis*), and that he might be in mortal sin, and liable to what that involves. After he had taken his degree of Doctor in Divinity in 1370 or 1371, he expounded and vindicated from the Scriptures the doctrines which, by his long study of the Divine Word, he had been led to receive as articles of faith founded on the written Word of God. These views, derived directly and immediately from Holy Scripture, he illustrated by quotations from the early fathers—more particularly from the writings of Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, and Gregory, the four fathers of the Latin Church. From the time when he became Doctor in Divinity, "he began," says a contemporary opponent, "to scatter forth his blasphemies." And as we know, it was after his return from Bruges in 1376 that he began to speak of the Pope not merely as peccable—fallible, and liable to sin—but as "Antichrist, the proud, worldly priest of Rome."

It has been said that the language of Wycliffe in his tract entitled "*De Papa Romana et Schisma Papæ*" was too strong, too vehement and sweeping; and that his work was, in tendency and effect, destructive rather than constructive. So far is it from being true that his language is that of passion, or of vehemence proceeding from passion, that, on the contrary, it is the language of a reflective, circumspect, and keen-eyed observer of the evils and

¹ Fuller's Church History, Book IV. cent. xiv.

abuses of the papal system, which he contrasted with the primitive and apostolic model of the Church. When compared with the language of some other assailants of the Papacy, Wycliffe's fiercest invectives are but the calm, measured, and temperate declaration of truth and reality, spoken by one who so loved the truth, and was so earnest in his endeavours for the reformation of the Church and the morals of the clergy, that he avowed himself willing, if need be, to lay down his life, if by so doing he could promote the attainment of this end. If the portraiture of the Papacy, and of the papal dignitaries, officials, and underlings, given by Petrarch, in his 'Letters to a Father,' be compared with the statements of Wycliffe, we shall be constrained to say that the Oxford professor uses the language of reserve characteristic of the well-bred and well-disciplined Englishman who means to give practical effect to his words, as distinguished from the language used by Petrarch, who neither intended, nor had the courage, to add deeds to his words. Historically, Wycliffe's work appears to have been more destructive than constructive. But this was not because Wycliffe set himself to root out, to pull down, and to destroy, without at the same time setting himself to build and to plant. The reason why Wycliffe's work appears historically defective or incomplete as a constructive work is that, by the malice, ingenuity, and power of his adversaries, his work in planting and in building—that is to say, his work as constructive—was to the utmost impeded, pulled down, or rooted up. "And," says Milton, "had it not been the obstinate per-

verseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wycliffe, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no, nor the name of Luther or of Calvin, had been ever known; the glory of reforming all our neighbours had been completely ours."¹

The last six years of Wycliffe's life—1378-1384—were packed full with work. For in these years, besides developing and expounding his ideas of the Church, the Papacy, and the hierarchy, and prosecuting his controversy with the mendicant friars, he trained and sent forth evangelists, "poor priests," to preach the Gospel in all places of the land; he expounded and taught the doctrine of Scripture concerning the Eucharist or the "real presence" in relation to the bread and the wine in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; he professed and taught theology in Oxford; he preached and discharged the duties of an evangelical pastor in Lutterworth; and with the assistance of a few fellow-labourers, who entered into his purpose and shared with him in the desire for the evangelisation of the people of England, he translated the Scriptures out of the Latin Vulgate into the English tongue. "His life," and more especially this part of it, "shows that his religious views were progressive. His ideal was the restoration of the pure moral and religious supremacy to religion. This was the secret, the vital principle, of his anti-sacerdotalism; of his pertinacious enmity to the whole hierarchical system of his day."² Hence as his views of truth became deeper, wider, and more fixed, in-

¹ Milton's Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.

² Milman's Latin Christianity, Book XIII. chap. iv.

stead of attacking Popes and prelates, he assailed the Papacy and the hierarchy; and instead of attacking friars, he attacked mendicancy itself—denouncing it in common with the Papacy as contrary to the doctrines of the Word of God, and inconsistent with the order instituted by Christ within the Church, which is the house of God,—the pillar and ground of the truth.

When Wycliffe appeared to answer for himself before the Pope's delegates at Lambeth, in 1378, he is said to have presented a written statement explanatory of the articles charged against him. The first sentence of that documentary confession is: "First of all, I publicly protest, as I have often done at other times, that I will and purpose from the bottom of my heart, by the grace of God, to be a sincere Christian, and, as long as I have breath, to profess and defend the law of Christ so far as I am able."¹

A document of a somewhat similar kind, called by Wycliffe "A Sort of Answer to the Bull sent to the University," was presented by him to Parliament.

It is as a true and sincere Christian, and as a faithful and laborious Christian pastor and evangelist, that Wycliffe appears before us in the closing period of his truly heroic life. The written word of God is now to him the supreme, perfect, and sufficient rule of faith and morals: it is what, in his protestation, he calls "the law of Christ." The watchword of his life—the standard test, rule, directory, and measure of faith and duty—is the Word of God written. His appeal is, first and last, to that Word—"To the law and to the testimony; if men speak not according to that Word, there is no light in them;" they are but blind

guides of the blind. He had evidently made progress in his study of the writings of Augustine, and had so profited by the study that he is bold to say that "The dictum of Augustine is not infallible, seeing that Augustine himself was liable to err"—"*Locus a testimonio Augustini non est infallibilis, cum Augustinus sit errabilis.*" The Bible is a charter written by God; it is God's gift to us: "*Carta a Deo scripta et nobis donata per quam vindicabimus regnum Dei.*" This is what a pre-eminently illustrious poet denotes by the words—"Thy gift, Thy tables." "The law of Christ is the *medulla* of the laws of the Church." "Every useful law of holy mother Church is taught, either explicitly or implicitly, in Scripture." It is impossible that the dictum or deed of any Christian should become, or be held to be, of authority equal to Scripture. He is a *mixtim theologus*—a motley or medley theologian—who adds traditions to the written Word. He is *theologus purus* who adheres to the Scripture. "Spiritual rulers are bound to use the sincere Word of God, without any admixture in their rule or administration. To be ignorant of the Scriptures is to be ignorant of Christ. "The whole of Scripture is one word of God." "The whole of the law of Christ is one perfect word proceeding from the mouth of God." "It is impious to mutilate or pervert Scripture, or to wrest from it a perverse meaning." The true preachers are *Viri evangelici, Doctores evangelici*. Ignorance of Holy Scripture, or the absence of faith in the written Word of God, is, he says, "beyond doubt, the chief cause of the existing state of things." Therefore it was his great business, in life or by

¹ See the Document itself in Lewis's Life of Wycliffe, pp. 59-67.

death, to make known to his fellow-countrymen the will of God revealed in the Scriptures of truth. "The highest service to which man may attain on earth is to preach the law of God. This is the special duty of the priests, in order that they may produce children of God—this being the end for which Christ espoused to Himself the Church."

Next to the exclusive supremacy of Scripture, the truth which is set forth with perhaps the most marked prominence in the teaching of Wycliffe, is the truth concerning the Lord Jesus Christ as the one Mediator between God and man. Christ is not only revealed in the Word; He is Himself the Mediating Word—the way, and the truth, and the life. And what Wycliffe says of the Apostle Paul, that he lifts the banner of his Captain, in that he glories only in the cross of Christ, admits, as Dr Lechler remarks, of being justly applied to Wycliffe himself; for his text is the evangel, and his theme is Christ. Like Luther afterwards, Wycliffe lived through the truth which he proclaimed. In his case the order was, first the Word, then Christ. In Luther's it was, first the Word, then justification by faith. The German's experience implied the logical order of the Englishman's experience. For the logic of this faith is the Word of grace, the Christ of grace, the righteousness of grace. Luther's work implies, develops, and completes the work of Wycliffe, so that it holds true that the one without the other is not made perfect.

In the year 1380, after recovery from a severe illness, Wycliffe published a tract in which he formulated his charges against the friars under fifty distinct

heads, accusing them of fifty heresies; and many more, as he said, if their tenets and practices be searched out. "Friars," says he, towards the conclusion of this tract, "are the cause, beginning, and maintaining of perturbation in Christendom, and of all the evils of this world; nor shall these errors be removed till friars be brought to the freedom of the Gospel and the clean religion of Jesus Christ."

Wycliffe did not indulge in mere denunciation. His invectives were with a view to the work of reformation. Accordingly, at the time when he published the fifty charges against the friars, he was actively training, organising, and sending out agents—"poor priests," to instruct the people in the knowledge of the Gospel, and by so doing undo the works of the friars, and promote evangelical religion and social virtue. At first these itinerant preachers were employed in some places, as in the immense diocese of Lincoln, under episcopal sanction.¹ But so effectively and extensively did they propagate the evangelical doctrines of Wycliffe, that in Archbishop Courtenay's mandate to the Bishop of London in 1382, they are denounced as "unauthorised itinerant preachers, who set forth erroneous, yea, heretical, assertions in public sermons, not only in churches, but also in public squares, and other profane places; and who do this under the guise of great holiness, but without having obtained any episcopal or papal authorisation." It was against Wycliffe's "poor priests" or itinerant preachers that the first royal proclamation in 1382 (statute it cannot be called), at the instance of Courtenay, for the punishment of heresy in England, was issued.

¹ Shirley's Introduction to *Fasciculi Zizaniorum*, p. 49.

The unprecedented measures taken against the "poor priests" bear most significant testimony to the effect produced by their teachings throughout the kingdom. It would be interesting to know how far, if at all, Wesley's idea of itinerant preachers was founded on, or proceeded from, the idea and the experiment of Wycliffe. At any rate, these poor priests were not organised, nor was their action modelled, according to any of the guilds, fraternities, or orders that had been formed or that had been in operation before the time of Wycliffe. The idea was truly original, and "the simplicity of the institution was itself a stroke of consummate genius."¹

Having acted out his own principles that the student who would attain to the knowledge of the meaning of Scripture must cultivate humility of disposition and holiness of life, putting away from him all prejudicate opinions, and all merely curious and speculative theories and casuistical principles of interpretation, Wycliffe opened and studied the Bible with the desire simply to know and to do the will of God. It is no wonder if, with these sentiments, Wycliffe in his later years, when engaged continually in reading, studying, expounding, and translating the Scriptures, should come to perceive the contrariety of the papal or medieval doctrine concerning the Eucharist to the doctrine of Scripture.

Wycliffe's views respecting transubstantiation having undergone a great change between the years 1378 and 1381, he felt bound in conscience to make known what

he now came to believe to be the true doctrine concerning the Eucharist. For, as he says in the *Triologus*, "I maintain that among all the heresies which have ever appeared in the Church, there was never one which was more cunningly smuggled in by hypocrites than this, or which in more ways deceives the people; for it plunders the people, leads them astray into idolatry, denies the teaching of Scripture, and by this unbelief provokes the Truth Himself oftentimes to anger."² In accordance with all this, Wycliffe in the spring of 1381 published twelve short theses or conclusions respecting the Eucharist and against transubstantiation.³

All Oxford was moved by these conclusions. By the unanimous judgment of a court called and presided over by William de Bertram, the Chancellor, they were declared to be contradictory to the orthodox doctrine of the Church, and as such were prohibited from being set forth and defended in the university, on pain of suspension from every function of teaching, of the greater excommunication, and of imprisonment. By the same mandate all members of the university were prohibited, on pain of the greater excommunication, from being present at the delivery of these theses in the university. When this mandate was served on Wycliffe, he was in the act of expounding the doctrine of Scripture concerning the Lord's Supper. The condemnation of his doctrine came upon him as a surprise; but he is reported to have said that neither the Chancellor nor any of his assessors could refute his arguments

¹ Wycliffe's Place in History, by Professor Burrows, p. 101.

² *Triologus*, iv. cap. ii., Oxford, p. 248.

³ See these as given by Lewis—*Conclusiones J. Wiclefi de Sacramento Altaris*, Appendix No. 19, p. 318, ed. 1820.

or alter his convictions. Subsequently, he appealed from the Chancellor to the King. In the meantime, finding himself "tonguetied by authority," he wrote a treatise on this subject in Latin,¹ and also a tract in English entitled "The Wicket," for the use of the people. Wycliffe's doctrinal system may be said to have attained to its completeness when, rejecting the idea of transubstantiation, he accepted those simple and Scriptural views of the Eucharist which, apart from papalism or medievalism, have in all ages prevailed within the Catholic Church—that is, within the society or congregation of believers in Christ, irrespectively of name, place, time, ceremony, or circumstance. While this is so, "it is impossible," as Dr Lechler truly says, "not to be impressed with the intellectual labour, the conscientiousness, and the force of will, all equally extraordinary, which Wycliffe applied to the solution of this problem. His attack on the dogma of transubstantiation was so concentrated, and delivered (with so much force and skill) from so many sides, that the scholastic conception was shaken to its very foundations."² He anticipated in his argument against the medieval dogma, and in favour of the primitive and catholic faith concerning the Eucharist, the views of the greatest and best of the Reformers, leaving to them little more to do than to gather up, expound, develop, and apply his principles.

Soon after the proceedings which we have noted were taken against Wycliffe, the country was threatened with anarchy by what is known as the Wat Tyler and Jack

Straw insurrection. It is enough to say that Wycliffe had nothing whatever to do with the exciting of that reckless uprising. All his studies, meditations, and labours were designed to promote righteousness and peace, truth and goodwill, order and liberty, in England and over all the earth.

In the tract, "A Short Rule of Life, for each man in general, for priests and lords and labourers in special, How each shall be saved in his degree," addressing the "labourer," he says:—

"If thou art a *labourer*, live in meekness, and truly and willingly, so thy lord or thy master, if he be a heathen man, by thy meekness, willing and true service, may not have to grudge against thee, nor slander thy God, nor thy Christian profession, but rather be stirred to come to Christianity, and serve not Christian lords with grudgings, not only in their presence, but truly and willingly, and in absence; not only for worldly dread, or worldly reward, but for dread of conscience, and for reward in heaven. For God that putteth thee in such service knoweth what state is best for thee, and will reward thee more than all earthly lords may if thou dost it truly and willingly for His ordinance. And in all things beware of grudging against God and His visitation in great labour, in long or great sickness, and other adversities. And beware of wrath, of cursing, of speaking evil, of banning man or beast, and ever keep patience, meekness, and charity, both to God and man."

As we cannot afford space to give what is said to "lords," whom he counsels to

"live a rightful life in their own persons, both in respect to God and man, keeping the commandments of God, doing the works of mercy, ruling well

¹ *Confessio Magistri Johannes Wyclyff*. See Appendix No. 21 in Lewis. Of this confession the concluding words are—"Credo, quod finaliter veritas vincet eos."

² Lechler's *John Wycliffe and his Precursors*, vol. ii. p. 193.

their five senses, and doing reason, and equity, and good conscience to all men,"—

we merely give here his concluding words:—

"And thus each man in the three states ought to live, to save himself, and to help others; and thus should life, rest, peace, and love, be among Christian men, and they be saved, and heathen men soon converted, and God magnified greatly in all nations and sects that now despise Him and His law, because of the false living of wicked Christian men."

These are not the sentiments, or utterances of a man in fellowship with John Ball, Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, or any other such demagogues, rebels, or sowers of sedition.

The truth, as stated by Milman,¹ is, that this spasm or "outburst" of "thralled discontent" was but a violent symptom of the evils which it was the aim and design of Wycliffe to uproot and remove, by disseminating and inculcating everywhere the principles and precepts of the Gospel. Writing in defence of the "poor priests" or evangelists whom he had trained and sent out, Wycliffe says:—

"These poor priests destroyed most, by God's law, rebely of servants agenst lords, and charge servants to be sujet, though lords be tyrants. For St Peter teacheth us, Be ye servants suget to lords in all manner of dread, not only to good lords, and bonoure, but also to tyrants, or such as drawn from God's school. For, as St Paul sieth, each man oweth to be suget to higher potestates, that is, to men of high power, for there is no power but of God, and so he that agen stondeth power, stondeth agenst the ordinance of God, but they that agenstond engetten to themselves damnation. And therefore Paul biddeth that we be

suget to princes by need, and not only for wrath but also for conscience, and therefore we paien tributes to princes, for they ben ministers of God." But "some men that ben out of charity slanderen 'poor priests' with this error, that servants or tenants may lawfully withhold rent and service for their lords, when lords be openly wicked in their living;" and "they maken these false lesings upon 'poor priests' to make lords to hate them, and not to meyntane truth of God's law that they teachen openly for worship of God, and profit of the realm, and stabling the King's power in destroying of sin."²

Among the victims of the rage of the rabble in the Wat Tyler insurrection was Simon Sudbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury. "He was," says Godwin, "a man admirably wise and well spoken." But "though he were very wise, learned, eloquent, liberal, merciful, and for his age and place reverend, yet might it not deliver him from the rage of this beast with many heads—the multitude,—than which being, once incensed, there is no brute beast more cruel, more outrageous, more unreasonable."³

William Courtenay, Bishop of London, succeeded Sudbury as Archbishop of Canterbury. Courtenay, a high-tempered, haughty, and resolute man, lost no time in bringing the powers of his new and high position to bear against the doctrines and adherents of Wycliffe. His pall from Rome having been delivered to him at Croydon on the 6th of May 1382, he summoned a synod to meet in the Grey Friars (mendicants) in London, on the 17th of May, to deliberate and determine on the measures to be taken for the suppression of certain strange and dangerous opinions "widely prevalent among the no-

¹ Latin Christianity, Book XIII. chap. vi.

² "How Servants and Lords shall keep their degrees." See Lewis, pp. 224, 225.

³ Godwin's Catalogue of the Bishops of England, 1615.

bility and commons of the realm." During the sittings of this synod a great and terrible earthquake shook the place of meeting and the whole city. Many of the high dignitaries and learned doctors assembled, interpreting this event as a protest from heaven against the proceedings of the council, would fain have adjourned the meeting and its business. But the Archbishop, with ready wit, interpreting the omen to suit his own purpose, said "the earth was throwing off its noxious vapours, that the Church might appear in her perfect purity." With these words Courtenay allayed the fears of the more timid members of the synod, and the business went forward. Of four-and-twenty articles extracted from Wycliffe's writings, ten were condemned as heretical, and the other fourteen were judged erroneous. It is unnecessary to say that among the articles condemned as heretical were the doctrines of Wycliffe concerning the Eucharist, and more particularly his denial of transubstantiation. Among the condemned tenets there are some which Wycliffe never held or affirmed in the sense put upon them by the "Earthquake Council." Some of the determinations of this synod were so framed as to imply or insinuate that Wycliffe was implicated in the insurrection of the previous year, and that he was an enemy to temporal as well as to the ecclesiastical authority—in other words, that he was a traitor as well as heretic. An imposing procession, and a sermon by a Carmelite friar, served to give solemnity and publicity, pomp and circumstance, to the decrees of the synod.

Dr Peter Stokes, a Carmelite

preacher, furnished with the Archbishop's mandate and other artillery, was sent to bombard Oxford or to take it by storm. But neither the scholars nor the Chancellor (Rigge) were disposed to surrender the university without a struggle in defence of its rights and liberties. The reception given to Dr Stokes was not at all satisfactory or assuring to the mind of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who indignantly gave expression to his sorrow and his anger in the words: "Is, then, the University of Oxford such a fautor of heresy that Catholic truths cannot be asserted within her walls?" Assuming to himself the ominous title of "Inquisitor of heretical pravity within his whole province of Canterbury," he proceeded to deal with Oxford as if it were nothing more than one of the outlying parishes of his episcopal province. The Chancellor and several members of the university were summoned to appear before him and to purge themselves of the suspicion of heresy. But Chancellors like Rigge, although courteous, are not readily compliant with what seems to invade the privileges and prerogatives of their office. If Chancellor Rigge, after his return to Oxford from London, gave formal effect to the injunctions of the Archbishop, by intimating to Nicolas Hereford and Philip Repington that he was under the necessity of suspending them from all their functions as members of the university, he promptly resented the insolence of Henry Crompt, who in a public lecture had applied the epithet "Lollards" to those who maintained the views of Wycliffe, by suspending him from all university functions.¹ Against this

¹ Crompt became some time after this a zealous preacher of the doctrines maintained by Wycliffe.

sentence Crompton sought and found refuge in an appeal to Courtenay and to the Privy Council. Hereford, Repington, and John Aston were summoned to appear before the Archbishop. Aston was declared to be a teacher of heresy, and he afterwards recanted. Repington also recanted after a time, and was promoted to great honours in the Church. Hereford, having gone to Rome to plead his case before the Pope, was there imprisoned; but it would seem that some time afterwards he managed to escape from prison, for in 1387 he is mentioned as the leading itinerant preacher of the Lollards. Thus within a few months after Courtenay entered on the discharge of the functions of his high office, he had greatly intimidated the adherents and fellow-labourers of Wycliffe in the university. But opinion rooted in conviction is not easily suppressed. While the more prominent representatives of Wycliffe's adherents were either driven out of the country or coerced into submission, and to the recantation of opinions which they had held and taught, Wycliffe himself stood firm and erect amidst the tempest that raged around. As if in calm defiance of the Archbishop and his commissaries, he indited a petition to the King and the Parliament, in which he craves their assent to the main articles contained in his writings, and proved by authority—the Word of God—and reason to be the Christian faith; he prays that all persons now bound by vows of religion may have liberty to accept and follow the more perfect law of Christ; that tithes be bestowed according to their proper use, for the maintenance of the poor; that Christ's own doctrine

concerning the Eucharist be publicly taught; that neither the King nor the kingdom obey any See or prelate further than their obedience be grounded on Scripture; that no money be sent out of the realm to the Court of Rome or of Avignon, unless proved by Scripture to be due; that no cardinal or foreigner hold preferment in England; that if a bishop or curate be notoriously guilty of contempt of God, the King should confiscate his temporalities; that no bishop or curate should be enslaved to secular office; and that no one should be imprisoned on account of excommunication.¹

This is Wycliffe's petition of right to the King and to the Parliament of England. We know nothing exactly like this document in the history of the past five hundred years. In one or two of the claims set forth in it, the document which bears to it the greatest resemblance is an anonymous petition addressed to King James in 1609, being "An Humble Supplication for Toleration and Liberty to enjoy and observe the Ordinances of Christ Jesus, in the administration of His Churches in lieu of human Constitutions." But compared with Wycliffe's petition, that other is narrow and restricted in its range. This of Wycliffe is, like his work, for all time. In it he seems to have gathered up the principles that governed his life, and to have expressed them so that this document may be regarded as a summary of principles, a sort of Enchiridion for the use of the statesmen and people of England.

It is more than doubtful whether Wycliffe appeared before the Archbishop at Oxford in

¹ See Milman. See also the Petition itself in *Select English Works of John Wycliffe*, vol. iii. edited by Thomas Arnold.

1382; and it is certain that no recantation ever proceeded from his lips or pen. In the absence of any adequate reason hitherto assigned for Wycliffe's immunity or personal safety in a time so perilous, may the reason have been that, silenced in Oxford by the decree of the preceding year, Wycliffe left the university, and, retiring to his rectory of Lutterworth, enjoyed there the protection of the Bishop of Lincoln, John Bokingham? Within the very extensive diocese of Lincoln, we know that for a time Wycliffe's "poor priests" enjoyed the episcopal protection. Is it too much to suppose that John Bokingham, who protected and gave episcopal sanction to Wycliffe's preachers, extended his protection to Wycliffe himself? This "John Bokingham, if this were the Bishop of Lincoln, accounted of some very unlearned, was a doctor of divinity of Oxford, a great learned man in scholastical divinity, as divers works of his still extant may testify, and for my part I think this bishop to be the man. The year 1397, the Pope bearing him some grudge, translated him perforce from Lincolne unto Lichfield, a bishopric not half so good. For curst heart he would not take it, but, as though he had rather have no bread than half a loaf, forsook both, and became a monk at Canterbury. He was one of the first founders of the bridge at Rochester."¹ Our conjecture, if probable or true to fact, would explain not a little that has hitherto perplexed the biographers of Wycliffe.

But apart from this conjecture and all similar guesses and suggestions, perhaps the real cause of Wycliffe's safety was the regard

cherished for him by many of the nobility and leaders of the people, and the esteem in which he was held by the King's mother—"the fair maid of Kent"—whose message, conveyed by Sir Lewis Clifford, brought the proceedings of the Lambeth Synod to an abrupt termination. Nor must the protecting influence of Richard's wife, the Queen—Ann of Bohemia—be ignored. For in his book 'Of the Three-fold Love' Wycliffe says: "It is possible that the noble Queen of England, the sister of Cæsar, may have and use the Gospel written in three languages—Bohemian, German, and Latin. But to hereticate her on that account would be Luciferian folly." But after all the circumstances of the case have been considered, we may say with Fuller: "In my mind it amounted to little less than a miracle, that during this storm on his disciples, Wycliffe their master should live in quiet. Strange that he was not drowned in so strong a stream as ran against him, whose safety under God's providence is not so much to be ascribed to his own strength in swimming as to such as held him up by the chin—the greatness of his noble supporters."² It would appear as if King Richard himself must be reckoned one at least among Wycliffe's "noble supporters." This seems to be implied in what appears to be a reference to himself, made in one of his last-written treatises, the 'Frisolous Citations,' being the citations addressed by the Popes to those who were offensive to them.

In that remarkable treatise the arguments in favour of papal citations are shown to be untenable and sophistical, and the assumption

¹ Godwin's Catalogue of the Bishops of England.

² Fuller's Church History, Book IV. cent. xiv.

of temporal power by the Pope, as exercised in the citation of those not subject to his jurisdiction, is shown to be unjustifiable. From all this the conclusion is, that the Church should return to primitive and apostolic simplicity—the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ without the Pope and his statutes. In the fourth chapter he maintains that three things warrant any one cited to refuse obedience to the citation: necessary business, illness, and the prohibition of the sovereign of the realm: “*Primum est gravis necessitas, quæ videtur maxima in custodia Christi ovium, ne a lupis rapacibus lanientur. Secundum est infirmitas corporis, propter quam deficit citatio dispositio data a domino ad taliter laborandum. Et tertium est preceptio regia, quando rex precepit, sicut debet, suo legio, ne taliter extra suam provinciam superflue evagetur. Et omnes istæ tres causæ vel aliqua earum in qualibet citatione hujusmodi sunt reperte, et specialiter cum rex regum prohibeat taliter evagari.*” All this he applies to his own case, in language implying that he had been cited to appear to answer for himself before the Pope: “*Et sic dicit quidam debilis et claudus citatus ad hanc curiam, quod prohibitio regia impedit ipsum ire, quia rex regum necessitat et vult efficaciter, quod non vagat. Dicit etiam quod domi oportet ipsum eligere Pontificam Iesum Christum, quod est gravis necessitas eo, quod cum ejus omissione vel negligentia non potest Romanus Pontifex vel aliquis angelus dispensare.*”¹ The words seem to imply not only that he was cited to appear before the Pope, but that in declining to obey

the papal summons he could plead bodily infirmity, the will of the King of kings, and also the prohibition of the only earthly sovereign to whom he owed a subject's duty. Shirley, writing in 1858, says—“From his retreat at Lutterworth they summoned him before the papal Court. The citation did not reach him till 1384.”² If so, then his tract ‘*De Citationibus Frivolis*’ was one of the last of the many writings that proceeded from his pen.

Before we make the briefest possible reference to the last and greatest work of Wycliffe—his translation of the Bible—we may here allude to the marvellous productiveness of the mind of this great Englishman of the fourteenth century. In this respect, as in other characteristics of his genius, there is only one other name in English literature that is entitled to take rank and place beside John Wycliffe, and that is the name of William Shakespeare. Chaucer and Langland and Gower, the contemporaries of Wycliffe, wrote much, and wrote so as not only to prove the previously unknown capabilities of the half-formed English language for giving expression to every variety of poetical conception, but these illustrious poets also so wrote as to be the forerunners and the leaders of those who, since the time when the English mind was set free by the Reformation, have marched, and continue to march, as the poets of England in splendid equipage in their proud procession through the ages. But the intellectual and literary productiveness of Chaucer and Langland and Gower comes far short of the truly extraordinary productiveness of

¹ Wycliffe's Latin Works, edited for the Wycliffe Society by Dr Buddensieg, vol. ii. pp. 555, 556.

² Introduction to Fasc. Zizan., p. 44.

the genius of Wycliffe. Nothing but ignorance of what Wycliffe did for the highest forms of thought in the University, for the dignity and independence of the State, for truth and freedom in the Church, and for virtue and godliness among the English people, and through them among all the nations of the world, can account for the indifference to the name and memory of Wycliffe, which prevails not in Oxford alone, but throughout the country:—

“To the memory of one of the greatest of Englishmen, his country has been singularly and painfully ungrateful. On most of us the dim image looks down, like the portrait of the first of a long line of kings, without personality or expression. He is the first of the Reformers. To some he is the watchword of a theological controversy, invoked most loudly by those whom he would most have condemned. Of his works, the greatest, ‘one of the most thoughtful of the middle ages,’ has twice been printed abroad, in England never.¹ Of his original English works, nothing beyond one or two tracts has seen the light. If considered only as the father of English prose, the great Reformer might claim more reverential treatment at our hands. It is not by his translation of the Bible, remarkable as that work is, that Wycliffe can be judged as a writer. It is in his original tracts that the exquisite pathos, the keen delicate irony, the manly passion of his short nervous sentences, fairly overmasters the weakness of the unformed language, and gives us English which cannot be read without a feeling of its beauty to this hour.”²

The mind of Wycliffe was constitutionally of large capacity—strong, many-sided, intense. The

strength and the luminousness of his understanding, operating through an emotional nature of great tranquillity and depth, found for themselves unimpeded expression in the force and energy of a self-determining and resolute will. His deliberations, not his passions, prompted, directed, and controlled his actions. Hence the decisiveness of his conclusions; hence also the heroic pertinacity with which he adhered to his convictions, and, whether amidst compliments or curses, prosecuted his work. For to him personally, *dominion* signified the lordship of the intellect over the emotions, the sovereignty of conscience over the intellect, and the monarchy of God over all. The “possessor” of rich and varied mental endowments, he put forth all to use. For in all the departments of learning and science, John Wycliffe was second to none whose names adorn the annals of Oxford University and are the glory of England. Wycliffe’s works, when known in Oxford and in this country, will not only vindicate what we have said, but will show that if his constitutional abilities were singularly great, his industry was indefatigable, and his studious course splendidly progressive. “Proscribed and neglected as he afterwards became, there was a time when Wycliffe was the most popular writer in Europe.”³ Contact with his mind through his works, seems to have had a remarkably infectious influence on the men of his time and on the following generation. Hence the unexampled measures

¹ In so far as the printing of this work is concerned, the reproach of England was wiped off by the Clarendon Press in 1869; but it was a German, Dr Lechler, who edited this great work, the ‘*Dialogus*.’

² Shirley, Introduction to Fasc. Zizan., p. 47.

³ Shirley’s Catalogue of the Original Works of John Wycliffe. Preface, p. 6: Oxford: 1865.

taken not by William Courtenay alone, but by successive Popes and by the Council of Constance (1415), to suppress the heresies of Wycliffe. This influence of contact with his spirit in his writings, shows itself very notably in the case of the able and critical historian, Milman. Milman's own mind was of great capacity and force. But the vigour and enthusiasm of that mind seem to reveal themselves more in the chapter on Wycliffe than in any other section of his great work. There is an unusual glow—one might say fervour—as of sympathetic appreciation, in the greater part of that chapter.¹

Shirley's statement that "Wycliffe is a very voluminous, a proscribed, and a neglected writer," is verified by the catalogue which Shirley himself, at the cost of considerable labour scattered over a period of some ten or twelve years, compiled, and published in 1865. By compiling and publishing this catalogue, Professor Shirley rendered great service not only to the memory of Wycliffe but also to English literature. Bale, Bishop of Ossory (1563), the author of many most valuable but now little appreciated, because little known, works, in his '*Summarium*,'² first published in 1547, gives a list of 242 of Wycliffe's writings, with their titles. Lewis, in 1820, by some modifications and additions to Bale's list, extends the number to 284. A catalogue was also prefixed by Baber to his reprint of Wycliffe's New Testament (Purvey's amended edition) in 1810. And Dr Vaughan (who has got but scrimp justice at the hands of

some), in his '*Life and Opinions of Wycliffe*,' 1828 and 1831, and in his '*John de Wycliffe: a Monograph*,' 1853, gave catalogues which had the effect of setting a few others to work in the endeavour to determine with certainty the number of the genuine writings left by Wycliffe. This work was undertaken and prosecuted with no little labour and critical ability by Professor Shirley; but death at an early time arrested the progress of the work which he had projected—the editing and publishing of '*Select Works of Wycliffe*.' Men die, but the work dies not. To the third volume of '*Select English Works of John Wycliffe*,' 1871, edited by Thomas Arnold, there is prefixed a "*List of MSS. of the Miscellaneous Works*," and a "*Complete Catalogue of the English Works ascribed to Wycliffe, based on that prepared by Dr Shirley, but including a detailed comparison with the list of Bale and Lewis*."³ Of Dr Lechler's services in this as in every other respect we do not speak: they are inestimable. The example set by him, and by Dr Buddensieg of Dresden, and Dr Loserth of Czernowitz, ought to stimulate Englishmen, and more especially the graduates, fellows, and doctors of Oxford, to vindicate the University against the charge so justly and repeatedly made against it, of having treated with indifference and neglect the name and memory of one of her most illustrious sons. It is anything but creditable to Oxford that German scholars and princes should do the work which ought to be done by Englishmen—and of all

¹ Milman's *Latin Christianity*, Book XIII. chap. vi.

² *Illustrium Majoris Britanniae Scriptorum Summarium in Quasdam Centurias Divisum*.

³ *Select English Works of John Wycliffe*. Introduction, vol. iii.

Englishmen by the men of Oxford. Do these learned men know that in English literature there is a short treatise bearing the title 'The Dead Man's Right'?¹ It is time that they should study it, and give to it such effect as only the men of Oxford can give, in relation to the memory of the man who asserted and maintained, in perilous and most hazardous times, the rights of Oxford University against those who would reduce that noble institution, that renowned seat of learning, to the level of one of the outhouses of the Vatican Palace or of the Pope's privy chamber, at Avignon or at Rome.

From the lists or catalogues of Wycliffe's works, it is evident that his writing was like his mind—steadily, splendidly progressive. To the earlier period of his life belong the works on logic, psychology, metaphysics, and generally what may be called his philosophical writings. To the second period of his life belongs his applied philosophy in the form of his treatises on politico-ecclesiastical questions. To the third period belong his works on scientific theology; and to the fourth and concluding period belong his works on applied theology, or practical and pastoral divinity.

"The earliest work to which, so far as I know, a tolerably exact date can be assigned, is the fragment 'De Dominio,' printed by Lewis, and which belongs to the year 1366 or 1367. We may con-

fidently place the whole of the philosophical works, properly so called, before this date. About the year 1367 was published the 'De Dominio Divino,' preluding to the great 'Summa Theologiæ,'—the first book of which, 'De Mandatis,' appears to have been written in 1369; the seventh, the 'De Ecclesia,' in 1378; the remainder at uncertain intervals during the next five years. The 'Trialogus' and its supplement belong probably to the last year of the Reformer's life."²

In a letter of Archbishop Arundel, addressed to Pope John XXIII. in 1412, it is said of Wycliffe that, "In order to fulfil the measure of his wickedness, he *invented* the translation of the Bible into the mother tongue." Of this, the great and crowning work of Wycliffe's life, Knighton says:—

"Christ delivered his Gospel to the clergy and doctors of the Church, but this Master John Wycliffe translated it out of Latin into English, and thus laid it out more open to the laity, and to women who could read, than it had formerly been to the most learned of the clergy, even to those of them that had the best understanding. In this way the Gospel-pearl is cast abroad, and trodden under foot of swine, and that which was before precious both to clergy and laity, is rendered, as it were, to the common jest of both. The jewel of the Church is turned into the sport of the people, and what had hitherto been the choice gift of the clergy and of divines, is made for ever common to the laity."³

It was for this very end that the

¹ This is the first of "the most rare and refined works" that collectively make 'The Phoenix Nest,' published in 1593. Reprinted in vol. ii. of 'Heliconia,' edited by T. Park, 1815. The preface bears a marked resemblance to the famous epilogue to 2 Henry IV.

² Shirley: Preface to a Catalogue of the Original Works of John Wycliffe. The 'Trialogus' must have been written, some have it, between 1382 and 1384. This is shown by Vaughan and Lechler.

³ Knighton, quoted by Dr Buddensieg.

"Word of God written" might be for ever common to the people, as accessible to them as to the most privileged orders, that Wycliffe seems at an early time in his life to have entertained the great idea and formed the purpose of giving to his countrymen a version of Holy Scripture in the English language. For, although we cannot here enter into details, it would appear from the careful, learned, and elaborate preface to the magnificent edition of Wycliffe's Bible by Forshall and Madden,¹ that the progressiveness characteristic of Wycliffe's views and work was apparent in the translation of the Bible. With all deference to the opinions of those who believe that man's works spring full-formed from the human brain, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, there is reason for believing that so early as 1356, or about that time, Wycliffe began his work of translating the Scriptures, and that, with many interruptions or intermissions, he continued to prosecute his great enterprise till he had the joyful satisfaction of seeing the translation of the New Testament completed in 1380. The idea had grown in his mind, and the work grew under his hand. He could now put a copy of the Evangel into the hands of each evangelist whom he sent forth. Up to this time he could but furnish his poor preachers with short treatises and detached portions of Scripture. But now he could give them the whole of the New Testament in the language of the people of Eng-

land. It was a great gift, and it was eagerly desired by multitudes who had been perishing for lack of knowledge. And but for the opposition of the hierarchy, the book and the evangelist might now have had free course in England. The work of translating the Old Testament was being prosecuted by Nicolas Hereford, when he was cited to appear before the Archbishop. Two MS. copies of Hereford's translation in the Bodleian Library "end abruptly in the book of Baruch, breaking off in the middle of a sentence."² It may thence be inferred that the writer was suddenly stopped in the execution of his work; nor is it unreasonable to conjecture, further, that the cause of the interruption was the summons which Hereford received to appear before the synod in 1382."

"The translation itself affords proof that it was completed by a different hand, and not improbably by Wycliffe himself. Hereford translates very literally, and is usually careful to render the same Latin words or phrases in a uniform manner. He never introduces textual glosses. The style subsequent to Bar. iii. 20 is entirely different. It is more easy, no longer keeps to the order of the Latin, takes greater freedom in the choice of words, and frequently admits textual glosses. In the course of the first complete chapter the new translator inserts no less than nine such glosses. He does not admit prologues. The translation of this last part of the Old Testament corresponds with that of the New Testament, not only in the general style, but also in the rendering of particular words."³

¹ The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments, with the Apocryphal Books, in the earliest English versions, made from the Latin Vulgate, by John Wycliffe and his followers. Edited by the Rev. Josiah Forshall and Sir Frederick Madden. In four volumes. Oxford—at the University Press: 1850.

² Bar. iii. 20. The last words are "in place of them. The young . . ." rendered in the Geneva version—"Other men are come up in their steads. When they were young they saw the light."

³ Forshall and Madden's edition of Wycliffe's Bible. Preface, pp. 17, 18.

Wycliffe's work was really done when the whole Bible was published in the English language. And although he set himself to improve, correct, and amend his own and Hereford's translation, yet he could now, as at no previous time, say, "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." Not long after this he died in peace at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, on the 31st of December 1384. And notwithstanding the ridicule of all who snarl at Mr Foxe for counting him a martyr in his calendar, he really lived a martyr's life, and died a martyr's death: he lived and died a faithful witness of the truth. If he was not in spirit a martyr, there never was a martyr in the history of the Church; and if his persecutors were not in spirit tyrants whose purpose was to add Wycliffe's name to the roll of martyrs, there never were those who persecuted the saints unto bonds, imprisonment, and death. What else means the decree of the Council of Constance in 1415, which not only cursed his memory, as that of one dying an obstinate heretic, but ordered his body (with this charitable caution, "if it may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people"), to be taken out of the ground and thrown far off from any Christian burial? In obedience to this decree—being, as Godwin says, required by the Council of Sena so to do¹—Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Lutterworth in 1428, sent officers to ungrave the body of Wycliffe. To Lutterworth they come, take what was left out of the grave, and burning it, cast the ashes into the

Swift, a neighbouring brook running hard by. "Thus hath this brook conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, and these into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."²

With Fuller's graphic record of the action of the servants of Bishop Fleming of Lincoln we might conclude our review of the work of this truly great and good man; but we cannot conclude without saying that the decree of the Constance Council and the action of the Lincoln bishop reveal at the same time the power of Wycliffe's doctrines and the impotence of the papal opposition to Wycliffe and to Lollardism. Truth dies not: it may be burned, but, like the sacred bush on the hillside of Horeb, it is not consumed. It may fall in the street; it may be trodden under foot of men; it may be put into the grave; but it is not dead,—it lives, rises again, and is free. The bonds only are consumed; and the grave-clothes and the napkin only are left in the sepulchre. The word itself liveth and abideth for ever. It has in it not only an eternal vitality, but also a seminal virtue. It is the seed of the kingdom of God. Some of the books of Wycliffe were put into the hands of John Hus in the University of Prague. Of Hus it may be said that, like the prophet, he ate the books given to him. He so appropriated them, not in the spirit only, but also in the letter, that the doctrines, and even the verbal expressions, of Wycliffe, were reproduced and proclaimed by him in Bohemia. This is demonstrated

¹ Godwin's Catalogue of the Bishops of England.

² Fuller, Book IV. cent. xv.

by Dr Loserth in his recent work, 'Wycliffe and Hus.'¹

The story of the Gospel in Bohemia is really a record of the work of Wycliffe in a foreign land, where he was regarded as little less than "a fifth evangelist." The heresies of Wycliffe, condemned by the Council of Constance, were the Gospel for which John Hus and Jerome of Prague died the death of martyrs. But not only so.

"When I studied at Erfurth," says Martin Luther, "I found in the library of the convent a book entitled the 'Sermons of John Hus.' I had a great curiosity to know what doctrines that arch-heretic had propagated. My astonishment at the reading of them was incredible. I could not comprehend for what cause they burnt so great a man, who explained the Scriptures with so much gravity and skill. But as the very name of Hus was held in so great abomination, that I imagined the sky would fall and the sun be darkened if I made honourable mention of him, I shut the book with no little indignation. This, however, was my comfort, that he had written this perhaps before he fell into heresy, for I had not yet heard what passed at the Council of Constance."²

Germany through Luther owes much to John Wycliffe. Germany acknowledges the obligation, and through Lechler, Buddensieg, Loserth, and others, it is offering its tribute of gratitude to the memory of the earliest of the Reformers. For, although the fact is ignored by many, the Reformation was but the exposition and developed application of the doctrines of John Wycliffe. It was Shakespeare who said of the great Lollard chief of England—Sir John

Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham—"Oldcastle died a martyr!"³ But it is one of the most coldly severe and critical of historians who says:—

"No revolution has ever been more gradually prepared than that which separated almost one-half of Europe from the communion of the Roman See; nor were Luther and Zwingle any more than occasional instruments of that change, which, had they never existed, would at no great distance of time have been effected under the names of some other Reformers. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the learned doubtfully and with caution, the ignorant with zeal and eagerness, were tending to depart from the faith and rites which authority prescribed. But probably not even Germany was so far advanced on this course as England. Almost a hundred and fifty years before Luther, nearly the same doctrines as he taught had been maintained by Wycliffe, whose disciples, usually called Lollards, lasted as a numerous though obscure and proscribed sect, till, aided by the confluence of foreign streams, they swelled into the Protestant Church of England. We hear indeed little of them during some part of the fifteenth century; for they generally shunned persecution, and it is chiefly through records of persecution that we learn the existence of heretics. But immediately before the name of Luther was known, they seem to have become more numerous; since several persons were burned for heresy, and others abjured their errors, in the first years of Henry VIII.'s reign."⁴

Corresponding with what is stated by Hallam, is the fact that John Knox begins his history of the Reformation in Scotland by giving, in what he calls "*Historiæ Initium*," a chapter on the history of Lollardism in Scotland:—

¹ Wycliffe and Hus. From the German of Dr Johann Loserth, Professor of History at the University of Czernowitz. 1884.

² Luther's Preface to the Letters of Hus.

³ See Epilogue to Henry IV. Part II.

⁴ Hallam's Constitutional History of England, chap. ii. 57, 58, 6th ed.

"In the scrolls of Glasgow is found mention of one whose name is not expressed, that, in the year of God 1422, was burnt for heresy; but what were his opinions, or by what order he was condemned, it appears not evidently. But our chronicles make mention that in the days of King James the First, about the year of God 1431, was deprehended in the University of St Andrews, one Paul Craw, a Bohemian, who was accused of heresy before such as then were called Doctors of Theology. His accusation consisted principally that he followed *John Hus and Wycliffe in the opinion of the Sacrament*, who denied that the substance of bread and wine were changed by virtue of any words, or that confession should be made to priests, or yet prayers to saints departed. . . . He was condemned to the fire, in the whilk he was consumed, in the said city of Saint Andrews, about the time aforewritten."

Proceeding with his narrative, Knox gives a picturesque description of what occurred in Court, when no fewer than thirty persons were summoned in 1494 by Robert Blackburn, Archbishop of Glasgow, to appear before the King and his great council. "These," he says, "were called The Lollards of Kyle. They were accused of the articles following, as we have received them forth of the register of Glasgow." Among the thirty-four articles charged against them are many of the doctrines so ably expounded and maintained by Wycliffe. "By these articles, which God of His merciful providence caused the enemies of His truth to keep in their registers, may appear how mercifully God hath looked upon this realm, retaining within it some spunk of His light even in the time of greatest darkness."

The Lollards of Kyle, partly through the clemency of the King, and partly by their own bold and ready-witted answers, so dashed the bishop and his band out of countenance, that the greatest part of the accusation was turned to laughter. For thirty years after that memorable exhibition there was "almost no question for matters of religion" till young Patrick Hamilton, of gentle blood and of heroic spirit, appeared on the scene in 1527. "With him," says Knox, "our history doth begin."¹

"No friendly hand," says Dr Shirley, "has left us any even the slightest memorial of the life and death of the great Reformer. A spare, frail, emaciated frame, a quick temper, a conversation 'most innocent,' the charm of every rank—such are the scanty but significant fragments we glean of the personal portraiture of one who possessed, as few ever did, the qualities which give men power over their fellows. His enemies ascribed it to the magic of an ascetic habit; the fact remains engraven on every line of his life."² His bitterest enemies cannot refrain from involuntary tributes of admiration extorted from them by the singular and unsullied excellence of the man whose doctrines and doings as a reformer they detested. Like the "amiable and famous Edward, by-named, not of his colour, but of his dreaded acts in battle, the Black Prince,"³ Wycliffe was in nothing black save in his dreaded doctrines and works of reformation. Apart from these, "all tongues—the voice of souls"—awarded him the praise due to

¹ Knox's History of the Reformation in Scotland, being volume first of his Works, collected and edited by David Laing. Edinburgh, 1846.

² Shirley's Introduction to Fasc. Zizan., pp. 45, 46.

³ Speed's Chronicle, p. 672—ed. 1632.

lofty genius, exemplary virtue, and personal godliness. His heretical deeds were the occasion of all the obloquy heaped upon his name and memory :—

“In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think,
proceeds.”

If we cannot as yet cherish the hope that, besides erecting in Oxford some visible monument to the memory of Wycliffe, the University should, as an example to Cambridge and to the Scottish universities, institute a Wycliffe Lectureship for the exposition of the works of the great Reformer, it is surely not too much to expect that Oxford should give all possible countenance and support to the project for the printing and the publication of Wycliffe's unprinted and unpublished writings. This, in the meantime, is perhaps the best tribute that can be offered to the memory of Wycliffe. For, as Dr Shirley said, some nineteen years ago, “The Latin works of Wycliffe are, both historically and theologically, by far the most important; from these alone can Wycliffe's theological position be understood: and it is not, perhaps, too much to say, that no writings so important for the history of doctrine are still buried in manuscript.”¹ These neglected, unknown, and hitherto inaccessible works, are being printed under competent editorship by “The Wycliffe Society.” They have more than a mere theological interest. They are important in their relation to the thought which developed itself in the reformation of religion, in the revival of learning, and in the assertion, maintenance, and defence of constitutional liberty in England.

For from the relation of his work to the University, to the independence of the nation and the sovereignty of the Crown, to the Church and to the people of England, a manifold interest must for ever belong to the name, the life, and the work of John Wycliffe. Corresponding with all this is the manifold obligation of the University, the Crown, the Church, and the people of England. For Wycliffe was the first of those self-denying and fearless men to whom we are chiefly indebted for the overthrow of superstition, ignorance, and despotism, and for all the privileges and blessings, political and religious, which we enjoy. He was the first of those who cheerfully hazarded their lives that they might achieve their purpose, which was nothing less than the felicity of millions unborn—a felicity which could only proceed from the knowledge and possession of the truth. He is one of those “who boldly attacked the system of error and corruption, though fortified by popular credulity, and who, having forced the stronghold of superstition, and penetrated the recesses of its temple, tore aside the veil that concealed the monstrous idol which the world had so long ignorantly worshipped, dissolved the spell by which the human mind was bound, and restored it to liberty! How criminal must those be who, sitting at ease under the vines and fig-trees planted by the labours and watered with the blood of those patriots, discover their disesteem of the invaluable privileges which they inherit, or their ignorance of the expense at which they were purchased, by the most unworthy treatment of those to whom they owe them, misrepres-

¹ Preface to *A Catalogue of the Original Works of John Wycliffe*: 1865.

sent their actions, calumniate their motives, and load their memories with every species of abuse!"¹ While we look to the men of Oxford for a thorough though tardy and late vindication of Wycliffe's name and services to the University and to learning, we expect from the people of England a more effective and permanent memorial of Wycliffe and his work than can be raised by any number of scholars or members of the University. Wycliffe lived for God and for the people. He taught the English people how to use the English tongue for the expression of truth, liberty, and religion. He was the first to give to the people of England the Bible in the English language. What a gift was this! He was in this the pioneer of Tyndale, of Coverdale, and of all those who have

lived and laboured for the diffusion of the Word of God among their fellow-men. The British and Foreign Bible Society is really Wycliffe's monument. His Bible, as translated from the Vulgate, was itself an assertion of that independence for which Wycliffe lived and died. To him may be applied the words of Milton—

"Servant of God, well done! well hast thou fought
The better fight; who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of truth; in word mightier than they
in arms:
And for the testimony of truth hast borne
Universal reproach, far worse to bear
Than violence; for it was all thy care
To stand approv'd in sight of God,
though worlds
Judged thee perverse."²

¹ M'Crie's *Life of John Knox*, Period I.

² Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Book VI.

THE COMMERCIAL EXPLOITS OF A COMMERCIAL CABINET.

FOR nearly five years the British Empire has been "suffering a recovery" from the malign and disastrous effects of the Administration which was ousted from power in 1880. For nearly five years it has been pursuing the paths of pleasantness and peace under the guidance of statesmen whose boast is that they are men of the people—above all, that they are men of business. It is puzzling and anomalous that the condition of the country should correspond so badly with the glowing expectations of five years ago. The sun has shone on us, and bountiful harvests have rewarded the tillers of the soil. Adversity should have been banished from our midst by the combined force of good government and good seasons, but it is still with us. Commercial depression, instead of being dispelled, has deepened and intensified. Markets languish, and prices decline; factories and shipbuilding yards are being closed, or put on short time. Armies of workmen are being thrown idle, and the beggarly soup-kitchen is again hard at work in the poorer quarters of our great cities. Everything tends downward, with two conspicuous exceptions—the national expenditure and the income-tax. The Chancellor of the Exchequer acknowledges an expenditure of about 88 millions for the current year, and how many millions more he is keeping up his sleeve is a matter of uneasy conjecture. To carry him on he has got an additional penny on the income-tax; but it is only a foretaste of what he will require next April, if Mr Gladstone's financial canon, that each year should honestly bear its own expenditure, is not to be honoured in the breach rather

than in the observance, like so many other Pecksniffian axioms from the same mint. Mr Childers has looming ahead of him a vista of deficits and increasing taxations such as ruined the financial repute of the Whig party fifty years ago, and drove the country for safety into the arms of Sir Robert Peel. The taxpayers are beginning to take alarm. The commercial classes are at open war with the Board of Trade. In both Houses of Parliament inquiries into the causes of agricultural and commercial depression are being moved for; and in spite of the clouds of soothing statistics in which Ministers took shelter from the demand, these inquiries cannot be much longer staved off. The industry of the country is in as deplorable a state at this moment as it was in the darkest days of 1837, before railways, steamships, and colonies came to its rescue. Now, as then, it is a commercial Cabinet, an Administration of men of business, that steers it straight for the breakers.

There was a time, and not so very long ago, when political economists of the Cobden school boldly disputed the right of the State to interfere with trade in any shape or form. Private enterprise was a sacred and self-sufficient thing which no Government or Legislature could meddle with without doing harm. Manufacturers who were adding factory to factory, and merchants who saw foreign markets stretching toward them with open mouths wherever they chose to look, ridiculed the idea of any Government managing their business for them better than they could manage it for themselves. All they asked for of the State was to be let alone. How many old

speeches of Mr Bright might be fished up from the musty pages of 'Hansard,' which had this for their burden—"The best thing you can do for us is to leave us alone"! But that is no longer the temper of commerce, or of manufactures either, at the present day. The commercial classes no longer complain of legislation as an intrusion and an impertinence. Their grievance now is that they have too little of it. To atone for the deficiencies of the House of Commons they have started miniature parliaments of their own. The Chambers of Commerce which now flourish at every leading commercial centre in the country are *quasi* legislative bodies. Once a-year they meet in grand conference, and discuss all the knotty questions of the warehouse and the Exchange. The men whose fathers boasted that each kept his own affairs to himself, are now combined together in a great Trade Guild, which has ramifications all over the three kingdoms. They consult together about markets; they endeavour to act together whenever an emergency arises affecting the whole body; they maintain as far as possible uniform scales of wages; they present a united front to the trades-union when it threatens them with a strike; when the Board of Trade is obnoxious to them they descend upon it in overwhelming deputations which can make even Mr Chamberlain tremble.

Of late years the relations of the Foreign Office to the Chambers of Commerce have become very animated, not to say effusive. Permanent officials who would have grudged half an hour of their precious time to Mr Cobden or to Joseph Hume when they were young men, have learned to smile on hard-visaged visitors from Lancashire or the Midlands. They listen to long-winded explanations

about warps and wefts, mohairs and alpacas, mule-twists and water-twists, as if they were episodes in the latest sensational novel. Since commercial treaties came into vogue, the intimacy which has also sprung up between the Chambers of Commerce and the Foreign Office is almost pathetic. Their deputations are not only welcomed at Whitehall, but a special functionary has been told off to act the part of cicerone to them. Mr Kennedy, who appears to fill that office at present, is assiduous in his attentions to the British exporter. With vigilant eye he watches over his interests in every foreign port, and carefully reports to him from time to time the new difficulties that are being thrown in the way of British trade. He takes note of the changes in the tariffs of foreign countries, and makes them known most conscientiously to all who are likely to suffer by them. He can explain at any moment the exact position of every commercial negotiation on the stocks: how this one has been temporarily shelved "in consequence of unexpected difficulties;" that one brought to a standstill through the dilatoriness of a Cortes or the ill-timed recurrence of a Ministerial crisis; another killed by a protest from some envious foreign Government after it had been satisfactorily concluded; the next hampered in its working by misapprehensions at home as to its objects. The Commercial Treaty Department of the Foreign Office is one of the busiest as well as one of the blandest of our governing institutions. This year it did the Chambers of Commerce the honour of deputing Mr Kennedy to attend their annual conference at Wolverhampton. During the meeting he gave the delegates a special audience, and described to them the various

commercial treaties which are pending at Constantinople. Great difficulty, he said, was being experienced with the Turkish authorities in adjusting the classification of goods under the new tariff. The Turkish Custom-house officials were not familiar with the fine distinctions now drawn between silk and waste-silk tissues, and it puzzled them why we should be so fond of mixing cotton with our woollen fabrics. No date could be assigned for the new system to come into effect; but the delegates would be glad to know that her Majesty's Government "claimed complete most favoured nation treatment for British trade in Turkey."

Something more remarkable than the pig-headedness of the Turks is the serene indifference with which this and kindred episodes are regarded by the British Cabinet and the British House of Commons. They have both been otherwise employed of late, especially during the past four years. Since 1880 commercial subjects have been heard in Parliament only in the brief lulls between outbreaks of Irish agrarianism, new rules of procedure, Bradlaugh scandals, and county franchise gasconade. They have not formed a recognised and essential part of the legislative business of the country. The Legislature is beginning to forget that the industry and the trade of the empire are under its jurisdiction. Few commercial measures are introduced; fewer still are passed. The commercial record of last session, for instance, is grimly humorous in its vacuity. The president of the Associated Chambers of Commerce—Mr Norwood, M.P.—a Liberal, and a frequent friend in need to the Board of Trade, mourned at Wolverhampton over "the last parliamentary session as having, so far as respected mercantile

and social legislation, proved singularly barren of result." It had produced a few miscarriages, which Mr Norwood sadly enumerated with all the tenderness he could muster for the ruffled feelings of Mr Chamberlain. Sorely against his Liberal grain, he enlarged on the two worst fiascoes of the session—Mr Chamberlain's Merchant Shipping Bill and his Railway Regulation Bill. These provoked, or rather they brought to a head, a flood of hostility among the trading classes such as no previous Cabinet had ever passed through alive.

The commerce of the country was never so openly, directly, and vehemently at war with the Government as during the two months of last session, when Mr Chamberlain was being denounced in every seaport of the United Kingdom. Merchants and ship-owners are not much addicted to agitation as a rule. They do not readily rush away from business to hold indignation meetings, as they were doing everywhere last spring. Even the passion of the Anti-Corn-Law crusade did not inflame them as did the Merchant Shipping Bill. In the former case, Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet was not of itself an object of attack. It was rather an umpire standing between two violently-opposed sections of the population. It inclined the balance toward the side that seemed certain to win in the end, and thus closed the contest. Even while opposing free trade the Peel Ministry were not personally unpopular; and after they had passed it, they became, except to the rump of their own shattered party, the sponsors of a great fiscal reform. The experience of Mr Chamberlain with his Merchant Shipping Bill was entirely different. He was the attacking and not the attacked party. He rushed gaily and glibly into an adventure which he as-

sumed would be as easily carried through as his Bankruptcy Act had been. He adopted the same condescendingly dictatorial tactics which had silenced opposition in that case. When too late, he discovered that his study of the question had been superficial and imperfect. He flung sweeping and disgraceful charges broadcast at the men whom it was indispensable he should conciliate. He poured into them volleys of official statistics, which, when examined, proved to have been, if not actually "cooked," at least skilfully selected to suit Mr Chamberlain's purpose. In his desperation he thought of letting loose the caucus against the shipowners; but that crowning error he was somehow saved from—whether by the wiser counsel of his colleagues in the Cabinet, or by the lukewarmness of the caucus itself, it is unnecessary to inquire.

The spectacle which the Merchant Shipping Bill agitation presented was unique, even in a political life so checkered and varied as ours. It was, in fact, a stand-up fight between a Minister and one of the most important interests of the community. A large proportion, perhaps as much as three-fourths, of Mr Chamberlain's opponents were Liberals, who would have fought hard for him on any understood plank of the Liberal platform. All the more furious were they against him for the seemingly wanton attack which he had gone out of his way to make on them. Some reference, though of a very discreet and merciful kind, was made to this raw spot in the domestic relations of the Liberal party at the late Conference of the Chambers of Commerce. Mr Chamberlain's own friend, Mr Norwood, himself a leading shipowner, condensed into a few words the grounds of the shipowners' hostility to him and his Bill:—

"It started with the monstrous assumption that maritime losses were due to the cupidity and homicidal tendency of one class—the shipowners—altogether ignoring the carelessness of shipmasters and officers, and the recklessness and incompetence of sailors. The insurance clauses reproduced in an impracticable and *doctrinaire* form the well-known crotchet of the permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, which was examined into and rejected by the Royal Commission on unseaworthy ships; while the employers' liability clauses were inserted at the instigation of, and to satisfy the demands of, the leaders of the trade-unions."

Mr Chamberlain had made such an absolutely bad start, that his Bill could not be got into the right track again. In vain Sir Donald Currie button-holed deputations in the lobby, and appealed to them as good Liberals not to run the ship aground, but to set it afloat again and give it another chance. In vain were the insurance clauses emasculated, and finally overtures made for their withdrawal. The breach was too wide and the resentment of the shipowners too strong to be quickly soothed away. In justice to the President of the Board of Trade, he did not lend himself personally to much effort of soothing. That was left to his indefatigable aides-de-camp, while he adhered to the more congenial methods of statistical invective. But the surrender when it came was complete. The shipowners would not be put off with a Select Committee, which would have been the most friendly court of appeal for Mr Chamberlain. They insisted on a Royal Commission, and have got it. Not only have they got it, but Mr Chamberlain, ungracious to the last, has been foiled in his attempt to pack it with his own partisans. He has had the tables turned on him in a manner which must be surprising as well as mortifying to himself. The

agitation which he so recklessly started for his own glorification has issued in what is virtually an inquest on his own department. The maligned shipowners have in effect forced on Mr Chamberlain a court of inquiry on his administration of the Board of Trade. The quarrel, as it stands, is one of the strangest escapades known to our commercial legislation—the most ill-starred parody of a popular reform that could be conceived. Mr Chamberlain's nascent reputation as a legislator and an administrator has been shaken by it even in the minds of his satellites, and eyes which fondly worshipped the rising sun begin to look elsewhere. The laurels of the Birmingham mayoralty and the Bankruptcy Act are visibly fading.

The Chambers of Commerce heard a doleful tale from the Foreign Office about its negotiations with Spain, and not a new one unhappily. It is now seven years since the Spanish Government, which had long grumbled at the preference given in our tariff to the light wines of France over their own more alcoholic vintages, followed up her remonstrances with a sharp blow at our exports to Spain. A protective tariff was enacted as a first step in the intended reprisals. Next a series of commercial treaties were entered into with other States, practically relieving them from the increased duties. Earl Granville made energetic use of the shibboleth customary on such occasions. He claimed "most favoured nation treatment," as it is called in the technical *argot* of diplomacy, and he offered in return the only shadow of a *quid pro quo* that a free-trade tariff has spared to us. We still levy duties on foreign wines and spirits; and in the case of wines there are two grades of duty,

dependent on alcoholic strength. A wine under 26 degrees of alcohol is charged a shilling per gallon, while half-a-crown per gallon is charged on all of 26 degrees and over. This distinction grew originally out of the French Commercial Treaty of 1859, and it was an avowed concession to that dubious class of liquors known as Gladstone clarets. The Prime Minister himself hardly suspects the amount of heartburning that Gladstone clarets have caused in other wine-producing countries than France. The feelings of Spain with respect to them have been shared all along by several of our own colonies, and the action of the Spanish Government in striking against them seven years ago was watched with deep interest both at the Cape and the antipodes.

The history of these wine-duties in Australia is a subject for sarcasm worthy of the pen of Dean Swift. Along with the right of self-government the colonies received the complementary right of self-taxation, which generally took the easy form of Customs tariffs turned against each other as well as against the outer world. In due time the *vignerons* of South Australia and New South Wales succeeded in producing a vinous liquid that could not be easily mistaken either for vinegar or blacking,—nowadays good Australian wines would be difficult to distinguish from Burgundies,—and they had to look about for a market to sell it in. Naturally they thought first of the neighbouring colonies, Victoria and Queensland; but they could not get into either without paying the same duty as was levied on Chateau Lafitte, or the most famous *cru* of the Moselle. The colonial Governments had their hands tied by a clause in their constitutions

which forbade them to levy "differential duties." For years "differential duties" were a burning question in Australian politics. Not many people had a clear idea what they meant, or what iniquity there was about them which should have been so solemnly guarded against by the authorities at home. Had it been prescribed that no Act of a colonial Parliament should be printed on brown paper, the colonial mind might have recognised in it a mark of imperial solicitude for the dignity of law-making; but in the prohibition of differential duties there was no such obvious *prima facie* sense. In practice it was attended with very obvious hardship and injustice. Granting that all foreign countries should be treated alike at a British Custom-house, whether imperial or colonial, that was no reason why colonies should be held bound to treat each other as foreign countries. At a very early period the Australian Governments realised this absurdity, and consulted with each other as to how it might be removed. Intercolonial conferences were held, and repeated representations made to the Colonial Office, but the prohibition of differential duties was one of the mystic axioms of free trade. Very plain speaking on the part of the Australians had to be resorted to before Downing Street would admit into its mind the thought of tampering with such a cardinal principle of Cobdenism. But it gave way at last, and a short Act was passed authorising the colonial Governments to negotiate with each other for the admission of native produce at special rates of duty.

But another grievance yet remained to the Australian wine-growers—the partiality shown under the French Commercial Treaty for Gladstone clarets. It also de-

serves a word of notice here in illustration of how statesmen may be misled by unthinking respect for pedantic rules. Practical common-sense would have suggested the encouragement in every possible way of an industry so important in itself and so valuable to our southern colonies as wine-growing. Free-trade theory, however, required that there should be only one duty for the same imported article, no matter where it came from. Consequently, Australian wines worth 8s. or 10s. per gallon were dealt with at the British Custom-house on the same footing as French or German wines of treble their market value. They did not even get the "most favoured nation treatment," as the Foreign Office terms it. Gladstone clarets being under the 26 degrees of alcohol, pay 1s. per gallon duty. A large proportion of the Australian wines we import are over 26 degrees, and have to pay half-a-crown per gallon. Practically they are in the same category as Spanish wines, and the wine-grower of Riverina feels very much toward the imperial Custom-house like the wine-grower of Xeres or Malaga. They are both at a disadvantage in competing with their favoured rivals of Burgundy and the Loire. For many years they have nursed their common grievance and kept it warm; but, as has been shown, Spain lost patience in 1877, and ever since she has been a thorn in the side of the commercial treaty department of the Foreign Office.

After prolonged negotiations, our Minister at Madrid, Sir Robert Morier, offered to raise the alcoholic standard for shilling-duty wines from 26 to 30 degrees, provided they would concede to us the most favoured nation treatment. Failing to get that, he held out the hope of further remissions on our wine-duties if the Spaniards would

allow the whole of their new tariff duties to be reconsidered. Toward the end of last year he induced them to sign a protocol embodying a temporary arrangement, based on our side on the extension of the shilling per gallon wine-duty, and on theirs on the most favoured nation clause. This would have solved the dead-lock for only a few years ; but petty gain as it was, it proved illusive. The Ministers who signed the protocol would not submit it to the Cortes for confirmation. No sooner had they signed it than they wished to throw it over, and reopen negotiations on the basis of a complete revision of our wine-duties ; whilst the Spanish *quid pro quo* was to be merely a most favoured nation clause without any substantial modification of the Spanish tariff. Mr Kennedy thinks it hardly likely "that any person will recommend this proposition for adoption." As it also seems hardly likely that Spain will abandon her position, the outlook for British trade in that quarter is not brilliant. We would not say that the present Government and the present Parliament are wholly responsible for this futile result, but undoubtedly it represents a singular dilemma for a great commercial State to be placed in. One of the ablest of our diplomatists has been at work on it for seven years ; the active officials of the Foreign Office have brought all their power to bear on it ; the Chambers of Commerce have year after year put on record their deep sense of its importance,—and yet it is not solved, nor on the way to a solution.

Next to hysterical legislation, left-handed diplomacy has been the bane of the present Government. In their dealings with foreign States they have not shown themselves what foreign States were accustomed to look for in British

Ministers. They have been men of sentiment instead of men of business ; passionate theorists instead of clear-headed tacticians. After all, one cannot descend from the stump and take his seat at a council-table without feeling a little bewildered at first. Four years ago Mr Gladstone seems to have been very much bewildered when Sir Charles Dilke and he applied themselves to the commercial negotiations with France. It has very possibly been forgotten what an odd thing he did in his Budget of 1880, for no other conceivable reason than to give a fillip to those negotiations, which were then in the first stage of their prolonged agony. M. Léon Say, the then French Minister in London, had agreed to the preliminaries of a treaty, in which the concessions to France were as definite as they could be drawn, and the counter-concessions to us were as vague as they could be left without being absolutely meaningless. The one stipulation which had any value for us may be literally translated thus : "Amelioration of the *status quo* in the sense of development of commercial relations." For that priceless concession, Mr Gladstone undertook to grant a substantial reduction in our wine-duties. With characteristic magnanimity where foreign producers are concerned, he hastened to confer his intended boon on France before she had bound herself in any way even to the theory of "amelioration of the *status quo*." In his supplementary Budget of June 10, 1880, he proposed a new scale of wine-duties more revolutionary in character than had ever been hinted at by the wine-importers themselves. The maximum duty was to be lowered from a shilling to sixpence per gallon, and the alcoholic standard from 26 to 20 degrees. In other words, all wines containing

less than 20 degrees of alcohol were to be admitted at the sixpenny duty. Above 20 degrees there was to be an ascending scale of a penny for each degree of strength up to 35 degrees. Over that the rate was to increase at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. per degree.

Mr Gladstone must have had great faith in this arrangement to spring it on Parliament so abruptly and prematurely as he did. He must have flattered himself that he was about to silence and sweep away the whole wine-duty agitation at a stroke. He may have had a pleasing vision of France, Spain, the Cape, and Australia, all rushing in to offer him their united thanks for his complete redress of their long-standing grievances. To his amazement and disgust, the Spaniards became worse-tempered than ever, and the colonists grumbled that "Gladstone clarets" were still to be the pets of the Custom-house. France herself capped his disappointment when an outcry was raised against M. de Freycinet's Cabinet for committing itself to any commercial negotiations until the new general tariff had been adopted. M. de Freycinet had committed himself to little enough, heaven knows; but little as it was, it never came before the French Chambers for discussion. Nor were the proposed new wine-duties ever discussed by the House of Commons. Along with M. Léon Say's preliminaries they fell still-born, as the Spanish Protocol, the Suez Canal Convention, the Congo Treaty, and divers other well-laid schemes, did after them. Neither France nor Spain consulted our feelings much on the matter. It might have been thought that, after drawing us into ostensibly important negotiations, and occupying months or even years of the valuable time of our Ministers and officials, mere courtesy would have

suggested some explanation of the lame and impotent conclusion arrived at. France and Spain did not see the thing in that light. They dropped the provisional agreements into the waste-paper basket, and shrugged their shoulders when Earl Granville inquired anxiously what had become of them.

In the case of the French negotiations no more was done until M. Gambetta came into power at the end of 1881. Sir Charles Dilke regarding this as a heaven-sent opportunity, hurried over to Paris to reopen the vexed question with his *bon camarade*, and to use their united endeavours to settle it to the satisfaction of the Yorkshire manufacturers. It was a hard fight they had to wage with the French Protectionists, and evidently from the first a hopeless one, though the Cobden Club was buoyed up with wild dreams of another brilliant *coup* like that of 1860. After much wrangling over the woollen and the cotton duties, the English Commission fixed an irreducible minimum of concession from the French tariff duties. Gambetta, it is believed, tried hard to bring his colleagues to the point, but could not. The downfall of his Cabinet gave the *coup de grace* to the already moribund negotiations, and on the return of M. de Freycinet to power, their failure could no longer be denied.

In the final stage of these negotiations, which coincides with the closing days of the Gambetta Cabinet, a critical step was taken by our own Ministers affecting Egypt. It was then that our Egyptian policy was silently and surreptitiously diverted from the cautious course which it had hitherto held. Gambetta aimed at a bold decided policy on the Nile, and he drew Earl Granville after him by the sheer force of a superior will. When Mr Gladstone professes to

have simply maintained in Egypt the dual control which he found in existence, he forgets an incident arising out of the commercial negotiations which distinctly marks his first false step over the line drawn by Lord Salisbury. His friend Gambetta had brought into the Anglo-French alliance a new idea—that England and France should assure the Khedive of material support in the event of a revolt against his authority. Earl Granville hesitated to adopt this idea, as well he might, for the whole press of the country, Conservative as well as Ministerial, was practically unanimous in warning him against it. But the negotiations for the Commercial Treaty were *in extremis*, and he consented at last to join in what is now known as the Collective Note. It was presented on the 9th January 1882, within a fortnight of the fall of the Gambetta Cabinet. It threatened Egypt with a form of interference going far beyond the financial control which had hitherto been exercised by the two Powers. The Egyptians—not merely the Nationalists, but the Khedive's own Ministers and partisans—read it in the light of an impending protectorate. It offended the Porte, and gave a dangerous stimulus to the Nationalist movement. Arabi Pasha derived from the Collective Note all that he needed to make him the hero of a popular uprising. The intervention which Earl Granville had hoped to stave off by a *brutum fulmen* was actually hastened, and within six months British troops occupied Egypt. The effect followed so rapidly and directly on the cause, that their connection is almost beyond controversy.

Our position in Egypt to-day is a provable consequence of ill-directed commercial zeal on the part of the Government—especially

on that of the Prime Minister himself and Sir Charles Dilke. The Collective Note of January 9, 1882, was their last desperate bid for the renewal of the French Commercial Treaty. It was to be the price of reduced duties on our woollen goods, which, after all, were not reduced. The old treaty ran its course, and expired on the 15th May 1882—the day on which the British and French fleets sailed from Suda for Alexandria,—and it was not renewed. We stand now toward France on the vague footing of “most favoured nation treatment,” which is a technical pleasantry of the Foreign Office, meaning that we are just as badly treated as our neighbours. The most favoured nation clause is one of the grim jokes of commercial diplomacy—a worthy pendant to the squeamish veto on differential duties. It operates in quite a comical way. In fact nobody would ever suspect that solemn persons like British ambassadors and permanent secretaries could unbend themselves to such a game of hide-and-seek; still less that British manufacturers would stand tamely by and see it practised on them. It is worked somewhat in this fashion: A fifth-rate European State—say Greece—has a spasm of financial deficit rather worse than usual. It requires more taxes to make the two ends meet, and the Custom-house is the handiest means of raising them. The tariff is consequently “revised,” in the sense of clapping on 20, 30, or 50 per cent to the duties on manufactured imports. No sooner does the Hellenic Government notify to the world at large this important though by no means infrequent change in its fiscal policy, than the manufacturing States begin to come cap in hand to Athens to beg for what M. Léon Say facetiously termed an

"amelioration of the new *status quo*." Germany, it may be, begins the farce of negotiating for privileges, and after several months' hard work secures what is practically a tariff for herself. She retires delighted, and France advances. She is offered most favoured nation treatment, which means the same tariff as Germany. Great Britain, Austria, Italy, Spain, and all the rest of the modest Powers, then flock in together, and make their bargain for most favoured nation treatment. The practical effect is, that the increases in the Hellenic tariff are cut down for "the most favoured nations" from 20, 30, or 50 per cent to 15, 20, or 40 per cent, as the case may be. But the astute Hellenes knew all the time they would have to relax their hold a little, and they prepared for it by taking a bigger handful than they really wanted.

Commercial treaties as now operated, are on a par with the manœuvres of a tradesman who sends a haggling customer round to his back-door with the promise of a better bargain. A second customer comes, and insists on being treated as well as the first, and he is sent round to the back-door also. A third, a fourth, and a fifth are sent round as they arrive, until at last the tradesman is doing his principal business by way of the back-door. His regular tariff becomes a trap for casuals, and the bulk of his business is transacted on the most favoured nation principle. If they were all benighted protectionist Governments who played this funny round game, what scorching ridicule might not Mr Bright pour out on them! But their leader and pioneer is no protectionist bureaucracy. It is free-trade England, democratic England, commercial England; the England of Mr Bright, which buys in the cheapest and sells in the

dearest market; the England of Mr Gladstone, which is governed for the people and by the people; the England which has renounced differential duties, and would fain abolish its Custom-house altogether if it could. Nearly a quarter of a century ago, when the first of these hybrid free-trade impostures—the Anglo-French Commercial Treaty of 1860—was foisted on a delighted nation, 'Blackwood's Magazine' stood almost alone in failing to see where the statesmanship of it lay. We declined to regard it as a new and magnificent development of free-trade principles. On the contrary, we contended that it was a departure from them which could only lead to trouble and complication with foreign Powers, and assist foreign competitors to steal our trade from us. Most deferentially we would now submit that events have favoured our views more than the rosy anticipations of Mr Cobden and Mr Gladstone. Commercial treaties have not helped to promote free trade. They have made few, if any, converts abroad. They have not simplified the commercial intercourse of the nations. What they have evidently done is to throw back the progress of free trade by at least half a century, and to introduce into our foreign relations a system of smallware diplomacy which will be laughed out of existence as soon as its pompous absurdity begins to be understood. We smile at our grandfathers and their navigation laws, but they would think us idiots for our commercial treaties.

States which still adhere to protection and have concessions to make to each other, may safely bargain, though even in their case the process is too cosmopolitan to have any feature of individual advantage left in it. But for us, who divested ourselves years ago

of our last shred of power either to concede or to retract in the way of duties, to keep up the farce of haggling for trade with our neighbours is more than absurd. Practically it has been mischievous in the extreme. It has called the attention of foreign countries to the splendid market which we hold open for the whole world. In doing so it has brought down on our own manufacturers an avalanche of foreign competition which is slowly crushing them. Another mischievous thing it has done, and that is to show foreign competitors the way into our foreign markets. They are crowding in there from all sides—France and Germany in particular—and they will speedily close with us in a death-struggle. British commercial treaties from 1860 down to the present day have been neither more nor less than advertisements for competition against ourselves. No doubt the tendency of the time was toward competition, and it would have come sooner or later without the treaties, but they unquestionably accelerated its advance. They stirred up the slumbering enterprise of the States that we forced them on, educated them in our methods of business, and helped to supply them with the needed capital for home manufactures. The evil, such as it is, has been done, and need not be cried over, but we may at least endeavour to shake off the delusion that it is a blessing.

The commercial treaty fetish has been a self-laid trap for our Ministry of business men. Its showy magnanimity so dazzles them that they apply it to every other kind of negotiation. It has familiarised them so with the habit of giving freely and getting nothing in return, that the same spirit affects them in still more important matters than trade. Its moral influence

may be seen in the otherwise unintelligible and unspeakable Boer Convention. The men who put their hands to that deplorable transaction must have been incapable of conceiving what the surrender of British sovereignty in a semi-savage country really involves. They did not know that they were withdrawing the needed protection of British power from millions of helpless blacks, to say nothing of the thousands of Europeans whose lives and property are now at the mercy of the Boers. They cannot have realised that the sovereignty which they so lightly turned into a suzerainty, and from a suzerainty into a nullity, was the key-stone of the social system of half a continent. We question if they have even now an idea of the extent of the commercial and financial ruin which that one error of theirs has entailed. Our older colonies in South Africa were handed over to them as one of the most prosperous provinces of the empire, and to-day they are plunged in distress and despair, which has no parallel in their history. There is not an owner of property in South Africa, from diamond-mines to ostrich-farms, or a holder of South African securities, who has not had the disastrous effects of the Boer surrender brought home to him as a personal misfortune. "Red ruin and the breaking up of laws" have been among its mildest consequences. From its poisoned source confusion and discouragement have spread into every British settlement from Cape Town to the Orange River. Trade is not merely stagnating, it is drying up. In 1881 the total imports of the Cape Colony were valued at 9½ millions sterling, and in 1883 they had sunk below 6½ millions. In the same period the imports of Natal declined nearly half a million, making a total loss on the import trade

of the two colonies of over three millions, most of which falls on this country. We lose not merely the profit on the goods themselves, but the freights, commissions, and banking profits—a very considerable addition. Magnificent fleets of steamers are running between London and the Cape with cargoes which hardly pay for the coals they burn. The companies they belong to were formerly prosperous, and their shares commanded high premiums, but dividends are a thing of the past, and premiums have been converted into discounts.

Sir Donald Currie should be able to give his friends in the Cabinet trustworthy information on some of these points. His Castle Mail Line, which Mr Gladstone has occasionally honoured with his society on an autumn cruise, was reorganised as a public company a few years ago. Its shares, with £19 paid, were issued at £2, 10s. premium, and they are now quoted at 11 to 12, or only a shade more than half what they were supplied to the public at four years ago. The Union Company in the same trade used to pay 10 per cent to its shareholders regularly, and its £20 shares stood at 28 to 30 when the present Government came into office. They are now about 13. The Clan Line, which runs from Liverpool, is a private enterprise, established with Glasgow capital, but it is not much of a secret that its South African trade has also suffered disastrously. These unfortunate shipping companies only reflect in a concentrated form the disaster which has fallen on nearly every industry in South Africa. In the banks alone fortunes have been lost. The largest of these, an ably managed institution, commanding a splendid business, earns now little more than half of the income that it did a few years ago. Its dividends

have declined from 18 to 10 per cent, and its shares from £62 to about £36. On the market value of the capital of that one bank there has been a depreciation of over one million sterling since the date of the Boer Convention. A younger bank, started under hopeful auspices, and with an apparently sure prospect of success, has seen its shares drop from 19 to 5, and the market value of its capital shows a loss of nearly three-quarters of a million. The investment companies doing business in South Africa have all had to bear their share of the universal calamity. The land companies, which had just started to promote systematic settlement, have been paralysed. Everything is suffering from dry-rot. Latterly, the credit of the colonial Governments has begun to give way, and their bonds have fallen materially within the past few weeks. If at this distance distrust can make itself so severely felt, what must it be at the Cape? If comparatively sound securities have been so shaken, how will the colonists have fared with their more speculative investments and their ruined trade? Every million that has been lost by South African investors here, will stand for ten millions sacrificed in South Africa itself.

British commerce has had much to endure of late from legislative blundering, but the heaviest blow ever levelled at it was the Boer Convention. Its direct money-cost to the British empire will outweigh all the military expenditure in South Africa for the last thirty years. We have given a few casual illustrations of it, but the complete tale, if it could be made up, would be horrifying. As a commercial transaction, it would have been better for us to give Mr Gladstone's seven thousand heroic Boers ten thousand pounds apiece to "trek,"

and allow us to repopulate the country with some of the quarter million of unemployed who are now starving in our manufacturing cities. Every Boer in the Transvaal is an individual white elephant, costing us in injury to British trade more than would have kept a small garrison to look after him and take the nonsense out of him. Yet the first commercial nation in the world accepts all this from its rulers, and hardly questions their infallibility! Lord Randolph Churchill spoke strongly on the moral aspects of the convention at Leeds; but only one critic of the Government has applied to the commercial iniquity of it the language it deserves. Strange to say, this was not an Englishman, but an American. At the banquet given to the Chambers of Commerce at Wolverhampton, Mr H. M. Stanley responded for the toast of "Our Foreign Trade" in a speech which is said to have electrified the assembly by its scathing ridicule of our namby-pamby proceedings in Africa generally. It was not reported in any of the leading morning papers, and we have had some difficulty in hunting up even a condensed report of it. Speaking of the Boer Convention, he said of this country:—

"She made on the score of magnanimity, while smarting with wounds to her honour and name, a compact with a people that had dealt violent blows to her pride. Since then there has been a notable retrogression. Enterprises that before seemed possible and profitable were abandoned, and capital shrank from investment until it threatened to depart altogether from South Africa. There was a gloom prevailing to-day over the whole of South Africa. The British element that had been hitherto so strong and hopeful in the councils of the Cape Government was now most desponding, and the walls of the Council-chamber, where the express-

ive accents of Anglo-Saxon were once heard, now re-echoed to menacing declamation in Low Dutch."

On the same occasion Mr Stanley alluded to another African escapade of the commercial adepts who rule over us—the Congo Treaty. He declared without hesitation that

"it had done a great deal of mischief. It had made the International Association suspicious. It compelled the Association to promise to hand over all their territory to France whenever they should find that it was useless to contend against enemies determined to strangle their philanthropic work. It kindled the animosity of nearly every European nation; and the Portuguese, instead of being grateful to England for what she had done, grumbled at the very little restraint put on their customs-collecting propensities, and their insatiable appetite for fees."

The incredible blunders of our Foreign Office excite, according to Mr Stanley, universal suspicion as to what it may do next.

"Meantime," he said, "one of the finest fields of commerce was left uncultivated, owing to the feeling of uncertainty as to the future of England. From the Cape of Good Hope to Mogodor, in the Nile basin, in Persia, and in China Asia, he saw a shifting of responsibilities, a sacrifice of commercial interests, a prodigal and thoughtless surrender of resources of trade, a recklessness and indifference to vital interests, as though England were in a hurry to disgorge herself, being sickened of a surfeit."

Mr Stanley's language may be somewhat turgid, but his facts are very serious, and his warning only too much needed. It cannot be gainsaid that, at a time when our warehouses are bursting with unsaleable stocks, and every factory in the country is producing more than it can get rid of, we have not been on the alert, like other nations, to discover or create new markets. Our rulers have sighed

and groaned over the responsibilities of empire, while the empire slips bit by bit from their feeble grasp. In Europe, in America, in every quarter of the globe, the burning question of the day is,—trade; how to extend it and to make it more profitable. The giant intellect of Prince Bismarck has applied itself to the problem, and found a solution such as Cromwell would have grasped at, had he been alive among us to-day. Every other Continental statesman is more or less occupied with the same subject. Under different names—here Socialism, there Nihilism, everywhere pauperism and insolvency—it haunts them. But this country has Ministers who can sleep serenely through the storm. Their slumbers are sweetened by pleasant dreams of the magnanimous blessings they bestow on “the friendly foreigner.” All would be happiness and bliss if there were not gathering outside the door those irrepressible deputations from Chambers of Commerce, which are never done complaining of foreign tariffs and sugar-bounties—to say nothing of the shipowners, with a heavy frown on every brow, who wait gloomily to resume their struggle for life with Mr Chamberlain.

The wreck of Ministerial credit among men of business is too great for a single blow, however heavy, to have produced. The fabric of Ministerial popularity among the trading classes had been undermined by previous blunders, or it could never have tumbled like the walls of Jericho at the first sound of the trumpets of the shipowners. From the outset the Government have been grotesquely unlucky in their commercial policy both in Parliament and out of it. Their first serious effort on behalf of trade—the renewal of the French

Commercial Treaty—was a fiasco of evil omen for them. It started the breach with France, which has gone on widening till all pretence of friendly feeling or good understanding between the two nations has disappeared. At home it struck the key-note of a long series of disappointments to the commercial classes, which have made it difficult to conceive that the author of the Suez Canal Convention and the Congo Treaty can be the same statesman who remodelled the finances of the country, and who, twenty years ago, was “our only Chancellor of the Exchequer.” The French Commercial Treaty, for which the Foreign Office would have sacrificed so much and got so little in return, was the fountain-head of Mr Gladstone’s worst errors and troubles abroad. It was the occasion of his shilly-shallying in Egypt; of his taking rash plunges at the instigation of France, and then trying to scramble back when France had left him in the lurch. It was the real though disguised bait with which one French Minister after another drew him into the complications he is now floundering amongst, and which leave France at perfect liberty to pursue her own designs in other parts of the world than Egypt. If she can hasten the settlement of her difficulties in Tonquin and Madagascar, as she is now trying to do, she may return to the Nile and find everything there conveniently ripe for a renewal of the intrigues of three years ago. She has not lost her interest in Egypt, or abated a jot of her pretensions to influence there. Like Russia, she has only recoiled for the purpose of taking another spring. Meanwhile we shall have kept the nest warm for her; and though she pretends to be very angry with us at the moment, she is not really ungrateful.

UNDER A GREEN BOUGH.

MUCH as I appreciate summer weather, I am afraid that soft balmy days are not favourable to the doing of laborious work, whether of body or mind. I find them, however, highly conducive to the act of mind which we call musing; and, upon reflection, I do not see why a man should not, at convenient times, drop the reins upon the neck of his fancy, and suffer himself to be spirited about according to her pleasure. This is dead against the teaching of the profound Locke, who, if I remember rightly, in his 'Conduct of the Understanding,' insists that the mind must always be at the service of its owner, and must never be allowed to take the lead and to carry him off wool-gathering.

Locke, like some other great thinkers, is almost too severe for mortals of only ordinary strength. Nay, it may perhaps, without profaneness, be made a question whether nine-tenths of us could at all endure the mental discipline which he thinks wholesome and improving. I will even go a little farther than this, and say that if a man were able strictly to follow out Locke's precept, and to assign to his mind its "daily stage of duty," he might, while always following after good and worthy objects, miss and come short of objects more original and more adapted to his powers and disposition. Working earnestly but in set grooves, he might travel very near to, yet never see, some treasure which a roaming imagination would be sure to light upon. Such observations as these ought, however, as I know, to be offered and received with extreme caution; because it is easier to loosen than

to control the mind, and wandering thoughts, if freely indulged, often object to one taking the road back into prescribed study.

Even were the argument for dreaming much weaker than it is, I think that I should to-day hardly take to anything very serious. The turf is so fresh and green, the air is so scented and soothing, it is so delightful "under the shade of melancholy boughs," that even if I were to force myself to a task, the chances are that, having once done so, I should treat resolution and come here again mitching for an hour or two. It is a favourite conceit of mine when I thus make holiday, that I am the victim of a *retiarus*, the cause of the conceit being nothing stronger than that I lie in a net-hammock wondrously adapted for repose, where I look probably as much like a cabbage as a gladiator. Certainly I do not *feel* like a victim as I revel in the *far niente*, forgetting the world and trusting that I am for the present by the world forgot. I am not, in my hours of ease, one bit uncertain or hard to please: I know what I like very well—and that is, to be let alone.

The feet of him that brings tidings (good or bad) to my retreat are not beautiful to me; and I feel an emotion only too like hatred against that person in buttons who carries something ominously resembling a letter in his hand, although he comes only from a sense of duty towards me. This unreasonable enmity is another proof that I am not in the frame of mind recommended by Locke; I confess to being uncharitable, and I mentally make spiteful comments on the *nuncio* as he draws near.

I suspect him of exaggerating his chest with a sponge or something of the sort, and decide that he has the most offensively conceited strut ever seen—all this because of my belief that the letter is considered important and will cruelly interrupt, if it does not bring to an end, this swing in my net.

But when I open the despatch my countenance clears, my heart is once more in the right place. I behold a page of becoming gait, and with a bosom in strict proportion to the other parts of his frame. I address him in a sweetly benevolent tone as compensating for the mental injury that I had done him; for though the billet was marked "immediate," and had been otherwise commended to the household as demanding instant attention, these are but the devices of a mountebank for advertising his entertainment. Nobody is at this moment intruding on my laziness; I need not, and I shall not, determine just now whether or not I will form one of the audience of the professor (as he calls himself) on Wednesday next; and I once more "daff the world aside and bid it pass."

"That professor," I reflect, as I subside into delicious placidity, "probably understands his business much better than I do; still, is it wise of him when he wants people's goodwill—their patronage, as he expresses it—to fool them by representing his plaguy advertisements as matters of importance?" The feeling which he has aroused in me is simply irritation at the fright he gave me; and I am very unlikely, while feeling thus aggrieved, to go to see him myself or to recommend him to any one else. He had much better have sent his programme without any trickery, and let it take its chance with my impartial judg-

ment. Then it would in due course have—humph! perhaps it might not have been brought to me at all, or, having been discovered on my desk at a busy moment, would have been chucked into the wastebasket. Yes, he has by his "dodge" caused me to read his announcement and to think about it, although he has aroused my ire. To secure attention by any means was evidently his object; to secure it inoffensively if he could, but to impress with a pang rather than not to impress at all. I am thinking about the fellow, that is certain; I shall probably think again of him; and I already see the fore-shadow of an event which, for the sake of others, though not for my own sake, may be exactly according to his desire. I may condone before Wednesday, and take a party of four to his performance, which I should not have done if the advertisement had been delivered in an unpretending cover.

Yes, charlatanry is justified of her children. Quacks, as to some matters, know us a great deal better than we know ourselves. What a weak thing, then, is the human mind with all its grand pretensions! Even the sage Locke would have been easier to be played upon than a pipe by a professor of this quality. The weakness is not confined to this or that person, neither does it affect us only at certain times of the moon. Our infirmity is general, and is at all times exposed to attack, as is evident by the immense number of persons, from the pretended halt, maimed, and blind, up to the profoundest impostors, from fortune-tellers and thimble-riggers to financial and political swindlers, who practise daily upon universal credulity. What quantities of wealth are made change hands continually by means of imposture pure

and simple, or of devices not wholly chimerical in themselves, but puffed and advertised with impudent audacity! Caution, in these cases, seems to be in the inverse ratio of the magnitude and effrontery of the imposture. Some pains may be taken to ascertain whether a street beggar is blind or not; but sacks of gold are emptied into a South Sea scheme without the slightest solicitude, except that the deposit should not be made too late.

Various degrees of skill can be shown in very immoral pursuits; and I trust that I shall not be taken as expressing admiration or approval of their craft, if I notice one or two men who appear to have been at the head of the science of extracting money without rendering any equivalent. I doubt whether, during the last fifty years, any Englishman has shown such aptitude in this line as the late Mr Cobden. He drew from the people money by hundreds of thousands of pounds; and he had a secret which put him in the highest walk of his disreputable profession. That is to say, he did not feel it necessary after a *coup*, to make off to some obscure retreat, where he might enjoy his gains in obscurity while his victims were returning to their right minds, and growing resentful; but he was able for a long time to keep up the illusion, and to levy heavy tolls a second and a third time before the public infatuation was dispelled. His hat had gone round so many times that it seemed to be possessed with the spirit of a blind mill-horse turned out to grass, and to be unable to move except in circles. One of the supposed benefits for which this enormous price was paid was enduring peace. Any man who will take the trouble to glance over the world's chronicles since the year 1847, the

time about which Mr Cobden began to "operate," may quickly satisfy himself as to the amount of value which the credulous public received in the form of peace for all their subscriptions. Another of Mr Cobden's boasts was that he would "crumple up Russia." Yet anybody who reflects on the (to us) threatening position of Russia upon the frontier of India, will admit that she was not "crumpled up" by Mr Cobden, and was not an easy Power to crumple up. Many men have since attempted to follow in Mr Cobden's footsteps, but none with anything like his ability. He understood his *metier*, and stuck to it. Office, which was offered to him, he steadily refused. He knew how to live on the public far more agreeably than by doing official work.

In our day Mr Parnell has made a prosperous start in Mr Cobden's line, and that in spite of a difficulty which Cobden had not to contend against. The latter drew always from a purse which was known to be well stocked; the former has managed to extract £50,000 from pockets which he affirms to be pitiably empty, and he has thereby given contradiction to the maxim *ex nihilo nihil fit*. It has yet to be seen whether Mr Parnell can keep the stream running as Mr Cobden did; he has undoubtedly shown a pretty wit in that way. And in reckoning up those who have subsisted themselves handsomely by public contributions, I must not leave Mr O'Connell unmentioned. He did not, it is true, go down to the grave in the full enjoyment of the reputation, such as it was, which he had acquired; but for a great number of years he made the public a ready milch cow.

When I spoke of enduring peace

as one of the baits which Mr Cobden employed to mislead the people for his own ends, I, of course, did not mean to say that he created the general belief in the possibility of lasting peace. He merely, as all these cunning fellows do, wrought upon an instrument which he found ready framed to his hand. Throughout the present century a notion has been gaining ground that we, if we will it so, can always avoid going to war; and a sort of corollary to this notion is, that every war which we have made or may make, must be a crime, no matter what the circumstances might be which led, or might lead, us to draw the sword. Now, as almost every man who reflects at all must find such doctrine difficult of digestion, Mr Cobden saw a favourable opportunity of bringing out his pepsine, or, in plain words, of showing *how* universal and perpetual peace might be induced to spread her balmy wings over the whole world. "Make trade thoroughly free," dogmatised he, "and you make war impossible." The affirmation, no doubt, quieted many peace-desiring minds. How, in the present day, and in recollection of all the dreadful wars which have occurred since Mr Cobden's false prophecy, the belief in possible eternal peace is nourished and maintained, it is not easy to perceive. But there are many infallible signs of a belief being prevalent that all war and fighting may be avoided, and that any British Minister who may throw down or take up the gauntlet is guilty of a grave offence. This absurdity, like every other fallacious belief, will only have its day and then pass into the limbo of vanity, from whence

"A violent cross-wind from either coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand
leagues away
Into the devious air."

History is our warrant for the belief that a change will come. The signs just now are all the other way, and only for an increase of the fashionable disposition. It is difficult to understand how a movement which seems to gather head as time rolls on, is ever in ordinary course to decline and disperse. Yet such will be the event if we judge by what already has been. England was republican once, and Puritan; but she righted herself, as she has been wont to do, after indulging for a time in extravagance. How the rectification may come about cannot be so distinctly foreseen; but political feelings will probably be swayed by commercial depression. Our popular forces seem to be working together to destroy our prosperity, and to put us down in the scale of nations. If so, the day must come when our working classes, instead of busying themselves about the readiest means of transferring the wealth of capitalists to themselves, will be jostling each other to get employment at all. At such times war gives a convenient fillip to business, and the cry for peace will probably become very piano. Hard times make people captious; and it would not be surprising if, instead of self-accusation and self-effacement, we were to show a little tenacity and pugnacity, and to speak rather sharply with our enemies in the gate. As things get rougher, the soldier's daily ration may be an attraction, and tend to bring arms into fashion. It is even possible that the mad cry may be for a time, "War at any price!" Then, if our senses should return, as after former follies, there might be again a rational care for British interests, and a resumption of wholesome sentiment.

We may fairly speculate in this way, because hitherto Britain has known how to stop short of ruining herself. But it is a vastly dangerous thing to get on the road to ruin; and we may only hope—we must not presume—that a place for repentance [may be found for us before it is too late. Some nations, after being too confident in their prosperity, have suffered a long eclipse. And in saying this, I am not thinking solely of the ancient world and the ruins of empires. In comparatively modern times it has been quite possible for a famous and prosperous state to undo itself by foolhardy perversity. Spain was, not so long ago, a rich and a renowned land—great in arts, great in arms,—of most extensive dominion. Look at her now, and believe that it is possible for a Power that has been in every way gifted, to decline and to become of no account. In the days of the Emperor Charles V., the idea of Spain ever dwindling to a fourth-rate Power would no doubt have been scoffed at. Let Britain be warned in time. She is tampering with her possessions, her character, and her prestige.

And I, who am taking my native land to task for imprudence; am I altogether careful? There is an ugly-looking cloud visible through the trees, which has gathered while I have been pondering. It is just possible that a storm may be coming, and that I ought to decamp. But I am weak on that point; the sun is still shining, and the air is delicious—I can get to shelter in five minutes. No; I won't budge yet. If a thorough wetting, with perhaps a long walk or drive in wet clothes, were at hazard, I should have to avoid that at any sacrifice of present ease. There were days when even that was otherwise, and when

discomfort was the only penalty of being wet through that I ever thought about. This discomfort I remember to have encountered on many occasions in very early life, and notably on one occasion. It was not the wetting itself, but the period which preceded it, that has stamped it on my memory.

Three or four of us had gone what we called fishing on a very promising morning, and we enjoyed until afternoon favourable weather, and sport of the humble kind to which, in those juvenile days, we aspired. As the day got older, however, a very unwelcome change occurred in the sky, which grew black and threatening; a howling down-stream wind got up, and then a few drops of rain warned us that there was an evil time coming. We did not know how to judge of the weather, and with the sanguine disposition of youth, determined that we were in for a shower, which would pass away presently. It was advisable, however, to get shelter somewhere till the rain should be over; and as to that somewhere, there was not much choice. Our river ran through a dreary marsh, and the only habitation within easy reach of us was a wretched cottage where they sold beer. For this refuge we made, and we arrived there before the rain had done us much damage. Out of all our pockets together we were able to extract the price of a pot of beer; and, confident in the possession of this talisman, we went boldly in and demanded refreshment. We were only just in time; almost before we were served the rain blew in at the door of the cottage, so that the goodwife had to shut it. The windows were not large, and the architect had undoubtedly reckoned on the principal quantity of daylight being admitted through the doorway. When, therefore,

the door was closed, and when the clouds grew darker and darker, it became very gloomy inside the cottage, and the wood-fire which burned upon a spacious hearth shed a lurid light through the apartment, although it wanted three or four hours of sunset.

Presently came in the host, who had been driven by the rain from some outdoor occupation, accompanied by a queer little old man, whom he addressed as "Tailder." The word meant, as I believe, "tailor." I knew the "Tailder" by sight, and by that name. I also knew the host, who was a burly cottager now, but who was said to have been huntsman in former days to a squire of the neighbourhood. He was such a very coarse old rustic, that I doubt his ever having been more than some inferior server about the kennel; that, however, is only my guess.

When these two worthies entered, they took their places on a settle which was near the fire. We boys were at some little distance from them, seated on stools, without a table near, our pot of beer being held by one or other of us. There was no other guest. Presently the host ordered some liquor for the Tailder and himself; the woman threw sticks and furze on the fire and created a cheerful blaze. The rain outside was now pouring in torrents and beating wildly on the walls. It might have been a winter evening. Evidently the *quondam* huntsman regarded it as something of that kind, for he stretched out his limbs to the fire, and waxed friendly and anecdotal after he had imbibed once or twice the inspiring malt.

I used to be familiar enough with the country people's tales and with their mode of telling them. Many of the tales were, without doubt, sufficiently marvellous; but

they were generally either mere popular traditions, or, if they related to any special prodigy, were sure to be given at second or third hand, not on the narrator's own authority. On the occasion of which I am speaking, however, our host, when he got his tongue fairly under way, was very bold, and did not in the slightest degree endeavour to transfer the responsibility for his statements to any Mrs Harris or other misty authority, but took it upon his own senses and his own veracity.

He was the chief—indeed almost the only—speaker; for the Tailder listened admirably, and only contributed interjections—while we boys spake never a word, but took in every sentence of the improving legends which we were permitted to hear. There were some slight preludes to begin with, as if the reciter were trying the temper of his instrument before committing himself to a sustained effort. But the tales became more and more extended as he went on; and at last he indulged us with two of his experiences, of which I can now recall nearly every word.

I should observe that, in his prefatory sketches, mine host "did in some sort handle" what he called *chaney douds*. Now these *chaney douds* are in the west country (where these stories were told) believed to be the pack of a wild huntsman, who takes his pleasure freely in the woods and on the plains. The "douds" are very small and very beautiful hounds.

After having made some mysterious allusions, in a voice betokening awe, to the infernal pack, the narrator suddenly assumed a more confident tone, set down the liquor (for he had just been wetting his throat), and looking at the Tailder, said—

"Now I'll tell 'ee of something

that chanced to me once. I don't speak of it often, because it isn't altogether pleasant to think of. But we'm friendly this wet afternoon, and so, Tailder, you shall hev it. 'Tis many years agone now; but I han't forgot it, nor I bean't like to. I was a kept out late one evening about some money affairs, and was coming home to bed pretty nigh upon midnight, I reckon. 'Twas rather dark, but not a rough night; and I wasn't frightened with nothing unusual, for my mind was ockipied with the bisness what had kept me out. Greatly troubled I was; for there was nigh £20 to be raised in four day, and how it was to be done I knowed no more than thecky firepan. Well, my dear life, I'd nearly reached home, — I was getting over a frith¹ by Nicholls's cow-house up there, to shorten the distance by cutting across the fields—when I heerd the funniest little yelp you can think of. It was like a hound's tongue (and I ought to know the sound o' that), but so faint-like and so puny as if 'twas the ghost of a doug that was making of it. So thin was the note, that I couldn't say which side o' me it come from; and yet it was so clear and plain that I couldn't be mistook—'twasn't no fancy. As I tould 'ee, I wasn't thinking of nothing onearthly, and I fancied it must be some poor thing in pain, and so weak that it couldn't hardly whimper. So I tries to call to un a little coaxingly. I whistles a soft whistle, and chirrups a bit, and says — 'Poor douggie! what's the matter? Come, then; where be you?' and I sarched up and down to both sides of the frith, calling and coaxing. The fine yelps was a-going on all the time I was looking. At

last, getting a little more used to 'em, I feeled sure they was coming from my left; and looking carefully in that direction, I seed something—'twasn't much bigger than a mouse or a small want²—moving about close to a bunch of weeds. It didn't dart away, as a mouse or any cretur o' that sort would ha' done; but it come out and frisked and played about just as a doug would, wagging of its little tail and giving of the little yelps quite frolicsome. 'Poor puppy!' I says, 'you've surely a-losed your dam; and what a odd place to leave 'ee in! But never mind, I've got a feeling for dougs, I hev, and I'll take care of 'ee till the morning—see if I don't. We'll soon find out then who you belongs to.'

"And I took un up, my dear Tailder, one of the sweetest little puppies my eyes ever falled on, as well as I could judge in the darkness. He licked my hand, he did, and kept making his little clear yelps. The breed puzzled me, I confess; but I feeled sure that he belonged to a good soart. He wasn't very heavy, and so I brought un home in my hand easy enough. Missus was to bed when I got in; but I gets the tinder-box and strikes a light, when I seed what a real booty he was—marked much like a fox-hound, but the spots so small and delicate. Dear, dear, it was a coorous thing! I got un a little bread and milk in a saucer. That was all I could do for'n at night; and then I be-ginned to think what I should do to keep'n safe; for he was so small that he'd have got out amangst the wood and losed himself, or a big rat or a fitch roaming about might ha' killed un. So I gets out the small copper and puts over un, and left un over

¹ Hurdle.² Mole.

there anigh the wall, and went to bed."

Now the interest of this tale to us boys rose very much at the point which I have reached; because we perceived that we were in the very apartment where a remarkable adventure happened. So eager were we to hear more, that we even grudged our host the sip of beer which he took, because by so doing he kept us waiting. However, he soon passed his sleeve over his lips, and proceeded.

"I ought to have been thankful to the little pup, because he took my mind off from the bisness what had been a-fretting me as I come home. If I hadn't a-found he, 'tis very like I shouldn't ha' slept a wink; but he'd a slocked¹ me away from my trouble, and I went off sound.

"How long I slept I can't tell; but I woked up again afore 'twas daylight, and, when I could get my wits a little steady, thought the place must be bewitched. There was a tramping of hosses as if a reg'ment o' dragoons was outside, and voices speaking that might ha' belonged to the whole company of a wrestling match. My fust thought was that some enemy had a fall'd upon us by sea, and that the sheriff was a-raising the county. Presently I heard the tongues of dougs which didn't seem to agree wi' anything warlike, and I was more puzzled than ever. At last I jumps out o' bed and goes to the winder. If I was astonished before, I was most mazed² now. My dear, the moon had a got up since I went to bed, and was shining now upon as coorous a company of horsemen and dougs as you could suppose. My soul and body, it was strange!"

A sip of beer here, after which the

raconteur, to make his story more impressive, held one hand spread out towards the Tailder, while with the finger-points of the other he made little taps upon the open palm.

"The hosses was the most beautiful beastes I ever seed — blood, bone, muscle, all without a fault. If I could ha' seed 'em gallop, which I couldn't not then, I should ha' been able to give account of the grandest run that ever was. The riders wasn't in red, and they didn't wear hunting-caps, not proper ones. Indeed I can hardly say what they was like, or how they was dressed; but I do know that I didn't by no means like the looks of 'em, and that they made my blood run cold. One or two had onlighted and was standing by their hunters, but most of 'em was in the saddle; and they was a-talking and a-talking; no wonder I thought I heerd voices. A little way off was the dougs all together, and in the shadow, so that I couldn't obsarve 'em well; but they seemed a small breed, and every now and then one of 'em put up his little nose and giv'd tongue. Well, as I was a-looking, one of the men what was mounted puts a horn to his lips, and he blows a blast that seemed to make the fields and woods ring. It rattled through the house as if a hundred saws was slicing up oak-logs, making windows and doors trimble, and every pot, and pan, and glass sound out as if they'd been rubbed or shaken: 'twas enough to wake the dead.

"Before the horn had a done twanging I heerd the little weak voice of the puppy down-stairs begin to yelp exactly as he'd a done in Nicholls's field; and I thought to myself 'twas no wonder the puppy was frightened with all

¹ Allured.

² Mad.

this rantacket. Up to that minute I never joined in my mind the puppy inside and the doings that was a-goin' on outside. I knowed, though, that this great field o' riders and dougs hadn't come ramping and bugling about my place for nothing, and they'd want drink if they didn't want nothin' else. So I slips on my trowsders and I runs down-stairs, which, with help o' the moonlight, I could do quite well. Before I was down the horn sounded again and the little doug began to cry crueller than ever. I could hear un, poor little mite, flettering about inside the copper like a mazed thing. Howsemdever, there wasn't much time to obsarve nothing; for jest after I come upon this here floor there was the soundest banging upon the door—thecky there door—as if 'twas to be beat from its hinges, and callin' upon me by name—'es by name—and telling me 'twould be worse for me if I didn't show myself to once.

"To tell 'ee the truth, I didn't quite see what I was to be summoned for in this way, and I answers a little tetchy like, 'Well, you needn't make such a wild onset, whoever you be. I'm here to open if I think fit. Now, be a mite civil and say what you want.' 'We wants,' says the voice, 'the doug that you've a made off wi'; and you'll be good enough to hand un back without a instant's delay, or we shall break in and take un, with some ceremonies what, perhaps, you won't relish.'

"Well, Tailder, all to once it flashed upon me that I'd brought home a chaney doug, and that the devil and his train was a-com'd after'n. I don't know why I wasn't too frightened to be angry; but I feelled mortal savage, I did, and I ups and says, 'A perty recompense this is for taking up your little

doug in the field, where he was a-crying and a-whimpering hisself to death, and where a cat, or a ferret, or any prowling thing, might ha' eat un up. I'm to hev my doors a-beat in, and all sorts of infarnal treatment, for bringing of the poor thing in and givin' of un his supper. That's handsome, that is!' 'No more words,' says the voice. 'Give back the doug quietly, and you shall be renumerated for any good you've a-done to un.' Says I, 'Now that you'm speaking a little civiler, I tell 'ee that I don't want your doug, nor never would ha' teched un, if I knowed he was yours. Stand back from the door, and I'll put un out to 'ee.' 'All clear,' says he, 'I'm a-gone back.' Then I takes my little puppy from under the copper, (he was so airnest and lively at thought of going home!) runs back the boults of the door, ups with the latch, and out I puts un upon the door-step. There come forrard a ugly-lookin' cretur, leadin' of a grey hoss, what took un up and carr'd un over to where the other dougs was—and, my dear life, didn't they cry and yell enough at the sight of un! Then they that had onlighted mounted again, and all began to move away up the river-side. I watched 'em as they travelled away, growing smaller and smaller to my sight, and the notes of the horn getting fainter and fainter, 'till at last they was quite gone, and all was still again. I should ha' said, though, that just afore they set off, one of 'em rode up close to the door, and says he, 'We don't want nobody to sarve we for nothin': there's your reward;' and he dropped something into the box by the door, where the pipes is kept in summer. But I took little notice of this, and was busy seeing of 'em move away, which I was very glad to do, I can tell 'ee. When they was quite off,

and all was silent once more, I bars the door again, and goes back to bed. If you'll believe it, the missus hadn't neither woke nor stirred with all this noise and clatter. In the morning, when I come down again, there was the copper just where I'd a-drawed un out to for the little doug, and there was the saucer where I'd a-mixed the bread and milk. All that showed the things I'd a-seed was real enough; but the thing that proved it beyond any mistake was this. When I unbarred the fore-door again, and went to feed the ducks, I remembered that one of the pleasant visitors had a-put something into the pipe-box, and I was minded to see if anything was there now. I looked in, and seed a packet done up in paper. This I took out and opened, and what do 'ee think was there? Why, if there wasn't twenty one-pound notes of the County Bank, all so good as gould! Now, wasn't that coorous—just the money that was wanted to settle the business of the night before?"

"Lor!" exclaimed the Tailder, "what a odd thing, to be sure! I reckon I should ha' been most afraid to ha' took that there money, thinking it wasn't quite, you know, of a safe soart to deal with."

"Many a man would ha' feeled so too," answered the host; "but the money was much wanted, and nobody never made the least objection to taking of it nor no harm ever come, and 'tis a good while agoe now."

The telling of this weird story seemed to have disposed the elements to *diablerie*; for the wind and the rain increased considerably while it was being recited, and daylight had all but disappeared. There was, however, an ample fire on the hearth, which yielded a dim, religious—or rather, let me say, ghostly—light. Fishing was, for

the present, out of the question, and I think I may say it was quite out of mind, so much were I and my schoolfellows tremblingly attracted by the mystery of the chaney doug. We were subjected to a spell similar to that which fascinated the wedding-guests once upon a time, and were content to postpone other amusement that we might snatch this fearful joy. I don't think either of us would have relished passing a night alone in the cottage; but as the present circumstances admitted of a strong human alliance in case the devil should come that way again, curiosity got the better of terror.

As we began inwardly to digest the interesting little incident of which we had been informed, the Tailder broke the silence by remarking—

"What a pity it was that you couldn't see them bootiful cattle what you've described, running of something! I reckon 'twould ha' been a sight worth behoulding."

"I reckon it would," replied the host, in a half-mocking tone.

"What do these sperrits take, I wonder?" continued the Tailder; "not foxes, I should think, nor hares, nor rabbits neither."

"No, Tailder, I should think not," answered the host, in a tone which still seemed to indicate pre-occupation of mind. After a little time, however, and a copious draught, he was "all there" again in the actual world, and spoke less laconically.

"It is a strange thing," said he, "but your remarks about what game the chaney dougs followed seemed exactly to meet the thoughts what was in my mind as you spoke. 'Tis a very solemn subject what they runs, and perhaps I knows a little about that too, though I bean't fond o' dis-coosing of it."

"You've seed a chace actilly?"

"Well as you ax me, Tailder, in that there pointed way, I say yes, I hev. As to what they was a-hunting of I couldn't percisely say, though I may hev my suspicions. But the hunt I seed sure enough; and what the sight was a-sent to me for—to me and Jan Withiel, that is—I could never understand. But we seed it."

"Lor!" said the Tailder, "was it very terrible?"

"Not terrible at all, till you knowed and feeled what it was. Now if you attended to what I said about the little doug what I found, and what was took from me, you would ha' marked how I said I couldn't see the hosses gallop, not then. The meaning of which was, that I could and did see a chace, and a pretty smart one at another time. Now, as it isn't by no means possible to do no work out o' doors this sad afternoon, I don't mind telling of 'ee what happened to me and to Jan Withiel; and I hope you'll be careful and not be too ready to talk about what I say, because such things isn't to be named too freely.

"Well then, I daresay you knowed Tom Mulliss down to Crosslanes — blasphemious Tom they called un,—and a rare hand he was at the cussing — the wust that ever I heerd. If you didn't know un, you've heerd of un. Ah, you knowed un? I thought so. Well, you may remember that many parsons, preachers, and others, tooked oportoonities of speaking seriously to Tom, and what they called remonstrating 'long with un about the terrible speech what he allowed hisself to use. But it wasn't no good. And when they pressed un, and said he might be cut off some day with a oath or a blasphemious

speech upon his tongue, he said there'd be time enough to say 'Lord, ha' massy,' and that was all that was wanted. Most people thought that this was only said by way of a answer to keep the godly people from troubling un, and that he wasn't in reality no better than a onbeliever. Whether 'twas said in airnest or as a put-off, certain it is that Tom comed by his end in sich a way that he couldn't ha' called out even 'Lord, ha' massy,' if he'd had a mind to. He was a-killed, as I daresay you know, in Kingwick Quarry, by a big block of stone falling suddent and crushing of un.

"Jan Withiel was something of a blood-relation of Tom Mulliss, and I had knowed Tom when he was doing some work for my ould squire; so we thought, as he had died some ways from his own parish, that we'd go over to the burying. And we went. He was buried in the evening after work-hours, that the quarrymen might attend; and these men, when they seed we had come over for ould acquaintance' sake to see the last o' their mate, was very friendly and free. After the burying, they tooked us to the Miner's Rest, and entertained us handsome. Cider, and porter, and sperrits we had there in plenty, and passed a quiet orderly evening, without any singing or fighting, only good sensible drink and sober talk as was becoming on such a occasion. We talked, amangst other things, such as cock-fighting and wrastling, of poor ould Tom, and wondered what was become of'n—whether he was a-melted away to nothing, as he said he should, or whether he'd had to give account of his doings while he was here. Some of the men said they b'lieved there was a account, and they feared it might be a warm reckoning for Tom.

Others thought that rash and strong words didn't always argify the worst heart, 'cos they knowed a-many mealy-mouthed ones what was certainly infarnal rogues. Others, again, maintained that Tom was a friendly, sociable feller, and there was always a allowance made for chaps o' that temper. Perhaps 'twouldn't be so bad for Tom as for a good many ould sinners what didn't swear, and what called their-selves precise and righteous.

"When we'd a-drinked ourselfs perty cheerful, Jan Withiel and me took our leaf. We offered to pay our shot for the entertainment; but the miners wouldn't by no manner of means hear of it, saying we'd made a journey and losed half-a-day's work coming to pay respect to a comrade of theirs, and they meaned to stand every-thing. So we parted very loving. Upon the road Jan Withiel was hiccupping a little, but he knowed well what he was about, for he said he wondered whether Tom was a bad one in grain, or only a foreright talker. I said I was afeared for'n, 'cause I'd knowed Tom afore he come among they mining chaps, and he was a regular miserable sinner like, in hactions so well as words; and I tould'n a few of the things which, to my knowledge, Tom had a-done. 'Tisn't necessary to mention mun now. 'Twasn't a onpleasant night, and we walked along for a couple of miles discoosing mildly about the bottomless pit and the suitableness of repenting before long, when we catched the sound upon the wind of a pack in full cry. It falled as the wind falled, and come back with every little breeze. It was coming nearer too.

"'Darned,' says I, 'if there isn't something afoot in Trevergut bottom. They'm a-pushing this way. If I knows anything of

sich matters, they'll cross the stream by Kinstone and sweep round Deedon Ball towards Llandriddon. From where we be we can cut across to t'other side o' Deedon Ball in less than fifteen minutes, and see the whole what's a-doing there.' And we set off, never remembering what a onnatural time it was for a chace to be on. We cleared the copse to our left, got across the fields and was over the saddle of the Ball in less time a'most than I'd a-said. Coming there we meets the moosic quite full. We was all right, but onluckily the hunt kepted a good bit lower down the hill than I expected, and we didn't get so close a view as could be wished. But we seed the whole field pass to a tearing pace, and the voices of the dougs was like one sweet bell. Nothing in the world could be finer. With such speed they was soon past, and I thinks to myself, 'This here's a strong fox or whatever 'tis; and he mean'th to get round there to Pike wood, and see if he can't tire 'em out between bottom and bottom. I knows the tricks of 'em, and why they passes so low down Deedon Ball. Now in going for Pike wood 'twill be all round to our right again; and if we gets back to the fields we lately crossed, there'll be a fine bust there across the open in twenty minutes' time. It'll take 'em that to wind round the neck of Coulter Bend that run'th off from the Ball.' I explained this to Jan, and we went back, never quite losing the note of the dougs. At last, after we'd been a little while in the fields again, it was a-borne down quite full upon the wind, and we knowed they was coming.

"'What ever is that?' saith Jan, a-pointing across the fields; and I looked and seed I can't tell what.

'Twas something dark and shapeless, but not like a animal of no soart, for 'twas upright—upright, Tailder. My buttons, I was puzzled; but there wasn't no time to consider, for at that moment the pack broke into the fields, and after a few yards they caught sight of what was before mun. The moosic was delightful; the riders, mounted like piskies,¹ follered up close to the tail of the dougs, and the leading one broked out into a view-holla. Such a pace I never witnessed in no field before. The hosses stretched out like greyhounds, the hollerin' was magnificent, the horn sounded most merrily. The dougs tinkled together like a pitch-pipe, and you might ha' covered the whole cry of 'em wi' a handkercher. Jan and me got so keen that we runn'd a little ways; but bless 'ee, our legs wasn't of much use where the speed was like lightning. We soon failed in our wind, and as the sight was shooting away from us it come across my mind all to once that this pace of the tempest, and hunting in the night, was a oncommon thing. And I calls out, 'Jan, in the name of God, what have we been running of?' As I spoke, my dear Tailder, the whole show vanished away; there was neither sight nor sound: Jan and me was a-standing solitary in the open field, by the copse.

"'What do 'ee think o' that?' says I, when I'd a got my breath."

"'Poor old Tom! he'th a-met with it,' answered Jan.

"We said very little after that. We felt stunned like. We parted half a mile from here, and I come home and went to bed, but lied awake. Jan Withiel joined the Methodys after that. I didn't. Jan's dead now."

I was profoundly impressed by these accounts. As I remarked before, I was quite unaccustomed to hear marvels of this kind described as having come within the personal experience of the narrator; and here we had not only the testimony of an eyewitness (as he would have had us believe), but we sat in the very apartment in which the scene of one story was laid. The narratives were circumstantial; I may add that they were recounted in a bold ready fashion, not at all as if the host were inventing as he proceeded; the weather was in every way calculated to heighten the effect of such lore, and the firelight flickering on our faces and on the household stuff, facilitated the direction of our minds to the affairs of Hades. After having greedily devoured the tales, I wished that I had not heard them. They often recurred to me at times when I could readily have dispensed with them. I was a little boy when I heard them. I have pondered them as a growing lad, as a young man, and as a man no longer young, and made various speculations as to what could have produced them. My last judgment on the matter is, that the man who told them was not conscious of lying in all he said. Of embellishment, and of the supply of details from imagination, I do not doubt that he was guilty. But the plots of the stories were probably due to hard drinking, stupefied by which, men of his class often enough saw visions which they could not afterwards separate from actual experience.

We, his juvenile audience, had now to make up our minds to leave the fireside, and to turn out and walk four or five miles home in the storm, for there was no sign of the weather clearing up, and we had

¹ Fairies.

lingered until there was barely time to do the journey before dark. So we bade good evening to the Tailder and his friend, and left the weird apartment. The pelting of the storm forced our minds to attend to it, and as there was daylight outside, that also helped to dispel weird illusion. Nevertheless, as our way lay by Nicholls's fields, I could not help wondering whether a chaney dog might be sheltering himself from the rain in the weeds inside the fence. Great part of our path ran over a high open down, and gloriously drenched did we get as we crossed. It was the remembrance of this wetting which brought back the stories.

Now the host and ex-huntsman, or ex-kennelman, calls up the recollection of a person of some celebrity who has only lately joined the majority. The stables and kennel, where the man had formerly officiated, not being at a certain time required by the owner, were lent for a week or two to the Reverend Jack Russell, who came to take his pastime in that difficult country. It may have been in the winter of the same year in which I had heard the romances; and I know that the host, accompanied by his friend the Tailder, often appeared on foot at some period of the Rev. Jack's sport.

As a small boy on a pony I have once or twice had the honour of seeing Jack Russell in the field; and as a small boy off a pony I had once the opportunity of hearing Jack Russell preach, he having consented to turn to secondary account the day which he could not devote to his cardinal mission. Woe is me that I was too young to form any opinion of the reverend gentleman as either sportsman or preacher! I can only remember concerning the sermon that, according to my standard of merit in

those days, it was very admirable—that is to say, it was of very moderate length. It was said that many goody people absented themselves from church, scandalised at the idea of Jack in the pulpit; it was further said that Jack, to make these defaulters understand by evidence how unjust they were, moved the congregation to tears by the pathos of his discourse. I can only say that I did not cry nor observe any one that did; yet for all that, there may have been copious weeping, which was a phenomenon for which I was not keenly on the look-out.

Jack must have been a wonderfully patient, good-tempered man. It was my lot once to be close by his side in a wood. How we came to be alone together I can now give no account, but so it was. The dogs were down below in some deep dell where it was impossible for a mounted person to follow them. He was listening with all his ears for sounds below, while my pony, understanding this to be an interlude, improved it by dragging half-dead leaves from the trees and champing them. "My little fellow," said Jack Russell, "I can't distinguish sounds while your pony is biting the leaves. Pray, keep him quiet." Of course I turned the pony's head from the leaves. But in a minute, with a lad's heedlessness, my mind was elsewhere, and the pony began browsing. A second time Jack Russell besought me to keep the peace. I confusedly apologised, checked the pony, and presently let him begin his noise again. I must have been cautioned at least six times on this same head before I finally attended to what was said. Jack did not speak a bit more sharply the sixth time than he did the first, nor show the least sign of irritation. Many a man would have laid his whip

across me for such arrant inattention.

Though my personal acquaintance with the Rev. Jack ceased long ago, I had often opportunities of hearing anecdotes about him, which I do not repeat here, because I observe that biographies of him have been published, which no doubt contain most of his sayings and doings that have been noted since he became celebrated. Perhaps it is not generally known that the reverend sportsman one day, while the thermometer showed many degrees of frost, dismounted in the field, took a sitz-bath in a running stream, and then jumped again into his saddle and finished a very notable day. He seems to have been born just a little too late. Fifty years since there were plenty of west country "parsons" who would have kept him in countenance, and if they could not quite equal his feats in the hunting-field, would have challenged notoriety in many other ways. One burning and shining light, whom I just recollect, was the squire and chief magistrate as well as the rector of his parish, who led a particularly immoral life without the world crying shame on him. Another exemplary rector, when about middle-aged, took to his bed one day, without any disease, and never, except once, left it again until he died a very old man. The one instance of his rising and dressing was at an election time, when he drove four miles to give his vote. A third reverend pastor I remember to have heard, when powerfully refreshed with liquor, delivering himself in a public place concerning guns and drums and wounds. It was said to me at the time that he had been a chaplain in Nelson's fleet, so that some of his warlike observations would seem to have been suggested by experience. The Church has always a

sprinkling of black sheep who hold their ground against law and opinion. In the early part of the century the blacks were sportsmen, hard drinkers, and immoral livers; now they are defiant of the laws of the land, and want to take us back to Rome.

It is quite possible that the threatening of evil times which regards glebe-lands as well as other landed property, may have the effect of making the clergy somewhat less contentious. Already, as I believe, a great many livings have been reduced in value by the cloud which hangs over the land; and incumbents, who may have their temporal holdings assailed before long, may grow less keen about inviting martyrdom on matters of form and ritual. We do not seem ripe yet for the very decided step of seizing all the land in the country and making it public property; but no doubt there is among us a strong democratic section which meditates a raid of some kind on landlords. I was amused at the answer made by the Duke of Argyll to Mr Henry George two or three months ago. His Grace said—and proved, too, by a long argument—that to forcibly appropriate the land would be immoral. But Mr George seems to have had a better comprehension of the present times than the Duke has. Mr George, no doubt, perceives that reasoning from moral principles is out of date. Parliament disposed of all such old-world standards when it passed the Irish Land Act. We must oppose popular movements on grounds more potent than those of morality, or we shall lose our labour. We have passed the Rubicon which separates Might from Right.

It is a remarkable thing that the desire for change at home has made millions of our people in-

different to our interests abroad, although we are likely to *feel* the bad effects of a mistaken foreign policy more speedily than any class advantage which new laws may bring about. Russia working up to the Indus, and the anarchy which the Mahdi is likely to produce in Egypt, are causes of severe trouble to be apprehended in the near future. If we by wilful indifference allow these troubles to come upon us, they will not be cured or compensated for by any extension of the franchise.

Apropos of the Mahdi. I was interested to discover in reading the other day the case of another Egyptian adventurer who made a noise in the world before Mahomet's time. It will be remembered that when St Paul was rescued from the mob at Jerusalem by Claudius Lysias the chief captain, the latter said to him, "Art not thou that Egyptian, which before these days madest an uproar, and leddest out into the wilderness four thousand men that were murderers?" Dr Adam Clarke in his note on the passage says as follows:—

"An Egyptian, whose name is not known, pretended to be a prophet, and told his followers that the walls of Jerusalem would fall down before them, if they would assist him in making an attack on the city. He had address enough to raise a rabble of 30,000 men, and with these advanced as far as the Mount of Olives; but Felix, the Roman governor, came suddenly upon him, with a large body of Roman troops, both infantry and cavalry: the mob was speedily dispersed, four hundred killed, two hundred taken prisoners; and the Egyptian himself, with some of his most faithful friends, escaped, of whom no account was ever afterwards heard. As Lysias found such an outcry made against Paul, he supposed that he must be some egregious malefactor, and probably that Egyptian who had escaped, as related above."

A hint might have been with advantage taken from Felix in 1884, as one is apt to think.

From the Mahdi it is a simple transition to the veiled Prophet of Khorassan and his insurrection. I take up 'Lalla Rookh,' which I have not looked into for many days, and am immediately lapped in a delight to which I have lately been a stranger. What I am most impressed with, at this reading of the luxurious lines, is the skill which has removed or avoided everything that could have proved an impediment to the reader's free absorption of the poet's ideas. Every valley is exalted, and every mountain brought low; the way is as smooth as velvet; progress is on silken wings which wave without an effort; there is no tedium until the soul is cloyed with sweets; the recesses of dreamland are made accessible, and the door is shut on the workaday world. Not only are the versification and sentiment entrancing, but the thoughts are made to look so simple, and the meaning is so evident, that such meditation cannot fatigue in the dog-days. It is bootless to think of a passing sip of it, and then a return to more substantial fare. Once essay the taste, and there is no escape from a full meal. Let one but just run his eye over

"In that delightful province of the Sun,"

and he is the slave of Thomas Moore for at least the next hour of his existence.

I suppose that on a dreamy day like this one particularly appreciates simplicity in writing. But the quality which is peculiarly welcome and valuable at times when thought is a little sluggish, must be desirable in all poetic composition. For poetry is itself a luxury; it is a delicious medium

for communicating ideas: and there would be a contradiction of design in first making the medium agreeable and then marring the flavour of it. I cannot believe but that, in poetry, obscurity is ever a blemish.

Fifty years ago Moore received, probably, as much commendation and worship as his heart could wish; but his fame has waned considerably, and though few would be ready to deny his merits, yet all seem willing that he should stand aside. This, perhaps, is the natural fate of a poet who may depict with great vividness scenes which are wholly foreign to the experience of the bulk of his readers. Moore has in '*Lalla Rookh*' made himself so wholly Eastern, that there is not a link or a strand to connect us of the rugged West with his characters and scenes. Hence there is a defect of sympathy. The poems do not impress us as realities. They rank, in this respect, with the '*Arabian Nights*' Entertainments' and the '*Tales of the Genii*.' Byron, though he also would sometimes wander in spirit into oriental life, always kept his reader in mind of things that are common to all humanity, whether its pilgrimage be passed near the rising or the setting sun. By those subtle bonds he has caused the foreign adventures to seem to us more real and more deeply interesting. Moore's enchantment is so complete, that for the time that we are with him we are entirely rapt; but the rapture can only endure for a time, and there is little or nothing in our workaday life to connect us with the dream that we have dreamed. Byron's lines suggest themselves continually as our ordinary life wends on. It may be prudent for a poet not to bewitch too persistently, but to let his willing thrall descend now and

then from the empyrean, and touch hard, actual ground. Is it not one of the causes of Shakespeare's enduring power, that although he takes with us the highest and most distant flights, yet he is certain to descend anon and remind us that we are of English flesh and blood? The scenes of Scott's '*Talisman*' are, if I remember rightly, all laid in the East; but although the romancer introduces charmingly the Saracens and their customs, yet he takes care that his readers' relationship to the subject shall be kept in view, by making his chief characters the Crusaders and their ladies. It may be, I presume to think, a question of literary art whether an author may not identify himself and entrance his readers too exclusively with his foreign theme.

Whether I am right about the cause of the declension of Moore's popularity or not, I cannot but think the neglect of him a thing to be regretted. He was, without doubt, a true poet. He wanted the robust spirit which has always found readiest way to the hearts of Normans, Danes, and Saxons, but he has merits and beauties which it is sin and folly to ignore. The sweetness of his numbers; the aptness of his imagery, which he draws from such a multitude of sources; the intimacy with his subject, which he was always at pains to acquire; the gorgeous imagination from which he compounds his views and stories,—are all characteristics which can rarely be found in such degree and such profusion as in his verse. I have before spoken of the plainness with which he expresses his meaning. If he has not all a poet's excellences, he has a great number of them. And he has passages which may be said to be without equals of their kind. Take, for instance, the description

of Nourmahal's charms in 'The Light of the Harem'; where again shall we find anything so exquisite? Grant that the impressions are those which an Eastern rather than a Western mind would receive from a lovely girl, yet where is the other poet who could have so vividly and thoroughly set them before us? In respect to his own class of subjects he had indeed the "vision and the faculty divine."

If we compare Moore's *Zelica* with *Constance de Beverley* in 'Marmion,' we shall perceive in some sort how it is that Moore, though he could delight the English mind for a time, could not confirm his grasp of it. The two heroines have in their stories and their destinies enough of resemblance to make a comparison suitable. *Zelica* is in a prominent place throughout the tale. Our interest centres in her; and without doubt the poet has done his utmost to make that interest absorbing. We have little more than a glimpse of *Constance*—in that fearful scene in the vaults of Holy Island. Yet no reader, as I fancy, will say that his longer acquaintance with *Zelica* has given her an advantage over the *Constance* who comes and passes in one gloomy tableau: he will rather maintain that *Constance* in her five minutes' opportunity, took a firmer hold of his affection than *Zelica* after her sad passage through the cantos of 'The Veiled Prophet.' *Constance* belongs to the stream of tradition with which we have been familiar from childhood: the poet has given us the points of her case, which we are able and delighted to amplify out of our own stores. Of *Zelica* we understand what the poet has told us, but beyond that we cannot go: we are not sufficiently enlightened as to the lives of damsels on the banks of the Amoo or in a Persian

harem to be able to expand the figure. Thus, to our Western apprehension, *Zelica* is the fragment, and *Constance* the distinct form.

I have been considering these poems as productions for which the world is indebted to the authors of them, and which the world could not obtain from any other source. No doubt, as regards the works of Moore and Scott, I was justified in my view, for those poets flourished in days when thought-reading was not invented. But how is it to be with authors in the future—rather, how are we to know who is properly the author of a work or not—when a thought-reader may insinuate himself into the mind of an inventor, pirate his thoughts while they are yet unuttered, and hurry them before the world as his (the robber's) own? Such a proceeding, as one perceives, would be far more complicated and far more difficult to expose than any of the clever tricks, whereof we have been told, of purloining music scores, appropriating cartoons, or making off with manuscripts. Mr Pecksniff when he stole Martin Chuzzlewit's architectural design and paraded it as his own, was at last detected and denounced. But how bring home his dishonesty to the metaphysical thief? If we are to do anything at all in that line we must have psychical experts, able to trace the thought-thief; and on the evidence of these detectives, disputes between authors would have to be decided. A formidable array of cases we then shall certainly have; because there will be the grievances not alone of those real authors whose conceptions may have been usurped, but the claims of pseudo-originators, who will accuse the publishing authors of having stolen from them; for it will be easy for a

rogue to accuse a Tennyson or a Browning of having made a reputation by robbing his (the rogue's) brains.

As I go on trying to forecast the future of this thought-reading, I perceive that a gifted metaphysician, able not only to penetrate another mind, but to exhibit the workings of the said mind for the amusement of a company of spectators, as a magnified drop of water is sometimes exhibited, might become a very prominent and popular artist. What thousands would rush, and pay handsomely, to see the mind-springs of a Jay Gould laid bare; to follow a natural philosopher in his speculations, rational and irrational; or to pry into the intricate musings of a great inventor, and observe ideas as they flit, unite, separate, disagree, disappear, and return in the creative limbo before they take tangible form! Suppose yet farther that some profane showman should undertake to manifest to us the workings of that tortuous mind which is ever puzzling and mystifying other minds, and which is said to occasionally deceive and wheedle itself: how would men rush to behold the ever-fermenting elements out of which are evolved massacres, confiscations, and dishonourable deeds, and in which resides the faculty of conveying gross falsehood without logically lying!

Is it not a pity, is it not indeed exasperating, that the thought-readers should waste their great powers in hunting for pins and in detecting the numbers of hidden bank-notes, when they might be rendering so many real benefits to society? If they would only now reveal to the police, where the dynamitards are laying their torpedoes, or let the British public know (it would be useless to inform the

Government) what particular Russian plots are being hatched on the N.-W. frontier of India, they would be our defenders and best friends. Crimes, follies, and misfortunes innumerable might be prevented if only thought-readers would be useful instead of being simply astonishing and amusing. There is, however, one province in which, whether for good or ill, thought-reading might work an entire revolution. If they would only let lovers into the secret of their mistresses' real affections, they would reduce what is now the most absorbing pursuit in the world almost to a matter of cool routine, ruin the gay science, impose a check on deceitful promises to marry, and spoil the business of some of the law courts. On the other hand, they might, no doubt, by disclosing tender secrets, which but for them would never have been known beyond the bosoms where they were cherished, give rise to curious complications which, in the present state of things, never can arise. In fact, thought-readers, supposing them to be few in comparison of society at large, might order much terrestrial business according to their own fancies. The coats of darkness and the seven-leagued boots which delighted the infancies of our forefathers, dwindle to but paltry auxiliaries beside the thought-reading power. Again, if listeners are liable to hear things disagreeable to themselves, what harrowing discoveries are thought-readers like to make concerning the sentiments of others towards them! With all their superhuman powers, there is no doubt they are subject to afflictions, which may make them objects of pity to the most short-sighted of mortals. And to say nothing of positive afflictions, what perplexities must they not encounter? The outside of society is so different

from the inside, that a person who is cognisant of both sides must often feel himself awkwardly placed.

The last observation that I shall at present make on this subject is that, as against thought-readers, language will no longer be an effectual means of veiling our hearts, perhaps the necessities of the new conditions may cause our race to develop some new faculty, hitherto unsuspected, by which thought-readers may be thrown off the scent, and perhaps confounded through their own devices.

Lest any one should be busy in examining my thoughts at this moment, I will make the readers of 'Maga' a present of them. They have been suggested by a name which met my eye, when, a minute since, the wind turned over a leaf of the book which is lying by me. I am thinking of years ago when this same name was owned by a fat old farmer, whom I used frequently to see on market-days. He was remarkable for his adherence to the very old-fashioned method of having his money always in coin, and in his own keeping. Whether or not he had a strong-box, which he let all the world see, I do not remember; but I think it will be judged from what I am about to say of him, that he was more likely to have kept his means hidden somewhere. He had to pay upwards of £4000 once in settlement of some transaction concerning land, and he brought the whole of this amount in his cart, in specie, to the market-town. The thing was talked

about: I heard of it, but at first did not quite believe it. However, after a while I had an opportunity of hearing the fact confirmed by the conveyancer to whom the money had been paid. My informant added that it had been transported, packed in a milk-pail; and that when the farmer was jeered at, by some one present at the payment, for trusting his cart-men with loose coin when he would not trust a bank, he said: "Trust 'em! no, I didn't: I told 'em 'twas a lot of shot I was sending away, now that the shooting was over." He was——

Upon my word, though, I must give over gossiping, and get back with my two or three volumes to shelter, for I can no longer doubt that those clouds are in earnest. Provided that I have not to run for it I don't care; but who will warrant me for even a couple of minutes? There! I am on my feet once more, at any rate. And now, how to convey my books. I will just tie them together with that cord which has been hanging over the hammock to assist me when it should be my pleasure to turn out, and then if I have luck—— Ah, here is the boy in buttons, and a nice thoughtful boy he is! Between us we can carry all, and dispense with the tying up. So now I start at once with a fair prospect of being housed before the storm begins. That was a rather vivid flash. There is going to be a pitiless pelting, for the wind is rising. But I think I shall do it.

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER.—CONCLUSION.

On the 5th of January 1827 the Duke of York died; and on the 17th of February, in the same year, Lord Liverpool was struck down by an apoplectic seizure. Some hopes being held out that he might yet rally, it was agreed in Cabinet that, except from the King, the gravity of the case should be concealed, and the Government go on just as if the Prime Minister were kept at home by some passing illness. Mr Canning, however, to whom, as well as to the King, Lord Liverpool had announced his intention of soon retiring from office, saw his opportunity, and immediately seized it. He had already secured the interest of the favourite by the appointment of her husband to be Chamberlain, and of one of her sons to be Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office. Sir William Knighton likewise, and not less important than he, Madame de Lieven, were both his allies. Any serious objection therefore, in the highest quarter, to the attainment of a lifelong ambition, was not, as he rightly conjectured, to be anticipated. But could he hope, as Lord Liverpool's successor, to keep the existing Government together? and, in case of failure in that direction, was he prepared to run all risks rather than make way for somebody else? These are questions—let them be answered as they may—which might at first sight appear to have no natural connection with Mr Croker's doings; yet the case is not so. We have every right to assume that Canning made no secret of his intentions to Croker. It is certain that Croker looked upon Canning as the fittest, if not the only fit, candidate for the place; and we

learn from the Diary before us that he so expressed himself both to the Duke of Wellington and to Mr Peel. Can we suppose that he withheld from Mr Canning the substance of what had passed between these gentlemen and himself? We think not; any more than we can mistake the motive which induced him to urge upon Canning the necessity of conciliating the great landed aristocrats—by whom, in those days, taking Whigs and Tories together, not fewer than 150 members were returned to the House of Commons. But here again arises a difficulty. Croker's conversations, as reported in these volumes, by no means agree with what we know to have been the settled convictions of Peel and Wellington. Peel never personally liked Canning, nor Canning Peel. The Duke thoroughly distrusted Canning. He had no doubt been instrumental, at the period of Lord Castlereagh's death, in forcing Canning upon the King. But this was done with the single purpose of arresting a break-up of the Government, which Lord Liverpool's resignation threatened before, and now, in case of Canning's rejection being determined upon, must have brought about. Let us not, however, be misunderstood. It is probable enough that both the Duke and Mr Peel may have mystified Croker when tackled, as he appears to have tackled them. Lord Liverpool was struck down, be it remembered, on the 17th of February; and on the 18th, Croker sounded the Duke as to his views in regard to a reformation of the Cabinet. It is not at all likely that one so cautious as the Duke would make a clean breast of it thus early

to a gentleman not himself a Cabinet Minister. And Peel's apparent acquiescence in the views of his interrogator appear to have been expressed very hazily. Here is the account of the whole affair given by Croker himself:—

"*Sunday, Feb. 18th, 1827.*—As I came into town from Kensington, I called on the Duke of Wellington, whom I found at breakfast. After a few words about some other business, we began to talk of the state of affairs. He was quite open and confidential, and his views were, what they always are, clear, moderate, and generous. He said that all he wanted was to keep the Government together, not merely for their own sakes, but for that of the country, for that 'after them comes chaos.' I said that a few weeks ago that would have been comparatively easy, as all pretensions might have been persuaded to give way to him, and all parties in the Cabinet might without dishonour have united under him, but that I could not but feel that his late appointment seemed to render any arrangement of that kind impossible.

"He said at once, and in his frankest manner, 'Yes, yes, I am in my proper place—in the place to which I was destined by my trade. I am a soldier, and am in my place at the head of the army, as the Chancellor, who is a lawyer, is in his place on the woolsack. We have each of us a trade, and are in our proper position when we are exercising it.' This encouraged me to say that I thought the way—the best way—I feared the only way—of keeping us together was to make Canning Minister, and to give Robinson the Foreign Office, with, if they wanted assistance in the Lords, a peerage. This, I said, would make the least change, and would, I thought, answer all expectations, provided Mr Canning should engage to take the Government on the same terms and in the same spirit in which Lord Liverpool had held it.

"The Duke seemed to assent to what I said about Mr Canning, but to doubt about Robinson; and he asked, generally and without making

any distinction as to the points of my proposition, whether I thought Peel would assent to that arrangement? I said I did not know, but that I thought *he ought*; that I was sure it was the course which would ensure his becoming Minister in due time. The Duke spoke handsomely of Canning in all their personal intercourse, and seems inclined if possible to go on with him; but I see that he doubts Canning's prudence, and fears the restlessness of his disposition. . . .

"Some time after this, while matters were still in suspense, Peel called on me at the Admiralty (as he often did) to ask me to take a walk. I had told him all along of what I had said to the Duke of Wellington on the above occasion, and some other accidental meetings; and though he never made any direct declaration, I had no reason to doubt that he would acquiesce, if the Duke did, in Canning's promotion. This was strongly confirmed during this walk. Huskisson, who was Canning's *alter ego*, had been ill and confined to his house, and Peel proposed that we should begin by paying him a visit at Somerset House, which we did, and nothing could be more cordial; and to those who know Peel's *very peculiar manners*, this volunteered visit and cordiality at that moment will be conclusive that he had then no idea of separating himself from Canning. After we had paid a long and cheerful visit to Huskisson, we pursued our walk over Waterloo and Westminster Bridges, and through the parks, talking of various matters, and now and then of the crisis in which we were. Just as we got two-thirds of the way up Constitution Hill, our talk about the latter had grown more explicit, and we were discussing in a light problematical way the course that different members of the Cabinet might take if Canning was placed at the head. I mentioned Lord Westmoreland as likely to resist. Peel pooh-poohed that difficulty. We were just then opposite Lord Eldon's, and pointing to his house, I said, 'Would *he stay*?' upon which Peel squeezed my arm tightly under his, and said, '*He will, if I do.*' I had, and could have, no longer any doubt that Peel

had no disinclination to such an arrangement—the squeeze of the arm seemed to say, ‘I have settled all that.’”

What are we to make of all this? That Croker was intriguing against the man of whom he always speaks as his earliest friend, and with whom to the day of his death he lived on terms of intimacy? Far from it. The Duke was at that time Commander-in-Chief as well as Master-General of the Ordnance, and Croker took it for granted that he would never relinquish a post so congenial to him in every respect, in order to become the civilian head of an Administration. He might, therefore, honestly enough consider the Duke to be quite out of the running. Neither would it be fair to charge him with duplicity in his conversations with Peel. Peel’s time was not, in his opinion, come; and Canning, as he well knew, would never consent were the case otherwise, to serve under Peel. How, then, are we to estimate the part played by Croker in this transaction? Thus far as that of a politician, who could see only one side of a difficult and delicate question—and who, in the respect which he entertained for the personal claims of the individual he supported, and in admiration of his talents, overlooked the obstacles that stood in the way of the attainment of his object,—for Croker’s object undoubtedly was at that time to keep the party together. But can we let him off thus easily, when we go forward a little way in the investigation of the affair? We fear not. It was after he discovered that the support of the Duke and Peel, on which he had counted, was not forthcoming, that he pointed out to Canning the necessity of making friends of the aristocracy. And it was after re-

ceiving to this communication such a reply as could not fail to convince him, that what might still be his own great object had ceased to be that of Canning, that he persisted in reiterating warnings which had certainly not been received in too gracious a manner. Witness the subjoined correspondence:—

“MR CROKER TO MR CANNING.

“*April 3d, 1827.*

“DEAR MR CANNING,—Some gentlemen, and particularly our friend Sir George, talk so slightly of *Blue-ribbands*, that I think it right to send you a memorandum which will show you, in one view, how impossible it is to do anything satisfactory towards a Government in this country without the help of the aristocracy. I know that you must be well aware of this; yet the following summary may not be useless to you, though I know that it is imperfect.—Yours, dear Canning, most truly,

J. W. C.

“Number of members returned to the House of Commons by the influence of some of the Peers:—

“*Tories*—Lord Lonsdale 9, Lord Hertford 8, Duke of Rutland 6, Duke of Newcastle 5, Lord Yarbro’ (for W. Holmes) 5, Lord Powis 4, Lord Falmouth 4, Lord Anglesey 4, Lord Aylesbury 4, Lord Radnor 3, Duke of Northumberland 4, Duke of Buccleuch 4, Marquis of Stafford 3, Duke of Bucks (2) 3, Lord Mount-Edgcumbe 4—70; besides at least twelve or fourteen who have each two seats, say 26—96.

“*Whigs*—Lord Fitzwilliam 8, Lord Darlington 7, Duke of Devon 7, Duke of Norfolk 6, Lord Grosvenor 6, Duke of Bedford 4, Lord Carrington 4—42; with about half-a-dozen who have each a couple of seats, 12—54.”

“MR CANNING TO MR CROKER.

“*April 3d, 1827.*

“Am I to understand, then, that you consider the King as completely in the hands of the Tory aristocracy as his father, or rather as George II. was, in the hands of the Whigs? If so, George III. reigned, and Mr Pitt

(both father and son) administered the Government in vain.

"I have a better opinion of the real vigour of the Crown when it chooses to put forth its own strength, and I am not without some reliance on the body of the people.

"And whether in or out of office (an alternative infinitely more indifferent to me than you perhaps imagine, and with the inclination of my choice, if anything to the latter), I will not act (as I never have acted) as the tool of any confederacy, however powerful; nor will I submit to insult (without resenting it according to the best of my poor ability) from any member of such confederacy, be he who he may.

"There are my opinions. They are purely *defensive* ones, but there are limits beyond which defence cannot be purely passive.—Yours, C."

This is not quite satisfactory. But something still less to be accounted for lies behind it. Croker does not tell us, either in his Diary or his Correspondence, under what circumstances the Duke of Clarence became Lord High Admiral. We have reason to believe that they were as follows:—

Canning, as we all know, carried his point. The King gave him a commission, soon after Lord Liverpool's seizure, "to lay before his Majesty a plan of arrangements for the reconstruction of the Administration." On the 10th of April 1827, he announced this fact to those who had been his colleagues, without referring to what had passed between the Duke of Wellington and himself only eight days previously. The Duke, in replying to Canning's announcement, could not forget that on the 2d he had, in conversation with himself, stated, that "in case his Majesty should commission him to consider a scheme for the reconstruction of the Cabinet, one of his designs was to propose that Mr Robinson should be removed to the House of Lords, and be made First

Lord of the Treasury," and remembering this, he naturally asked for further information. The information came in a somewhat discourteous letter, which Canning took care to let the Duke know had been submitted to the King; whereupon the Duke at once declined to remain in the Cabinet, and immediately afterward resigned the command of the army.

The Duke's withdrawal from Canning's Ministry was followed, as we need scarcely say, by that of Peel, and of all who had been the main support of Lord Liverpool in the Cabinet. Canning could have scarcely been unprepared for this result, at all events in part, yet it cut him to the quick. He went with the Whigs on the Catholic question, and on questions of foreign and commercial policy he entertained many ideas in common with them. But he neither was, nor ever could have become, a thorough-going Whig himself. His continued tenure of that office, for the achievement of which he had bartered away all that could make public life valuable, must therefore depend, as he clearly saw, on royal favour; and the state of the King's health was known to be precarious. This thought greatly troubled him, and Croker became once again his guardian angel. The Admiralty was then vacant—Lord Melville, though a pro-Catholic, having followed Peel and the Duke. The Duke of Clarence had often applied for active employment and been refused, and now Croker suggested that in his person the office of Lord High Admiral of the Fleet should be revived. Canning—so runs our tale—was struck by the idea, but expressed a doubt whether the Royal Duke could accept. "Leave that to me," was Croker's reply. The case was left in his hands. He waited on

the Royal Duke, got a prompt and hearty acceptance of the office, hurried back to Canning and reported progress. The closing words put into his mouth on that occasion were these: "Be of good cheer; you are Prime Minister now, if you play your cards well, for two reigns."¹

We should be loath to believe, in the face of Croker's assertion to the contrary, that he acted throughout these transactions otherwise than in a spirit of perfect disinterestedness. He tells us that he twice refused Privy Council office, when offered to him by Canning; and that "the turn things had taken was indeed extraordinary, and to him, in respect of Peel and the Duke, most afflicting." Yet with the certainty before him, that the places vacated by Peel, the Duke, and their friends must be filled by Whigs, he adds, in the letter from which we have just quoted: "I have consented to remain" (at the Admiralty), "not merely out of respect to him" (the Duke of Clarence) "and out of duty to the office, but I will add, out of regard to the new Government itself, which I think has been a little hardly dealt with, by having such a burst of resignations showered upon it at once." Such a process of reasoning might satisfy himself that he had taken a straightforward course; it certainly did not satisfy others. It brought about a coldness towards him on the part both of Peel and the Duke, which, so far as Peel was concerned, appears never to have been entirely got over, though with the Duke, less sensitive and more forgiving, it soon passed away. It is thus that Peel writes of their differences, and their reconciliation:—

"MR PEEL TO MR CROKER.

"DRAYTON MANOR, October 3, 1827.

"MY DEAR CROKER,—The suspension of my intercourse with you was caused by the part which I had reason to believe you were taking in those arrangements which were connected with the dissolution of the late Government. In consequence of unreserved communications with you, you were in possession of my opinions and fixed intentions in certain contingencies; and I certainly think that under all the circumstances I might have expected from you at least a total abstinence from any interference, direct or indirect, in what was passing at the time of which I speak.

"Mr Canning declared to more than one person that there was no one to whom he was so much indebted for suggestions as to the course which he should pursue as he was to you.

"Such an avowal by him, or indeed the fact of your being in confidential communication with him at the period in question, was a sufficient reason for my declining to hold any intercourse with you on matters of a public nature.

"I am perfectly ready to bury in complete oblivion the causes of misunderstanding and alienation; and it is clear that nothing can more contribute to this—particularly considering the relations in which we respectively stand to the present Government—than a total oblivion when we meet, of politics also.—Believe me, my dear Croker, ever very faithfully yours,

"ROBERT PEEL."

Canning's death, followed as it was by Lord Goodriche's abortive attempt to carry on the government, greatly affected Croker in more ways than one. He was warmly attached to Canning; and had Canning's Administration lasted, he would have doubtless been prevailed upon to accept a seat in the Cabinet. With Lord Goodriche, his relations, though friendly enough, were less close; and the

¹ At p. 372, vol. i., there is a letter from Croker to Lord Lowther, the tone of which bears strong testimony to the truth of this story.

advice he gave to that Minister—and sound advice it was—touched only the fringe of the situation. The Duke of Wellington, no doubt, though not invited to join the Ministry, was implored to resume the command of the army, and he did so. But no advantage to the Ministry accrued from this. Croker's anticipation that it would never meet Parliament proved to be correct, and the Duke—as all the world knows—became Prime Minister.

The story of the Duke's Administration has been told so often, and is in all its details so perfectly understood, that to enter upon it here at any length would be superfluous. Our proper business is with those transactions alone in which Croker was more or less mixed up, and to these no great importance attaches. But two points, neither of them without significance, come prominently into light. First, Peel—the Minister restored to office—is not, in Croker's estimation, what Peel the former Minister used to be. "It is now," he says, "the turn of his mind to get over adversaries by concession. He always gives more importance and weight even to a public enemy than to his own supporters." Next, all that we had previously been given to understand respecting Croker's perfect content with his place at the Admiralty turns out to be a mistake. In reference to Huskisson's resignation, and its well-known consequences, we find the following curious entry in Mr Croker's Diary:—

"*May 27th.*—Wrote to the Duke of Wellington. Had a great deal of conversation with Hardinge. He had seen the Duke, and told him that he understood from me that I was willing to make way for Wilmot-Horton, if that would facilitate his arrangements, as Wilmot cannot, they say, vacate.

He added that he had mentioned that he (Hardinge) thought that I would accept Ireland, and that he thought me very fit for it. I said I ratified both his suggestions. We had a great deal of very confidential conversation on all men and all places. I think less favourably of the Duke's position than he appears to do. I told Hardinge the motives that now would induce me to accept the Secretaryship in Ireland, which I would not formerly have done.

"Lord Hertford advised me to ask the Duke for Ireland, but I would rather not move.

"*May 28th.*—I wrote to Hardinge that, as we heard that Dudley, Grant, and F. Leveson were gone, I thought the political weather looked very bad; but on that very account I was the more ready, if the Duke of Wellington wished it, to go on with his Grace for better or worse. The Duke was my first, and is my natural, if not only, *political* connection; and as Lord Hertford will adhere to the Duke, this will place all my public and private feelings in unison. But I have repeated, what I said before, that I would not change my office. I regret Huskisson's resignation. I think he was somewhat hardly dealt with; and even if I wished for a change of office (which I do not), I should be sorry to obtain it in consequence of his removal."

The change of office was soon after proposed to him by the Duke, and acceded to with much apparent satisfaction. He journeyed across to Ireland, had a good deal of talk with Lord Anglesey, and returned to London—an Irish Secretary expectant. This was not, however, to be:—

"*June 7th.*—As I was coming out of Huskisson's, I met a messenger from the Duke of Wellington desiring to see me. I went across, and met Lord Beresford in the anteroom, who says that he thinks Dom Miguel will be beaten in Portugal. When I went in to the Duke he told me that Lord Anglesey had written to him to the same effect as his note to me, occasioned by the rumours which had

reached Dublin of my appointment. His Grace said civil things of me, but added that he was afraid my appointment would not do. He was proceeding to give me reasons, but I stopped him, saying that his opinion was enough, and that I was satisfied he was right; but then I said I must ask him as a private friend, if he would allow me to call him so, and a man of honour, whether he thought I could remain at the Admiralty. He looked startled. He said that he looked on the Admiralty to be, after Ireland, the most important place out of the Cabinet—much superior to the Privy Councillor's office, which had little or no official duties. He added that the income also was so much better. I agreed also to that, and said that I was aware of, and concurred in, all he said, but that public opinion must be the guide, as it was the best reward of public men, and that Privy Councillor's office being considered the post of honour, I could not, with a due regard to my honour, acquiesce in my official inferiors and juniors being thus put over my head, without affording me the option; that I knew that by any change I must lose income and official importance, and would certainly have a reluctance about any change, but that I would lose both rather than lose character, if I submitted to the slight of not having been even thought about. We talked it over long without arriving at any conclusion, except that he begged of me not to resign hastily, and to wait at all events a few days."

The few days' delay which the Duke recommended, and to which Croker agreed, brought about a satisfactory solution to a somewhat delicate problem. Neither the Irish Secretariat nor the Vice-Presidency of the Privy Council was brought within Croker's reach, but the point of etiquette raised by him was satisfied by the addition of his name to the rôle of Privy Councillors—an honour never before conferred on the Secretary to the Admiralty.

There are two omissions in

this interesting and historically valuable work which rather surprise us. Croker says nothing about the Duke's plan of a State payment for the Irish priests, and of Peel's unwise insistence that the English bishops should be consulted on the subject. Perhaps it was too late in 1829 to look for any substantial benefit from such an arrangement had it been effected. It is certain that the stop put to it by Peel and his episcopal advisers took away the only chance of restoring, through emancipation, quiet to Ireland. Yet forasmuch as Croker had all his life long advocated the measure, his silence in regard to it, both at this and in a later stage of his career, strikes us as remarkable. Another omission of his in connection with the case is almost more curious. The Duke's surrender was at the time, and still continues to be, attributed to O'Connell's bold appeal to the electors of Clare, and his triumph over Fitzgerald. Croker, who must have known better, allows the popular delusion to pass, instead of pointing out, as he might easily have done, that there could be no ground for accepting it. O'Connell never was, nor could by possibility have been, recognised as a member of Parliament prior to the passing of the Relief Bill. His case was altogether different from that of Mr Bradlaugh—his election was from the very initial void. Had there been no settled purpose long before the Clare contest to break in upon the settlement of 1689, it would have been just as easy in 1828 to ignore O'Connell's election as it was at a later period to set aside that of a convicted criminal, whom another Irish constituency chose to return to Parliament. Against the admission of the one within the bar of the House of Commons the law was

not one whit more pointedly directed than against the admission of the other; and the failure to recognise that fact can be attributed only to the determination of the Cabinet to get rid, *coûte que coûte*, of a state of things which, to those charged with the government of the country, had become intolerable.

If Peel's extraordinary change of views lost him, for a time, the confidence of the bulk of his party, it seems to have gone a great way towards re-establishing the intimacy between him and Croker on its ancient footing. Their correspondence, though less affectionate, perhaps, than in earlier days, became again cordial. Croker took much interest in Peel's establishment of an effective police for London, and did not scruple both to advise and to solicit a place in the new force for a *protégé*. The place he got; the advice was not acted upon—for excellent reasons, which the reader will find stated by Peel himself at p. 17 of vol. ii. On another subject, about which the Government consulted him, he wrote in terms so noteworthy, that, long as the quotation is, we cannot refuse to transcribe it. The press was generally hostile to the Administration, and the Ministers were anxious to set up a newspaper which should defend them. Croker, in a letter to Mr Planta, deals with the subject thus:—

“MR CROKER TO MR J. PLANTA. ;

“ August 21, 1829.

“It is not everybody that can write for the newspapers: the latter is an art, perhaps I should better say a *knack*, which one man has in a greater degree than another, as one man will beat another at piquet, who, *en revanche*, will beat him at whist. If, as some critics say, it is harder to write a good epigram than an epic, why should there not be different powers required for writing a para-

graph and a pamphlet? Believe me, the fact is so: the talent may be as small a one as you choose to call it, but it is one *sui generis*. Mr Bayley's ‘Butterfly’ is a mere trifle, but Southey could no more have written it than Bayley could have written ‘Thalaba.’ A short, terse, epigrammatic style, both of thought and expression, is what produces most effect in a newspaper, where people do not expect didactic or dialectic essays, and where indeed they will not read them. The style which I have heard called *coup de marteau* (not the hammering style) is, I think, the best; but clever men in this walk, as in others, have their own peculiar gait. When you have got a clever man, he will let you see his peculiar manner; but pray do not think that every writer can be a paragraph writer.

“I now come to the great difficulty of all. I suppose you to have a good paper open to you, and a capital hand to work; how is he to be supplied with materials? He cannot make bricks without straw. How is he to know the line to be taken? You yourself will often not know. For instance, if I, an old, and as some of the gentlemen of the press used to think, a good hand, pretty high in office, not inattentive to the state of Europe, had been obliged to answer the article in the morning journal which you sent me, I should not have known what to say. As to England and France, I could perhaps have spoken pretty safely; but I have, upon my honour, not the most distant guess of what turn it might suit the position of our affairs to give to the observations on Spain, Portugal, Russia, Turkey, or Prussia. No one but a member of the Cabinet could do this safely and completely—not that if a Cabinet Minister were to hold the pen, he need tell State secrets, but he alone would thoroughly understand the case, and know what to avoid, what to hint, what to deny, when to leave folks in their errors, and when to open the real views of the Government. I have heretofore conveyed to the public articles written by Prime and Cabinet Ministers, and sometimes have composed such articles under their eye—they supplied the *fact*, and I supplied

the *tact*, and between us we used to produce a considerable effect. In a Cabinet like ours, surely there might be one person who could find leisure for this sort of supervision, if not for some more direct co-operation. If anything of this kind were practicable, it ought to be done in the most profound secrecy, and every possible precaution against even a *suspicion* should be taken; and the Minister who should undertake it, and you his *conveyancer*, as Junius calls it, should throw in, here and there, such a slight mixture of error or apparent ignorance, as should obviate suspicion of its coming from so high a source.

"But I fear it is impossible to hope that a Cabinet Minister could be permitted, or found willing, to undertake this delicate task, though, *soit dit en passant*, the times are gone by when statesmen might safely despise the journals, or only treat them as inferior engines, which might be left to themselves, or be committed to the guidance of persons wholly unacquainted with the views of the Ministry. There is a prodigious change now in progress all throughout Europe in this particular; the French journals are edited by Peers, Privy Councillors, and Deputies, and see the result—they are undoubtedly at this moment the best written and the most effective body of political literature that ever existed. Our papers are now very poorly done by needy adventurers; yet in what a style they are written, and what effect do they produce? The example of France will soon be contagious, and we shall see men of high hopes and attainments conducting journals, and obtaining, at last, through their literary character, seats in the House of Commons. Depend upon it, all this is coming; and the day is not far distant when you will (not *see*, nor *hear*, but) *know* that there is some one in the Cabinet intrusted with what will be thought one of the most important duties of the State, the regulation of public opinion.

"When I used to write—as I did with some effect, for a few seasons—I lived altogether with my political friends. I knew what was doing and what ought to be said; they helped me: and some persons by contagion,

became writers, ay, and admirable ones too, who never expected to see a line of their penning in print. I had disciples who, like the pupil of Pietro Perugino, eclipsed their master. The success of that period, of which I was an humble though an active agent, was so complete, that it turned the press—I mean the preponderating force of the press—right round. The Government had the voice of the journals, and the Opposition (what had, I believe, never before happened in the history of English parties)—the Opposition complained loudly of the *licentiousness* of the press; which only meant that they were no longer able to wield it exclusively to their own purposes.

"You may ask me why *I* cannot take up my old pen again? I answer, first, because it is an old one, and that the hand that used to guide it is grown old too; and that the mind that used to prompt it is grown not only old, but indolent—not to say dispirited.

"*“Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat”*—

that is the honest truth."

Neither the establishment of partisan newspapers, however, nor any other device for educating public opinion, would have long kept the Cabinet of 1829 in power. No doubt the death of George IV., coincident as it was with outbreaks at home and abroad, hastened the catastrophe. But the strong Protestant feeling of England, and still more of Scotland and the north of Ireland, broke out in a cry for vengeance on the Ministers by whom it had been outraged; and the question of reform in Parliament, which for years had been wellnigh forgotten, came again to the front, because to the support of the borough-mongers was attributed the success of the Minister in his fatal policy. Croker saw the storm rising, and made an unsuccessful effort to stem it by

advising Peel, prior to Lord John Russell's motion, to take the wind out of his sails by giving members to Leeds, Birmingham, and Manchester. This was in February 1830. But whom the gods mean to destroy they render insane, and Peel answered Croker's judicious letter by declaring in the House of Commons that the question really at issue was, whether "the popular voice was not sufficiently heard, and that in his opinion it was."

The Duke of Clarence had, as Lord High Admiral, given a good deal of trouble to his subordinates and to the Government. Whether Croker had begun to repent, prior to the formation of the Wellington Cabinet, of the part he played in bringing the Royal Duke to the Admiralty, does not appear. But he entered heartily into their plans for getting rid of him, and got rid of he was. A kind-hearted and not very wise man, his Royal Highness seems to have taken his dismissal better than could have been expected. Mortified of course he was, and very angry for a while with Sir George Cockburn. But even against Cockburn he harboured no malice, and to Croker his manner never underwent a change. On what a familiar footing they stood towards each other, and how perfectly at his ease Croker was in the highest society, the following anecdote, not told by Croker himself, but which rests upon unquestionable authority, will show.

Dining on one occasion at Carlton House, Croker sat next to the Duke of Clarence—their places at table being somewhat out of ear-shot of the King. They were conversing freely, when on a lull occurring elsewhere, the King called suddenly to Croker and said, "What are you talking about there?" "Well, sir," replied Croker, very

quietly, "his Royal Highness is telling me what he means to do when he becomes King."

The King looked grave for a moment, and then burst into a loud laugh, in which all the company joined.

The general election rendered necessary by the demise of the Crown, gave the *coup de grâce* to the Wellington Administration. All the influence of the ultra-Protestant section of the Tory party was used to place them in a minority; and it succeeded, without, as it appeared, one serious thought having been given to the inevitable consequences which must follow. And then began that battle of Parliamentary Reform, which a very little prudence on the part of previous Administrations might have averted, and to which, as much perhaps because of the tactics employed to ensure success as of success itself, we are indebted for the state into which the monarchy has fallen. We do not know, there is nothing in these volumes to show, whether Croker joined the Duke in advising that permission to introduce the Bill at all should be refused. If we may judge from what he tells us of the condition of the House on the first night, and from the part which he himself played in all the subsequent discussions, we should conclude that the case was so. But Peel would listen to no proposal of the kind, and events took their course. A feeble defeat of the measure on the second reading led to a dissolution, and the Tory majority at once gave way to the most helpless minority that ever had to fight a losing battle in a British House of Commons.

Though beaten on every division, the champions of things as they were held their own in debate, and among all their debaters, none took

a higher place than Croker. This brought him repeatedly into collision with Macaulay, whose historical references he proved to be generally wrong, and his arguments based upon them mere froth. It is usual with high-minded men not to allow their differences as politicians to degenerate into personal hostility. Macaulay never recognised the virtue of this principle. He loved or hated individuals according as they shared or contravened his views in politics; and Croker, by putting him to silence in the House of Commons, earned more than a common share of his animosity. "He was a bad man—a very bad man; a disgrace both to literature and politics." So wrote Macaulay, after the death of one whose sole offence against morals was an intimacy with Lord Hertford, which he shared in common with the best men of his party; and who outraged literature by publishing an edition of Boswell's Johnson, which Macaulay did his best to write down, but utterly failed in doing so.

How the second Reform Bill was forced through the House of Commons—how the Lords threw it out, and what consequences followed,—these things are too deeply impressed on the minds of all who read history to require that we should do more than allude to them here. Then followed the abortive attempt of the waverers to obtain a modification of the measure. Then that change in the King's views, which might have encouraged the Lords to persevere in their resistance, but did not; and by-and-by the success of Lord Lyndhurst's motion in committee, which led to the resignation of the Grey Administration. The account given by Croker of the deliberations of the Tory leaders, incident on the conscous-

ness of the responsibility they had incurred, is very interesting, though we are sorry to say too long for insertion here. But the following statements must, for obvious reasons, be given in his own words:—

"When we arrived at Apsley House we found the Lords dispersing, and did not think it right to go in just as they were all coming away, so we took a turn in the Park, and then went to the Duke, just preceded by Lord Lyndhurst. When we (four) were seated, Lord Lyndhurst told me—I supposed (as was the fact) that he had already told the others—what had passed between him and the King, and the extent of his mission, and began to discuss what should be done. By the way, he said that he was a good deal struck by the firmness and discrimination of the King, whose style of talking on business he thought very much improved since he had been in office. His Majesty showed, he said, considerable adroitness and practicability. When he had done this explanation, which had been chiefly addressed towards me, I asked him, 'Whom do you mean to put at the head?' He made a significant motion with his hand towards Peel and said, '*That* Peel must answer.' Peel then said, with a tone of concentrated resolution, that he could not, and would not, have anything to do with the settlement of the Reform question; and that it was evident that it must be settled now, and on the basis, as he understood, of the present Bill. Lord Lyndhurst said (what he had not before mentioned in my presence, but had, it seems, told them in the conversation in the forenoon), that the King had not fixed that the new Government was to be formed on the specific engagements to carry *Schedule A or B*, but that his Majesty having thrown out something to *that effect*, Lord Lyndhurst had objected that none of the Tories could consent to swallow these schedules in the lump; upon which his Majesty varied his phrase, and said, 'Well, then, an *extensive* reform,' and that '*an extensive reform*' was therefore the basis of his lordship's mission.

"Peel said, 'It was all the same in his view. He was peculiarly circumstanced: he had been obliged to arrange the Catholic question by a sacrifice of his own judgment, and he would not now perform the same painful abandonment of opinion on the Reform question.' He talked of 'the advantage to the country that public men should maintain a character for consistency and disinterestedness, which he would for ever forfeit if, a second time, he were on any pretence to act over again anything like his part in the Catholic question.'"

The refusal of Peel to co-operate with the Duke was not perhaps unnatural. He had already lost caste by yielding on the Catholic question, and might well plead, as he did, the necessity to him of a future career consistent in all its stages. Had he acted up to these protestations when the hour of trial came, how much of evil to the country might have been averted! But Peel never was as a public man what Croker, in the days of their early friendship, believed him to be. His manners were awkward, his temperament cold, his reserve repellent. It seemed as if he shrank from confidential intercourse with a "proud aristocracy" into which he had not been admitted by right of birth; and while advocating principles of which they approved, he appears to have done so rather against the grain than with it. All this came into broad daylight after the inability of the Whigs to carry on the Government threw power into his hands. Meanwhile his refusal to sacrifice himself for the public good induced others to hold back in like manner. And the brave old Duke, unable to form a Cabinet, surrendered his commission to the King, and the Whigs returned to office.

We must hurry over much that yet remains to be said about public affairs and Croker's connection with

them. Like Peel, he had declined to take office during the interregnum, and he never could be persuaded afterwards to change his mind. The Admiralty Secretariat he of course vacated on the change of Ministers in 1830, but not the less he continued to the end of his days a keen and indefatigable politician. The 'Quarterly Review' became henceforth his *champ de bataille*. Not a number made its appearance for many years without an article from his pen, as trenchant as it was in strict unison with his former parliamentary deliverances; for a strong party-man he had always been, and a strong party-man he continued to be, for reasons which cannot be given in words more expressive than his own:—

"I am one of those," he wrote to an acquaintance, "who have always thought that party attachments and consistency are in the *first* class of a statesman's duties, because without them he must be incapable of performing any useful service to his country. I think, moreover, that it is part of our well-understood, though unwritten constitution, that a party which aspires to govern this country ought to have *within itself* the means of filling all the offices; and I therefore disapprove of making a *Subscription Ministry*, to which every man may belong, without reference to his understood principles or practices."

It is impossible to look back without astonishment on the effect produced by the passing of the Reform Bill on the mind of some of the most prominent combatants in the struggle which preceded it. Croker, like the Duke of Wellington, took a very gloomy view of the situation. They equally regarded the measure as the death-knell of the monarchy, differing only as to the probable date of the overthrow. Peel, on the other hand, appears to have anticipated

such a reaction as would place him ere long at the head of an Administration; while Sir Francis Burdett, erewhile a prisoner in the Tower for sedition, enlisted under the banner of extreme Toryism. And yet there is really nothing surprising in all this. The Duke and Croker regarded the great landed aristocracy as the main bulwark of the Constitution. The creation of a ten-pound household constituency had, in their opinion, turned the balance of political power against that order; and they anticipated—as the event has shown, not incorrectly—that whenever the machine should endeavour to right itself, fresh changes, more and more adverse to the aristocracy, would be pressed forward. Peel, on the other hand, caring little for the aristocracy, and confident in his own ability to lead the House of Commons, saw, or fancied that he saw, the way clear before him, by which the Crown and the people might be brought to work harmoniously together. As to Burdett, he was both by nature and conviction an aristocrat to the backbone. Circumstances alone had connected him with Radicals, and he embraced the earliest opportunity that presented itself to sever the connection. But a little band of clever men—calling themselves, and by others called, Young England—stood somewhat pronouncedly apart from all recognised factions. They held that the aristocracy were the natural leaders of the people; that the great object henceforth to be aimed at was to strengthen the connection between them; and that the course of action shadowed forth by Peel in his address to his con-

stitutents in 1834, could be regarded as nothing less than an attempt to “form a party without principles.” But how lightly they were thought of at the time, our readers will learn with some surprise from the following estimate taken of their powers for good or evil by two tolerably accurate judges of men and things:—

“MR LOCKHART TO MR CROKER.

“DEAR CROKER,—P. Borthwick was a notorious man in the Scotch newspapers of 1822.

“B. Disraeli published his ‘Vivian Grey’—the only work that has been at all successful—eighteen years ago, I am sure. He must be forty, or close to that.¹

“You omit G. Smythe, Lord Strangford’s son—very young—the cleverest of the set, I believe.

“Cochrane² is, I suppose, twenty-five or thirty. Son of Sir Thos.—grandson of the Honourable Sir Alexander the Admiral. Mr C. has a good estate in Scotland through his mother.

“I don’t know that Borthwick ever published poetry, but he was a tragic actor at the minor theatres for some years.

“Nor do I know that G. Smythe has published verse, though it is likely he has in the annuals.

“Milnes, Disraeli, Cochrane, are poets. Cochrane not the worst of the three. He is a Cochrane . . . but not a bad fellow. A little notice would have made him and Smythe all right. Disraeli and Borthwick are very necessitous, and wanted places of course.

“I fancy Young England has in some degree at least associated itself with *Urquhart*.—Ever yours,

“J. G. L.”

“SIR JAMES GRAHAM TO MR CROKER.

“WHITEHALL, August 22, 1843.

“With respect to Young England, the puppets are moved by D’Israeli,

¹ “Mr Disraeli was at the time thirty-eight. The first volumes of ‘Vivian Grey’ were published in 1826.”

² “The present Lord Lamington.”

who is the ablest man among them : I consider him unprincipled and disappointed ; and in despair he has tried the effect of bullying. I think with you, that they will return to the *crib* after prancing, capering, and snorting ; but a crack or two of the whip well applied may hasten and ensure their return. D'Israeli alone is mischievous ; and with him I have no desire to keep terms. It would be better for the party if he were driven into the ranks of our open enemies. —Very truly yours,

“JAMES GRAHAM.”

Peel had not been a year in office before his letters to Croker began to take a tone which justly alarmed his correspondent ; and still more perplexing were the proceedings of more than one of his subordinates. In April 1843, Peel complains that “the times are out of joint, and this makes party out of joint.” Yet the impulse to disruption would appear, from the subjoined note, to have come not from without the Administration, but from within it :—

“MR CROKER TO SIR R. PEEL.

[Marked “1843,” but no proper date.]

“WEST MOULSEY (*Tuesday Night*).

“MY DEAR PEEL,—You must have thought me an oaf this morning, when I was talking to you about Corn Laws and Tariff ; but I had not *then* seen either the ‘Morning Post,’ nor even read the article in the ‘Foreign Quarterly Review,’ attributed to Gladstone. To be sure, if I had known either I should have mentioned *them* to you, rather than the very unimportant circumstances in the *same direction* which had reached me.

“I trust, I do trust—that is, I at once hope and believe—that Gladstone has not written nor encouraged anything that can be perverted into an intimation of further change. What has been done, has been wisely, and, I believe, safely done, and the country will stand by it—or by anything that looks like stability ; but if it sees reason to suspect *your Government of wavering*, mind, I tell you, we are all lost.—Affectionately yours,

“J. W. CROKER.”

We need scarcely say that the anticipations of evil so strongly expressed in the above letter received in due time their fulfilment. The imposition of an income-tax might be, and doubtless was, a necessity. At all events, it was submitted to at the moment because described as a temporary impost, and as the sole means of restoring to something like an equilibrium the financial condition of the country, which ten years of Liberal mismanagement had thrown into confusion. But when the three years fixed for its continuance passed away, and it kept its hold in a modified shape on the budget, while change after change was in other directions introduced, the most sanguine believers in Peel’s political honesty began to take the alarm. At last came the surrender on the Corn Laws, of which it is unnecessary in this place to say more than that not the least mischievous of its effects was the overthrow among the gentlemen of England of all faith in public men. What, under such circumstances, could Croker do ? He had never since the advent of a Conservative Administration written a political article without consultation with Peel. Up to the last moment he had defended a policy of which he could not altogether approve, in the full assurance that for high reasons of State moderate protection to native agriculture would under all circumstances be maintained. But such a terrible abandonment of formal pledges—such a complete realisation of Sir Edward Knatchbull’s *nusquam tuta fides*—was more than he could condone. Then came out in the ‘Quarterly,’ just after Peel had ostentatiously greeted Mr Cobden as the real author of his conversion, an article which, while it condemned the surrender, spoke of

Peel's part in the drama in terms less of censure than of affectionate regret. The article was, of course, Croker's, and was followed up by a private letter, of which, as well as of Peel's reply, we subjoin copies:—

"MR CROKER TO SIR ROBERT PEELE.
EXTRACT.

"WEST MOULSEY,
January 12th, 1847.

"I cannot write to you without expressing my deep regret at having been placed, by my zeal for and confidence in your former measures, in a position which has forced me into so decided a difference of political opinions as must render any personal intercourse between us awkward and painful. Thus closes, with this note, a correspondence of seven-and-thirty years; but it does not alter my—I believe—unalterable affection for yourself, and my regard for Lady Peel and your family, which are as lively and sincere as my wishes for the failure, as I understand them, of all your political views.

"If we should happen to meet (which is not very likely, as I go very little from home), I hope it may be with such civil forms and as much personal kindness as may very well coexist with strong political differences.—I am, my dear Peel, very sincerely and affectionately yours, *Up to the Altar.*
J. W. CROKER."

"SIR ROBERT PEELE TO MR CROKER.

"DRAYTON MANOR,
January 15th, 1847.

"SIR,—As I am confirmed by your letter in my previous impressions that you are the author of certain articles which have appeared in recent numbers of the 'Quarterly Review,' I concur entirely in the opinion you express, that any personal intercourse between us would be awkward and painful.

"There are, no doubt, many cases in which personal goodwill may coexist with strong political differences, but personal goodwill cannot coexist with the spirit in which those articles are written, or with the feelings they must naturally have excited.

"I trust there is nothing inconsis-

tent with perfect civility in the expression of an earnest wish that the same principle which suggests to you the propriety of closing a written correspondence of seven-and-thirty years, may be extended to every other species of intercourse.—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,
ROBERT PEELE."

So came to a close a friendship which, subject only to one, and that not a very protracted interruption, had lasted upwards of thirty years. Never again did Peel and Croker take counsel together, either by letter or in social intercourse, though none felt more deeply than Croker the ex-Minister's untimely death, or expressed himself on the occasion with greater tenderness.

And now it is high time to look for a brief space at Croker through another medium than that of politics. That he continued to the end true to his convictions, and gave them expression as often as occasion required, every reader of these very interesting volumes will discover. But Croker was much more than a politician; and in whatever light regarded—whether as himself a man of letters, or a friend to literature and literary men, or as a member, and a leading member, in society—we shall find that his proper place is very much that which his able and judicious biographer has assigned to him. He contrived, no doubt, to make for himself enemies, at once more numerous and more vindictive than perhaps assailed any other public man of his day. This was due, in part, to the line which he early took as a writer, and to which he adhered throughout his life. For he who lashes the follies of his age must expect to be lashed in his turn, and to be charged, as Croker was, with many a bitter thing which he never said or wrote.

But if he had many enemies, he had also many friends; and one who could number among these Southey, Scott, Lockhart, and, above all, the great Duke of Wellington, might well be content to know that Macaulay and Miss Martineau hated him. The gulf that separated Disraeli and him, as it was never, unfortunately, filled up, so it would appear to have had its beginnings in mistakes on both sides. Croker was not the reviewer of any of Disraeli's novels; indeed he never, according to his own showing, read them. Hence the attack upon him in 'Coningsby,' as it originated in a misunderstanding, so it was doubly ungenerous because unprovoked, and ought therefore to have been atoned for. These, however, are accidents for which all who take part in the strife of tongues or of pens must be prepared; and Croker, it is only fair to add, recognised the fact, and treated it with indifference.

It is unfortunate for Croker's reputation as an author that he never found time to devote his great powers to the elucidation of any one masterful object. Had he gone on with his history of the French Revolution, he might have taken his place as a historian beside Hume and Grote, and even beside Gibbon. For he was not the man to treat that great convulsion, as Macaulay has treated his romance of William III., from a mere party point of view, much less as an isolated fact in time's progress. We should have had, on the contrary, or we deceive ourselves, effects traced back to their causes—far enough to make us acquainted with every incident, small or great, which conduced to bring on the decline and fall of the French monarchy. Instead of this we have only two or three papers in the 'Quarterly Review,'

each of them excellent to the extent to which it goes, but as a whole unsatisfactory, because without either system or continuity. Again, his edition of Boswell's 'Johnson,' however creditable to him as an investigator into the manners and habits of thought which characterised a particular period in literary history, scarcely gives him his proper place in literature. We are doubtless indebted to him for the skill with which he has supplemented what was wanting in Boswell's story; yet, after all, it is not Croker's life of Johnson, but Boswell's, which we have been reading; and when we lay aside the book, it is much more of Johnson, and even of Boswell, that we think, than of Croker.

Besides editing Boswell, Croker meditated giving to the world a new edition of Pope. It was the age for such undertakings—witness Lockhart's and Allan Cunningham's editions of Burns, Scott's edition of Swift, and many more, from which the public has learned a great deal, without, however, for the most part, keeping in mind the source whence the information came. But though he made considerable progress in collecting materials for his work, and had gone so far as to agree with Mr Murray concerning the terms on which the copyright should be parted with, he by-and-by abandoned the project, and made over his notes—and very valuable notes they were—to the Rev. Mr Elwin. It was as well, perhaps, that he did so; for while we cannot doubt that he might have ably performed a task for which his familiarity with the literature of our Augustan age peculiarly fitted him, it may be questioned whether, in his case, the game would have been worth the candle. We think of him, therefore, weighed in this scale, as of an

author who might have done infinitely better than he did had not circumstances induced him to be content with the reputation of a painstaking English scholar and a very able and brilliant essayist.

Of Croker's sympathy with literary and artistic merit, and his readiness to give a helping hand to struggling authors and artists, we have, in the volumes now before us, abundant proof. And well it is that Mr Jennings should have thus done justice to his hero, because seldom has it fallen to the lot of any man of mark to have been, in these respects, more cruelly misrepresented. As we have elsewhere said, Croker made many enemies, not only among politicians and writers, to whom he often, it must be confessed, gave reasonable ground of offence, but among persons whom he had certainly never injured, and to some of whom he had gone out of his way to render important services. Such a one was Dr Maginn, the most reckless and wayward man of genius of his day, who found in Croker a frequent subject of ill-natured banter, and whom Croker paid back by getting for him, in his hour of greatest need, substantial pecuniary assistance through Sir Robert Peel. And such, too, was Moore, whom he saved from ruin through declining to be a party with him in a job. Very different were the relations in which he stood towards other and more generous natures whom it was his good fortune to befriend. Scott was well pleased to owe to him the colonial appointment which rendered the latter days of his brother Tom comfortable. Through him the Laureateship which Scott declined came to Southey; and mainly in consequence of his intercession with Lord Bathurst, Hook regained his liberty by the remission of a debt to Government,

carelessly rather than criminally contracted, yet not on that account lightly to be thought of. To Peel the credit of granting a pension to Mrs Somerville has usually been accredited. It now appears that Peel only acted on Croker's suggestion. But we need not go farther into details of this sort. It may suffice to say, that against appeals for help, whether they came from high or lowly stations, Croker, so long as they commended themselves in any degree to his better judgment, never closed his ear. He was always ready to meet them by the exercise of influence when influence offered the best chance of effectually serving the petitioner. When immediate want was to be removed, his purse always stood open.

Besides thus befriending individuals, Croker did what he could to benefit literature and the arts in more ways than one. The Athenæum—in its original design a club in which authors, painters, sculptors, and the patrons of art and literature, might meet and associate together—owes its existence entirely to his exertions. He was ready at all times to give advice to aspiring artists and authors; and if it sometimes happened that he himself acted in controversion of the course he had recommended to others, what more can be said than that he could not, more than other men, claim to be consistent in all things? Read, for example, his early correspondence with Lockhart on the subject of the 'Quarterly Review.' Lockhart undertook the management of that important publication in 1824, and Croker immediately writes to point out how the work of editorship should be carried on. The 'Quarterly' is not, on any account, to become a party organ in politics. It is to put forth only able and interesting criticisms on

books connected with literature, science, and the arts, not one of which ought to extend beyond the limits of a single sheet, or, at the most, of two sheets. No sooner is he put in a position to give a tone to the 'Quarterly,' than it becomes a party organ of the purest water, and sends forth papers which, when his own pen comes into play, cover twice, sometimes as much as thrice, the number of pages proposed as a maximum. But Mr Croker was more than a politician and an author. He was one of the foremost conversationalists in a social circle which comprised many of the most distinguished and influential men of the age. Mr Jennings, without expressly stating this fact, leads his readers to infer it from the portions he has given them of Croker's diaries and some of his correspondence. Nor, indeed, as it appears to us, could he have done more, because only they who met Croker in his own or other men's houses, could do justice to his powers in this respect; and of these, few, if any, now survive. Yet we may be permitted to say that his talk bore a strong family likeness to his letters. Both were lengthy, pregnant with knowledge, generally interesting, sometimes overwhelming. No presence abashed the man—no suspicion seems ever to have entered his mind that possibly one or other of the persons present might know more of the subject

under discussion than himself. To one talker, and only to one, whom it is scarcely necessary to particularise, he was accustomed at times to give way. But even Scott, whom everybody else was anxious to trot out, found it difficult, whenever Croker happened to be present, to get an occasional opening for one of his capital stories.

How Croker's last days were spent, how patient he was under suffering, how vigorous his intellect continued to be amid the body's decay, Mr Jennings has well told. Well too, and touchingly, has he described the parting interview between Croker, and his illustrious friend, not omitting to place on record the memorandum made by Croker at the time, of all that passed in conversation between them. But in truth the whole story of Croker and his times has been admirably put together. In making his selections from letters and diaries, Mr Jennings has shown equal judgment and delicacy; while his own portion of the work, the links in the chain which connect various epochs together, is not more remarkable for good taste than for general accuracy. We do not, therefore, hesitate to say, that three volumes more full of interest than these, more rich in amusing anecdote, more pregnant with historical information, have not for many a long year claimed the attention of an English reading public.

THE CRISIS.

AFTER the ever-growing political excitement of the recess, culminating in the disgraceful outrages at Dumfries and Birmingham, the opening of the autumn session must be regarded as comparatively dull and uninteresting; and this even though the Queen's Speech, *ex necessitate rei*, was not confined to the cause of all the autumnal turmoil—the Franchise Bill.

By informing the House of Commons that a vote for the operations in the Soudan would be required, the Government might reasonably hope that their miserable policy of sending an abnormal and costly expedition into the Soudan, for the purpose of effectually abandoning it again to anarchy and slave-driving, would escape immediate discussion; and by promising long-delayed papers on the subject of their deplorable fiasco in South Africa, they expected to ward off all notice of it on the Address; but Mr Stafford Howard's manly and outspoken references to the results of their previous incapacity naturally led to the debate inaugurated by Sir Henry Holland, which may be described as a reconnaissance *en force* previous to the pitched battle which it was obvious would have to be fought when, the papers being presented, an opportunity could be secured for it.

The pressing and serious character of these two questions raised in the Queen's Speech would alone have largely detracted from the importance and interest with which Mr Gladstone endeavoured to invest his factitious quarrel with the House of Lords; but, as might be expected, the chariot-wheels of the Franchise Bill were clogged and

delayed, not by debates on foreign or colonial mismanagement, but by the perennial stream of Irish discontent. In vain had Mr Trevelyan in his farewell speech as Irish Secretary expressed for himself, and presumably for his successor, the most liberal intentions as to handing over the whole local government of Ireland to the populace; neither those professions as to the future, nor his resignation, conciliated in the slightest degree Mr Parnell and his followers; nor indeed could the substitution of one hard-headed and unemotional Scotch member for another in the office of Chief Secretary be reasonably expected to produce any such result. So long as Lord Spencer remains Viceroy, so long must the Government expect to be relentlessly opposed by the so-called Nationalists in the House of Commons. The only other subject which delayed the debate on the second reading of the Franchise Bill was the duel between Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr Chamberlain on the Birmingham riots. As those deplorable transactions are undergoing legal investigation, it is only necessary to remark, that Lord Randolph's amendment to the Address need not, and probably would not, have been proposed, had Mr Chamberlain adopted Mr Gladstone's tone in speaking of the misconduct of a small section of his constituents: for whatever delay, therefore, that amendment created, Mr Chamberlain is responsible. But in truth the complaints of Mr Gladstone and his followers against the length of the debate on the Address strike us as misplaced. The Government deliberately—for the pur-

pose of exciting the populace against the House of Lords—prorogued instead of adjourning Parliament in August, and announced their intention of proceeding with the Franchise Bill when Parliament reassembled, *de die in diem*. For all, therefore, who desired to discuss any question however urgent—save that of Egypt—the Address offered the only certain opportunity; and we do not see that those who availed themselves of it, whether English or Irish, are justly liable to censure for so doing. The main cause of obstruction in the House of Commons is Mr Gladstone's inability to put himself mentally *en rapport* with other men, and to conceive that they can honestly adopt a measure different from his own, of the value, importance, or urgency of particular questions. At the present moment it is notorious that, in his eyes, the Franchise Bill, even to its smallest details, overshadows all questions connected with foreign or colonial policy; and that he grudges every moment of time devoted to Egypt, South Africa, or India.

With respect to obstruction itself, while we fully admit that the House of Commons, as it becomes more democratic, grows and will grow in loquacity and in inability to discern the true proportions of matters in discussion, Mr Gladstone and Lord Hartington labour under a delusion in supposing that this is the first Government which has cause to complain of it. We do not refer to the experience of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration; the obstruction it encountered received the written approbation of Mr Gladstone. But the following extract from a letter of Sir Robert

Peel to Mr Croker in the year 1843, testifies to the existence of the system and its virulence, when its present adepts and supposed inventors were either unborn or in the nursery: "A minority able and willing to obstruct public business, not by moving adjournments and the *gross* abuse of parliamentary privileges, but by captious objections, incessant talking; twenty-two divisions in two nights, and trumpety amendments to trumpety clauses—each division consuming nearly a quarter of an hour. All these things together do certainly constitute great difficulty."¹ The late Prince Consort was once lamenting, in conversation with the then First Commissioner of Works, over the unfinished and unsatisfactory condition of many of the public buildings and monuments in the metropolis; the Minister replied, "All that your Royal Highness has said is too true; but it is part of the price we pay for constitutional government." So to Mr Gladstone, querulously complaining of obstruction, it must be said, "it is part of the price" (and a very small part) "we have to pay for democratising the Constitution." When the county franchise has been reduced to household suffrage, and the country portioned out into electoral parallelograms, it will be well indeed for the State if increased obstruction prove to be the worst result of the reformed House of Commons. Whatever stringent rules, and a determined Speaker acting in concert with an earnest Minister, may effect in the way of diminishing obstruction, the difference between the conduct of business in an unreformed House of Lords, and in a still further democratised House of Commons, is certain to be the most marked in

¹ Croker's Correspondence and Diaries, vol. iii. p. 11.

favour of the former. Indeed, if no other reason existed for the maintenance of the Upper Chamber, its retention as an exemplar of good manners, swift despatch of business, and sustained eloquence in debate, must be desired by all who would fain see the Lower House not descend still lower in the estimation of the educated and thoughtful part of the population.

We do not think, therefore, that the Government have ground for legitimate complaint that valuable time was wasted before the Prime Minister was allowed to introduce the Franchise Bill; and if that complaint is preferred, it must be, not against the Opposition, but against the allies and partners of the Government in their crusade against the Constitutional party and the House of Lords, the Parnellite Irish members. But considering the yeoman's service they rendered the Ministry in the division on the second reading of the Franchise Bill, we submit it would be only politic and graceful on the part of Ministerial speakers to forget the slight delay so occasioned, in return for the forty votes so handsomely contributed on that important and critical occasion.

The speech in which Mr Gladstone moved the second reading of the Franchise Bill was in striking contrast, as to tone and manner, with his reply to Sir Stafford Northcote on the Address; and we cannot be wrong in assuming that the effervescence produced in his mobile mind by the partisan ovations of his Scotch pilgrimage had, in the interval, been moderated, if not extinguished, by contact with the stern realities of political life which encountered him in Downing Street and at St Stephen's. The absolutely unbroken front presented by the Constitutional party in and out of Parliament, on the vital

question which he thought fit to relegate to the arbitrament of the streets—might we not say even of the gutters?—during the recess, must have taught him that appeals to the fears and apprehensions of the leaders, or the rank and file of the Opposition, would be useless; and having satisfied himself on this point by the reply which was elicited on the first night of the session to his minacious warnings to his opponents, and by the disapprobation with which they were received by the more moderate section of his own followers, he drew the velvet glove over the iron hand when he next approached the subject, and endeavoured to persuade where he had failed to intimidate.

So marked and judicious a change in the language and bearing of the Prime Minister deserved and secured a corresponding response to his overtures on the part of the Opposition; and, as Ministerial speakers admitted, the speeches of Mr Stanhope, Sir Richard Cross, and Sir Stafford Northcote left nothing to be desired in point of tone and manner. No one, however, who looked below the surface of Ministerial and Opposition oratory on those two nights, could have failed to detect lying unmoved at the bottom the original stumbling-block and stone of offence. Substantially, Mr Gladstone's demand was, "Pass the Franchise Bill, and I will produce a Redistribution of Seats Bill;" to which Sir Stafford Northcote's answer in effect was, "Introduce your Redistribution Bill, and when it is approved of, the Franchise Bill shall become law." It was significant of the inherent difficulty of the situation, that the speech of the Minister selected to close the debate—Lord Hartington—was less conciliatory and more bellicose and exacting than either Mr Gladstone's or

Sir Charles Dilke's. Possibly a recollection of the manner in which his halting sentences in favour of an arrangement at Rawtenstall were received by Lord Randolph Churchill on the one hand, and Mr Chamberlain on the other, biassed the tone of his oratory on that occasion; and it may be that, as in the case of a lady's letter its real purpose is to be found in its postscript, so it was not in the exordium and body, but in the concluding sentences of Lord Hartington's speech, that its real meaning and object were disclosed. Shortly stated, they amounted to a suggestion that the Opposition should present the Government with a scheme of redistribution, which the latter would be free to adopt or reject, while the former would of course be irrevocably bound by it. A more curious or complete reversal of the accepted relations of Government and Opposition it is impossible to imagine. The Government are responsible for the work of destruction, and are, or ought to be, in possession of all the detailed information essential to the satisfactory accomplishment of the difficult work of reconstruction; but while withholding from Parliament both that information, and the scheme which they have, or ought to have, elaborated by its assistance, they demurely invite the Opposition to give them the benefit of their necessarily uninstructed ideas on the subject. The reason of this courteous anxiety to meet the views of the Opposition in the matter of redistribution is, we apprehend this: The Government plunged, if not with a light heart, at least blindfold and ignorantly, into the Franchise Bill, and have only now, after both Houses have accepted its principle,—that of the assimilation of the franchise for counties and boroughs throughout

the United Kingdom,—realised to themselves the awkward fact that it logically carries with it the assimilation of representation also. With the disappearance of a different franchise for the counties, disappear likewise the parliamentary walls of all boroughs under a population of 50,000. Henceforward, logically, they form part of, and are merged in, the surrounding counties. In the non-manufacturing districts of the three kingdoms, the operation of this principle will be most extensive. In Ireland, not more than four boroughs will be able to claim distinct representation after identity of county and borough franchise has been established; while double that number will exhaust the list for Scotland under the existing system of grouped burghs. In England, whole counties will similarly absorb every borough within their areas; and, aghast at the prospect of equal electoral districts thus opened before him, Mr Gladstone has invited the Opposition to join with him in formulating a theory, which he calls a principle, by which he may elude the logical consequences of his own action. Hence the frantic appeals of Ministers, and of the more moderate Liberals like Mr Grey and Mr Goschen, to the Conservative leaders, to announce a policy on redistribution which shall neutralise by its arrangements the obvious and logical results of the Franchise Bill.

Can any position be more absurd? Having persistently announced to Parliament and the country that they recognise no necessary connection between the extension of the franchise in the counties and the redistribution of electoral power,—having on that ground resisted the legitimate demand of the minority in one House and the majority in the

other for the production of a Seats Bill,—Ministers now turn round on the Opposition, and, while the Franchise Bill is still under discussion, urge them to enter upon an exposition of their views on redistribution, by proclaiming which to be altogether separate and distinct from it they deafened and excited the country during the recess.

The House of Lords require no justification for the moderate and patriotic course they adopted last July; but if they did, they would have found it in this new-born and grotesque zeal on the part of Mr Gladstone and his colleagues for the immediate production of a scheme of redistribution by the Opposition. To us the real key to the riddle which so perplexed Mr Goschen on the 11th of last month, as to what had occasioned the change of tone perceptible in the debates on the second reading and in Committee, is to be found in the change of mood in which, and of the means by which, Mr Gladstone hoped to accomplish his end on those two occasions. On the first he hoped, by studied moderation and courtesy of language and manner, to induce the leaders of the Opposition to walk into the trap laid for them, and by producing the outline of a scheme of redistribution, place themselves at his mercy, break up their own party, and deprive the House of Lords of the principal motive for maintaining their position. But finding from Mr Stanhope's and Sir Stafford Northcote's temperate but firm speeches that he had failed in that manœuvre, and that it was the intention of the Opposition to press Colonel Stanley's amendment in Committee, the Prime Minister then abandoned his conciliatory attitude, and replied, on the second occasion, to Colonel

Stanley, in the tone which had characterised his speech on the first night of the session—that of obstinate adherence to his original design.

Indeed it would seem as if Mr Gladstone, in his recent speeches, aimed at following the practice of Old Bailey juries in bygone days, who were accused of giving their verdicts on the principle of zigzag, condemnation and acquittal alternately; but whether the language be conciliatory or hostile, the object was really the same—substantial surrender on the part of his opponents. Four times has Mr Gladstone spoken on this question since Parliament met, with the following net result:—

1st Speech, Oct. 23d—War.

2d Speech, Nov. 6th—Peace.

3d Speech, Nov. 10th—War.

4th Speech, Nov. 11th—Peace.

And if an amicable and satisfactory agreement be at last accomplished, it will, we have no hesitation in saying, be owing to the firm yet temperate attitude maintained throughout these varying moods of the Prime Minister by the leaders of the Conservative party. It may be well to notice here the excuse which Mr Gladstone gave on the 11th for his unconciliatory reply to Colonel Stanley on the previous day. It was all owing to a few sentences interposed by Mr Lowther before the Speaker left the chair! The absurdity of this excuse will be recognised by all who recollect that Mr Gladstone himself dismissed Mr Lowther's observations in a short speech of contemptuous indifference; and that, when he had to reply to Colonel Stanley, he made no reference whatever to them, but based his line of argument and its tone entirely on Colonel Stanley's speech and amendment. The fact is, as Mr Gladstone knew very well, and showed

that he knew, Mr Lowther, if not a chartered libertine, is an acknowledged free-lance, though a Privy Councillor, and speaks from the front Opposition bench in that double capacity. The attempt, therefore, to ascribe his change of tone on the 10th to his belief that Mr Lowther was the authorised spokesman of his party, and put up by them to damage Colonel Stanley's amendment, only shows the difficulty the Prime Minister felt in reconciling his tone and language on that night with the impression he wished to create on the following. So the Bill passed to the House of Lords, with no overt act of a conciliatory character on the part of the Government to recommend it to their lordships' favourable consideration, with no indication even of an intention to introduce a Redistribution Bill before they should be called upon to express their judgment upon it.

When the course adopted last July by the House of Lords was ratified not only by the party in the House of Commons, but by the whole body of the Constitutionalists throughout the country, as it was during the recess, the struggle ceased to be one between the two Houses of Parliament, on what Lord Hartington justly called a question of procedure. At first it was that, and then Lord Hartington and his colleagues elevated it into one of principle. Then it became one of grave constitutional principle, and the Peers were gravely told it was only a question of "parliamentary punctilio."¹ Parliamentary punctilio! after the whole country had been lashed to fury, so far as Ministerial orations could avail to produce that result; after the Trades-Union Congress had

decreed the abolition of the hereditary monarchy as well as of the House of Lords; after Mr Chamberlain had vapoured about a march of Birmingham upon London; and after the existence of the House of Lords had been threatened and denounced on a hundred platforms. No: what is now, or rather has been till at the eleventh hour the Government lowered its flag, at stake is the practical maintenance of an independent hereditary House of Lords, and the solution of the question—Is this still monarchical country to retain its present free, and free because balanced, Constitution; or fall under the domination of a single Chamber, and that the offspring and the creature of some highly organised political association? Let there be no mistake about the issue just now decided. Had the House of Lords capitulated, it would have signed its irrevocable act of abdication, and dissolved in so doing the strongest political party which has rallied round the flag of constitutional Conservatism since 1846. The heart of the country is, we are convinced, sound and true to existing institutions, and will remain so, if those who represent those institutions remain true to themselves. We say deliberately, having surveyed the whole ground, and calculated and balanced all the possible contingencies of the future, we fear nothing, in a crisis like the present, half so much as the fears of timid friends; and if we are told there was danger to existing institutions in maintaining the position so wisely taken up and so gallantly defended by the whole Conservative party during the recess, we reply that it is only courage and consistency that can "out of the nettle danger, pluck the flower safety."

¹ 'Times,' November 13.

The very overtures themselves made by Mr Gladstone and Lord Granville on the 17th are a proof of the soundness of this view. Contrast the tone and substance of those overtures with Mr Gladstone's language during the autumn campaign, or on the first night of the session. The difference between them is hardly to be expressed in words; and although, if they stood alone, we do not think the Conservative leaders would have been justified in accepting them as affording the basis of an honourable settlement, they unquestionably indicated a far more open mind on the part of Ministers than had yet been displayed; and explained and amplified as they were the following day, we think the Peers and the Tory party were right in not rejecting them as the starting-point of negotiations on the Redistribution Bill. They at least constitute an admission of the intimate and necessary connection between the two halves of the Reform measure, for which the Tory party have ceaselessly contended; and now, at the eleventh hour, that connection is solemnly and distinctly recognised by the Government.

So far so well, and we are willing to hope and to believe that equal firmness will carry our leaders safely through the pitfalls and morasses of the complicated negotiations now opening before them. More than this, the position of the House of Lords in the country cannot fail to be enormously strengthened by their successful resistance to Ministerial insistence and mob intimidation. By a rare combination of prudence and courage, the Peers have secured for their branch of the Legislature a right to be consulted hereafter

in every legislative change, and have shown that no Government, however powerful, can successfully treat them with contempt or indifference. Sir John Bennett, Sir Wilfred Lawson, and Mr Morley may, after this, agitate the country as much as they please against a hereditary Second Chamber; but its use has been too clearly shown, and the support it has in the national goodwill is too marked, to encourage serious politicians to follow their ragged banner.

Henceforward Liberal or Radical Ministers will have to show increased deference to the House of Lords; for it must be patent to the least reflective of advanced politicians, that if so powerful a minister as Mr Gladstone, at the head of a majority of 140 in the House of Commons, at the end of a campaign conducted with the most lavish use of eloquence and intimidation, cajolery and menace, is obliged to haul down his flag, and enter into honourable terms of agreement with his opponents in that House, his successors in any similar attempt are not likely, to say the least of it, to fare any better than he has done.

We have no wish to exaggerate the magnitude of the victory gained by the House of Lords, or rather by the Opposition, and we therefore will describe it in the weighty language of the principal London organ of Radicalism.¹

"The Government have promised to bring in the Redistribution Bill at once, and to press it on by all means in their power. They have further agreed, as a preliminary, to give the Opposition an opportunity of coming to an understanding with them as to the principles and the lines of the redistribution scheme. The Opposition, in the House of Lords, for their part, agreed to pass the second reading

¹ 'Daily News,' November 19.

of the Franchise Bill, and promise to enter into consultation upon the scheme of redistribution with an earnest desire to bring the whole question to a speedy and satisfactory settlement. Furthermore, the Government declare that they will regard a failure on their part to pass the redistribution measure through the House of Commons next year, or any alteration of the measure which would constitute a serious departure from the principles agreed upon between them and the Opposition, as fatal to their Ministerial existence. The Government have receded from the demand that the undertaking of the Peers to pass the Franchise Bill shall be a condition precedent of the submission to the Conservative leaders of the Redistribution Bill. The latter must be 'seen and approved' by Lord Salisbury before he will enter into any arrangement, so that the freedom of action of the Peers is completely reserved. These, divested of periphrase and technicalities, are the conditions which were explained by Lord Granville and Lord Salisbury in the House of Lords during yesterday's short sitting."

That every desirable guarantee against future misunderstanding or unforeseen contingency has been thus secured, we cannot affirm; but that every possible safeguard has been obtained, is, we think, not to be disputed; and it is satisfactory to know, that when the explanatory assurances of Mr Gladstone and Lord Hartington were communicated to the leaders of the Opposition on the morning of the 18th, there was no difference of opinion as to the advice which should be given to the subsequent meeting of the party, by whom it was accepted with practical unanimity.

Irksome and annoying as were the demands made on Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote during the recess, those statesmen must now feel amply rewarded for them by the practical success they

have achieved in the matter primarily in issue, and still more by the increased hold they have so gained over the confidence of their followers, and by the manifestation of the inherent power and strength of the Conservative sentiment in the country at large.

From this last sentence we will not admit Scotland to be an exception. The Conservative meetings at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dumfries, and Aberdeen, were, in point of numbers and enthusiasm, in no whit behind any held under cover in England; and we confidently expect an improvement in the political complexion of our Scotch representation whenever a general election occurs. In all probability that election will not take place until the new system has been established; and no effort should in the meantime be spared to bring to the notice of the new electorate the salient points in the long career of alternate delay and rashness, parsimony and extravagance, advance and retreat, by which the Government has destroyed our prestige abroad, kindled the flames of war and rapine in South Africa, prolonged our military occupation of Egypt, added a penny to this year's income-tax, and opened out a prospect of still more grievous financial exactions for the year to come.

The total absorption of all political interest in the parliamentary crisis through which the country may be said to be still passing, has rendered it almost impossible for either House to discuss seriously the important issues at stake in Egypt and South Africa; and there is too much reason to fear that the miserable policy of "rescue and retire," which is clearly discernible through the specious ambiguities in which Lord Wolseley's instructions are involved, will be acted upon; and that, after setting

up some simulacrum of a government at Khartoum, if he reaches it in time to rescue its heroic prisoner, the British general will quickly perform the feat to which our commanders have become habituated, and "retire" from the position which all who know the country declare to be the very key of Egypt. For reasons best known to themselves, the London papers did not report Sir Samuel Baker's striking observations on this subject the other day at Ipswich; but they go so directly to the root of the matter, that we reproduce them, in the hope that even now public attention may be directed to the folly and danger of the policy they expose and condemn.

"At this late hour I cannot speak to you much about Egypt, but I look with painful dismay upon the policy of the Government. You must recollect all the history of our associations with that great country. You must recollect that though the Delta has been known for a long time, the Nile upon which it existed was a mystery; you must recollect England first of all won the battle of the Nile—it was England who discovered the sources of the Nile, and it was England who first crushed the slave-trade. And now, when we regard that Delta, and we see that it is comparatively a handful of mud brought down by the river from the fertile regions of the Soudan, and we know that that river upon which Egypt's existence depends flows from this point and can be commanded from Khartoum, I do not see how any Government can be so ignorant as to abandon a point that will command the destinies of Egypt. I can assure you, gentlemen, that upon examining this question, that any hostile power in Khartoum can throw a dam through the Blue-hill and prevent the water from ever reaching Egypt; and the very existence of Egypt depends upon the holding of Khartoum. These are little trifles that our Government do not condescend to notice."¹

The whole of Sir Samuel's speech will well repay perusal, and we hope he will give it to the public in a separate form. Four years ago General Gordon expressed his opinion on the question, by describing the Soudan as "the belly of Egypt"; and if Lord Wolseley obeys his instructions, and retires from that country after nominally establishing some makeshift government, as he did in Zululand, the same, or, rather, worse results may confidently be expected to follow. Against such a dereliction of duty, and so glaring an instance of obstinate fatuity, we at any rate raise a protesting voice.

By despatching Sir Charles Warren, and placing at his disposal a sufficient and properly equipped military force, the Government have, however tardily, resumed the reins of empire in South Africa, and may fairly ask for at any rate an arrest of judgment on their past misconduct and abandonment of duty in that unfortunate country.

The failure of Lord Northbrook's financial mission to Egypt is now tacitly admitted; and the Government manifest the utmost reluctance to disclose the nature of his report and proposals. It is almost certain that the divergent views on Egyptian policy entertained by the two sections of the Cabinet have been brought to the point of rupture by their recent deliberations, and an open schism on the subject may before long be the result. It is understood that the question in debate is substantially the adoption of a closer, weightier, and more enduring responsibility in and for Egypt or a complete and immediate abandonment of that country after the success or failure of the primary object of Lord Wolseley's

¹ Sir Samuel Baker at Ipswich, October 28.

expedition has been accomplished. Such being, as we believe, the state of the case, every effort will be made by Mr Gladstone to postpone till next spring the promised announcement to Parliament of the intentions of Government with respect to Egyptian finance.

Meanwhile, as we have said, public attention is exclusively directed to the negotiations between Mr Gladstone and Lord Granville on the one side, and Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote on the other, upon the vital question of the redistribution of political power in the three kingdoms. The responsibility which has thus been thrust upon, rather than assumed by, our leaders, is very great; and the courage they have displayed in accepting it, and in trusting, after all that has occurred during the past two years, to the good faith and honour of their political opponents, merits from their supporters the warmest acknowledgment, and the most unflinching confidence.

If we venture, in concluding these observations on the crisis, to suggest one or two points for their consideration, it is in the belief that in so doing we may strengthen, not weaken, their hands in the performance of their arduous and delicate task.

Between the extremes of leaving the present excessive Irish representation intact, and reducing it to its exact numerical proportion of ninety-five, it seems to us that an equitable mean would be found by falling back upon the number of seats allotted to that kingdom by the Act of Union—100; procuring thus five of the seats required, by general consent, for Scotland. If from the other over-represented "division of the coun-

try," as Mr Gladstone called it in his speech on the second reading of the Franchise Bill—Wales, three members be subtracted, and two members be added to the total number of the House, raising it to 660, Scotland might receive ten additional members, and an equitable proportion of representation be secured between the four component parts of the United Kingdom.

With respect to the disfranchisement and enfranchisement of boroughs, and the influence of those operations on the largely augmented county constituencies, we are disposed to think that the best means of arriving at a settlement favourable to the fair representation of all classes and interests would be the creation of a new class of constituencies, to be called districts, returning one member each, with a population of about 40,000, and retaining the name of the principal borough merged in it, or, where it contains some considerable unrepresented town, then being known by its name—as, for instance, the Keighley, or Rotherham, or Torquay District. If, however, after full consideration, our negotiators arrive at the same general end by other means, we earnestly hope that, whatever schemes and systems may have found favour with different schools of Conservative politicians, our party will, as a whole, be as ready as we are to sacrifice their preferences for this or that method of redistribution, and give in their adherence to that measure which, in a constitutional crisis of no common magnitude and acuteness, shall have received the approbation, or at least the sanction, of our trusted and triumphant leaders.

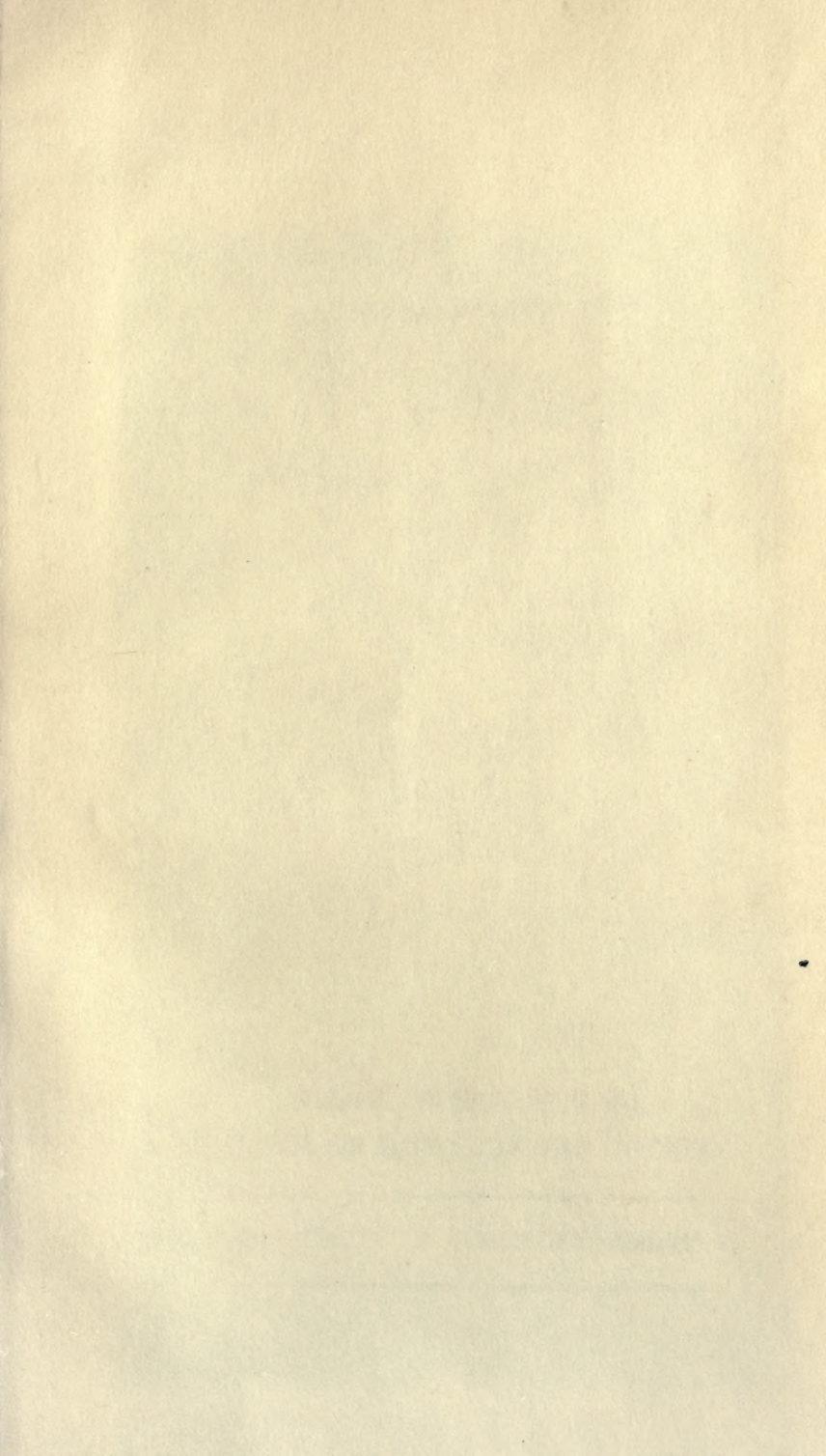
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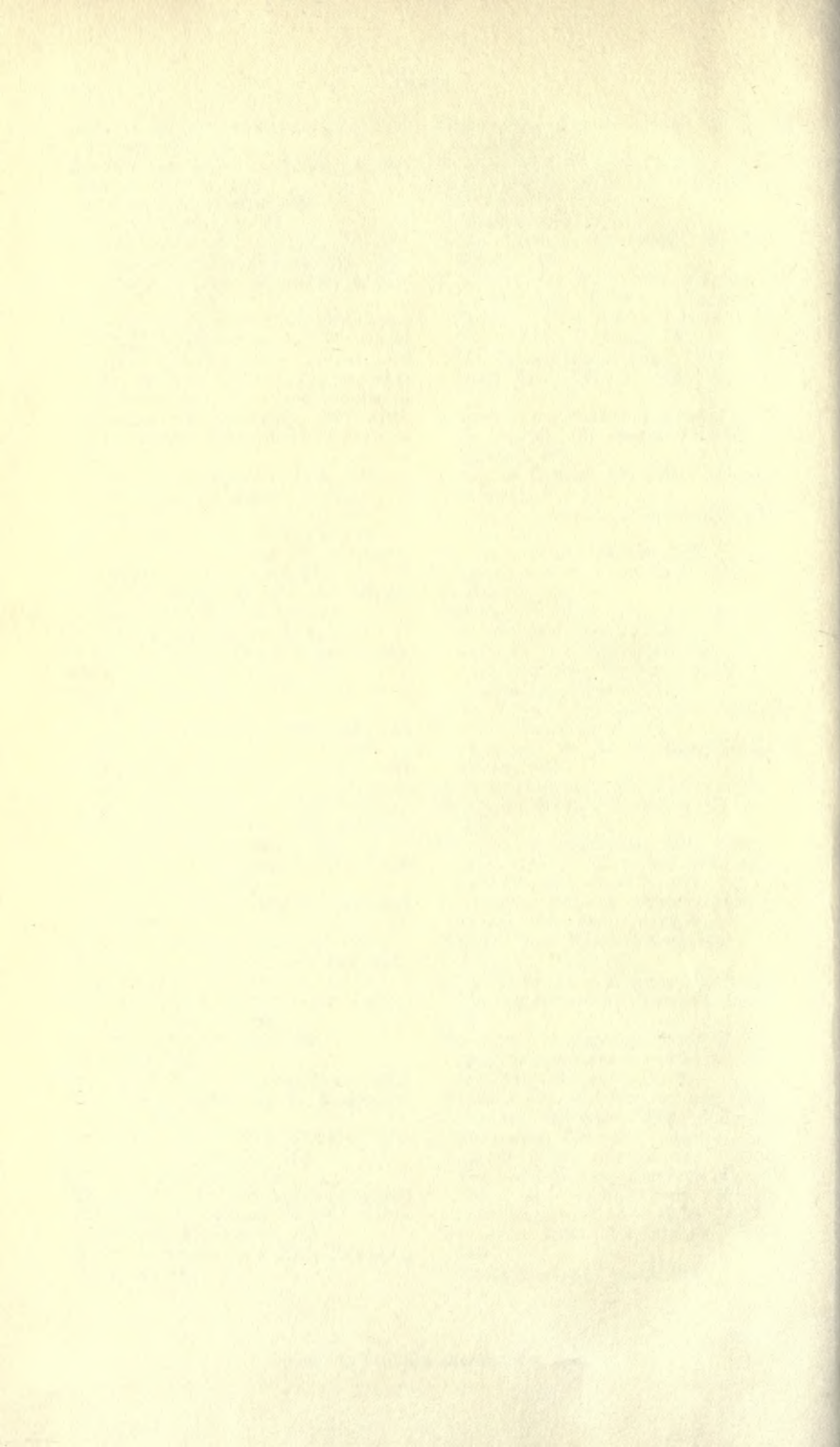
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